# Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out :-- Soft ! comes he not here ?

Rof. 'Tis he; Slink by, and note him.

[CELIA and ROSALIND retire.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And fo had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank

you too for your fociety.

Jaq. God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing lovefongs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no mo of my verses with reading

them ill-favour'dly.

Jag. Rofalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jag. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of? Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,

from whence you have studied your questions.

Jag.

9 — but I answer you right painted cloth,] This alludes to the fashion, in old tapestry hangings, of mottos and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. The poet again hints at this custom in his poem, called Turquin and Lucrece:

"Who fears a fentence, or an old man's fare,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in arve." THEOBALD.

The allusion is common to many of our old comedies. So, in the Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599: "Now will I see if my memory will serve for some proverbs. O, a painted cloth were as well worth a shilling, as a thief is worth a halter."

Of the present phraseology there is an instance in King John:

"He speaks plain cannon fire, and bounce, and smoke." STELV.

I answer you right painted cloth, may mean, I give you a true paint-

Jag. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you fit down with me; and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world', but myself,

against whom I know most faults.

Jag. The worst fault you have is, to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was feeking for a fool, when I

found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jag. There I shall see mine own figure.
Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jag. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewel, good fignior love.

ed cloth answer; as we say, she talks right Billing sgate: that is, exactly fuch language as is used at Billingsgate. Johnson.

This singular phrase may be justified by another of the same kind in

K. Henry V: " I speak to thee plain foldier."

Again, in Twelfth Night: " He speaks nothing but madman."

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's alteration: " I answer you right in the file of painted cloth." We had before in this play, " It is the right butter-women's rate to market." So, in Golding's translation of Ovid, 1567:

- the look of it was right a maiden's look."

I suppose Orlando means to fay, that Jaques's questions have no more of novelty or shrewdness in them than the trite maxims of the painted cloth. The following lines which are found in a book with this fantastick title, No whipping nor tripping, but a kind friendly snipping, octavo, 1601, may ferve as a specimen of painted cloth language;

Read what is written on the painted cloth :--Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor;

"Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,

66 And ever have an eye unto the door;

" Trust not a fool, a villain, nor a whore; Go neat, not gay, and fpend but as you spare;

" And turn the colt to pasture with the mare;" &c. MALONE. I - no breather in the world, ] So, in our author's \$1ft Sonnet:

" When all the breathers of this world are dead."

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

66 She shows a body, rather than a life'; 66 A statue, than a breather." MALONE. Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monfieur melancholy. [Exit ] AQ.—Cel. and Ros. come forward.

Rof. I will fpeak to him like a faucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; What would you? Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Rof. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the fwift foot of time? had not that

been as proper?

Rof. By no means, fir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized<sup>2</sup>: If the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Rof, With a prieft that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one fleeps eafily, because he cannot fludy; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Rof. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as foftly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Rof. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep be-

2 Marry, be trots hard with a young maid, between the contract &c.] And yet in Much ado about nothing, our author tells us, "Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites." In both passages, however, the interim is equally represented as tedious. MALONE.

 $N_3$ 

tween term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Rof. With this shepherders, my fifter; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Rof. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is fomething finer than you could

purchase in so removed a dwelling 3.

Rof. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man 4; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils,

that he laid to the charge of women?

Rof. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault feeming monftrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you tell me

your remedy.

3 — in so removed a dwelling.] In so sequestered a place; in a dwelling so remote from the haunts of men. So, in Hamlet:

"It wasts you to a more removed ground." MALONE.

- in-land man; is used in this play for one civilised, in a

4 — in-land man; ] is used in this play for one civilised, in opposition to the rustick of the priest. So, Orlando before— Tet am I inland bred, and know some nurture. JOHNSON.

Rof. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Rof. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye<sup>5</sup>, and funken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit<sup>6</sup>; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having <sup>7</sup> in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose should be ungarter'd<sup>8</sup>, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device <sup>9</sup> in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I

love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that

5 - a blue eye, ] i. e. a blueness about the eyes. STEEVENS.

6—an unquestionable spirit;] That is, a spirit not inquisitive, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakspeare has used a passive for an active mode of speech: so in a former scene, "The Duke is too disputable for me;" that is, too disputatious. JOHNSON.

May it not mean, unwilling to be converfed with? CHAMIER, 7 - Lyour having - i. e. your property. See Vol. I. p. 253, n. 5.

- been the established and characteristical marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakspeare. So, in the Fair Maid of the Exchange, by Heywood, 1637: "Shall I that have jested at love's sighs, now raise whirlwinds? Shall I that have flouted ab me's once a quarter, now practise ab me's every minute? Shall I defy bat-lands, and tread garters and spee-strings under my seet? Shall I fall to falling bands, and be a russian no longer? I must; I am now liegeman to Cupid, and have read all these informations in his book of statutes."

  Again, in A pleasant Comedy bow to chuse a good Wife from a bad, 1602:
  - " I was once like thee,
    A figher, melancholy humorift,

" Croffer of arms, a goer without garters,

9 mm point-device] i. e. exact, dreft with finical nicety. STEEVENS.

you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I fwear to thee, youth, by the white hand of

Rofalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rof. But are you so much in love, as your rhimes speak? Orl. Neither rhime nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deferves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any fo?

Rof. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his miftrefs; and I fet him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the

from his mad humour of madness; ] Dr. Johnson proposes to readfrom his mad humour of love, to a loving humour of madness; "that is, from a madness that was love, to a love that was madness." Dr. Farmer would read—to a humour of loving madness. But both the emendations appear to me inconsistent with the tenour of Rosalind's argument. Rosalind by her fantastick tricks did not drive her suitor either into a loving humour of madness, or a humour of loving madness; (in which he was originally without her aid;) but she drove him from love isto a sequester'd and melancholy retirement. A living bumour of madness is, I conceive, in our author's licentious language, a humour of living madness, a mad humour that operates on the mode of living; or, in other words, and more accurately, a mad bumour of life; " to forswear the world, and to live in a nock merely monastick." Malone.

full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me

where it is.

Rof. Go with me to it, and I'll flew it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Rof. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

The Same.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques at a distance, observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Joth my fimple feature content you<sup>2</sup>?

Aud.

2 — doth my fimple feature content you ? In Daniel's Cleopatra, 1594, is the following couplet:

" I fee then, artless feature can content,

44 And that true beauty needs no ornament." MALONE.

"Your features!" (replies the wench,) "Lord warrant us, what features?" I doubt not, this should be—Your feature! Lord warrant us,

what's feature? FARMER.

Feat and feature, perhaps had anciently the same meaning. The Clown asks, if the features of bis face content her; she takes the word in another sense, i. e. feats, deeds, and in her reply seems to mean, what feats, i. e. what have we done yet? The courthip of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as Sir Wilful Witwood says, shan a little mouth-glew; but she supposes him to be talking of something

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features? Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths?..

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in

a thatch'd house!

laside.

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a litte room \*:—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in

deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then, that the gods had made me

poetical?

Touch. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst seign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

thing which as yet he had not performed. Or the jest may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In some parts, features might be pronounced, faitors, which signify rascals, low wortches. Pisto were the word in the second part of K. Henry IV. and Spenser very frequently.

STERVENS.

3 — as the most capricious poet, bonest Ovid, was among the Goths.]
Capricious is not here humoursome, fantastical, &c. but lascivious.
Hor. Epod. 10. Libidinosus immolabitur caper. The Goths are the Getæ.
Ovid. Trist. V. 7. The thatch'd bouse is that of Baucis and Philemon.
Ovid. Met. VIII. 630. Stipulis et canna testa palustri. UPTON.

See Vol. II. p. 226. Mr. Upton is perhaps too refined in his interpretation of capricious. Our author remembered that caper was the Latin for a goat, and thence chose this epithet. This, I believe, is the whole. There is a poor quibble between goats and Goths. MALONE.

4 — it firites a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room: ]

A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. WARBURTON.

s — and what they funcar in poetry, &c.] This sentence seems perplexed and inconsequent: perhaps it were better read thus,—what they swear as lovers, they may be said to seign as poets. Johnson.

Touch.

Touch. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jag. A material fool o!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods

make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul

fouch. Truly, and to calt away honeity upon a foul flut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a flut, though I thank the gods I am

foul 7.

Touch. Well, praifed be the gods for thy foulness! fluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that, end, I have been with sir Oliver Margtext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain fee this meeting. [afide.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, flagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no affembly but horn-beafts. But what though 8? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is faid,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife;

6 A material fool!] A fool with matter in him; a fool stocked with notions. Johnson.

7 — I am foul.] By foul is meant coy or frowning. HANMER. I rather believe foul to be put for the ruftick pronunciation of full. Audrey, supposing the Clown to have spoken of her as a full flut, says, naturally enough, I am not a flut, though, I thank the gods, I am foul, i.e. full. She was more likely to thank the gods for a belly-full, than for her being coy or frowning. TYRWHITT.

In confirmation of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, it may be observed, that in the song at the end of Lowe's Labour's Lost, instead of—" and ways be foul," we have in the first quarto, 1598, "— and ways be full." In that and other of our author's plays many words seem to have

been spelled by the ear. MALONE.

I think that by foul Audrey means not fair, or what we call bomely. Audrey is neither coy nor ill-humoured; but she thanks the gods for her homeliness, as it renders her less exposed to temptation. Mason.

8 — what though? What then, Johnson.

tis

'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even fo:-Poor men alone ?- No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, fo is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes fir Oliver: - Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman? Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, the must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [advancing.] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her. Touch. Good even, good master What ye call't: How do you, fir? You are very well met: God'ild you' for your last company: I am very glad to see you :- Even a toy in hand here, fir :- Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jag. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow2, fir, the horfe his curb, and the faulcon her bells, so man hath his defires; and as pigeons bill, fo wedlock would be nibbling.

9 - Sir Oliver - He that has taken his first degree at the university, is in the academical ftyle called Dominus, and in common language was heretofore termed Sir. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates assumed it in their own writings; so Trevisa the historian writes himfelf Syr John de Trevisa. JOHNSON.

We find the same title bestowed on many divines in our old comedies.

See Vol. I. p. 191, n. 2; where after the word "univerfities" I ought to have added, " of Cambridge, and Dublin;" for the title, Sir, is not given to Bachelors of Arts at Oxford. MALONE.

A clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Universities, is still diffinguished in some parts of North Wales, by the appellation of Sir John, Sir William, &c. NICHOLS.

1 - God'ild you] i.e. God yield you, God reward you. See Mac-beth, Act I. fc. vi. STEEVENS.

2 - bis bow, -] i.e. his yoke. STEEVENS.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainfect; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

[aside.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, fweet Audrey;

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good mafter Oliver!

Not—O fweet Oliver, O brave Oliver<sup>3</sup>, Leave me not behind thee;

But

3 Not-O freet Oliver, O brave Oliver, &c.] Some words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

The Clown dismisses fir Oliver only because Jaques had alarmed his pride, and raised his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage solemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourse to some other of more dignity in the same profession. Dr. Johnson's opinion, that the latter part of the Clown's speech is only a repetition from some other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the same, is, I believe, just-

STEEVENS.

That Touchstone is influenced by the counsel of Jaques, may be inferred from the subsequent dialogue between the former and Audrey, Act V. sc. i:

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's

Saying. MALONE.

O fracet Oliver, The epithet of fracet feems to have been peculiarly appropriated to Oliver, for which perhaps he was originally obliged to the old fong before us. No more of it, however, than these two lines feems to be preserved. See B. Jonson's Underwood, Vol. VI. p. 407:

"All the mad Rolands and fracet Olivers."

And, in Every man in bis bumour, p. 88, is the same allusion :

" Do not ftink, fweet Oliver." TYRWHITT.

But-Wind away, Begone, I fay,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey. Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

The Same. Before a Cottage.

## Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Rof. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to confider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would defire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the diffembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's 4: marry, his kiffes are Judas's own children.

Rof.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered by Richard Jones the ballad of

" O Swete Olyver

" Leave me not behinde thee."

Again, " The answere of O fweete Olyver." Again, in 1586, "O fweet

Oliver altered to the Scriptures." STEEVENS.

I often find a part of this fong applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, A Man in the Moon, discovering a World of Knawery under the Sun, if the junto will go near to give us the bagge, if O brave Oliver come not suddenly to relieve them." The same allusion is met with in Cleaveland. Wind away and wind off are fill used provincially: and, I believe, nothing but the provincial pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

" Not-O fweet Oliver !

" O brave Oliver!
" Leave me not bebi' thee;

"But—wind away, "Begone, I fay,

" I will not to wedding wi' thee." FARMER.

Wind is used for wend in Cæsar and Pompey, 1607. STEEVENS.

4 Something browner than Judas's:—] Judas was constantly represented in ancient painting or tapestry, with red bair and heard. STEEVENS.

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Rof. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour's.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chefnut was ever the only colour.

Rof. And his kiffing is as full of fanctity as the touch

of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of casts lips of Diana<sup>6</sup>: a nun of winter's sisterhood <sup>7</sup> kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Rof. But why did he swear he would come this morn-

ing, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purfe, nor a horseflealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Rof.

The new edition of Leland's Collectanea, Vol. V. p. 295, afferts, that painters conftantly represented Judas the traytor with a red head. This conceit is thought to have arisen in England from our ancient

grudge to the red-baired Danes. TOLLET.

<sup>5</sup> If faith, bis bair is of a good colour.] There is much of nature in this petty perveriences of Rotalind; the finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, the contradicts herself rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication. JOHNSON.

6 - a pair of cast lips of Diana:] i. e. a pair lest off by Diana.

THEOBALD.

7 — a nun of winter's fifterhood. ] i. e. of an unfruiful fifterhood, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the fifterhood of the spring, were the votaries of Venus; those of summer, the votaries of Ceres; those of autumn, of Pomona: so these of the fifterhood of winter were the votaries of Diana; called, of winter, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of sruit or increase. On this account it is, that when the poet speaks of what is most poor, he instances it in winter, in these sine lines of Othello:

"But riches endless is as poor as winter

"To him that ever fears be shall be poor."
The other property of winter that made him term them of its afterhood, is its coldness. So, in the Midsummer Night's Dream:

"To be a barren fifter all your life,

"Chanting faint bymns to the cold fruitless moon." WARBURT.

— as concave as a cover'd goblet, Dr. Warburton asks, "Why a cover'd goblet?" and answers, "because a goblet is never kept covered but when empty." If that be the case, the cover is of little use; for when

Rof. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.
Rof. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was is not is: befides, the oath of lover is no ftronger than the word of a tapfter; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the

forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover ;

when it is empty, it may as well be uncovered. But it is the idea of hollowness, not that of emptiness, that Shakspeare wishes to convey; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered, than when it is not. MASON.

9 - much question-] i. e. conversation. STEEVENS.

- I quite traverse, athwart &c.] An unexperienced lever is here compared to a puny tilter, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address. This happened when the horse slew on one side, in the career; and hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase of sparring the borse only on one side. Now as breaking the lance against his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it across against his breast was, for the reason above, dishonourable: hence it is, that Sidney, in his Arcadia, speaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas, says, The wind took such bold of his staff that it cross quite over his breast, &c.—And to break across was the usual phrase, as appears from some wretched verses of the same author, speaking of an unskilful tilter:
  - " Methought some staves be mist: if so, not much amiss:

"For when he most did hit, he ever yet did miss."
"One said he brake across; full well it so might be, &c.

This is the allusion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the fashion, (for brave, is here used, as in other places, for sashionable,) is represented either unskilful in courtship, or timerous. The lover's meeting or appointment corresponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks staves, the other breaks oaths. The business is only meeting fairly, and doing both with address: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed. WARBURTON.

2 - of bis lover; ] i. e. of his mistress. See p. 22, n. 1. MALONE.

a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired After the shepherd that complain'd of love; Who you saw sitting by me on the turs, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will fee a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of fcorn and proud diffain, Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Rof. O, come, let us remove; The fight of lovers feedeth those in love:— Bring us unto this fight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[Excunt.

## SCENE V.

Another part of the forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not fcorn me; do not, Phebe: Say, that you love me not; but fay not fo In bitterness: The common executioner, Whose heart the accustom'd fight of death makes hard, Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck, But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops 3?

Enter

Than be that dies and lives by bloody drops ? I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To dye means as well to dip a thing in a solour foreign to its own, as to expire. In this fense, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be said to die as well as live by bloody drops. Shakfeare is fond of opposing these terms to each other. In K. John is a play on words not unlike this:

"Dy'd in the dying flaughter of their fees."

Vol. III.

Camden

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, at a diffant Phe. I would not be thy executioner; I fly thee, for I would not injure thee. Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye: 'Tis pretty, fure, and very probable, That eyes,-that are the frail'ft and foftest things, Who shut their coward gates on atomies,-Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers! Now I do frown on thee with all my heart; And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee; Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down; Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame, Lie not, to fay mine eyes are murderers. Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee: Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush 4, The cicatrice and capable impressure 5

Camden has preserved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the same turn :

" He that dyed so oft in sport,

"Dyed at laft, no colour for't." STEEVENS.

J. Davies of Hereford, in his Scourge of Folly, printed about 1611, has
the same conceit, and uses almost our author's words:

of a proud lying dyer.

"Turbine, the dyer, stalks before his dore,
"Like Cæsar, that by dying oft did thrive;
"And though the beggar be as proud as poore,
"Yet (like the mortifide) he dyes to live."

Again, On the Same :

Who lives well, dies well :- not by and by;

He that lives and dies &c. i. e. he who to the very end of his life continues a common executioner. So, in the second scene of the fifth Act

of this play, " live and die a shepherd." TOLLET.

To die and live by a thing is to be constant to it, to persevere in it to the end. Lives therefore does not signify is maintained, but the two verbs taken together mean, who is all his life conversant with bloody drops. Muserave.

4 — lean but upon a rush, But, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

5 The sicatrice and capable impressure | Cicatrice is here not very properly used; it is the scar of a wound. Capable impressure, hollow mark[OHNSON.

Thy

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not; Nor, I am fure, there is no force in eyes That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,

If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy 6,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time.

Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes, Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;

As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Rof. And why, I pray you? [advancing.] Who might be your mother?,

That you infult, exult, and all at once 8,
Over the wretched? What though you have mo beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiles?

Why,

Capable, I believe, means here—perceptible. Our author often wies the word for intelligent; (See a note on Hamlet,—

" His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

"Would make them capable.")
hence, with his usual licence, for intelligible, and then for perceptible.
MAIONE.

6 - power of fancy, Fancy is here used for love, as before in the

Midsummer-Night's Dream. JOHNSON.

7 — Who might be your mother, It is common for the poets to express cruelty by faying, of those who commit it, that they were born of rocks, or suckled by tigresses. Johnson.

8 That you infult, exult, and all at once, ] The speaker may mean thus: Who might be your mother, that you infult, exult, and that too all in a breath. Such is perhaps the meaning of all at once. STEEVENS.

9 What though you have too beauty, (As by my faith I see no more in you, Than without candle may go dark to hed,)

Must you be therefore proud and pitiles? The old copy reads—What though you have no beauty—. That no is a misprint, appears clearly from the passage in Lodge's Rosalynde which Shakspeare has here initated to the control of the cont

1

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me? I fee no more in you, than in the ordinary Of nature's fale-work':—Od's my little life! I think, fine means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-filk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship?—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,

imitated : "Sometimes have I feen high difdaine turned to hot defires .-Because thou art beautiful, be not so coy; as there is nothing more farre, fo there is nothing more fading."-Mr. Theobald corrested the error, by expunging the word no; in which he was copied by the fubfequent editors; but omission (as I have often observed) is of all the modes of emendation the most exceptionable. No was, I believe, a misprint for mo, a word often nied by our author and his contemporaries for more. So, in a former scene in this play: " I pray you, mar no mo of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly." Again, in Much ado about mothing : " Sing no more ditties, fing no mo." Again, in the Tempefi : " Mo widows of this bufiness making ... Many other inftances might be added. The word is found in almost every book of that age. This correction being less violent than Mr. Theobald's, I have inferted it in the text. "What though I should allow you had more beauty than he, (fays Rosalind,) though by my faith, &c." (for such is the force of As in the next line) " must you therefore treat him with disdain?" In Antony and Cleopatra we meet with a passage constructed nearly in the same manner:

" Say, this becomes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet &c."

Again, more appointely, in Camden's Remaines, p. 190, edit. 1605:

1 force not of such fooleries; but if I bave any skill in footh-saying (as in footh I have none,) it doth prognosticate that I shall change copie

from a duke to a king." MALONE.

1 Of nature's fale-work: ] i. e. those works that nature makes up earelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanicks, whose work bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called fale-work. WARBURTON.

2 That can entame my spirits to your wership. ] So, in Much ade

shout nothing :

" Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand." STERVENS.

ke foggy fouth, puffing with wind and rain? You are a thousand times a properer man, Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you, That make the world full of ill-favour'd children: 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her; And out of you she sees herself more proper, Than any of her lineaments can show her.— But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees, And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love: For I must tell you friendly in your ear,— Sell when you can; you are not for all markets: Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer; Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer 3.

So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Rof. He's fallen in love with her foulness 4, and she'll fall in love with my anger:—If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Rof. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am faller than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tust of olives, here hard by:
Will you go, sister? — Shepherd, ply her hard:—
Come, sister: —Shepherdes, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he s.
Come, to our slock. [Exeunt Ros. Cel. and Corin.

<sup>3</sup> Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.] The sense is, the ugly from most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers. Johnson.

4—with her foulness.] The old copy reads—your soulness. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>5 —</sup> though all the world could fee,

None could be so abus'd in fight as be.] Though all mankind could look on you, none could be so deceived as to think you beautiful but he.

JOHNSON.

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy faw of might ; "Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first fight ?"

Sil. Sweet Phebe .-

Phe. Ha! what fay'ft thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am forry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever forrow is, relief would be:

If you do forrow at my grief in love, By giving love, your forrow and my grief Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love; Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness. Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee; And yet it is not, that I bear thee love : But fince that thou canft talk of love fo well. Thy company, which erft was irksome to me, I will endure; and I'll employ thee too: But do not look for further recompence, Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and fo perfect is my love, And I in fuch a poverty of grace, That I shall think it a most plenteous crop To glean the broken ears after the man That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then A fcatter'd fmile, and that I'll live upon.

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might; Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first fight ? ] The second of these lines is from Marlowe's Hero and Leander, 1637, fig. B b, where it stands thus :

Where both deliberate, the love is flight:

" Who ever low'd, that lov'd not at first fight?" STEEVENS. This poem of Marlowe's was so popular (as appears from many of the contemporary writers,) that a quotation from it must have been known at once, at least by the more enlightened part of the audience. Our author has again alluded to it in the Two Gentlemen of Verona .- The dead shepherd," Marlowe, was killed in a brothel in 1593. Two editions of Hero and Leander, I believe, had been published before the year 1600; it being entered in the Stationers' Books, Sept. 28, 1593, and again in 1597. MALONE.

Phe.

be. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;

And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,

That the old Carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him; 'Tis but a peevish boy :-- yet he talks well; But what care I for words? yet words do well, When he that fpeaks them pleafes those that hear. It is a pretty youth ;-Not very pretty :-But, fure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him : He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue Did make offence, his eye did heal it up. He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall: His leg is but fo fo; and yet 'tis well: There was a pretty redness in his lip; A little riper and more lufty red Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask. There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him In parcels as I did, would have gone near To fall in love with him: but, for my part, I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet I have more cause 7 to hate him than to love him: For what had he to do to chide at me? He faid, mine eyes were black, and my hair black, And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me: I marvel, why I answer'd not again: But that's all one; omittance is no quittance. I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;

The matter's in my head, and in my heart;

And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

I will be bitter with him, and passing short: Go with me, Silvius.

[Excunt.

<sup>7</sup> I have more cause—] I, which seems to have been inadvertently emitted in the old copy, was inserted by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

The fame.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jag. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Rof. They say, you are a melancholy fellow. Jag. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Rof. Those, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jag. Why, 'tis good to be fad and fay nothing.

Rof. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination? wraps me in a most humorous fadness.

Rof. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jag. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

## Enter ORLANDO.

Rof. And your experience makes you fad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me fad; and to travel for it too.

8 - let me be better-] Be, which is wanting in the old copy, was

added by the editor of the fecond folio. MALONE.

o - my often rumination - The old copy has by often. Corrected by the editor of the fecond folio. Perhaps we should rather read of and which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous fadness. MALONE.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jag. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verfe.

Rof. Farewel, monfieur traveller: Look, you lifp, and wear ftrange fuits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will fcarce think you have fwam in a gondola ' .- Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you ferve me fuch another trick, never come in my fight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I some within an hour of my

promise.

Rof. Break an hour's promife in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be faid of him, that Cupid hath clap'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Rof. Nay, an you be fo tardy, come no more in my fight; I had as lief be woo'd of a fnail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a fnail; for though he comes flowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman 2: Besides, he brings his defliny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Rof. Why, horns; which fuch as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the flander of his wife.

I - fwam in a gondola .- ] That is, been at Venice, the feat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and fometimes loft their religion.

The fashion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was confidered by the wifer men as one of the principal causes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely cenfured by Ascham in his Schoolmafter, and by bishop Hall in his Quo Vadis; and is here, and in other passages, ridiculed by Shakspeare. Johnson.

2 - than you can make a woman : ] Old Copy-you make a woman.

Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE,

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Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rofaliad is virtuous.

Rof. And I am your Rofalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosa,

lind of a better leer than you 3.

Rof. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holy-day humour, and like enough to confent:—What would you fay to me now, an I were your very very Rofalind?

Orl. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they wist spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kifs be denied?

Rof. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved

mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my fuit?

Rof. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your fuit.

Am not I your Rofalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be

talking of her.

Rof. Well, in her person, I say-I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost fix thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecían club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would

In the notes on the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 320,

lere is supposed to mean fain. STEEVENS.

<sup>3 —</sup> a Refalind of a better leer than you.] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in P. Holland's Pliny, B. XXXI. c. ii. p. 403. The word feems to be derived from the Saxon Hleare, facies, from, vultus. Tollet.

have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midfummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind;

for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Rof. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rofalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask recewhat you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rofalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, fridays, and saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me? Rof. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What fay'ft thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope fo.

Ros. Why then, can one defire too much of a good thing?—Come, fifter, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, fifter?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us. Cel. I cannot fay the words.

Rof. You must begin, -Will you, Orlando, -

Cel. Go to:-Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rofalind?

Orl. I will.

Rof. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Rof. Then you must fay, - I take thee, Rofalind, for wife.

Orl. I take thee, Rofalind, for wife.

4 - chroniclers of that age-] Sir T. Hanmer reads-coroners, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of some anonymous critick.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards proposes the same emendation, and supports it by a passage in Hamlet: "The coroner hath sat on her, and finds it—Christian burial. I believe, however, the old copy is right; though found is undoubtedly used in its forensick sense. MALONE.

Rof.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest's; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Rof. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have posses'd her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the sountains, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen?, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

There's a girl goes before the prieft; ] Surely we should read— There a girl goes before the prieft. i. e. there, viz. in faying, "I do take thee for my bushand," a girl anticipates the prieft; is ready with her answer before the question, "Wilt thou take &c." is put to her.— The reading of the old copy is to me unintelligible. MALONE.

\* 6 — I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, There heing nothing in mythology to which these words could relate, I some years ago conjectured that the allusion must have been to some well-known conduit. Very soon after my note was printed, I sound my conjecture confirmed, and observed in A SECOND APPENDIX to my SUPPLEMENT to Sbakspeare, printed in 1783, p. 13, that our author without doubt alluded to the ancient Cross in Cheapside, at the East side of which (says Stowe) "a curious wrought tabernacle of gray marble was then set up, [in the year 1596,] and in the same an alabaster image of DIANA, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast." Survey of London, p. 484, edit. 1618. MALONE.

Statues, and particularly that of Diana, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in Rolamond's Epitle to Henry II.

by Drayton:

" Here in the garden wrought by curious hands

"Naked Diana in the fountain flands." WHALLEY.

7 — I will laugh like a hyen,—] The bark of the byena very much refembles a loud laugh. So, in the Cobler's Prophecy, 1594:

"You laugh byena-like, weep like a crocodile." STEEVENS.

Orl. But will my Rofalind do fo?

Rof. By my life, the will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wife.

Rof. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wifer, the waywarder: Make the doors bupon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill sly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with fuch a wit, he might

fay, -Wit, whither wilt 9?

Rof. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Rof. Marry, to fay, - she came to feek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O that woman that cannot make

8 — make the doors—] This is an expression used in several of the midland counties, instead of bar the doors. So, in the Commedy of Errors:

14 The doors are made against you." STEEVENS.

, 9 — Wit, whither wilt? This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him. So, in the presace to Greene's Groat's-worth of Wit, 1620:

"Wit, whither wilt thou? Woe is me, Thou hast brought me to this miferie."

The same expression occurs more than once in Taylor the waterpoet, and seems to have been the title of some ludicrous performance.

Sterress.

If I remember right, these are the first words of an old madrigal.

MALON

- 1 You shall never take her without her answer, ] See Chaucer, Marchantes Tale, ver. 10138—10149:
  - "Ye, fire, quod Proferpine, and wol ye fo?
  - Now by my modre Ceres foule I fwere,
     That I shall yeve hire fuffifant answere,
     And alle women after for hire fake;
    - That though they ben in any gilt ytake, With face bold they shul hemselve excuse,
    - 44 And bere hem down that wolden hem accuse.
      45 For lacke of answere, non of us shul dien.
    - Al had ye feen a thing with bothe youre eyen,
    - "Yet shul we so visage it hardely,

" And wepe and fwere and chiden fubtilly,

46 That ye shull ben as lewed as ben gees." TYRWHITT.

her

her fault her husband's occasion 2, let her never nurse her child herfelf, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Rof. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock

I will be with thee again.

Rof. Ay, go your ways, go your ways ;- I knew wnat you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:-that flattering tongue of yours won me : -'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death. Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, fweet Rofalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promife; or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise 3, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rofalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my

Rosalind: So, adieu.

Rof. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu! [Exit ORLANDO.

Cel. You have fimply misused our fex in your loveprate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own neft 4.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou

2 — make her fault ber bufband's occasion,] That is, represent ber

fault as occasioned by her husband. Johnson.

3 - I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, The same epithet occurs again in Love's Labour's Loft, and with as little apparent meaning: "- most pathetical nit. STEEVENS.

I believe, by pathetical break-promife Rofalind means a lover whose

falfehood would most deeply affect his mistress. MALONE.

4 - to ber own neft. ] So, in Lodge's Rofalynde: " And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what mettal are you made of, that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a soule bird defiles her owne neft?" STEEVENS.

Sidft know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be founded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomies; that as fast as you pour

affection in, it runs out.

Rof. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was besot of thought 5, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love :- I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the fight of Orlando: I'll go find a fhadow, and figh till no com

Cel. And I'll fleep.

Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

Another part of the forest.

Enter JAQUES, and Lords, in the habit of foresters.

Jag. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

1. Lord. Sir, it was I.

3 Jag. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to fet the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:-Have you no fong, forester, for this purpose?

2. Lord. Yes, fir.

Jay. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, fo it make noise enough.

#### S O N G.

1. What shall be have, that kill'd the deer?

2. His leather Skin, and horns to wear .

5 of thought, That is, of melancholy. See a note on Twelfth Night, Act I. "She pined in thought..." MALONE.

6 His leather skin and horns to wear. ] Shakspeare seems to have formed this fong on a hint afforded by the novel which furnished him with the plot of his play. " What news, Forrester? Hast thou wounded fome deere, and loft him in the fall? Care not, man, for fo fmall a loffe; thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulders, and the borns." Lodge's Rosalynde, or Euphues's Golden Legueie, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

1. Then

1. Then fing him bome :

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn; It was a crest ere thou wast born.

1. Thy father's father wore it;
2. And thy father bore it:

All. The horn, the horn, the lufty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to fearn.

The rest shall bear this burden.

[Exean.

## SCENE III'.

# Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Rof. How fay you now? Is it not past two o'class? and here much Orlando 8!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to fleep: Look, who comes here.

## Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—

My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:

[gives a letter.]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess, By the stern brow, and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it,

7 The foregoing noify scene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Rosalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando sending his excuse. I do not see that by any probable division of the acts this absurdity can be obviated. Johnson:

8 - and here much Orlando!] Much in our author's time was an expression denoting admiration. So, in K. Henry IV. P. II:

" What, with two points on your shoulder? much !"

Again, in the Taming of the Shrew:

"Tis much!—Servant, leave me and her alone." MALONE.
Here's much Orlando; i. c. here's no Orlando, or, we may look for
him. We have ftill the use of this expression, as when we say, speaking of a person who we suspect will not keep his appointment, "Ay,
you will be sure to see him there much!" WHALLEY.

So the vulgar yet fay, " I shall get much by that no doubt," meaning

that they shall get nothing. MALONE.

[reads

It bears an angry tenour : pardon me,

I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
When man as rare as phoenix: Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

SN. No, I protest, I know not the contents;

Phobe the write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

\*il. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,' A stile for challengers; why, she defies me, Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain a Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention, Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect

Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet; Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Rof. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Rof. Why, thy godhead laid apart, War'ft thou with a woman's heart?

4 - woman's gentle brain-] Old Copy-women's. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

Vol. III. P Did

Did you ever hear fuch railing ?-

Whiles the eye of man did woo me, That could do no vengeance to me,

Meaning me a beaft. -

If the scorn of your bright eyne Have power to raise such love in mine, Alack, in me what strange effect Would they work in mild aspecte? Whiles you chid me, I did love; How then might your prayers move? He, that brings this love to thee, Little knows this love in me: And by him seal up thy mind; Whether that thy youth and kind Will the faithful offer take Of me, and all that I can make; Or else by him my love deny, And then I'll study how to die,

Sil. Call you this chiding? Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wist thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play salse strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for, I see, love hath made thee a tame snake?,) and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou intreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[Exit SILVIUS.

5 - vengeance] is used for mischief. Johnson.

<sup>—</sup> you'b and kind] Kind is the old word for nature. JOHNSON.
7 — I fee, love bath made thee a tame snake,] This term was, in our author's time, frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow. So, in Sir John Oldcafle, 1600: "— and you, poor fnakes, come seldom to a booty." Again, in Lord Cromwell, 1602:

the poorest fnake,
That feeds on lemons, pitchards ... MALONE.

#### Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands sheep-cote, senc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom, we rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,

Lest on your right hand?, brings you to the place:

But at this hour the house doth keep itself,

There's none within.

Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: The boy is fair,
Of semale favour, and bestows bimself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boaft, being afk'd, to fay, we are. Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;

And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind, He sends this bloody napkin?; Are you he?

Rof. I am: What must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you, He left a promise to return again Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,

7 Left on your right band,—] i. e. paffing by the rank of oziers, and leaving them on your right hand, you will reach the place. MALONE.

8 — but the woman love, ] But, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the fecond folio, to supply the metre. I suspect, it is not the word omitted, but have nothing better to propose.

9 - napkin, ] i. e. bandkerchief. So, in Otbello:
"Your napkin is too little." STEEVENS.

Within an hour; ] We must read, within two bours. Johnson. May not within an bour fignify within a certain time? Tyrwhitt.

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.

Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an old oak 3, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry 4,

Lay

2 — of fweet and bitter fancy,] i. e. love, which is always thus deferibed by our old poets, as composed of contraries. See a note on Romeo and Juliet, Act I. sc. ii. So, in Lodge's Rosalynde, 1590: "I have noted the variable disposition of fancy, — a bitter pleasure wrapt

in faveet prejudice." MALONE.

3' Under an old oak, &c. ] The paffage stands thus in Lodge's Novel. 66 Saladyne wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forrest did affoord, and contenting himself with such drinke as nature had provided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead fleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne, began to ceaze upon him: but feeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkaffes: and yet defirous to have fome foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to fee if he would firre. While thus Saladyne flept fecure, fortune that was careful of her champion, began to imile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great hafte, he spyed where a man lay asleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this fight, as he stood gazing, his note on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was fome friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, and perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rofader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed, &c .- But the present time craved no fuch doubting ambages: for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated," &c. STEEVENS.

4 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, ] So, in Arden of Fever-

Mam, 1592:

Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,

The royal disposition of that beast,

To prey on nothing that doth feem as dead: This feen, Orlando did approach the man, And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;

And he did render him 5 the most unnatural

That liv'd 'mongst men.

li. And well he might fo do, Forwell I know he was unnatural.

Pont, to Orlando ;-Did he leave him there,

Food to the fuck'd and hungry liones?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so: But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling from miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?
Rof. Was it you he refcu'd?

. Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame To tell you what I was, fince my conversion So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Rof. But, for the bloody napkin ?

Oli. By, and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,

Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place \*;

6 - in which hurtling To burtle is to move with impetuofity and tumult. So, in Julius Caefar:

" A noise of battle burtled in the air."

this has been loft. MALONE.

the flarven liones,

When she is dry-fuckt of her eager young." STEEVENS.

And be did render bim ... i. e. defcribe him. MALONE.

Again, in Nash's Lenten Stuff, &c. 1599: "— hearing of the gangs of good fellows that burtled and bustled thither, &c." STEEVENS.

\* As bow I came into that defert place; I believe, a line following

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
'The liones's had torn some slesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood?, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymed? fweet Ganymed?

[ROSALIND faints.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood. Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymed ?!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Rof. I would, I were at home. Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth :- You a man ?- You lack

a man's heart.

Rof. I do fo, I confess it. Ah, fir, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Rof. Counterfeit, I affure you.

7 Dy'd in this blood,—] Thus the old copy. The editor of the fecond folio changed this blood unnecessarily to — his blood. Oliver points to the handkerchief, when he presents it; and Rosalind could not doubt whose blood it was after the account that had been before given.

MALONE.

8 Coufin—Ganymed!] Celia in her first fright forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out coufin, then recoilects herself, and says Ganymed. Johnson.

9 Ab, Sir, -] The old copy reads -Ah, Sirra, &c. Corrected by

the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

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Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to

Rof. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a woman

right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw omewards:—Good fir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

mind my counterfeiting to him :- Will you go! [Exeunt.

### ACT V. SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter Touchstone, and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old

gentleman's faying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me

in the world: here comes the man you mean.

#### Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to fee a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William. Will. And good even to you, fir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, fir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

Will.

Will. William, fir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i'the forest here?

Will. Ay, fir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God; -a good answer: Art rich? Will. 'Faith, fir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, fir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou fay'ff well. I do now remember a faying; The fool doth think be is wife, but the wife nan knows himself to be a fool. The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to cat a grape', would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid'?

Will. I do, fir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, fir.

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that ipse is he; now you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which he, fir.

Touch. He, fir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you, clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar,

The beathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, &c.] This was designed as a sneer on the several tristing and insignificant sayings a and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their lives, such as Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their wise sayings. WARBURTON.

A book called The Diffes and Sayinges of the Philosophers, was printed by Caxton in 1477. It was translated out of French into English by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or fome republication of it, Shakspeare's knowledge of these philosophical trifles might be derived.

STEEVENS.

2 — meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?] Part of this dialogue feems to have grown cut of the novel on which the play is formed: "Phobe is no latice for your lips, and her grapes hang fo hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot." MALONE.

leave,

leave,—the fociety,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, sliest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal poisson with thee, or in bassinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and sifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

ud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

Exit.

#### Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away,

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey; -I attend, I attend.

#### SCENE II.

#### The Same.

#### Enter ORLANDO, and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible 3, that on so little acquaintaince you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting \*; but say with me, I love

3 I't possible, &c.] Shakspeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deserting his original. In Lodge's Novel, the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of rushinan, who "thought to steale her away, and to give her to the king for a prefent, hopeing, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons." Without the intervention of this circumstance, the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed. Steen.

\* — nor her sudden consensing; Old Copy—nor sudden. Corrected by Mir. Rowe. MALONE.

Aliena;

Aliena; fay with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old fir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

#### Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be 13-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Rof. God fave you, brother. Oli. And you, fair fifter 4.

Rof. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to fee thee wear thy heart in a fcarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Rof. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rof. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to fwoon, when he shew'd me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams's, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—I came, saw, and overcame: For your brother and my fister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb

4 And you, fair fifter.] I know not why Oliver should call Rofalind fifter. He takes her yet to be a man. I suppose we should read,—and you, and your fair fifter. Johnson.

Oliver speaks to her in the character she had assumed, of a woman

courted by Orlando his brother. CHAMIER.

5 - never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams,] So, in Lancham's Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kennelworth Cafile, 1575:

- ootrageous in their racez az rams at their rut." STEEVENS.

Rof.

incontinent, or elfe be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together;

clubs cannot part them 6.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By the much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of mart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Rof. Why then, to-morrow I cannot ferve your turn for

Rocalind?

Del. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rof. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I fpeak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, infomuch, I fay, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater efteem than may in fome little meafure draw a belief from you, to do yourfelf good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do ftrange things: I have, fince I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rofalind fo near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straights of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to fet her before your eyes to-morrow, human as the is 7, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'ft thou in fober meanings?

6 — clubs cannot part them.] It appears from many of our old dramas that, in our author's time, it was a common custom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "Clubs, clubs," (that is, peace-officers armed with clubs,) to part the combatants. So, in Titus Andronicus:

"Clubs, clubs; these lovers will not keep the place."

The preceding words,—" they are in the very wrath of love,"—

flow that our author had this in contemplation. MALONE.

7 — buman as fbe is.] That is, not a phantom, but the real Rofalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. Johnson.

Rof. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I fay I am a magician s: Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married tomorrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

#### Enter SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness.

To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Rof. I care not, if I have: it is my fludy, To feem despightful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love

Sil. It is to be all made of fighs and tears;

And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymed. Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Rof. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and fervice;

Phe. And I for Ganymed. Orl. And I for Rosalind. Ref. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantaly, All made of passion, and all made of wishes; All adoration, duty, and observance,

All humbleness all nations and impe

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, All purity, all trial, all observance;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymed.

9 - bid your friends; See The Merchant of Venice, p. 36, n. 3.
MALONE.

<sup>8 —</sup> subich I tender dearly, though I fay I am a magician: Though I pretend to be a magician, and therefore might be supposed able to clude death. MALONE.

bedience. It is highly probable that the compositor caught observance from the line above, and very unlikely that the same word should have been set down twice by Shakspeare so close to each other. MALONE.

Orl. And fo am I for Rofalind.

Rof. And fo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be fo, why blame you me to love you?

[to Rofalind.

Sil. If this be fo, why blame you me to love you?

[to Phebe.

Orl. If this be fo, why blame you me to love you?

Pof. Who do you speak to 2, why blame you me to love
you?

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Rev. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irim wolves against the moon 3.—I will help you, [to Sil.] if I can:—I would love you, [to Phe.] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [to Phe.] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will fatisfy you, [to Orl.] if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [to Sil.] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [to Orl.] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [to Sil.] love Phebe, meet;—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

[Excunt.

#### SCENE III.

The Same.

Enter Touchstone, and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do defire it with all my heart: and I hope it is

2 Who do you speak to, ] Old Copy—Wby do you speak too. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

3 — tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.] This is borrowed from Lodge's Rejalynde, 1590:

"I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phabe, thou barkeft with the welves of Syria against the moone." MALONE.

no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd duke's pages.

#### Enter two Pages.

1. Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a fong.

2. Page. We are for you: fit i'the middle.

1. Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2. Page. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, libe owo

gypfies on a horfe.

#### S O N G5.

I.

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

#### II.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,

In spring time, &c.

4 — a woman of the world.] To go to the world, is to be married. So, in Much ado about nothing: "Thus (fays Beatrice) every one goes to the world, but I." STEEVENS.

5 The stanzas of this song are in all the editions evidently transposed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the se-

cond stanza, is now the last.

The same transposition of these stanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing some notes on the margin, which I have perused by the

favour of Sir Edward Walpole. JOHNSON.

6—the only pretty rank time, The old copy reads—rang time. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read—the pretty spring time. Mr. Steevens proposes—it ring time, i. e. the aptest season for marriage." The passage does not deserve much consideration. Malone.

III.

#### III.

This carol they began that hour,
With a bey, and a ho, and a hey nonine,
How that a life was but a flower
In foring time, &c.

#### IV.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Grand. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1. Page. You are deceiv'd, fir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Fouch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices.—Come, Audrey.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Duke Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke. S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I fometimes do believe, and fometimes do not; As those that fear, they hope, and know they fear 7.

7 As those that fear, they hope, and know they fear.] The meaning, I think, is, As those who fear,—they, even those very persons, entertain hopes, that their fears will not be realized; and yet at the same time they well know that there is reason for their fears. MALONE.

The author of the Revisal would read :

As those that fear their hope, and know their fear. STEEVENS. Perhaps we might read:

As those that feign they hope, and know they fear. BLACKSTONE.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Rof. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:
You fay, if I bring in your Rosalind, [to the Duke.
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her. Rof. And you fay, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Rof. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

[to Phebe.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Rof. But, if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Rof. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Rof. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—

Keep your word, Phebe 8, that you'll marry me;
Or elfe, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even. [Exeunt Ros. and CEL]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought, he was a brother to your daughter: But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born; And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

B Keep your word, Phehe,] The old copy reads—Keep you your word; the compositor's eye having probably glanced on the line next but one above. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, fure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all !

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in

the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure'; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jag. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch, 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the feventh cause'.

Jag. How seventh cause?-Good my lord, like this

fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, fir3; I defire you of the like 4. I

9 Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, &c. ] Strange beasts are only

what we call odd animals. JOHNSON.

I have trod a measure; ] i. e. I have danced. Touchstone to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a measure, because it was a very stately solemn dance. So, in Much ado about nothing? "— the wedding mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry." See also Vol. II. p. 405, n. 4. MALONE.

2 - and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.] So all the copies; but it is apparent from the sequel that we must read—the quar-

rel was not upon the feventh cause. JOHNSON.

3 God'ild you, fir;] i. e. God yield you, reward you. See a note

on Mabeth, Act. I. fc. vi. STEEVENS.

4 — I defire you of the like.] See a note on the first scene of the third act of the Midsummer Night's Dream, where examples of this phrase-closy are given. STERVENS.

Vol. III. Q prefs

press in here, fir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, fir, an illfavour'd thing, fir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, fir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, fir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very fwift and fententious. Touch. According to the fool's bolt, fir, and such dulcet

diseases 6.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the

quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed 7;—Bear your body

5 — according as marriage binds, and blood breaks: ] To five a according as marriage binds, is to take the oath enjoin'd in the ceremonial of marriage. JOHNSON.

As blood breaks, is, as paffion instigates to difregard the marriage vow.

See Vol. II. p. 229, n. 6. MALONE.

6 — dulcet discases.] This I do not understand. For discases it is easy to read discourses: but, perhaps the fault may lie deeper. JOHNSON.

Perhaps he calls a proverb a disease. Proverbial fayings may appear to him as the surfeiring diseases of conversation. They are often the plague of commentators. Dr. Farmer would read—in such duscet diseases, i.e. in the sweet uneasinesses of love, a time when people usually

talk nonfense. STEEVENS.

Without staying to examine how far the position last advanced is founded in truth, I shall only add that I believe the text is right, and that this word is capriciously used for fayings, though neither in its primary or figurative sense it has any relation to that word. In the Merchant of Venice the Clown talks in the same style, but more intelligiently:—" the young gentleman (according to the sates and destinies, and such odd fayings, the sites three, and such branches of learning) is indeed deceased." Malone.

7 Upon a lie seven times removed;—] Touchstone here enumerates seven kinds of lies, from the Retort courteaus to the seventh and most aggravated species of lie, which he calls the lie direst. The courtier's answer to his intended affront, he expressly tells us, was the Retort courteaus, the first species of lie. When therefore he says, that they found the quarrel was on the lie seven times REMOVED, we must understand by the latter word, the lie removed seven times, counting backwards, (as the word removed seems to intimate,) from the last and most aggravated species of lie, namely, the lie direst. So, in All's well that ends well:

66 Who

body more feeming, Audrey:—as thus, fir. I did diflike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he fent me word, if I faid his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the Retort courteous. If I fent him word again, it was not well cut, he would fend me word, he cut it to pleafe himfelf: This is call'd the Quip modeft. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is call'd the Reply churlift. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is call'd the Reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the Countercheck quarrelsome: and so to the Lie circumstantial, and the Lieuter.

Jaq. And how oft did vor fay, his beard was not well

cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jag. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of

the lie?

"Who hath fome four or five removes come fort

" To tender it herfelf."

Again, in the play before us: "Your accent is fomething finer than you could purchase in fo removed a dwelling," i. e. so diffant from the

haunts of men.

When Touchstone and the courtier met, they found their quarrel originated on the fewent's cause, i. e. on the Retort courteeurs, or the lie sewen times removed. In the course of their altercation, after their meeting, Touchstone did not dare to go farther than the fixth species, (counting in regular progression from the first to the last,) the sie circumstantial; and the courtier was afraid to give him the sie direct; so they parted. In a subsequent enumeration of the degrees of a sie Touchstone expression and the state of the sevent than the sevent cause," and "the sie seven times removed," he must mean, distant seven times from the most offensive sie, the sie direct. There is certainly therefore no need of reading with Dr. Johnson in a former passage—"We found the quarrel was not on the seventh cause."

The misapprehension of that most judicious critick relative to these passages must apologize for my having employed so many words in ex-

plaining them, MALONE.

Touch. O fir, we quarrel in print, by the book ; as you have books for good manners ?: I will name you the degrees.

8 O fir, we quarrel in print, by the book; The poet has, in this fcene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then fo prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his clown to knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatife of one Vincentio Saviolo, intitled, Of bonour and bonourable quarrels, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that bave in regard their bonours, touching the giving and receiving the lie, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth enfue: and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of bonour, and the right understanding of words, while here to fet down. The contents of the several chapters are as follow. I. What the reason is that the party unto aubom the lie is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies. II. Of the manner and diversity of lies. 112. Of lies certain, for direct. IV. Of conditional lies, for the lie circumstantial. ] V. Of the lie in general. VI. Of the lie in particular. VII. Of foolifs lies. VIII. A conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the lie, [or the countercheck quarrelfome.] In the chapter of conditional lies, speaking of the particle if, he fays, " - Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these wordes :if thou kast said that I have offered my lord abuse, theu lieft; or if thou Sayest so bereafter, thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes,—unbereof no sure con-clusion can arise." By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an if between. Which is the reason of Shakspeare making the Clown say, " I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if; as, if you faid so, then I faid so, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your if is the only peace-maker; much wirthe in if." Caranza was another of these authentick authors upon the Duello. Fletcher in his last act of Love's Pilgrimage ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

The words which I have included within crotchets are Dr. Warburton's. They have been hitherto printed in fuch a manner as might lead the reader to suppose that they made a part of Saviolo's work. The passage was very inaccurately printed by Dr. Warburton in other respects, but has here been corrected by the original. Malons.

9 - books for good manners: One of these books I have seen. It is entitled, The Boke of Narture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children, with stans puer ad meriam; black letter, with

out date. STEEVENS.

degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the fecond. the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelfome; the fixth, the Lie with circumstance; the feventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when feven justices could not take up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, If you faid fo, then I faid fo, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not him are fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a So.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking horse , and under the prefentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN2, leading ROSALIND in quoman's cloaths; and CELIA.

#### Still Musick.

Hym. Then is there mirth in beaven, When earthly things made even Atone together. Good duke, receive thy daughter, Hymen from heaven brought her, Yea, brought ber bitber; That thou might'st join her hand with his, Whose heart within her bosom is 3.

Rof.

Another is " Galateo of Maister John Cafa, archbishop of Benevento; or rather a treatife of the manners and behaviours it behoveth a man to use and eschewe in his familiar conversation. A work very necessary and profitable for all gentlemen, or other; translated from the Italian, by Robert Peterson of Lincoln's Inn," quarto, 1576. REED.

1 - like a stalking-horse, See Vol. II. p. 241, n. 3. STEEVENS. 2 Enter Hymen, Refalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed acrial being in the character of Hymen. JOHNSON.

3 That thou might'st join her hand with his,

Whose beart within her bosom is. ] The old copy, instead of her, reads Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [to Duke S. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [to Orlando.

Duke S. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter. Orl. If there be truth in fight 4, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If fight and shape be true,

Why then, -my love adieu!

Rof. I'll have no father, if you be not he:

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [to Orlando. Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [to Phebe.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange ev ....
Here's eight that mun ake hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents 5.

You and you no cross shall part; [to Orl. and Ros. You and you are heart in heart: [to Oli. and Cel. You Its Phebal to his love must accord.

You [to Phebe] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are fure together, [to Touch. and Aud. As the winter to foul weather.

reads bis in both lines. Mr. Rowe corrected the first, and I once thought that emendation sufficient, and that Wbose might have referred not to the last antecedent bis, but to ber, i. e. Rosalind. Our author frequently takes such licences. But on further consideration it appears to me probable, that the same abbreviation was used in both lines, and that as bis was certainly a misprint in the first line for ber; so it also was in the second, the construction being so much more easy in that way than the other. "That thou might's join her hand with the hand of him whose heart is lodged in her bosom;" i. e. whose affection she already possesses. So, in Love's Labour's Los, the king says to the princes:

"Hence ever then my beart is in thy breaft."

In the fame play we meet with the error that has happened here.

The princess addressing the ladies who attend her, says—
"Butwhile 'tis spoke, each turn away bis sace."
Again, in a former scene of the play before us, p. 173:

"Helen's cheek, but not bis heart." MALONE.

4 If there be truth in fight, The answer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando says, if there be truth in shape: that is, if a form may be trufted; if one cannot usurp the form of another. Johnson.

5 If truth bolds true contents. 7 That is, if there be truth in truth,

unless truth fails of veracity. JOHNSON.

Whiles

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we fing, Feed yourfelves with questioning; That reason wonder may diminish, How thus we met, and these things snish.

#### S O N G.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O bleffed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To bomen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me; Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine; Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

[to Syl.]

#### Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two.—
I am the fecond fon of old fir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—
Duke Frederick 7, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,

6 Wedding is &c.] Catullus, addressing himself to Hymen, has this stanza:

Quæ tuis careat sacris,

Non queat dare præsides
Terra sinibus: at queat
Te volente. Quis buic deo,
Compararier austi? Johnson.

7 Duke Frederick, &c. 1 In Lodge's Novel the usuring duke is not diverted from his purpose by the pious counsels of a hermit, but is subdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of Rosader (the Orlando of this play) to affish him in the recovery of his right. STEEVENS.

After some question with him, was converted Both from his enterprize, and from the world: His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother, And all their lands restor'd to them again \* That were with him exil'd: This to be true,

I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man; Thou offer'ft fairly to thy brother's wedding: To one, his lands with-held; and to the other, A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. First, in this forest, let us do those ends That here were well begung and well have: And after, every of this happy aber, That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us, Shall share the good of our returned fortune, According to the measure of their states. Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity, And fall into our ruftick revelry :-Play, mufick ;-and you brides and bridegrooms all, With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall. Jag. Sir, by your patience :- If I heard you rightly, The duke hath put on a religious life,

And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jag. de B. He hath.

Fag. To him will I: out of these convertites There is much matter to be heard and learn'd .--You to your former honour I bequeath; [to Duke S. Your patience, and your virtue, well deferves it :-You [to Orl.] to a love, that your true faith doth merit :-

You [to Oli.] to your land, and love, and great allies:-You [to Syl.] to a long and well deferved bed ;-And you [to Touch.] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd: -- So to your pleasures; I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

<sup>\* -</sup> to them ogain] Old Copy-to bim-. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave s. [Exit.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [A dance.

#### EPILOGUE.

Rof. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush of the good wine needs no bush of the good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the bette. The help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot infinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I

8 To fee no passime, I :- what you would have,

I'll fray to know at your abandon'd cave.] Amidst this general fessivity, the reader may be forry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, silled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and to the last preserves that respect which is due to him as a consistent character, and an amiable though solitary moralist.

It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakspeare has on this occasion forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he should naturally have found, in the return of

fortune to his mafter. STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam it forgotten; fince at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him captaine of the king's guard FARMER.

9 — no bufb., It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a tust of ivy at the door of a vintner. I suppose ivy was rather chosen than any other plant, as it has relation to Bacchus. STEEVENS.

I What a case am I in then, &c.] Here seems to be a chasm, or some other depravation, which destroys the sentiment here intended. The reasoning probably stood thus: Good wine needs no bush, good plays need no opilogue, but bad wine requires a good bush, and a bad play a good epilogue. What case am I in then? To restore the words is impossible; all that can be done without copies, is to note the fault. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson mistakes the meaning of this passage. Rosalind says, that good plays need no epilogue; yet even good plays do prove the better for a good one. What a case then was she in, who had neither presented them with a good play, nor had a good epilogue to prejudice

them in favour of a bad one? MASON.

am not furnish'd like a beggar<sup>2</sup>, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate them,) that, between you and the women, the play may please<sup>3</sup>.

2 - furnish'd like a beggar, ] That is, dressed: so before,-" he was

furnished like a huniman." JOHNSON.

3 I charge you, O women, for the lowe you bear to the like as much of this play as pleafes you: and I charge men, for the love you bear to women,—that between and the women, &c.] This passage should be read thus, I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—to like as much as pleases them, that between you and the women, &c. Without the alteration of you into them the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, to like as much as pleases them, the inference of, that between you and the women the play may pass, would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless player, as a vicious redundancy.

The words "you" and "ym" written as was the custom in that time, were in manuscript scarcely distinguishable. The emendation is

very judicious and probable. Johnson.

Mr. Heath observes, that if Dr. Warburton's interpolation be admitted ["to like as much &c."] "the men are to like only just as much as pleased the women, and the women only just as much as pleased the men; neither are to like any thing from their own taste: and if both of them disliked the whole, they would each of them equally fulfil what the poet desires of them.—But Shakspeare did not write so nonsensically; he desires the women to like as much as pleased the men, and the men to set the ladies a good example; which exhortation to the men is evidently enough implied in these words, "that between you and the women the play may please."

Mr. Heath, though he objects (I think very properly) to the interpolated fentence, admits by his interpretation the change of—"pleases you" to "—pleases them;" which has been adopted by the late editors. I by no means think it necessary; nor is Mr. Heath's exposition in my opinion correct. The text is sufficiently clear, without any alteration. Rosalind's address appears to me simply this: "I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to approve of as much of this play as affords you entertainment; and I charge you, O men, for the

If I were a woman 4, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that liked me<sup>5</sup>, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewel.

[Exeunt 6.

love you bear to women, [not to set an example to, but] to follow or agree in opinion with the ladies; that between you both the play may be successful." The words "to follow, or agree in opinion with, the ladies," are not indeed expressed, but plainly implied in those subsequent: "the hetween you and the women, the play may please." In the epilogue to K. "In the address to the audience proceeds in the same order: "All the gentlemen with here have forgiven [i. e. are favourable to] me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly."

The old copy reads as please you. The correction was made by Mr.

Rowe. MALONE.

4 If I were a woman,] Note that in this author's time the parts of women were always performed by men or boys. HANMER.

5 - that liked me, ] i. e. that I liked. MALONE.

6 Of this play the fable is wild and pleafing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which Rofalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroifm of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comick dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low bustoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of this work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lessen in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers. Johnson.



## Persons Represented.

A Lord.
Christopher Sly, a drunken tinker.
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and
other servants attending on the Lord.

Persons in the Induction.

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padue
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pria.
Lucentio, fon to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, a fuitor to Catharina.
Gremio,
Hortensio,
Suitors to Bianca.

Tranio,
Biondello,
Grumio,
Curtis,
Servants to Lucentio.

Servants to Petruchio.
Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

Catharina, the Shrew; } Daughters to Baptista. Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista,

SCENE, fometimes in Padua; and fometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

#### Characters in the Induction

to the Original Play of The Taming of a Shrew, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, &c., Sly.

A Father Page, Players, Quanfmen, &c.

## Persons Represented.

Alphonsus, a Merchant of Athens.

Jerobel, Duke of Cestus.

Aurelius, his Son,
Ferando,
Polidor,
Valeria, Serwant to Aurelius.

Sander, Serwant to Ferando.
Phylotus, a Merchant who personates the Duke.

Kate, Emelia, *Daughters to* Alphonfus.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants to Ferando and Alphonsus.

SCENE, Athens; and fometimes Ferando's Country House.

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW!

# INDUCTION. SCENEI.

Before an Alebouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly I'll plit fe you 2, in faith. Hoft. A pair or tocks, you rogue!

Sly

I I once thought the title of this play might have been taken from an old story, entitled, The Wyf lapped in Morells skin, or The Taming of a Shrew; but I have since discovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following: "Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleasaunt conceyted hystoric called, The Tayminge of a Shrowe." It is likewise entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakspeare, to avail themselves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus,
as Mr. Warton has observed, Spenser sent out his Postorals under the
title of the Shepherd's Kalendar, a work which had been printed by
Wynkyn de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before these po-

ems of Spenfer appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, is of opinion, that The frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune, an ancient ballad in the Pepys' Collection, might have suggested

to Shakspeare the Induction for this comedy.

Chance, however, has at last furnished me with the original to which Shakspeare was indebted for his fable. The reader who is desirous to examine this piece may find it among Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded, &cc. published by S. Leacrost, at Charing Cross, as a supplement to our commentaries on Shakspeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a fequel to this comedy, viz. The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed; in which Pe-

truchio is subdued by a second wife. STEEVENS.

Our author's Taming of the Shrew was written, I imagine, in 1594. See An Attempt to aftertain the order of Shakspeare's plays, Vol. I.

The circumstance on which the Induction to the anonymous play, as well that as to the present comedy, is founded, is related (as Langbaine Vol. III.

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Sh. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues 3: Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror.

'Therefore,

has observed) by Heuterus, Rerum Burgund. lib. iv. The earliest English original of this story in profe that I have met with, is the following, which is found in Goulart's Admirable And Memorable Historials, translated by E. Grimstone, quarto 1607; but this tale (which Goulart translated from Heuterus) had undoubtedly appeared

in English, in some other shape, before 1594:

" PHILIP called the good Duke of Bourgondy, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxelles with his Court, and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with so of his avorits, he found lying upon the stones a certaine artifal, that was very dronke, and that flept foundly. It pleased the prince in this artisan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He therefore caused this sleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be layed in one of the richest beds; a riche night-cap to be given him; his foule shirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland. When as this dronkard had difgested his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed Pages and Groomes of the Dukes chamber, who drawe the curteines, make many courtefies, and, being bare-headed, aske him if it please him to rise, and what apparell it would please him to put on that day .- They bring him rich apparell. This new Monsteur amazed at fuch courtefie, and doubting whether he dreampt or waked, suffered himselfe to be drest, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which faluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Masse, where with great ceremonie they give him the booke of the Gofpell, and the Pixe to kiffe, as they did usually to the Duke. From the Masse they bring him backe unto the pallace; he washes his hands, and fittes downe at the table well furnished. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commands cards to be brought with a great fumme of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the court. Then they carry him to walke in the gardein, and to hunt the hare, and to They bring him back unto the pallace, where he sups in state. Candles being light, the musitions begin to play; and, the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. Then they played a pleafant Comedie, after which followed a Banket, whereat they had presently store of Ipocras and pretious wine, with all forts of consitutes, to this prince of the new impression; so as he was dronke, and fell foundlie asleepe. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he should be disrobed of all his riche attire. He was put into his old ragges, and carried into the same place where he had beene found the night before; where he spent that night. Being awake in the morning, he beganne to remember what had happened before ;-he knewe not whether it were true in deede .

Therefore, paucas pallabris ; let the world flide :: Seffa!

Hoft.

deede, or a dream that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many discourses, he concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened unto him; and so entertained his wife, his children, and his neigh-

bours, without any other apprehension." MALONE.

Among the books of my friend the late Mr. William Collins of Chichefter, now difperfed, was a collection of fhort comick stories in profe. printed in the black letter under the year 1570, " fett forth by maister Richard Edwards, mayster of her Majesties revels." Among these tales was that of the Induction of the Tinker in Shakipeare's Taming of the Shrew; and perhaps Edwards's Story-book was the immediate fource from which Shakspeare, or rather the author of the old Taming of a Shrew, drew that diverting apologue. If I recollect right the circumstances almost exactly tallied with an incident which Heuterus relates from an epiftle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. That perspicuous annalist, who flourished about the year 1580, fays, this story was told to Vives by an old officer of the Duke's court. T. WARTON.

2 I'll pheese you, To pheeze or fease, is to separate a twist into fingle threads. In the figurative fenfe it may well enough be taken, like teaze or toze, for to barrass, to plague. Perhaps I'll pheeze you, may be equivalent to I'll comb your bead, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of

Sly's character on like occasions. Johnson.

Shakspeare repeats his use of the word in Troilus and Cressida, where Ajax fays he will pheele the pride of Achilles; and Lovewit in the Alchamist employs it in the same sense. STEEVENS.

To pheeze a man, is to beat him; to give him a pheeze, is, to give him a knock. In the Chances Antonio fays of Don John, " I felt him

in my small guts; I am fure he has feaz'd me." MASON.

3 - no roques: That is, vagrants; no mean fellows, but gentle-

men. OHNSON.

One William Sly was a performer in the plays of Shakipeare, as appears from the lift of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This Sly is likewise mentioned in Heywood's Actor's Vindication. He was also among those to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the Globe theatre in 1603. STEEVENS.

4 - paucas pallabris; ] Siy, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of The Spaniards fay, poca: palabras, i. e. few words: as they do

likewise, Cessa, i.e. be quiet. THEOEALD.

This is a burlesque on The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronymo is mad again: " What new device have they devised now ? Pocas pallabras." In the comedy of the Roaring Girl, 1611, a cut-purse makes

ule

#### TAMING OF THE SHREW. 244

Hoft. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst 6? Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, S. Jeronimy ;- Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee 7.

Hoft. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-[Exit

borough 8.

SIV.

use of the same words. Again they appear in the Wise Woman of Hogsden. 1638, and in fome others, but are always appropriated to the lowest characters. STEEVENS.

5 - let the world flide : This expression is proverbial. It is used in

B. and Fletcher's Wit without Money :

" will you go drink,

" And let the world flide, uncle ?" STEEVENS.

6 - you have burst? To burst and to break were anciently fynonymous. Falstaff fays-that " John of Gaunt burft Shallow's head for crowding in among the marshal's men." Again, in Soliman and Perseda:

"God fave you, fir, you have burst your shin." STEEVENS.
Burst is still used for broke in the north of England. REED.

Go by, S. Feronimy; Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. Ma Theobald is furprized at the stupidity of former editors, who, he fays, have coined a faint here. But furely Sly, who in a preceding speech is made to fay Richard for William, paucas pallabris for pocas palabras, &c. may be allowed here to misquote a passage from the same play in which that scrap of Spanish is found, viz. the Spanish Tragedy. He afterwards introduces a faint in form .- The fimilitude, however flight, between Feronimy and S. Jerome, who in Sly's dialect would be Jeremy, may be supposed the occasion of the blunder. He does not, I conceive, mean to address the hostess by the name of Jeronimy, as Mr. Theobald supposed, but merely to quote a line from a popular play: Nym, Pistol, and many other of Shakspeare's low characters quote scraps of plays with equal infidelity.

There are two passages in The Spanish Tragedy here alluded to. One

quoted by Mr. Theobald:

" Hiero. Not I: Hieronymo, beware; go by, go by." and this other:

" What outcry calls me from my naked bed?"

Sly's making Jeronimy a faint is furely not more extravagant than his exhorting his hostess to go to her cold bed to warm herself; or declaring that he will go to his cold bed for the same purpose; for perhaps, like Hieronymo, he here addresses himself.

In King Lear, Edgar when he assumes the madman, utters the same words that are here put into the mouth of the tinker : " Humph ; go

to thy cold bed, and warm thee." MALONE.

The first part of the Spanish Tragedy is called Jeronimo. The Tinker therefore does not fay Feronimo as a mistake for Hieronimo. STEEVENS. 8 - I must go fetch the thirdborough.] The old copy reads-the

beadborough,

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

Horns. Enter a Lord from bunting, with Huntsmen and Serwants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is embos'd2,

And

beadborough. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, and founded on Cly's reply; "Third, or fourth, &c." I am not fure that it is necessary; for we learn from a writer of great authority in legal matters, that beadborough and thirdborough were fynonymous. 66 Every of these borsholders, (fays Lambard) tithing men, borowheads, bedborows. thirdborowes, &c. hath two feveral offices at this day."-After describing their ancient office, (which was to speak, act, &c. for the other nine men in the tithing,) he adds,-" As touching the latter office that these borsholders, bedborows, borowheds, thirdborows, and chief pledges have, it is in a manner all one with the office of a constable of a town or parish, which is commonly named a perty constable, because he is a fmall constable, in respect of the constable of his hundred within whose limit he is." The Duties of Constables, Borsholders, Tythingmen, &c. by W. Lambard, octavo, 1604. The word beadberough might therefore immediately bring the other name to Sly's mind, and perhaps sufficiently accounts for his reply, without any change. However, the emendation having been followed by feveral other editors, from a diffrust in my own opinion I too have adopted it. MALONE.

9 - falls afleep.] The spurious play already mentioned, begins thus :

"Enter a Tapfter, beating out of bis doores Slie drunken. Tapf. You whoreson drunken slave, you had best be gone,

And empty your drunken paunch somewhere else,

"For in this house thou shalt not rest to night. [Exit Tapster. "Slie. Tilly vally; by crifee Tapster He fese you anone:

66 Fill's the t'other pot, and all's paid for : looke you,

"I doe drinke it of mine owne instigation. Omne bene.

" Heere Ile lie awhile: why Tapster, I say,

" Fill's a fresh cushen heere :

"Heigh ho, heere's good warme lying. [He falles asserted as fleepe. "Enter a noble man and bis men from bunting." STEEVENS.

I Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is embo[s'd,] I believe, brach Merriman means only Merriman the brach. So, in the old fong, "Cow Crumbacke is a very good cow." Brach, however, appears to have been a particular kind of hound. In an old metrical charter granted by Edward the Confessor to the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in Essex, there are the two following lines:

R 3