in, the jills fair without[4], the carpets laid[5], and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news[6]?

Gru. Firſt, know, my horſe is tired; my maſter and miſtreſs fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*ſtriking him.*

Curt. This is[7] to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis call'd, a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſt'ning. Now I begin: *Imprimis,* we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs:—

Curt. Both of one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadſt thou not croſs'd me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe; thou ſhould'ſt have heard, in how miry a place: how ſhe was bemoil'd[8]; how he left her with the horſe upon her; how he beat me becauſe her horſe

4 *Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without?*] i. e. Are the drinking veſſels clean, and the maid ſervants dreſs'd? WARBURTON.

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which ſignify *two drinking meaſures*, as well as *men* and *maid ſervants*. The diſtinction made in the queſtions concerning them, was owing to this. The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outſide, but were very apt to contract foulneſs within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inſide like the leather. STEEVENS.

5 —*the carpets laid,*] In our author's time it was cuſtomary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the preſent paſſage and others, were ſtrewed with ruſhes. MALONE.

6 *I pray* thee, *news?*] I believe the author wrote—I pray, *thy* news. MALONE.

7 *This* is—] Old Copy—This *'tis*—. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

8 —*bemoil'd*;] i. e. be-draggled, bemired. STEEVENS.

ſtumbled; how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore; how ſhe pray'd—that never pray'd before [9]; how I cry'd; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt [1]; how I loſt my crupper; —with many things of worthy memory; which now ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? —call forth Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarſop, and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly comb'd, their blue coats bruſh'd [2], and their garters of an indifferent knit [3]: let them curt'ſy with their left legs; and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-tail, till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

[9] — *how he ſwore*;
how ſhe pray'd—that never pray'd before;] Theſe lines, with little variation, are found in the old copy of *K. Leir*, publiſhed before that of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[1] — *her bridle was burſt*;] See p. 244, n. 6. MALONE.

[2] — *their blue coats bruſh'd*;] The dreſs of ſervants at the time. So, in Decker's *Belman's Night Walkes*, ſig. E. 3: "— the other act their parts in *blue coates*, as they were *ſerving men*—." REED.

[3] — *garters of an indifferent knit*:] What is the ſenſe of this I know not, unleſs it means, that their *garters* ſhould be *fellows*; *indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other. JOHNSON.

This is rightly explained. So, in *Hamlet*:

"As the *indifferent* children of the earth." STEEVENS.

Perhaps by "garters of an *indifferent* knit" the author meant *particoloured* garters; garters of a *different* knit. In Shakſpeare's time *indifferent* was ſometimes uſed for *different*. Thus Speed (*Hiſt. of Gr. Brit.* p. 770,) deſcribing the French and Engliſh armies at the battle of Agincourt, ſays, "—the face of theſe hoaſts were diverſe and *indifferent*."

That garters of a *different knit* were formerly worn, appears from TEXNOΓAMIA, *or the Marriages of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following ſtage direction occurs. "Phantaſtes in a branched velvet jerkin,—red ſilk ſtockings, and *particoloured garters*." MALONE.

Curt.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter, to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems; that call'ſt for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter ſeveral Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio!

Joſ. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready [4]: How near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's paſſion, ſilence!—I hear my maſter.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* CATHARINA [5].

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? What, [illegible] at door,
To hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, ſir; here, ſir.

Pet. Here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir!—
You logger-headed and unpoliſh'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Here, ſir; as fooliſh as I was before.

4 *All things* is *ready:*] Though in general it is proper to correct the falſe concords that are found in almoſt every page of the old copy, here it would be improper; becauſe the language ſuits the character. MALONE.

5 *Enter Petruchio and Catharina.*] The old *Taming of a Shrew*, already mentioned, furniſhed our author with materials for this ſcene. MALONE.

* — *at* door,] Door is here, and in other places, uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Pet.

Pet. You peaſant ſwain! you whoreſon malt-horſe drudge!
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, ſir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat [6],
And Walter's dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in.—
[*Exeunt ſome of the* Servants.
Where is the life that late I led— [7] [*ſings.*
Where are thoſe—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud [8]!

Re-enter Servants, *with ſupper.*

Why when, I ſay?—Nay, good ſweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey [9], [ſings.
As he forth walked on his way:—

[6] — *no* link *to colour Peter's hat*.] A *link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, ſays—"This cozenage is uſed likewiſe in ſelling old hats found upon dunghills, inſtead of newe, blackt over with the *ſmoake of an old linke*." STEEVENS.

[7] *Where is the life that late I led*—] A ſcrap of ſome old ballad. Ancient Piſtol elſewhere quotes the ſame line. In an old black letter book, intitled *A gorgious Gallery of gallant inventions* is a ſong *To the tune of* "Where is the life that late I led." ANONYMOUS.

[8] *Soud, ſoud*, &c.] This, I believe, is a word coined by our poet, to expreſs the noiſe made by a perſon heated and fatigued. MALONE.

[9] *It was the friar of orders grey*,] Diſperſed through Shakſpeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of theſe being of the moſt beautiful and pathetic ſimplicity, Dr. Percy has ſelected ſome of them, and connected them together with a few ſupplemental ſtanzas; a work, which at once ſhews his own poetical abilities, as well as his reſpect to the truly venerable remains of our moſt ancient bards. STEEVENS.

Out,

Out, out, you rogue[1]! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
[*ſtrikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what ho!—
Where's my ſpaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my couſin Ferdinand come hither[2]:—[*Exit* Ser.
One, Kate, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my ſlippers?—Shall I have ſome water?
[*A baſon is preſented to him.*
Come, Kate, and waſh[3], and welcome heartily:—
[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*
You, whoreſon villain! will you let it fall? [*ſtrikes him.*
Cath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whoreſon, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, ſit down; I know, you have a ſtomach.
Will you give thanks, ſweet Kate; or elſe ſhall I?—
What's this? mutton?

1. *Ser.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1. *Ser.* I.

[1] *Out*, out, *you rogue!*] The ſecond word was inſerted by Mr. Pope, to complete the metre. When a word occurs twice in the ſame line, the compoſitor very frequently omits one of them. MALONE.

[2] *And bid my couſin* Ferdinand *come hither:*] This couſin *Ferdinand*, who does not make his perſonal appearance on the ſcene, is mentioned, I ſuppoſe, for no other reaſon than to give Catharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his ſpaniel Troilus. STEEVENS.

[3] *Come, Kate, and* waſh,] It has been already obſerved, that it was the cuſtom in our author's time, (and long before,) to waſh the hands immediately before dinner and ſupper, as well as afterwards. So, in Ives's *Select Papers*, p. 139: "And after that the Queen [Elizabeth, the wife of K. Henry VII.] was returned and *waſhed*, the Archbiſhop ſaid grace." Again, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: C. "The meate is coming, let us ſit downe. S. I would waſh firſt—. What ho, bring us ſome water to waſh our hands.—Give me a faire, cleane and white towel." From the ſame dialogue it appears that it was cuſtomary to waſh after meals likewiſe, and that ſetting the water on the table was then (as at preſent) peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland. "Bring ſome water (ſays one of the company, when dinner is ended,) to waſh our hands, and ſet the bacin upon the board, *after the Engliſh faſhion*, that all may waſh." MALONE.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and ſo is all the meat:
What dogs are theſe?—Where is the raſcal cook?
How durſt you, villains, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the ſtage.*
You heedleſs jolt-heads, and unmanner'd ſlaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.

Cath. I pray you, huſband, be not ſo diſquiet;
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.

Pet. I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away;
And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did faſt,—
Since, of ourſelves, ourſelves are cholerick,—
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted fleſh.
Be patient; to-morrow it ſhall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll faſt for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt* PET. CATH. *and* CURTIS.

Nath. [*advancing.*] Peter, didſt ever ſee the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a ſermon of continency to her:
And rails, and ſwears, and rates; that ſhe, poor ſoul,
Knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak;
And ſits as one new-riſen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My faulcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty;
And, till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full-gorg'd [4],

For

4 —*full-gorg'd*, &c.] A hawk too much fed was never tractable.

The

For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard [5],
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is,—to watch her [6], as we watch theſe kites,
That bate *, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none ſhall eat;
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to-night ſhe ſhall not;
As with the meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the coverlet, another way the ſheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend [7],
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night:
And, if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſs;
And thus I'll curb her mad and head-ſtrong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeak; 'tis charity, to ſhew. [*Exit.*

The *lure* was only a thing ſtuff'd like that kind of bird which the hawk was deſigned to purſue. The uſe of the lure was to tempt him back after he had flown. STEEVENS.

[5] — *to man my* haggard,] A *bagg'd* is a *wild hawk*; to *man* a hawk is to *tame* her. JOHNSON.

[6] *That is,—to* watch *her*,] To keep her waking. MALONE.

Thus in the book of *Haukyng*, &c. b. l. commonly called, *The Book of St. Albans*: "And then the ſame night after the teding, *wake* her all night, and on the morrowe all day." Again, in the *Lady Errant*, by Cartwright: "We'll keep you as they do *hawks*; *watching* you until you leave your wildneſs." STEEVENS.

* *That* bate,] To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk does when it ſwoops upon its prey. Minſheu ſuppoſes it to be derived either from *batre*, Fr. to beat, or from *s'abatre*, to deſcend. MALONE.

[7] — *amid this hurly, I* intend,] *Intend* is ſometimes uſed by our author for *pretend*, and is, I believe, ſo uſed here. So, in *King Richard III*:

"Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
"*Intending* deep ſuſpicion." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Padua. *Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't poſſible, friend Licio, that miſtreſs Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, ſir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to ſatisfy you in what I have ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They ſtand aſide.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, maſter, read you? firſt, reſolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profeſs, the art to love.
Bian. And may you prove, ſir, maſter of your art!
Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart.
[*They retire.*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry[8]! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs Bianca
Lov'd none[9] in the world ſo well as Lucentio.
Tra. O deſpightful love! unconſtant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Miſtake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be;
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of ſuch a cullion:
Know, ſir, that I am call'd—Hortenſio.
Tra. Signior Hortenſio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,

[8] *Quick* proceeders, *marry!*] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. To *proceed* Maſter of Arts, &c. is the academical term. MALONE.

[9] *Lov'd* none—] Old Copy—Lov'd *me*. Mr. Rowe made this neceſſary correction. MALONE.

I will

I will with you,—if you be ſo contented,—
Forſwear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiſs and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal[1].

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her, though ſhe would entreat:
Fye on her! ſee, how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. Would, all the world, but he, had quite forſworn!
For me,—that I may ſurely keep mine oath,
I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days paſs; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard:
And ſo farewel, ſignior Lucentio.—
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before.

[*Exit* HOR.—LUC. *and* BIAN. *advance.*

Tra. Miſtreſs Bianca, bleſs you with ſuch grace
As 'longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forſworn you, with Hortenſio.

Bian. Tranio, you jeſt; But have you both forſworn me?

Tra. Miſtreſs, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her[2].

[1] —*flatter'd* her *withal.*] The old copy reads—*them* withal. The emendation was made by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

[2] *Ay, and he'll tame her,* &c.] Thus in the original play:

" ——— he means to tame his wife ere long.

" *Val.* Hee ſaies ſo.

" *Aurel.* Faith he's gon unto the taming-ſchoole.

" *Val.* The taming-ſchoole! why is there ſuch a place?

" *Aurel.* I: and *Ferando* is the maiſter of the ſchoole." STEEVENS.

Bian.

Bian. He ſays ſo, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith he is gone unto the taming ſchool.

Bian. The taming ſchool! what, is there ſuch a place?

Tra. Ay, miſtreſs, and Petruchio is the maſter;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a ſhrew, and charm her chattering tongue [3].

Enter BIONDELLO, *running.*

Bion. O maſter, maſter, I have watch'd ſo long
That I'm dog-weary; but at laſt I ſpied
An ancient angel [4] coming down the hill,
Will ſerve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Maſter, a mercatantè, or a pedant [5],
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance ſurely like a father [6].

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

3 — charm *her chattering tongue.*] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

" Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm* your tongue." STEEVENS.

4 *An ancient* angel—] *Angel* primitively ſignifies a *meſſenger*, but perhaps this ſenſe is not ſtrictly applicable to the paſſage before us. Chapman, in his tranſlation of *Homer*, always calls a meſſenger an *angel*. STEEVENS.

5 *Maſter, a mercatantè, or a pedant,*] The old editions read *marcantant.* The Italian word *mercatantè* is frequently uſed in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no ſcruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it ſpelt in the folio and quarto, were obliged to ſupply a ſyllable to make out the verſe, which the Italian pronunciation renders unneceſſary.—A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon: " He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a muſician, ſeen in his lodgings." STEEVENS.

Mercatantè. So, Spenſer, in the third book of his *Fairy Queen:*

" Sleves dependant Albaneſe-wiſe."

And our author has *Veroneſe* in his *Othello.* FARMER.

6 — ſurely *like a father.*] I know not what he is, ſays the ſpeaker, however this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARBURTON.

The editor of the ſecond folio reads—*ſurly*, which Mr. Theobald adopted, and has quoted the following lines, addreſſed by Tranio to the pedant, in ſupport of the emendation:

" 'Tis well; and hold your own in any caſe,
" With ſuch *auſterity* as *longeth* to a *father.*" MALONE.

Tra.

Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem Vincentio;
And give aſſurance to Baptiſta Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love[7], and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Bian.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you, ſir!

Tra. And you, ſir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the fartheſt?

Ped. Sir, at the fartheſt for a week or two:
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And ſo to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, ſir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careleſs of your life?

Ped. My life, ſir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua[8]
To come to Padua; Know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, ſir, it is worſe for me than ſo;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and muſt here deliver them.

Tra. Well, ſir, to do you courteſy,
This will I do, and this I will adviſe you;—
Firſt, tell me, have you ever been at Piſa?

Ped. Ay, ſir, in Piſa have I often been;
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

[7] *Take* in *your love,*] The old copy reads—Take *me.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[8] *'Tis death for any one in Mantua* &c.] So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

" ——— if any Syracuſan born
" Come to the bay of Epheſus, he dies. Stevens.

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, ſir; and, ſcoth to ſay,
In countenance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one.
[*aſide.*

Tra. To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his ſake;
And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
That you are like to ſir Vincentio.
His name and credit ſhall you undertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look that you take upon you as you ſhould;
You underſtand me, ſir;—ſo ſhall you ſtay
Till you have done your buſineſs in the city:
If this be courteſy, ſir, accept of it.

Ped. O, ſir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you underſtand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance [9] of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptiſta's daughter here:
In all theſe circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with me [1], to cloath you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

9 *To paſs* aſſurance *&c.*] To paſs *aſſurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common *aſſurances* of the realm," becauſe thereby each man's property is *aſſured* to him. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this act, "they are buſied about a counterfeit *aſſurance*." MALONE.

1 *Go with me,* &c.] There is an old comedy called *Suppoſes*, tranſlated from *Arioſto*, by George Gaſcoigne. Thence Shakſpeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as ſome of the phraſeology) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There likewiſe he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young maſter and his man exchange habits, and perſuade a *Scenæſe*, as he is called, to perſonate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government. FARMER.

In the ſame play our author likewiſe found the name of *Licio*. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Room in Petruchio's *Houſe.*

Enter CATHARINA *and* GRUMIO[2].

Gru. No, no, forſooth; I dare not for my life.

Cath. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould entreat,—
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which ſpites me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who ſhould ſay,—if I ſhould ſleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Cath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat[3]:—
How ſay you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Cath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What ſay you to a piece of beef, and muſtard?

Cath. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why, then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.

[2] *Enter Catharina and Grumio.*] Our author (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) was furniſhed with ſome hints for this ſcene, from the old *Taming of a Shrew.* MALONE.

[3] *I fear it is too* cholerick *a meat:*] So before:

"And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it;
"For it engenders *choler.*"

The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily reads—too *phlegmatick a* meat; which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no Beef of Grumio.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the muſtard without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
[*beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *with a diſh of meat*; *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, ſweeting, all amort[4]?

Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?

Cath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits, look chearfully upon me.
Here, love; thou ſee'ſt how diligent I am,
To dreſs thy meat myſelf, and bring it thee:
[*ſets the diſh on a table.*
I am ſure, ſweet Kate, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'ſt it not;
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof[5]:—
Here, take away this diſh.

Cath. I pray you, let it ſtand.

Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks;
And ſo ſhall mine, before you touch the meat.

Cath. I thank you, ſir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame:
Come, miſtreſs Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortenſio, if thou lov'ſt me.— [*aſide.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe;
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,

[4] *What, ſweeting, all* amort?] That is, all ſunk and diſpirited. MALONE.

This galliciſm is common to many of the old plays. STEEVENS.

[5] *And all my pains is* ſorted *to no proof:*] And all my labour has ended in nothing, or *proved* nothing. "*We tried an experiment, but it* ſorted *not.*" Bacon. JOHNSON.

With

With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things[6];
With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, haſt thou din'd? The tailor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treaſure[7].—

6 — *fardingals, and* things;] Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the authour had not another that would rhime. JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet muſt be anſwerable for it, as he had uſed it before, Act II. ſc. v. when the rhime did not force it upon him:

We will have rings, and things, *and fine array.*

Again, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1632:

"'Tis true that I am poor, and yet have *things*,
"And golden rings, &c."

A *thing* is a trifle too inconſiderable to deſerve particular diſcrimination. STEEVENS.

7 — *with his* ruffling *treaſure.*] This is the reading of the old copy, which Mr. Pope changed to *ruſtling*, I think, without neceſſity. Our author has indeed in another play,—"*Prouder* than *ruſtling* in unpaid for ſilk;" but *ruffling* is ſometimes uſed in *nearly* the ſame ſenſe. Thus in *K. Lear*:

"—— the high winds
"Do ſorely *ruffle.*"

There clearly the idea of noiſe as well as turbulence is annexed to the word. A *ruffler* in our author's time ſignified a *noiſy* and turbulent ſwaggerer; and the word *ruffling* may here be applied in a kindred ſenſe to dreſs. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"And his proud wife, high-minded Eleanor,
"That *ruffles* it with ſuch a troop of ladies,
"As ſtrangers in the court take her for queen."

Again, more appoſitely, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: "There was a nobleman merry conceited and riotouſly given, that having lately ſold a mannor of a hundred tenements, came *ruffling* into the court in a *new ſute*, ſaying, Am not I a mightie man that beare an hundred houſes on my backe?"

Boyle ſpeaks of the *ruffling* of ſilk, and *ruffled* is uſed by ſo late an author as Addiſon in the ſenſe of *plaited*; in which laſt ſignification perhaps the word *ruffling* ſhould be underſtood here. Petruchio has juſt before told Catharine that ſhe ſhould "revel it with *ruffs* and cuffs;" from the former of which words, *ruffled*, in the ſenſe of plaited, ſeems to be derived. As *ruffling* therefore may be underſtood either in this ſenſe, or that firſt ſuggeſted, (which I incline to think the true one,) I have adhered to the reading of the old copy. MALONE.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments;

Enter Haberdaſher[8].

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, ſir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer[9];
A velvet diſh;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haſte. [*aſide.*

Cath. Why, ſir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak;
And ſpeak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it ſhall, I will be free
Even to the uttermoſt, as I pleaſe, in words.

Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true; it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard-coffin[1], a bauble, a ſilken pye:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us ſee't.
O mercy, God! what maſking ſtuff is here?

[8] Enter Haberdaſher.] To a ſcene in the old play of *the Taming of a Shrew*, (which Mr. Steevens has quoted at length,) the author is indebted for the outline of the following dialogue between Petruchio, the Tailor and Haberdaſher. Some of the expreſſions are copied almoſt literally. But the play having been lately re-printed, I have not tranſcribed them. MALONE.

[9] — *on a* porringer;] The ſame thought occurs in *K. Henry VIII:* "— rail'd upon me till her pink'd *porringer* fell off her head." STEEV.

[1] *A cuſtard* coffin,—] A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raiſed cruſt of a pye or cuſtard. STEEVENS.

What's

What's this? a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer [2] in a barber's ſhop:—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee, ſhe's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*aſide:*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, ſir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Cath. I never ſaw a better faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She ſays, your worſhip means to make a puppet
Of her.

Pet. O monſtrous arrogance! thou lieſt,
Thou thread, thou thimble [3],
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete [4] thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt!
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worſhip is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction:

[2] *Like to a* cenſer—] *Cenſers* in barber's ſhops, are now diſuſed, but they may eaſily be imagined to have been veſſels which, for the emiſſion of the ſmoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interſtices. JOHNSON.

In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Doll calls the beadle "thou thin man in a *cenſer*. MALONE.

[3] — *thou thimble,*] The taylor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged Engliſh, liable to ſarcaſms and contempt. JOHNSON.

[4] — *be*-mete—] i. e. be-meaſure thee. STEEVENS.

Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tai. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, ſir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt faced many things[5].

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brayed many men[6]; brave not me; I will neither be faced, nor braved. I ſay unto thee,—I bid thy maſter cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou lieſt.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tai. Imprimis, a looſe-body'd gown:

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-body'd gown[7], ſow me in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. With a ſmall compaſs'd cape[8];

Gru. I confeſs the cape.

Tai. With a trunk ſleeve;—

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

5 — faced *many things.*] i. e. turned up many gowns, &c. with *facings*, &c. So, in *K. Henry IV:*

"To *face* the garment of rebellion

"With ſome fine colour." STEEVENS.

6 — brav'd *many men*;] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dreſs. STEEVENS.

7 — looſe-body'd *gown*,] I think the joke is impair'd, unleſs we read with the original play already quoted—a *looſe body's* gown. It appears, however, that *looſe-bodied* gowns were the dreſs of *harlots*. Thus, in the *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton, 1607: "Doſt dream of virginity now? remember a *looſe-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go." STEEV.

8 — *a ſmall compaſs'd cape*;] Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuſes* 1595, gives a muſt elaborate deſcription of the gowns of women; and adds—"Some have *capes* reaching down to the midſt of their backs, faced with velvet, or elſe with ſome fine wrought taffata, at the leaſt, fringed about, very bravely." STEEVENS.

A *compaſs'd cape* is a round cape. To *compaſs* is *to come round.* JOHNSON.

Tai.

Tai. The ſleeves curiouſly cut,

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, ſir; error i' the bill. I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhould'ſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill[9], give me thy mete-yard[1], and ſpare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet. Well, ſir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, ſir; 'tis for my miſtreſs.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my miſtreſs' gown for thy maſter's uſe!

Pet. Why, ſir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, ſir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my miſtreſs' gown to his maſter's uſe!
O, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortenſio, ſay thou wilt ſee the tailor paid:— [*aſide.*
Go take it hence; be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter. [*Exit* Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments;
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?

9 — *take thou the* bill,] The ſame quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-ſoldiers, is to be met with in *Timon*. STEEVENS.

1 — *thy mete-yard*,] i. e. thy meaſuring-yard. STEEVENS.

Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.—
Go, call my men, and let us ſtraight to him;
And bring our horſes unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's ſee; I think, 'tis now ſome ſeven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Cath. I dare aſſure you, ſir, 'tis almoſt two;
And 'twill be ſupper-time, ere you come there.

Pet. It ſhall be ſeven, ere I go to horſe;
Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It ſhall be what o'clock I ſay it is.

Hor. Why, ſo! this gallant will command the ſun.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV[2].

Padua. *Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *dreſſed like* VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the houſe[3]; pleaſe it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what elſe? and, but I be deceived[4],
Signior Baptiſta may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegaſus[5].

[2] Dr. Johnſon thinks that the fifth act ſhould begin here. MALONE.

[3] Sir, *this is the houſe*;] The old copy has—*Sirs*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[4] — but *I be deceived*,] *But* has here the ſignification of *unleſs*. MALONE.

[5] *Where we were lodgers at the Pegaſus.*] This line in the old copy is by miſtake given to Tranio. The preſent regulation, which is clearly right, was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Shakſpeare has taken a ſign out of *London*, and hung it up in *Padua*: "Meet me an hour hence at the ſign of the *Pegaſus* in Cheapſide." *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606. STEEVENS.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any caſe,
With ſuch auſterity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, ſir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were ſchool'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I adviſe you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to Baptiſta?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptiſta:—ſet your countenance, ſir.—

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptiſta, you are happily met:—
Sir, [*to the* Pedant.]
This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, ſtand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, ſon!—
Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him,—to ſtay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, ſir, upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find ready and willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you [6],

[6] *For* curious *I cannot be with you,*] *Curious* is ſcrupulous. So, in Holinſhed, p. 890:—and was not *curious* to call him to eat with him at the table. STEEVENS.

Signior

Signior Baptiſta, of whom I hear ſo well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay;—
Your plainneſs, and your ſhortneſs, pleaſe me well.
Right true it is, your ſon Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you ſay no more than this,—
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.

Tra. I thank you, ſir. Where then do you know beſt,
We be affy'd; and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?

Bap. Not in my houſe, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants:
Beſides, old Gremio is heark'ning ſtill;
And, happily, we might be interrupted[7].

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, ſir[8]:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this,—that, at ſo ſlender warning,
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready ſtraight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how ſhe's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods ſhe may, with all my heart[9]!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone[1].

Signior

[7] *And* happily *we might be interrupted.*] *Happily*, in Shakſpeare's time, ſignified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. TYRWHITT.

[8] —*an it like you*, ſir:] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] Luc. *I pray* &c.] In the old copy this line is by miſtake given to Biondello. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[1] —*get thee gone.*] In the old copy Lucentio here goes out; but I have

Signior Baptiſta, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer:
Come, ſir; we will better it in Piſa.

Bap. I follow you. [*Exeunt* TRA. PED. *and* BAP.

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; But he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptiſta is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old prieſt at ſaint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect [2];—they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance; take you aſſurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolùm:* to the church [3];—take the prieſt, clerk, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay, But, bid Bianca farewel for ever and a day. [*going.*

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſly to ſtuff a rabbet; and ſo may you, ſir; and ſo adieu, ſir. My maſter hath appointed me to go to ſaint Luke's, to bid

have not followed it; the regulation propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt in the ſubſequent note appearing to me clearly the true one. MALONE.

It ſeems odd management to make *Lucentio go out* here for nothing that appears, but that he may *return* again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to ſuppoſe that he lingers upon the ſtage, till the reſt are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private. TYRWHITT.

[2] — *expect*;—] i. e. wait the event. MALONE.

[3] — *to the church*:—] i. e. go to the church. TYRWHITT.

the

the prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It ſhall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V[4].

A publick road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the moon!
Cath. The moon! the ſun; it is not moon-light now.
Pet. I ſay, it is the moon that ſhines ſo bright.
Cath. I know, it is the ſun that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's ſon, and that's myſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:—
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.—
Evermore croſt, and croſt; nothing but croſt!
Hor. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.
Cath. Forward I pray, ſince we have come ſo far,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh-candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay, it is the moon.
Cath. I know, it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the bleſſed ſun.
Cath. Then, God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed ſun[5]:—
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

4 Some part of this ſcene likewiſe is borrowed from the old play. MALONE.

5 —*it is the bleſſed ſun:*] For *is* the old copy has *in*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

And

And ſo it ſhall be ſo[6], for Catharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl ſhould run,
And not unluckily againſt the bias.—
But ſoft; company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dreſs.*

Good-morrow, gentle miſtreſs: Where away?—
[*to* VINCENTIO.
Tell me, ſweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman[7] of him.

Cath. Young budding virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode[8]?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child[9];
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.

Cath. Pardon, old father, my miſtaking eyes,
That have been ſo bedazzled with the ſun,

[6] *And ſo it ſhall be* ſo,] A modern editor very plauſibly reads—And ſo it ſhall be, *ſir*—. MALONE.

[7] — *to make* a *woman*—] The old copy reads—*the* woman. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] —where *is thy abode?*] Inſtead of *where*, the printer of the old copy inadvertently repeated *whither*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] *Happy the parents of ſo fair a child*;]
—— *qui te genuere beati*;
Et mater fœlix, & fortunata profecto
Si qua tibi ſoror eſt, & quæ dedit ubera nutrix;
Sed longe cunctis, longeque beatior illa eſt
Si qua tibi ſponſa eſt, ſi quam dignabere tæda. Ovid. WARB.

That

That every thing I look on ſeemeth green[1]:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

Pet. Do, good old grand-ſire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travell'ſt: if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair ſir,—and you my merry miſtreſs,—
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Piſa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle ſir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy ſon.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The ſiſter to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy ſon by this hath marry'd: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualify'd as may beſeem
The ſpouſe of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do aſſure thee, father, ſo it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof;
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PET. CATH. *and* VIN.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught Hortenſio to be untoward. *Exit.*

[1] *That every thing I look on ſeemeth green.*] Shakſpeare's obſervations on the phænomena of nature are very accurate. When one has ſat long in the ſunſhine, the ſurrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reaſon is aſſigned by many of the writers on opticks.
BLACKSTONE.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Padua. *Before* Lucentio's *Houſe.*

Enter on one ſide BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other ſide.*

Bion. Softly and ſwiftly, ſir; for the prieſt is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll ſee the church o' your back; and then come back to my maſter[2] as ſoon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUC. BIAN. *and* BION.

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's houſe,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, ſir.

Vin. You ſhall not chooſe but drink before you go;
I think, I ſhall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, ſome cheer is toward. [*knocks.*

Gre. They're buſy within, you were beſt knock louder.

Enter Pedant *above, at a Window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is ſignior Lucentio within, ſir?

Ped. He's within, ſir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourſelf; he ſhall need none, ſo long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your ſon was belov'd in Padua.—

[2] — *and then come back to my* maſter—] The old copy reads—to my *miſtreſs*, owing probably to an M. only being written in the Mſ. See p. 267, n. 4. The ſame miſtake has happened again in this ſcene: "Didſt thou never ſee thy *miſtreſs'* father, Vincentio?" The preſent emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who obſerves rightly, that by "maſter" Biondello means his pretended maſter, Tranio. MALONE.

Do you hear, ſir?—to leave frivolous circumſtances,—I pray you, tell ſignior Lucentio, that his father is come from Piſa, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt; his father is come from Piſa [3], and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, ſir; ſo his mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*to* Vin.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen ſomebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the church together; God ſend 'em good ſhipping!—But who is here? mine old maſter Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*ſeeing* BION.

Bion. I hope, I may chooſe, ſir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, ſir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy maſter's father Vincentio [4]?

Bion. What, my old, worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, ſir; ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeed? [*beats* BIONDELLO.

[3] —*from* Piſa,] The old copy reads—from *Padua*; which is certainly wrong. The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. "Both parties (he obſerves) agree that Vincentio's father is come from Piſa, as indeed they neceſſarily muſt; the point in diſpute is whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out at the window*." I ſuſpect we ſhould read—from *Mantua*, from whence the pedant himſelf came, and which he would naturally name, ſuppoſing he forgot, as might well happen, that the real Vincentio was of Piſa. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Padua* and *Verona* occur in two different ſcenes, inſtead of *Milan*. MALONE.

[4] —*thy* maſter's *father Vincentio?*] Old Copy—thy *miſtreſs'* father. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. See p. 337, n. 2. MALONE.

Bion.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, ſon! help, ſignior Baptiſta! [*Exit, from above.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant, *below*; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I, ſir? nay, what are you, ſir?—O immortal gods? O fine villain! A ſilken doublet! a velvet hoſe! a ſcarlet cloak! and a copatain hat[5]! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good huſband at home, my ſon and my ſervant ſpend all at the univerſity.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhew you a madman: Why, ſir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a ſail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You miſtake, ſir; you miſtake, ſir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad aſs! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me ſignior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his maſter!—

[5] — *a copatain-hat!*] is I believe, a hat with a conical crown, ſuch as was anciently worn by well-dreſſed men. JOHNSON.

In Stubb's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter "on the hattes of England," beginning thus:

"*Sometimes they uſe them ſharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the ſpeare or ſhaft of a ſteeple, ſtanding a quarter of a yard above the crowns of their heads, &c.*" STEEVENS.

Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my ſon, my ſon!—tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an officer.*] carry this mad knave to the jail:—father Baptiſta, I charge you, ſee, that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer; he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, ſignior Gremio; I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, ſignior Baptiſta, leſt you be coney-catch'd [6] in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be haled and abuſed:—O monſtrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are ſpoil'd, and—yonder he is; deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, ſweet father. [*kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweet ſon?

[Biondello, Tranio, *and* Pedant, *run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*kneeling.*

Bap. How haſt thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right ſon unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes blear'd thine eyne [7].

Gre.

[6] — *coney-catch'd*—] i. e. deceived, cheated. STEEVENS.

[7] *While counterfeit* ſuppoſes *blear'd thine eyne.*] The modern editors read *ſuppoſers*, but wrongly. This is a plain alluſion to Gaſcoigne's comedy entitled *Suppoſes*, from which ſeveral of the incidents in this play are borrowed. TYRWHITT.

This

Gre. Here's packing[8], with a witneſs, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my ſtate with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs:—
What Tranio did, myſelf enforc'd him to:
Then pardon him, ſweet father, for my ſake.

Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, ſir? [*to* Luc.] Have you married my daughter without aſking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptiſta; we will content you, go to: But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Gre. My cake is dough[9]: But I'll in among the reſt;
Out of hope of all,—but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*

[Petruchio *and* Catharine *advance.*

Cath. Huſband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me, Kate, and we will.

Cath. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?

Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?

Cath. No, ſir? God forbid: but aſham'd to kiſs.

This is highly probable; but yet *ſuppoſes* is a word often uſed in its common ſenſe, which, on the preſent occaſion is ſufficiently commodious. Shakſpeare uſes the word in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"That we come ſhort of our *ſuppoſe* ſo far, &c."

To blear the eye, was an ancient phraſe ſignifying *to deceive.* So, in Chaucer's *Manciple's Tale,* v. 17202. late edit.

"For all thy waiting, *blered is thin eye.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *Here's* packing,] i. e. Plotting, double-dealing. See Vol. II. p. 294, n. 4. MALONE.

[9] *My cake is dough:*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS. It was generally uſed when any project miſcarried. MALONE.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, ſirrah, let's away.

Cath. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs: now pray thee, love, ſtay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my ſweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Lucentio's *Houſe.*

A Banquet ſet out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

Luc. At laſt, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done [1],
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils over-blown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio,—ſiſter Catharina,—
And thou, Hortenſio, with thy loving widow,—
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe;
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat. [*They ſit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindneſs, ſon Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortenſio fears his widow [2].

[1] —*when raging war is* done,] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copy has—when raging war is *come*, which cannot be right. Perhaps the author wrote—when raging war is *calm* (formerly ſpelt *calme*). So, in *Othello*:

"If after every tempeſt comes ſuch *calms*—."

The word "overblown," in the next line, adds ſome little ſupport to this conjecture. MALONE.

[2] —fears *his widow.*] To *fear*, as has been already obſerved, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow underſtands the word in the latter ſenſe; and Petruchio tells her, he uſed it in the former. MALONE.

Wid.

Wid. Then never truſt me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe; I mean, Hortenſio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly reply'd.

Cath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortenſio that?

Hor. My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiſs him for that, good widow.

Cath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round: I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your huſband, being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my huſband's ſorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Cath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Cath. And I am mean, indeed, reſpecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad[3].

[*drinks to* Hortenſio.

Bap. How likes Gremio theſe quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, ſir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an haſty-witted body
Would ſay, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, miſtreſs bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll ſleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you ſhall not; ſince you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jeſt or two[4],

Bian.

[3] *Ha' to* thee, *lad.*] The old copy has—to *the.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] —*for a* bitter *jeſt or two.*] The old copy reads—a *better* jeſt. The emendation (of the propriety of which there cannot, I conceive, be the ſmalleſt doubt,) is one of the very few corrections of any value made by Mr. Capell. So before in the preſent play:

"Hiding his *bitter jeſts* in blunt behaviour."

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, CATHARINA, *and* Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, ſignior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.

Tra. O, ſir, Lucentio ſlip'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.

Pet. A good ſwift [5] ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.

Tra. 'Tis well, ſir, that you hunted for yourſelf;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird [6], good Tranio.

Hor. Confeſs, confeſs; hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And, as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright [7].

Bap. Now, in good ſadneſs, ſon Petruchio,
I think thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.

Pet. Well, I ſay no: and therefore, for aſſurance [8],
Let's each one ſend unto his wife [9];

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Too *bitter* is thy *jeſt*."

Again, in Baſtard's *Epigrams*, 1598:

" He ſhut up the matter with this *bitter jeſt*." MALONE.

5 —*ſwift*—] beſides the original ſenſe of *ſpeedy in motion*, ſignified *witty, quick-witted*. So, in *As You Like It*, the Duke ſays of the Clown, " *He is very* ſwift *and ſententious*." *Quick* is now uſed in almoſt the ſame ſenſe as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin ſays of Hales, that *he had known Laud for a* nimble *diſputant*. JOHNSON.

6 — *that* gird,] A *gird* is a *ſarcaſm*, a *gibe*. STEEVENS.

7 — *you* two *outright*.] Old Copy—you *too*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

8 — for *aſſurance*,] Inſtead of *for* the original copy has *ſir*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

9 *Let's each one ſend unto his wife*;] This incident,—the ladies' refuſal to obey the ſummons,—that of Catharine's pulling off her cap and offering to lay her hand under her huſband's foot,—are all borrowed from the anonymous play entitled *the Taming of a Shrew*. The lady in that piece likewiſe makes a ſpeech on the duty of a wife. MALONE.

And he, whoſe wife is moſt obedient
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.
Hor. Content;—What's the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture ſo much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match; 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your miſtreſs come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myſelf.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come.
Pet. How! ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come!
Is that an anſwer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, ſir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
Pet. Oh, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then ſhe muſt needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, ſir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand;
She will not come; ſhe bids you come to her.
Pet. Worſe and worſe; ſhe will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah,

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your miſtreſs;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* Grumio.

Hor. I know her anſwer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter CATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Catharina!

Cath. What is your will, ſir, that you ſend for me?

Pet. Where is your ſiſter, and Hortenſio's wife?

Cath. They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their huſbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
[*Exit* CATHARINA.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And ſo it is; I wonder, what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right ſupremacy;
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou haſt won; and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd, as ſhe had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter CATHARINA, *with* BIANCA, *and* Widow.

See, where ſhe comes; and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion.
Catharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[Cath. *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
Till I be brought to ſuch a filly paſs!

Bian. Fye! what a fooliſh duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as fooliſh too:

The

The wiſdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath coſt me an hundred crowns [1] ſince ſupper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Catharine, I charge thee, tell theſe headſtrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and huſbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I ſay; and firſt begin with her.
Wid. She ſhall not.
Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall;—and firſt begin with her.
Cath. Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads [2];
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in no ſenſe is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will deign to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her huſband:
And, when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
And, not obedient to his honeſt will,

[1] — an *hundred crowns*—] Old Copy—*five* hundred. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the Mſ. from which our author's plays were printed, probably numbers were always expreſſed in figures, which has been the occaſion of many miſtakes in the early editions. MALONE.

[2] — *as froſts bite the meads*;] The old copy reads—froſts *do* bite. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

What

What is ſhe but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?—
I am aſham'd, that women are ſo ſimple
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our ſoft conditions [3], and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reaſon, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I ſee our lances are but ſtraws;
Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare,—
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vail your ſtomachs [4], for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your huſband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiſs me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white [5];
And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*to* Lucentio.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, *and* CATHARINA.

Hor.

[3] —*our ſoft* conditions,—] The gentle qualities of our minds. See p. 16, n. 2. MALONE.

[4] *Then vail your ſtomachs*,—] i. e. abate your pride, your ſpirit. STEEVENS.

[5] *Though you hit the white*;] To hit the *white* is a phraſe borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

So,

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt ſhrew.
Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo[6]. [*Exeunt.*

So, in Feltham's *Anſwer* to Ben Jonſon's ode at the end of his *New Inn*:

"As oft you've wanted brains
"And art to ſtrike *the white*,
"As you have levell'd right." MALONE.

[6] The players delivered down this comedy, among the reſt, as one of Shakſpeare's own; and its intrinſick merit bears ſufficient evidence to the propriety of their deciſion.

May I add a few reaſons why I neither believe the former comedy of *the Taming of a Shrew*, 1607, nor the old play of *King John* in two parts, 1591, to have been the work of Shakſpeare? He generally followed every novel or hiſtory from whence he took his plots, as cloſely as he could; and is ſo often indebted to theſe originals for his very thoughts and expreſſions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to ſpare himſelf the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both theſe plays, (like that of *Henry V.* in which Oldcaſtle is introduced) were the unſucceſsful performances of contemporary players. Shakſpeare ſaw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were ſuch as would furniſh incidents for a better dramatiſt. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their ſcenes, ſtill writing the dialogue anew, and inſerting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preſerving, or was too much in haſte to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to ſee the track of others followed by thoſe who would never have given themſelves the trouble to mark out one of their own.
STEEVENS.

It is almoſt unneceſſary to vindicate Shakſpeare from being the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*. Mr. Pope in conſequence of his being very ſuperficially acquainted with the phraſeology of our early writers, firſt aſcribed it to him, and on his authority this ſtrange opinion obtained credit for half a century. He might with juſt as much propriety have ſuppoſed that our author wrote the old *King Henry IV.* and *V.* and *the Hiſtory of King Leir and his three daughters*, as that he wrote two plays on the ſubject of *Taming a Shrew*, and two others on the ſtory of *King John*.—The error prevailed for ſuch a length of time, from the difficulty of meeting with the piece, which is ſo extremely ſcarce, that I have never ſeen or heard of any copy exiſting but one in the collection of Mr. Steevens, and another in my own: and one of our author's editors ſearched for it for thirty years in vain. Mr. Pope's copy is ſuppoſed to be irrecoverably loſt.

I ſuſpect that the anonymous *Taming of a Shrew* was written about the year 1590, either by George Peele or Robert Greene. MALONE.

From

From this play the TATLER formed a Story, Vol. IV. N° 251.

It cannot but ſeem ſtrange that Shakſpeare ſhould be ſo little known to the author of the Tatler, that he ſhould ſuffer this ſtory to be obtruded upon him; or ſo little known to the publick, that he could hope to make it paſs upon his readers as a real narrative of a tranſaction in Lincolnſhire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himſelf whence the ſtory was taken, or hoped that he might rob ſo obſcure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are ſo well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not diſtracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Catharine and Petruchio is eminently ſpritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleaſure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Perſons Repreſented[1].

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles[2], *a follower of* Bertram.
Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*
Steward,
Clown, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.
A Page.

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *a gentlewoman protected by the Counteſs.*
An old widow of Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*
Violenta[3],
Mariana, } *Neighbours and friends to the widow.*

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c. French *and* Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, *and partly in* Tuſcany.

[1] There is no enumeration of perſons in the old copy.
[2] *Parolles,*] I ſuppoſe we ſhould write this name *Paroles*, i. e. a creature made up of empty words. STEEVENS.
[3] *Violenta* only enters once, and then ſhe neither ſpeaks, nor is ſpoken to. STEEVENS.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL [1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, *the Counteſs of* ROUSILLON, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *in mourning.*

Count. In delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond huſband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I muſt attend his majeſty's command, to whom I am now in ward [2], evermore in ſubjection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the king a huſband, madam;—you, ſir, a father: He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you; whoſe

[1] The ſtory of *All's well that ends well*, or, as I ſuppoſe it to have been ſometimes called, *Lowe's Labour wonne*, is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakſpeare from *Painter's Gilletta of Narbon*, in the firſt Vol. of the *Palace of Pleaſure*, quarto, 1566, p. 88. FARMER.

Shakſpeare is indebted to the novel only for a few leading circumſtances in the graver parts of the piece. The comick buſineſs appears to be entirely of his own formation. STEEVENS.

This comedy, I imagine, was written in 1598. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[2] —*in ward*,] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almoſt forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the ſame practice prevailed in France, it is of no great uſe to enquire, for Shakſpeare gives to all nations the manners of England. JOHNSON.

Howell's fifteenth letter acquaints us that the province of Normandy was ſubject to wardſhips, and no other part of France beſides; but the ſuppoſition of the contrary furniſhed Shakſpeare with a reaſon why the king compelled Rouſillon to marry Helen. TOLLET.

The prerogative of *wardſhip* is a branch of the feudal law, and may as well be ſuppoſed to be incorporated with the conſtitution of France, as it was with that of England, till the reign of Charles II.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his phyſicians, madam; under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a paſſage 'tis[3]!) whoſe ſkill was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's ſake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, ſir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately ſpoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was ſkilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

C.

[3] *O, that* had! *how ſad a* paſſage *'tis!*] Imitated from the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence, (then tranſlated,) where Menedemus ſays:

"Filium unicum adoleſcentulum

"*Habeo.* Ah, quid dixi? *habere* me? imo

"—*habui*, Chreme,

"Nunc *habeam* necne incertum eſt." BLACKSTONE.

Paſſage is *any thing that paſſes*, ſo we now ſay, a *paſſage* of an *author*, and we ſaid about a century ago, the *paſſages* of a *reign*. When the counteſs mentions Helena's loſs of a father, ſhe recollects her own loſs of a huſband, and ſtops to obſerve how heavily that word *had* paſſes through her mind. JOHNSON.

Thus Shakſpeare himſelf. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. ſc. i:

"Now in the ſtirring *paſſage* of the day."

Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"I knew the *paſſages* 'twixt her and Scudamore." STEEVENS.

Count.

Count. His ſole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes: her diſpoſitions ſhe inherits, which make fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities [4], there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs [5]; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in [6]. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes

4 — *virtuous qualities,*] i. e. qualities of good breeding and erudition, (in the ſame ſenſe that the Italians ſay, *qualità virtuoſa,*) and not *moral* ones. WARBURTON.

Virtue and *virtuous*, as I am told, ſtill keep this ſignification in the north, and mean ingenuity, and ingenious. STEEVENS.

5 — *they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſs;*] *Her virtues are the better for their ſimpleneſs*, that is, her excellencies are the better becauſe they are artleſs and open, without fraud, without deſign. The learned commentator has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not ſhewn the full extent of Shakſpeare's maſterly obſervation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too.* Eſtimable and uſeful qualities, joined with an evil diſpoſition, give that evil diſpoſition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the ſharpers of his time, obſerves, that ſome of them are men of ſuch elegance and knowledge, that *a young man who falls into their way*, is betrayed *as much by his judgment as his paſſions.* JOHNSON.

In *As you like it*, *virtues* are called *traitors* on a very different ground:

" ——— to ſome kind of men
" Their graces ſerve them but as enemies;
" No more do yours; your *virtues*, gentle maſter,
" Are ſanctified and holy *traitors* to you.
" O what a world is this, when what is comely
" Envenoms him that bears it!" MALONE.

6 — *can ſeaſon her praiſe in.*] To *ſeaſon* has here a culinary ſenſe; *to preſerve by ſalting.* A paſſage in *Twelfth Night* will beſt explain its meaning:

" ——— all this to *ſeaſon*
" A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep *freſh*,
" And *laſting* in her remembrance." MALONE.

all livelihood[7] from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have[8].

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too[9].

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal[1].

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, Bertram! and ſucceed thy father

7 — *all* livelihood—] i. e. all appearance of life. STEEVENS.

8 — *leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than* to have.] Our author ſometimes is guilty of ſuch ſlight inaccuracies; and concludes a ſentence as if the former part of it had been conſtructed differently.—Thus in the preſent inſtance, he ſeems to have meant—leſt *you* be rather thought *to* affect a ſorrow, than *to have*. MALONE.

9 *I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.*] Helena has, I believe, a meaning here, that ſhe does not wiſh ſhould be underſtood by the counteſs. Her *affected* ſorrow was for the death of her father; her *real* grief for the lowneſs of her ſituation, which ſhe feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved Bertram. Her own words afterwards fully ſupport this interpretation:

" ——————— I think not on my father;—
" ——————————— What was he like?
" I have forgot him; my imagination
" Carries no favour in it but Bertram's:
" I am undone." MALONE.

1 *If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.*] *Lafeu*, ſays, *exceſſive grief is the enemy of the living:* the counteſs replies, *If the living be an enemy to grief, the exceſs ſoon makes it mortal:* that is, *if the living do not indulge grief, grief deſtroys itſelf by its own exceſs.* By the word *mortal* I underſtand *that which dies*, and Dr. Warburton, [who reads—be *not* enemy—] *that which deſtroys*. I think that my interpretation gives a ſentence more acute and more refined. Let the reader judge. JOHNSON.

A paſſage in *the Winter's Tale*, in which our author again ſpeaks of grief deſtroying itſelf by its own exceſs, adds ſupport to Dr. Johnſon's interpretation:

" ——— ſcarce any joy
" Did ever live ſo long; *no ſorrow,*
" *But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.*"

In *Romeo and Juliet* we meet with a kindred thought:

" Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
" And *in their triumph die.*" MALONE.

In

In manners, as in ſhape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furniſh [2], and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier; good my lord,
Adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt,
That ſhall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bleſs him!—Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit* Counteſs.

Ber. The beſt wiſhes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [*to* Helena.] be ſervants to you [3]! Be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* LAFEU.

Hel. O, were that all [4]!—I think not on my father;
And theſe great tears [5] grace his remembrance more,
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,

[2] *That thee may furniſh,*] That may help thee with more and better qualifications. JOHNSON.

[3] *The beſt wiſhes,* &c.] That is, may you be miſtreſs of your wiſhes, and have power to bring them to effect. JOHNSON.

[4] *O were that all!* &c.] Would that the attention to maintain the credit of my father, (or, not to act unbecoming the daughter of ſuch a father,—for ſuch perhaps is the meaning,) were my only ſolicitude! I think not of him. My cares are all for Bertram. MALONE.

[5] — *theſe great* tears &c.] The *tears* which the king and counteſs ſhed for him. JOHNSON.

Perhaps ſhe means rather,—And theſe great tears which are now falling in abundance from my eyes, on another account, *appear* to do more honour to his memory than thoſe which I really ſhed for him when he died; which flowed in a leſs copious ſtream. For the hint of this interpretation I am indebted to Mr. Maſon. MALONE.

If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it, he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere [6].
The ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table [7]; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour [8]:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

[6] *In his bright radiance* &c.] I cannot be united with him and move in the ſame *ſphere*, but *muſt be comforted* at a diſtance by the *radiance* that ſhoots *on all ſides* from him. JOHNSON.

Milton, b. x:

" — from his radiant ſeat he roſe
" Of high *collateral* glory." STEEVENS.

[7] — *'Twas pretty, though a plague,*
To ſee him every hour, to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;] So, in our author's 24th Sonnet:

" Mine eye hath play'd the *painter*, and hath ſteel'd
" Thy beauty's form in *table of my heart*."

A *table* was formerly a term for a *picture*. *Tableau*, Fr. So, on a picture painted in the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the poſſeſſion of the Hon. Horace Walpole:

" The Queen to Walſingham this *tabl*' ſent,
" Mark of her people's and her own content." MALONE.

[8] — trick *of his ſweet favour*:] So, in *King John*: " he hath a *trick* of Cœur de Lion's face." *Trick* ſeems to be ſome peculiarity of look or feature. JOHNSON.

Trick is an expreſſion taken from *drawing*, and is ſo explained in another place. The preſent inſtance explains itſelf:

—— *to ſit and* draw
His arched brows, &c.
—— *and* trick *of his ſweet favour.*

Trick, however, may mean *peculiarity*. STEEVENS.

Tricking is uſed by heralds for the delineation and colouring of arms, &c. MALONE.

Enter

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly [9].

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch [1].

Par. No.

Hel. And no [2].

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have ſome ſtain of ſoldier [3] in you; let me aſk you a queſtion: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none; man, ſitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city [4]. It is not

9 Cold *wiſdom waiting on* ſuperfluous *folly.*] *Cold* for naked; as *ſuperfluous* for over-cloathed. This makes the propriety of the antitheſis. WARBURTON.

1 *And you,* monarch.] Perhaps here is ſome alluſion deſigned to *Monarcho*, a ridiculous fantaſtical character of the age of Shakſpeare. Concerning this perſon, ſee the notes on *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Vol. II. p. 362, n. 6. STEEVENS.

2 *And no.*] I am no more a queen than you are a monarch, or *Monarcho*. MALONE.

3 —ſtain *of ſoldier*—] *Stain* for what we now ſay *tincture*; ſome qualities, at leaſt ſuperficial, of a ſoldier. JOHNSON.

4 — *with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your* city.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe[5]; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was firſt loſt. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, is ever loſt: 'tis too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf[6]; and ſhould be buried in highways, out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding his own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt inhibited ſin[7] in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot chooſe but loſe by't: Out with't: within ten years it will make itſelf ten[8], which is a goodly increaſe; and the principal itſelf not much the worſe: Away with't.

Hel.

" And long upon theſe terms I held my *city*,
" Till thus he 'gan beſiege me."

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" This makes in him more rage, and leſſer pity,
" To make the breach, and enter this ſweet city." MALONE.

[5] *Loſs of virginity is* rational *increaſe*;—] I believe we ſhould read, *national*. TYRWHITT.

Rational increaſe may mean the regular increaſe by which rational beings are propagated. STEEVENS.

[6] *He that hangs himſelf, is a virgin: virginity murders itſelf*;] i. e. he that hangs himſelf, and a virgin, are in this circumſtance alike; they are both *ſelf-deſtroyers*. MALONE.

[7] — *inhibited ſin*—] i. e. forbidden. So, in *Othello*:

" ——— a practiſer
" Of arts *inhibited* and out of warrant." STEEVENS.

[8] — *within ten years it will make itſelf* ten,] The old copy reads —within ten years it will make itſelf *two*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. It was alſo ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens, who likewiſe

Hel. How might one do, ſir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes[9]. 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying; the longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion; richly ſuited, but unſuitable: juſt like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now[1]. Your date is better[2] in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a

wiſe propoſed to read—within *two* years it will make itſelf *two*. Mr. Tollet would read—within ten years it will make itſelf *twelve*.

I formerly propoſed to read—"Out with it: within ten *months* it will make itſelf two." Part with it, and within ten months' time it will double itſelf; i. e. it will produce a child.

I now mention this conjecture (in which I once had ſome confidence) only for the purpoſe of acknowledging my error. I had not ſufficiently attended to a former paſſage in this ſcene,—"Virginity, by being once loſt, may be *ten* times found," *i. e.* may produce *ten* virgins." Thoſe words likewiſe are ſpoken by Parolles, and add ſuch decisive ſupport to Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation, that I have not heſitated to adopt it. The text, as exhibited in the old copy, is undoubtedly corrupt. It has already been obſerved, that many paſſages in theſe plays, in which numbers are introduced, are printed incorrectly.

"*Out* with it," is uſed equivocally.—Applied to virginity, it means, give it away; part with it: conſidered in another light, it ſignifies, put it out to intereſt. In *the Tempeſt* we have—"Each *putter out* on five for one," &c. MALONE.

9 —*Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes.*] Parolles, in anſwer to the queſtion, *how one ſhall loſe virginity to her own liking?* plays upon the word *liking*, and ſays, *ſhe muſt do ill, for* virginity, to be ſo loſt, *muſt like him that likes not* virginity. JOHNSON.

1 —*which* wear *not now.*] Thus the old copy, and rightly. Shakſpeare often uſes the active for the paſſive. The modern editors read,—"which *we* wear not now." TYRWHITT.

The old copy has *were*. Mr. Rowe corrected it. MALONE.

2 —*Your* date *is better*—] Here is a quibble on the word *date*, which means both *age*, and a kind of candied *fruit* much uſed in our author's time. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"They call for *dates* and quinces in the paſtry."

The ſame quibble occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "—and then to be baked with no *date* in the pye, for then the man's *date* is out." STEEVENS.

wither'd

wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet[3].
There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain[4], and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſovereign,

[3] *Not my virginity yet.*] Something, which ſhould connect Helena's words with thoſe of Parolles, ſeems to be wanting. Hanmer has made a fair attempt by reading:

Not my virginity yet.—You're for the court,
There ſhall your maſter &c.

Some ſuch clauſe has, I think, dropped out, but ſtill the firſt words want connection. Perhaps Parolles, going away after his harangue, ſaid, *will you any thing with me?* to which Helen may reply.—I know not what to do with the paſſage. JOHNSON.

I do not perceive ſo great a want of connection as my predeceſſors have apprehended; nor is that connection alway to be ſought for, in ſo careleſs a writer as ours, from the thought immediately preceding the reply of the ſpeaker. Parolles has been laughing at the unprofitableneſs of virginity, eſpecially when it grows ancient, and compares it to withered fruit. Helena, properly enough replies, that hers is not yet in that ſtate; but that in the enjoyment of her, his maſter ſhould find the gratification of all his moſt romantick wiſhes. It does not however appear that this rapturous effuſion of Helena was deſigned to be intelligible to Parolles. Its obſcurity, therefore, may be its merit. It ſufficiently explains what is paſſing in the mind of the ſpeaker, to every one but him to whom ſhe does not mean to explain it. STEEVENS.

Perhaps we ſhould read: "Will you any thing with *us?*" i. e. will you ſend any thing with us to court? to which Helenea's anſwer would be proper enough—

"Not my virginity yet."

A ſimilar phraſe occurs in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. Sc. i:

"*You'll nothing*, madam, to my lord by me?" TYRWHITT.

Perhaps ſomething has been omitted in Parolles's ſpeech. "*I am now bound for the court*; will you any thing with it [i. e. with the court]?" So, in *the Winter's Tale*:

"Tell me what you have to the king."

I do not agree with Mr. Steevens in the latter part of his note. "—that in the enjoyment of her," &c. See note 5. MALONE.

[4] — *captain*,] Our author often uſes this word for a head or chief. So, in one of his Sonnets:

"Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*: "— the aſs more *captain* than the lion." Again more appoſitely, in *Othello*, where it is applied to Deſdemona:

"— our great captain's *captain*. MALONE.

A coun-

A counſellor, a traitreſs [5], and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his diſcord dulcet,
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious chriſtendoms [6],
That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he—
I know not what he ſhall:—God ſend him well!—
The court's a learning place;—and he is one—
Par. What one, i'faith?
Hel. That I wiſh well.—'Tis pity—

5 — *a* traitreſs,] *Traditora, a traitreſs*, in the Italian language, is generally uſed as a term of endearment. The meaning of *Helen* is, that ſhe ſhall prove *every thing* to *Bertram*. Our ancient writers delighted in catalogues, and alway characterize love by contrarieties. STEEVENS.

Falſtaff, in *the Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſays to Mrs. Ford: "Thou art a *traitor* to ſay ſo." In his interview with her, he certainly meant to uſe the language of love.

Helena however, I think, does not mean to ſay that ſhe ſhall prove every thing to Bertram, but to expreſs her apprehenſion that he will find at the court ſome lady or ladies who ſhall prove every thing to him; ("a phœnix, captain, counſellor, traitreſs; &c.") to whom he will give all the fond names that "blinking Cupid goſſips." MALONE.

I believe it would not be difficult to find in the love poetry of thoſe times an authority for moſt, if not for every one, of theſe whimſical titles. At leaſt I can affirm it from knowledge, that far the greater part of them are to be found in the Italian lyrick poetry, which was the model from which our poets chiefly copied. HEATH.

6 — *chriſtendoms*,] This word, which ſignifies the collective body of chriſtianity, every place where the chriſtian religion is embraced, is ſurely uſed with much licence on this occaſion. STEEVENS.

It is uſed by another ancient writer in the ſame ſenſe; ſo that the word probably bore, in our author's time, the ſignification which he has affixed to it. So, in *A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poeſie*, by Thomas Jordan, no date, but printed about 1661:

"She is baptiz'd in *Chriſtendom*,
[i. e. by a chriſtian name,]
"The Jew cries out he's undone—."

Theſe lines are found in a ballad formed on part of the ſtory of *the Merchant of Venice*, in which it is remarkable that it is the Jew's daughter, and not Portia, that ſaves the Merchant's life by pleading his cauſe. There ſhould ſeem therefore to have been ſome novel on this ſubject, that has hitherto eſcaped the reſearches of the commentators. In the ſame book are ballads founded on the fables of *Much ado about Nothing*, and *the Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

Par.

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what we alone muſt think[7]; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monſieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit* Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewel: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monſieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have ſo kept you under, that you muſt needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes the ſafety: But the compoſition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well[8].

Par.

[7] *And* ſhew *what we alone muſt think*;] And *ſhew* by realities what we now *muſt only think*. JOHNSON.

[8] — *is a virtue of a good* wing, *and I like the wear well.*] Mr. Edwards is of opinion, that a *virtue of a good wing* refers to his nimbleneſs or fleetneſs in running away. The phraſe, however, is taken from falconry, as may appear from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Fawne*, 1606: " — I love my horſe after a journeying eaſineſs, as he is eaſy in journeying; my hawk for the *goodneſs of his wing*, &c." STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copy (which Dr. Warburton changed to *ming*,) is ſupported by a paſſage in *K. Henry V.* in which we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion: " Though his *affections* are higher mounted than

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counſel[9], and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewel. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends: get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heaven: the fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high;
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye[1]?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things[2].
Impoſſible

than ours, yet when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the *like wing*." Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

" Yet let me wonder, Harry,
" At thy affections, which do hold a *wing*
" Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors." MALONE.

[9] — *ſo thou wilt be* capable *of a courtier's counſel,*] i. e. thou wilt comprehend it. See a note in *Hamlet*, on the words—

" Whoſe form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
" Would make them *capable*." MALONE.

[1] *What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high;*
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?] She means, by what influence is my love directed to a perſon ſo much above me? why am I made to diſcern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope? JOHNSON.

[2] *The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings*
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things.] I underſtand the meaning to be this —*The affections given us by nature often unite perſons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greateſt diſtance or diſparity; and cauſe them to join, like likes,* (inſtar parium) *like perſons in the ſame ſituation or rank of life.* Thus (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) in *Timon of Athens*:

" Thou ſoldereſt cloſe *impoſſibilities*,
" And mak'ſt them *kiſs*."

This interpretation is ſtrongly confirmed by a ſubſequent ſpeech of the counteſſes ſteward, who is ſuppoſed to have over-heard this ſoliloquy

Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pains in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been cannot be: Whoever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The king's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flouriſh of cornets. Enter the king of France, *with letters; Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys[3] are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1. *Lord.* So 'tis reported, ſir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our couſin Auſtria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

quy of Helena: "*Fortune*, ſhe ſaid, *was no goddeſs, that had put* ſuch *difference* betwixt their two eſtates."

The mightieſt ſpace in fortune, for *perſons the moſt widely ſeparated by fortune*, is certainly a licentious expreſſion; but it is ſuch a licence as Shakſpeare often takes. Thus in *Cymbeline*, *the diminution of ſpace* is uſed for the diminution of which ſpace, or *diſtance*, is the cauſe.

If he had written *ſpaces* (as in *Troilus and Creſſida*,

" ——— her whom we know well

" The world's large *ſpaces* cannot parallel,)

the paſſage would have been more clear; but he was confined by the metre. We might, however, read—

The mightieſt ſpace in nature fortune brings
To join &c.

i. e. accident ſometimes unites thoſe whom inequality of rank has ſeparated. But I believe the text is right. MALONE.

[3] — *Senoys*—] The *Saneſi*, as they they are term'd by *Boccace*, *Painter*, who tranſlates him, calls them *Senois*. They were the people of a ſmall republick, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them. STEEVENS.

1. *Lord.*

1. *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your majeſty, may plead
For ampleſt credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And Florence is deny'd before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to ſee
The Tuſcan ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2. *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1. *Lord.* It is the count Rouſillon[4], my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majeſty's.

King. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father, and myſelf, in friendſhip
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip! He did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braveſt: he laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour[5].

[4] — Rouſillon,] The old copy reads—*Roſignoll.* STEEVENS.

[5] *Ere they can hide their levity in* honour.] I believe, *honour* is not *nobility of birth or rank*, but *acquired reputation: Your father*, ſays the king, *had the ſame airy flights of ſatirical wit, with the young lords of the preſent time, but they do not what he did*, hide their unnoted *levity* in honour, *cover petty faults with great merit.*

This is an excellent obſervation. Jocoſe follies, and ſlight offences are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities. JOHNSON.

So

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs
Were in his pride or ſharpneſs; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them [6], and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeak, and, at that time,
His tongue obey'd his hand [7]: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place [8];
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled [9]: Such a man

Might

6 *So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterneſs*
Were in his pride or ſharpneſs; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them;] *Nor* was uſed without reduplication. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"More *nor* leſs to others paying,
"Than by ſelf-offences weighing."

The text needs to be explained. He was ſo like a courtier, that there was in *his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous*, and *in his keenneſs of wit nothing bitter*. If *bitterneſs or contemptuouſneſs* ever *appeared*, they had been *awakened* by ſome injury, not of a man below him, but of his *equal*. This is the complete image of a well bred man, and ſomewhat like this Voltaire has exhibited his hero Lewis XIV. JOHNSON.

Sir William Blackſtone would point this paſſage differently, and perhaps rightly:

"— Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
"So like a courtier. Contempt &c." MALONE.

7 *His tongue obeyed* his *hand:*] We ſhould read—His tongue obeyed *the* hand. That is, the *hand of his honour's clock*, ſhewing *the true minute when exceptions bad him ſpeak*. JOHNSON.

His is put for *its*. So, in *Othello*:

"———————— her motion
"Bluſh'd at *herſelf*,"—inſtead of *itſelf*. STEEVENS.

8 *He us'd as creatures of another place;*] i. e. He made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether this was our author's meaning. I rather incline to think that he meant only, that the father of Bertram treated thoſe below him with becoming condeſcenſion, as creatures not indeed ſo *high* a place as himſelf, but yet holding a certain place; as *one* of the links, though not the largeſt, of the great chain of ſociety. MALONE.

9 *Making them proud of his humility,*

In their poor praiſe he humbled:] I think the meaning is,—Making them proud of receiving ſuch marks of condeſcenſion and affability from a perſon in ſo elevated a ſituation, and at the ſame time lowering or humbling himſelf, by ſtooping to accept of the encomiums of mean

Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would démonſtrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, ſir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech [1].

King. 'Would, I were with him! He would always ſay,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—*Let me not live,*—
Thus * his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes

perſons for that humility.—The conſtruction ſeems to be, "he *being* humbled in their poor praiſe." MALONE.

Every man has ſeen the *mean* too often *proud of* the *humility* of the great, and perhaps the great may ſometimes be *humbled in the praiſes* of the mean, of thoſe who commend them without conviction or diſcernment: this, however, is not ſo common; the *mean* are found more frequently than the *great*. JOHNSON.

[1] *So in* approof *lives not his epitaph,*
As in your royal ſpeech.] *Approof* is approbation. JOHNSON.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Either of condemnation or *approof*." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is this: *His epitaph or inſcription on his tomb is not ſo much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your royal ſpeech.* TOLLET.

There can be no doubt but the word *approof* is frequently uſed in the ſenſe of *approbation*, but that is not always the caſe; and in this place it ſignifies *proof* or *confirmation*. The meaning of the paſſage appears to be this: The truth of his epitaph is in no way ſo fully proved as by your royal ſpeech. It is needleſs to remark, that epitaphs generally contain the praiſes and character of the deceaſed. *Approof* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by Bertram in the ſecond act:

"*Lafeu.* But I hope your lordſhip thinks him not a ſoldier.

"*Bertram.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant *approof*. MASON.

Mr. Heath ſuppoſes the meaning to be this: "His epitaph, or the character he left behind him, is not ſo well eſtabliſhed by *the ſpecimens he exhibited of his worth*, as by your royal report in his favour." The paſſage above quoted from Act II. ſupports this interpretation. MALONE.

* Thus—] Old Copy—*This*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments[2]; *whoſe conſtancies*
Expire before their faſhions:—This he wiſh'd:
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourers room.

2. *Lord.* You are lov'd, ſir;
They, that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications:—nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome, count;
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majeſty. [*Exeunt.*

[2] — *whoſe judgments are*
Mere fathers *of their garments*;] Who have no other uſe of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dreſs. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy, *fathers*, (inſtead of which Mr. Tyrwhitt ſuſpects that the author wrote—*feathers*,) is ſupported by a ſimilar paſſage in *Cymbeline*:

" —— ſome jay of Italy
" Whoſe *mother* was her *painting*—."

Again, by another in the ſame play:

" —— No, nor thy tailor, raſcal,
" Who is thy *grandfather*; he made thoſe *cloaths*,
" Which, as it ſeems, *make* thee."

There the garment is ſaid to be the father of the man:—in the text, the judgment, being employed ſolely in forming or giving *birth* to new dreſſes, is called *the father of the garment*. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Rouſillon. *A Room in the Count's Palace.*

Enter Counteſs, Steward, *and* Clown[3].

Count. I will now hear: what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

3 — *and* Clown.] A *Clown* in Shakſpeare is commonly taken for a *licenſed jeſter*, or domeſtick *fool*. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, ſince fools were, at that time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the houſe. In the picture of Sir Thomas More's family, by Hans Holbein, the only ſervant repreſented is Patiſon the *fool*. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wiſe.

In ſome plays, a ſervant, or a ruſtick, of remarkable petulance and freedom of ſpeech, is likewiſe called a *clown*. JOHNSON.

Cardinal Wolſey after his diſgrace, wiſhing to ſhew King Henry VIII. a mark of his reſpect, ſent him his fool *Patche*, as a preſent, whom, ſays Stowe, "the king received very gladly." MALONE.

This dialogue, or that in *Twelfth Night*, between *Olivia* and the *Clown*, ſeems to have been particularly cenſured by Cartwright, in one of the copies of verſes prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"*Shakſpeare* to thee was dull, whoſe beſt jeſt lies
"I' th' *lady's* queſtions, and the *fool's* replies;
"Old-faſhion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
"In trunk-hoſe, which our fathers call'd the *Clown*."

In the Mſ. regiſter of lord Stanhope of Harrington, treaſurer of the chamber to King James I, from 1613 to 1616, are the following entries: "Tom Derry, his majeſty's *fool*, at 2s. per diem,—1615. Paid John Mawe, for the diet and lodging of Thomas Derrie, her majeſty's *jeſter*, for 13 weeks, 10*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*—1616. STEEVENS.

The following lines in *The Careleſs Shepherdeſs*, a comedy, 1656, exhibit probably a faithful portrait of this once admired character:

"Why, I would have *the fool* in every act,
"Be it comedy or tragedy. I have laugh'd
"Untill I cry'd again, to ſee what faces
"The rogue will make.—O, it does me good
"*To ſee him hold out his chin, hang down his hands,*
"*And twirl his bable.* There is ne'er a part
"About him but breaks jeſts.—
"I'd rather hear him leap, or laugh, or cry,
"Than hear the graveſt ſpeech in all the play.
"I never ſaw READE peeping through the curtain,
"But raviſhing joy enter'd into my heart." MALONE.

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content[4], I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of ourſelves we publiſh them[5].

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, ſirrah: The complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs, that I do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours[6].

Clown. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, ſir.

Clown. No, madam, 'tis not ſo well, that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd*: But, if I may have your ladyſhip's good will to go to the world[7], Iſbel the woman and I[8] will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clown. I do beg your good will in this caſe.

4 — *to even your content,*] To act up to your deſires. JOHNSON.

5 — *when of ourſelves we publiſh them.*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
"If he that's prais'd, himſelf brings the praiſe forth."

MALONE.

6 — *you lack not folly to commit* them, *and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries* yours.] After premiſing that the accuſative, *them*, refers to the precedent word, *complaints*, and that this by a metonymy of the effect for the cauſe, ſtands for the freaks which occaſioned thoſe complaints, the ſenſe will be extremely clear. *You are fool enough to commit thoſe irregularities you are charged with, and yet not ſo much fool neither, as to diſcredit the accuſation by any defect in your ability.* HEATH.

It appears to me that the accuſative *them* refers to *knaveries*, and the natural ſenſe of the paſſage ſeems to be this: "You have folly enough to deſire to commit theſe knaveries, and ability enough to accompliſh them." MASON.

* — *are damn'd:*] See S. Mark x. 25; S. Luke xviii. 25. GREY.

7 — *to go to the world,*] This phraſe has already occurred in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and ſignifies *to be married*: and thus, in *As you like it*, Audrey ſays: "— it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be *a woman of the world.*" STEEVENS.

8 — *and* I—] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the firſt copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Count.

Count. In what caſe?

Clown. In Iſbel's caſe, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, till I have iſſue of my body; for, they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clown. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the fleſh; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

Clown. 'Faith, madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clown. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clown. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clown. You are ſhallow, madam; e'en great friends[9]; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am aweary of. He, that ears my land[1], ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he, that cheriſhes my

9 *You are ſhallow, madam*; e'en *great friends*;] The old copy reads —*in* great friends; evidently a miſtake for *e'en*, which was formerly written *e'n*. The two words are ſo near in ſound, that they might eaſily have been confounded by an inattentive hearer.

The ſame miſtake has happened in many other places in our author's plays. So, in the preſent comedy, Act III. ſc. ii. folio, 1623:

Lady. What have we here?

Clown. In that you have there.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"No more but *in* a woman."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"'Tis with him *in* ſtanding water, between boy and man."

The corruption of this paſſage was pointed out by Mr. Tyrwhitt. For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable.

MALONE.

1 —*that* ears *my land*,—] To *ear* is to *plough*. STEEVENS.

fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he, that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyſam the papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clown. A prophet I, madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way[2]:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true ſhall find;
Your marriage comes by deſtiny,
Your cuckoo ſings by kind[3].

Count. Get you gone, ſir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would ſpeak with her; Helen I mean.

Clown. *Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe*[4], [ſinging.
Why the Grecians ſacked Troy?
Fond done[5], *done fond,*
Was this king Priam's joy?

With

[2] *A prophet, I, madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way:*] It is a ſuperſtition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have ſomething in them of divinity. WARBURTON.

Next way, is *neareſt way*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" 'Tis the *next* way to turn tailor," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] — *ſings by kind.*] I find ſomething like two of the lines of this ballad in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577:

" Content yourſelf as well as I, let reaſon rule your minde;
" As cuckoldes come by deſtinie, ſo cuckowes ſing by kinde."
STEEVENS.

[4] *Was this fair face the cauſe*, &c.] The name of *Helen*, whom the counteſs has juſt called for, brings an old ballad on the ſacking of Troy to the clown's mind. MALONE.

This is a ſtanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally neceſſary to make the ſenſe and the alternate rhime. For it

With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
And gave this ſentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten[6].

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

Clown. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the ſong: 'Would God would ſerve the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parſon: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but or every[7] blazing ſtar, or

it was not Helen, who was king Priam's joy, but Paris. The third line therefore ſhould be read thus:

Fond done, fond done, for Paris, he—. WARBURTON.

If this be a ſtanza taken from any ancient ballad, it will probably in time be found entire, and then the reſtoration may be made with authority. STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, Mr. Theobald has quoted from Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill,* the following ſtanza of another old ballad:

" And here fair *Paris* comes,
" The hopeful youth of *Troy,*
" Queen Hecuba's darling ſon,
" King *Priam's* only *joy.*"

This renders it extremely probable, that Paris was the perſon deſcribed as " king Priam's joy" in the ballad quoted by our author; but Mr. Heath has juſtly obſerved, that Dr. Warburton, though he has ſupplied the words ſuppoſed to be loſt, has not explained them; nor indeed do they ſeem, as they are connected, to afford any meaning. MALONE.

[5] — *fond* done,] is fooliſhly done. See p. 66, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[6] *Among nine bad if one be good,*
There's yet one good in ten.] This ſecond ſtanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confeſſion, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Counteſs obſerved, that he corrupted the ſong; which ſhews the ſong ſaid, *nine* good *in ten.*

If one be bad among ſt nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.

This relates to the ten ſons of Priam, who all behaved themſelves well but Paris. For though he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; *Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Dius, Hector, Helenus, Hippothous, Pammon, Paris,* and *Polites.* WARB.

[7] — or *every*—] The old copy reads—*o'er* every—, which cannot be right. I ſuppoſe *o'er* was a miſprint for *or,* which was uſed by our old writers for *before.* MALONE.