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at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well⁸; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, fir knave, and do as I command you?

Clown. That man should be at woman's command⁹, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan¹, yet

⁸ — 'twould mend the lottery well;] This surely is a strange kind of phraseology. I have never met with any example of it in any of the contemporary writers; and if there were any proof that in the lotteries of Queen Elizabeth's time *wheels* were employed, I should be inclined to read—lottery-wheel. MALONE.

⁹ That man &c.] The clown's answer is obscure. His lady bids him do as he is commanded. He answers with the licentious petulance of his character, that if a man does as a woman commands, it is likely he will do amiss; that he does not amiss, being at the command of a woman, he makes the effect, not of his lady's goodness, but of his own honesty, which, though not very nice or puritanical, will do no hurt; and will not only do no hurt, but, unlike the puritans, will comply with the injunctions of superiors, and wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart; will obey commands, though not much pleased with a state of subjection.

Here is an allusion, violently enough forced in, to satirize the obstinacy with which the puritans refused the use of the ecclesiastical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of union, and, perhaps, to insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride. JOHNSON.

The aversion of the puritans to a surplice is alluded to in many of the old comedies. So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

"She loves to act in as clean linen as any gentlewoman of her function about the town; and truly that's the reason that your sincere puritans cannot abide a surplice, because they say 'tis made of the same thing that your villainous sin is committed in, of your prophane holland." STEEVENS.

¹ Though honesty be no puritan, &c.] I cannot help thinking we should read—Though honesty be a puritan—. TYRWHITT.

Surely Mr. Tyrwhitt's correction is right. If our author had meant to say, "—though honesty be no puritan,"—why should he add "that it would wear the surplice &c." or, in other words, that it would be content to assume a covering that puritans in general reprobated? What would there be extraordinary in this? Is it matter of wonder, that he who is no puritan, should be free from the scruples and prejudices of one?

The clown, I think, means to say, "Though honesty be rigid and conscientious as a puritan, yet it will not be obstinate, but humbly comply with the lawful commands of its superiors, while at the same time its proud spirit inwardly revolts against them." I suspect however a still farther corruption; and that the compositor caught the words "no hurt"

yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*]

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. 'Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level*; Diana, no queen of virgins², that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward: This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could nei-

huri" from the preceding line. Our author perhaps wrote—"Though honesty be a puritan, yet it will do *what is enjoined*; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart." I will therefore obey my mistress, however reluctantly, and go for Helena. MALONE.

* — *only where qualities were level*;] The meaning may be, where qualities only, and not fortunes or conditions, were level. Or perhaps only is used for *except*. "—that would not extend his might, *except* where two persons were of equal rank." MALONE.

² Diana, no queen of virgins,—] The first two words, which are not in the old copy, were introduced by Mr. Theobald. The compositor, it is highly probable, inadvertently omitted them. "Her knight," in the next line, is Helena. See Vol. II. p. 300, n. 3. MALONE.

ther

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ther believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall
this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care:
I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward.

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:
If we are nature's², these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the shew and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress in youth:
By our remembrances³ of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none⁴.
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds⁵:

² *If we are nature's,*] The old copy reads—*If ever we are nature's.*
STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ *By our remembrances—*] That is, according to our recollection. So we say, he is old by my reckoning. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.*] Such were the faulty weaknesses of which I was guilty in my youth, or such at least were then my feelings, though perhaps at that period of my life I did not think they deserved the name of faults. Dr. Warburton, without necessity, as it seems to me, reads—“*O! then we thought them none;*”—and the subsequent editors adopted the alteration. MALONE.

⁵ ——— and choice breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds:] And our choice furnishes us with a slip propagated to us from foreign seeds, which we educate and treat, as if it were native to us, and sprung from ourselves.

HEATH.
You

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
 Yet I express to you a mother's care :—
 God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood,
 To say, I am thy mother ? What's the matter,
 That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
 The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye ⁶ ?
 Why ?—that you are my daughter ?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam ;

The count Rouffillon cannot be my brother :
 I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;
 No note upon my parents, his all noble :
 My master, my dear lord he is ; and I
 His servant live, and will his vassal die :
 He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother ?

Hel. You are my mother, madam ; 'Would you were
 (So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,)
 Indeed, my mother !—or were you both our mothers,
 I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
 So I were not his sister ⁷ : Can't no other,
 But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ⁸ ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law ;
 God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and mother,
 So strive upon your pulse : What, pale again ?

⁶ *That this distemper'd messenger of wet,*

The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?] There is something exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when the eye-lashes are wet with tears. The poet hath described the same appearance in his *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ And round about her tear-distained eye,

“ Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky.” HENLEY.

⁷ ——— or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for, than I do for heaven,

So I were not his sister : } There is a designed ambiguity : *I care no more for, is, I care as much for.*—I wish it equally. FARMER.

⁸ ——— Can't no other,

But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?] The meaning is obscured by the elliptical diction. Can it be no other way, but, if I be your daughter, he must be my brother ? JOHNSON.

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My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness⁹, and find
Your salt tears' head¹. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it; only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

⁹ ————— Now I see

The mystery of your loneliness,] The old copy reads—*loneliness*. In the first folio an *u* is always used where our present printers employ a *w*; in consequence of which in many places in these plays the former letter, being accidentally reversed at the press, appears as an *n*, and vice versa. In the Mss. of that time *u* and *n* are scarcely distinguishable. The present correction was made by Mr. Theobald; who has well supported his emendation by a former passage, relative to Helena: "*Alone* she was, and did communicate her own words to her own ears."

See Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9. MALONE.

The late Mr. Hall had corrected this, I believe, rightly,—your *loneliness*. TYRWHITT.

I think Theobald's correction as plausible. To choose solitude is a mark of love. STERVENS.

¹ *Your salt tears' head.*] The source, the fountain of your tears, the cause of your grief. JOHNSON.

Hel. Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.

I know, I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intemible sieve²,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still³: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,

² Yet, in this captious and intemible sieve,] By *captious*, I believe, Shakspeare only means *recipient*, capable of receiving what is put into it; and by *intemible*, incapable of holding or retaining it. How frequently he and the other writers of his age confounded the active and passive adjectives, has been already more than once observed.

The original copy reads—*intemible*. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

Dr. Farmer supposes *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious*. As violent ones are to be found among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

³ And lack not to lose still:] Perhaps we should read:

And lack not to love still. TYRWHITT.

I believe *lose* is right.* So afterwards, in this speech:

“ ——— whose state is such, that cannot choose

“ But lend and give, where she is sure to lose.”

Helena means, I think, to say that, like a person who pours water into a vessel full of holes, and still continues his employment though he finds the water all lost, and the vessel empty, so, though she finds that *the waters of her love* are still lost, that her affection is thrown away on an object whom she thinks she never can deserve, she yet is not discouraged, but perseveres in her hopeless endeavour to accomplish her wishes. The poet evidently alludes to the trite story of the daughters of Danaus. MALONE.

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth⁴,
 Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
 Wish chafly, and love dearly, that your Dian
 Was both herself and Love⁵; O then, give pity
 To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
 But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
 That seeks not to find that, her search implies,
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
 To go to Paris.

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
 You know, my father left me some prescriptions
 Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
 And manifest experience, had collected
 For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
 In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
 As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
 More than they were in note⁶: amongst the rest,
 There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
 To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
 The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
 For Paris, was it? speak.

⁴ *Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,*] i. e. Whose respectable conduct in age *shows* or *proves* that you were no less virtuous when young. As a fact is *proved* by *citing* witnesses, or examples from books, our author with his usual licence uses *to cite* in the sense of *to prove*. MALONE.

⁵ *Wish chafly, and love dearly, that your Dian Was both herself and Love;*] i. e. Venus. Helena means to say— if ever you wished that the deity who presides over chastity, and the queen of amorous rites, were one and the same person; or, in other words, if ever you wished for the honest and lawful completion of your chaste desires. I believe, however, the words were accidentally transposed at the press, and would read—

Love dearly, and wish chafly, that your Dian &c. MALONE.

⁶ — *notes, whose faculties inclusive were* &c.] Receipts in which greater virtues were *inclosed* than appeared to observation. JOHNSON.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this ;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it ? He and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help : How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine⁷, have left off
The danger to itself ?

Hel. There's something hints⁸,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day,⁹ and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't ?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court ; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt⁹ :
Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. [Exit.

⁷ Embowell'd of their doctrine,] i. e. exhausted of their skill.

STEEVENS.

⁸ There's something hints—] i. e. (says Dr. Warburton,) I have a secret presage. The old copy has—something in't. This necessary correction was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

⁹ —into thy attempt:] Thus the old copy. Mr. Steevens proposed to read—unto. Such, I find, is the reading of the third folio.

MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

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

Flourish. Enter King, with young lords taking leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewel, young lords, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you :—and you, my lords, farewel¹ :—
Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1. Lord. 'Tis our hope, fir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
Will not confess, he owes the malady
That does my life besiege. Farewel, young lords ;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see², that you come

Not

¹ — and you, my lords, farewel :] It does not any where appear that more than two French lords (besides Bertram) went to serve in Italy ; and therefore I think the king's speech should be corrected thus :

“ Farewel, young lord ; these warlike principles

“ Do not throw from you ; and you, my lord, farewel :”

What follows, shews this correction to be necessary :

“ Share the advice betwixt you ; if both” &c. TYRWHITT.

² ——— let higher Italy

(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall

Of the last monarchy,) see, &c.] The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Appennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition ; the side next the Adriatick was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower : and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction, the Adriatick being called the upper sea, and the Tyrrhene or Tuscan the lower. Now the Senones or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Arminium, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatick. HANMER.

Dr.

Not to woo honour, but to wed it ; when
The bravest quondam shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud : I say, farewell.

2. *Lord*. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty !

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them ;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand : beware of being captives,
Before you serve³.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel.—Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a couch.*]

1. *Lord*. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us !

Par. 'Tis not his fault ; the spark—

2. *Lord*. O, 'tis brave wars !

Par. Most admirable : I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with ;
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,

Dr. Warburton's observation is learned, but rather too subtle ; Sir Thomas Hanmer's alteration [*Those bastards that inherit, &c.*] is merely arbitrary. The passage is confessedly obscure, and therefore I may offer another explanation. I am of opinion that the epithet *higher* is to be understood of situation rather than of dignity. The sense may then be this : *Let upper Italy*, where you are to exercise your valour, *see that you come to gain honour, to the abatement, that is, to the disgrace and depression of those that have now lost their ancient military fame, and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy.* To *abate* is used by Shakspeare in the original sense of *abatre*, to depress, to sink, to deject, to subdue. So, in *Coriolanus* : “—as most abated captives.” The word has still the same meaning in the language of the law. JOHNSON.

Both Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton understood by the words *those that inherit but the fall of the last monarchy*, the several cities and petty states of Italy which arose out of the ruins of the Roman Empire, the last of the four great monarchies of the world. In this Dr. Johnson seems to have concurred with them, differing from them only in the explanation of the word *abated*. Dr. Warburton's note I have not preserved, for the reason assigned by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

³ *Before you serve.*] The word *serve* is equivocal ; the sense is, *Be not captives before you serve in the war. Be not captives before you are soldiers.* JOHNSON.

But one to dance with⁴! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1. *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2. *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body⁵.

1. *Lord.* Farewel, captain.

2. *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metal:—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spario, with his cicatrice⁶, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2. *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.* What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—

[*seeing him rise.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait⁷,
eat,

4 ——— and no sword worn,

But one to dance with!] It should be remembered that in Shakespeare's time it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on —Our author, who gave to all countries the manners of his own, has again alluded to this ancient custom in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— He, at Philippi, kept

“ His sword, even like a dancer.”

See Mr. Steevens's note there. MALONE.

⁵ *I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.*] We two growing together, and having, as it were, but one body, (“like to a double cherry, seeming parted,”) our parting is a tortured body; i. e. cannot be effected but by a disruption of limbs which are now common to both. MALONE.

I read thus:—*Our parting is the parting of a tortured body.* Our parting is as the disruption of limbs torn from each other. Repetition of a word is often the cause of mistakes: the eye glances on the wrong word, and the intermediate part of the sentence is omitted. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.* Act II. sc. iii:

“ ——— it is a sufferance, panging

“ As soul and body's severing.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — with *his cicatrice*,] The old copy reads—his cicatrice *wish*. Mr. Theobald restored the words to their proper order. MALONE.

⁷ — they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, &c.] To wear themselves in the cap of the time, signifies to be

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eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though the devil lead the measure*, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most finewy sword-men. [*Exeunt BER. and PAR.*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought* his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, acrofs⁹:
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be cur'd
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them¹: I have seen a medicine²,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;

be the foremost in the fashion: the figurative allusion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their mistrets's favours in their caps. WARBURTON.

Perhaps this passage might be read thus:—They *do muster* with the true gait, that is, they have the true military step. Every man has observed something peculiar in the strut of a soldier. JOHNSON.

* —lead the measure,] See Vol. II. p. 225, n. 5. MALONE.

8 —brought—] Some modern editions read—*bought*. MALONE.

9 —acrofs:] Mr. Davies with some probability supposes the meaning to be,—“With all my heart, sir; though you had broken my head acrofs;” and supports his idea by a passage in *Twelfth Night*: “He has broke my head acrofs, and given sir Toby a bloody cockcomb too.” MALONE.

¹ —yes, but you will,

My noble grapes, &c.] You will eat, says Lafeu, no grapes. Yes, but you will eat such noble grapes as I bring you, if you could reach them. JOHNS.

² —medicine,] is here put for a *see physician*. HANMER.

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary²
 With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
 Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
 To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
 And write * to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one arriv'd,
 If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,
 If seriously I may convey my thoughts
 In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
 With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
 Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
 Than I dare blame my weakness⁴: Will you see her,
 (For that is her demand,) and know her business?
 That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
 Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
 May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
 By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,

And not be all day neither.

[*Exit Lafeu.*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him:

A traitor you do look like; but such traitors

² — *dance canary*] A species of dance formerly in use. MALONE.

* *And write*—] I believe a line preceding this has been lost.

MALONE.

³ — *her years, profession,*] By *profession* is meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming. WARBURTON.

⁴ *Than I dare blame my weakness:*] This is one of Shakspeare's perplexed expressions. To acknowledge how much she has astonished me, would be to acknowledge a weakness; and this I have not the confidence to do. STEEVENS.

Lafeu's meaning appears to me to be this:—That the amazement she excited in him was so great, that he could not impute it merely to his own weakness, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occasioned it. MASON.

His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle⁵,
That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father ; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him ;
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye⁶,
Safer than mine own two, more dear ; I have so :
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us ; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks ; or to disserve so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains ;
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful :
Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live :
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

⁵ — Cressid's uncle,] I am like Pandarus. See *Troilus and Cressida*.
JOHNSON.

⁶ — a triple eye,] i. e. a third eye. STEEVENS.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
 Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy
 He that of greatest works is finisher,
 Oft does them by the weakest minister :
 So holy writ in babes hath judgment shewn,
 When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
 From simple sources ; and great seas have dry'd,
 When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd ⁷.
 Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
 Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,
 Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits ⁸.

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind maid ;
 Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :
 Profers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :
 It is not so with him that all things knows,
 As 'tis with us that square our guesses by shows :
 But most it is presumption in us, when
 The help of heaven we count the act of men.
 Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
 Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
 I am not an impostor, that proclaim
 Myself against the level of mine aim ⁹ ;
 But know I think, and think I know most sure,
 My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? Witkin what space
 Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace ¹,
 Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
 Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;

⁷ *When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.*] i. e. miracles have continued to happen, while the wisest men have been writing against the possibility of them. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *and despair most fits.*] The old copy reads—*fits*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁹ *Myself against the level of mine aim ;*] *I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another, that proclaim a cure and aim at a fraud ;* I think what I speak. JOHNSON.

¹ *The greatest grace lending grace,*] I should have thought the repetition of *grace* to have been superfluous, if the *grace of grace* had not occurred in the speech with which the tragedy of *Macbeth* concludes.

STEEVENS.

Are twice in mark and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp *;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glafs
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

* *King*. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—

A strumpet's boldness; a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended².

* — his *sleepy lamp*;] Old Copy—*her* sleepy lamp. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

² *Tax of impudence*,—

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—&c.] *I would bear* (says she) *the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a strumpet, would endure a shame resulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and thence become the subject of odious ballads; let my maiden reputation be otherwise branded; and, no worse of worst extended, i. e. provided nothing worse is offered to me, (meaning violation) let my life be ended with the worst of tortures.* The poet for the sake of rhyme has obscured the sense of the passage. *The worst that can befall a woman, being extended to me,* seems to be the meaning of the last line. STEEVENS.

Tax of impudence, that is, to be charged with having the boldness of a strumpet:—*a divulged shame*; i. e. to be traduced by odious ballads:—*my maiden's name sear'd otherwise*; i. e. to be stigmatized as a prostitute: *no worse of worst extended*; i. e. to be so defamed that nothing severer can be said against those who are most publicly reported to be infamous. Shakspeare has used the word *sear* and *extended* in the *Winter's Tale*, both in the same sense as above:

“ ——— for calumny will *sear*

“ *Virtue itself!*”—

And “The report of her is *extended* more than can be thought.” HENL.

The old copy reads, not *no*, but *ne*, probably an error for *may*, or *the*. I would wish to read and point the latter part of the passage thus:

——— *my maiden's name*

Sear'd otherwise; nay, worst of worst, *extended*

With vilest torture, let my life be ended.

i. e. Let me be otherwise branded;—and (what is *the worst of worst*, the consummation of misery,) my body being extended on the rack by the most cruel torture, let my life pay the forfeit of my presumption.

So, in *Daniel's Cleopatra*, 1594:

“ — the *worst of worst* of ills.”

Was introduced by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
 His powerful sound, within an organ weak³;
 And what impossibility would slay
 In common sense, sense saves another way⁴.
 Thy life is dear; for all, that life can vale
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate⁵;
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue⁶, all
 That happiness and prime can happy call⁷;
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
 Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try;
 That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;

³ *Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;*

His powerful sound, within an organ weak:] The verb, *doth speak*, in the first line, should be understood to be repeated in the construction of the second, thus:

His powerful sound speaks within a weak organ. HEATH.

⁴ *And what impossibility would slay*

In common sense, sense saves another way.] i. e. And that which, if I trusted to my reason, I should think impossible, I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by some blessed spirit, think thee capable of effecting. MALONE.

⁵ — *in thee hath estimate;]* May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *virtue,]* This word was supplied by Dr. Warburton to complete the metre. MALONE.

⁷ *That happiness and prime can happy call:]* By *prime* Dr. Johnson understands *youth*, the spring or morning of life. "But how," says Mr. Tyrwhitt, "does that interpretation suit with the context? *You have all that is worth the name of life; youth, beauty, &c. all, That happiness and youth can happy call.*"

I think, with Dr. Johnson, that *prime* is here used as a substantive, but that it means, that *springly vigour* which usually accompanies us in the prime of life. So, in Montaigne's *Essays*, translated by Florio, 1603, B. II. c. 6: "Many things seeme greater by imagination, than by effect. I have passed over a good part of my age in sound and perfect health. I say, not only sound, but blithe and wantonly-lustful. That state, full of lust, of *prime* and mirth, made me deeme the consideration of sicknesses so yrksome, that when I came to the experience of them, I have found their fits but weak." MALONE.

⁸ — *in property]* In *property* seems to be here used, with much laxity, for—in the due performance. In a subsequent passage it seems to mean either a thing possessed, or a subject discriminated by peculiar qualities:

"The *property* by what it is should go,

"Not by the title." MALONE.

And well deser'd: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of heaven⁹.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:

Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;

My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state¹:

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must;
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Roussillon., A Room in the Count's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height
of your breeding.

⁹ — and my hopes of heaven.] The correction of the old copy, which reads *help* instead of *heaven*, was made by Dr. Thirby. The rhyme fully supports the change. MALONE.

¹ With any branch or image of thy state;] *Image* may mean any representation of thine; i. e. any one who resembles you as being related to your family, or as a prince reflects any part of your state and majesty. STEEVENS.

Our author again uses the word *image* in the same sense as here, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“O, from thy cheeks my *image* thou hast torn.” MALONE.

Clown.

Clown. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught. I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clown. Truly, madam, if God have sent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clown. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks²; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clown. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as 'Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger³, as a pancake for

² It is like a barber's chair, &c.] This expression is proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*. So, in *More foolish yet*, by R.S. a Collection of Epigrams, quarto, 1610:

"Moreover fatten futes he doth compare

"Unto the service of a barber's chayre;

"As fit for every Jacke and journeyman,

"As for a knight or worthy gentleman." STEEVENS.

³ — Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger,] An anonymous writer, with some probability, supposes that this is one of those covert allusions in which Shakspeare frequently indulges himself. The following lines of Cleiveland on an *Hermaphrodite* seem to countenance the supposition:

"Nay, those which modesty can mean,

"But dare not speak, are Epicene.

"That gamester needs must overcome,

"That can play both with Tib and Tom."

Sir John Hawkins conceives, the allusion is to the ancient practice of marrying with a *rush* ring. He would therefore read—"as Tom's rush for Tib's fore-finger. But if this were the author's meaning, it would be necessary to alter still farther, and to read—As Tom's rush for Tib's fourth finger. MALONE.

Sir John Hawkins's alteration is unnecessary. It was the practice in former times for the woman to give the man a ring as well as for the man to give her one. So, in the last scene of *Twelfth Night*, the priest giving an account of Olivia's marriage, says, it was

"Attested by the holy close of lips,

"Strengthen'd by *enterchangement* of your rings." MASON.

Shrove-

Shrove-tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pulling to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clown. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that will fit all demands.

Clown. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again⁴, if we could:—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clown. O Lord, sir⁵,—There's a simple putting off:—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whip'd, sir, as I think.

Clown. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed, your O Lord sir, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clown. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—O

⁴ *To be young again,*] The lady censures her own levity in trifling with her jester, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *O Lord, sir,*] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court. WARBURTON.

Thus *Clove and Orange*, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"You conceive me, sir?"—"O Lord, sir."

Cleiveland, in one of his songs, makes his gentleman,

"Answer, O Lord, sir! and talk *play-book* oaths." FARMER.

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Lord, fir: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clown. O Lord, fir,—Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, fir, to your business: Give Helen this, And urge her to a present answer back: Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son; This is not much.

Clown. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clown. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. *[Exeunt severally.]*

S C E N E III.

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

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern⁶ and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear⁷.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus⁸.

Laf.

⁶ — modern—] i. e. common, ordinary. So, in *As you like it*:

“Full of wise saws, and modern instances.”

Again, in another play: “—and with her modern grace—.” MALONE.

⁷ — unknown fear.] Fear is here the object of fear. JOHNSON.

⁸ — of Galen and Paracelsus.] As the whole merriment of this scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not, I believe here are two passages in which the words and sense are bestowed upon him by the copies, which the author gave to Lafew. I read this passage thus:

Laf.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows⁹,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assur'd of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in shewing¹, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?—

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor².

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier³: 'fore me/I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit⁴, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists—

Par. So I say.

Laf. Both of Galen and Paracelsus, of all the learned and authentick fellows—

Par. Right, so I say. JOHNSON.

9 — authentick fellows,] The phrase of the diploma is, *authentick licentiatus*. MUSGRAVE.

¹ *Par.* It is indeed, if you will have it in shewing, &c.] We should read, I think: "It is, indeed, if you will have it a shewing—you shall read it in what do you call there"— TYRWHITT.

² *A shewing of a heavenly effect &c.*] The title of some pamphlet here ridiculed. WARBURTON.

³ *Why, your dolphin is not lustier:*] By *dolphin*, is meant the *dau-phin*, the heir apparent, and hope of the crown of France. His title is so translated in all the old books. STEEVENS.

What Mr. Steevens observes is certainly true; and yet the additional word *your* induces me to think, that by *dolphin*, in the passage before us, the fish so called was meant. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ————— his delights

" Were *dolphin*-like; they shew'd his back

" Above the element he liv'd in."

Lafeu, who is an old courtier, if he had meant the king's son, would surely have said—the *Dolphin*. I use the old spelling. MALONE.

⁴ — facinorous [spirit,] *Facinorous* is wicked. STEEVENS.

Par.

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Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister⁵, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says⁶: I will like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a corrantio.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, fend forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,

⁵ *And debile minister, &c.*] I believe Parolles has again usurped words and sense to which he has no right; and I read this passage thus:

Laf. In a most weak and debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made than the mere recovery of the king.

Par. As to be—

Laf. Generally thankful. JOHNSON.

When the parts are written out for players, the names of the characters which they are to represent are never set down; but only the last words of the preceding speech which belongs to their partner in the scene. If the plays of Shakspeare were printed (as there is good reason to suspect) from these piece-meal transcripts, how easily may the mistake be accounted for, which Dr. Johnson has judiciously strove to remedy?

STEEVENS.

⁶ Lustick, as the Dutchman says:] *Lustig* is the Dutch word for lusty, chearful, pleasant. STEEVENS.

O'er

O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
have to use: thy frank election make;

Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when I please!—marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal⁸, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken⁹ than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—

Please it your majesty, I have done already:

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;

We'll ne'er come there again.

King.

7 —to each, but one!] The words *but one* do not mean *one only*, but, except one. Helena wishes a fair and virtuous mistress to each of the young lords who were present, one only excepted; and the person excepted is Bertram, whose mistress she hoped she herself should be.

MASON.

8 —bay Curtal,] i. e. a bay, dock'd horse. STEEVENS.

9 *My mouth no more were broken*—] A broken mouth is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth. JOHNSON.

¹ *We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,*

Let the white death &c.] In the original copy these lines are pointed thus:

We blush that thou should'st choose, but be refus'd;

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever; &c.

This punctuation has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. The present regulation of the text appears to me to afford a much clearer sense. “My blushes, (says Helen) thus whisper me. We blush that thou should'st have the nomination of thy husband. However, choose him at thy peril. But, if thou be refused, let thy cheeks be for ever pale; we will never revisit them again.”

The blushes, which are here personified, could not be supposed to know that Helena would be refused, as, according to the former punctuation, they appear to do; and, even if the poet had meant this, he would surely have written “—and be refused,” not—“but be refused.”

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King. Make choice ; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1. *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir ; all the rest is mute³.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-
ace⁴ for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies :
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2. *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant ! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her⁵ ? An they were sons of
mine, I'd have them whipt ; or I would send them to the
Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*to a Lord.*] that I your hand should
take ;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her :
sure, they are bastards to the English ; the French ne'er
got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,

Be refus'd means the same as—"thou being refused,"—or, "be
thou refused." MALONE.

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,] The white death is
the chlorosis. JOHNSON.

³ —all the rest is mute.] i. e. I have no more to say to you. So
Hamlet : "—the rest is silence." STEEVENS.

⁴ —ames-ace—] i. e. the lowest chance of the dice. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Do all they deny her ?*] None of them have yet denied her, or deny
her afterwards but Bertram. The scene must be so regulated that
Lafau and Parolles talk at a distance, where they may see what passes
between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, so that they know not
by whom the refusal is made. JOHNSON.

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Laf. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet⁶,—I am sure, thy father drunk wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; [*to Ber.*] but I give Me, and my service, ever whilst I live, Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness, In such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram, What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord; But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down Must answer for your raising? I know her well; She had her breeding at my father's charge: A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title⁷ thou disdain'st in her, the which I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods, Of colour, weight,⁸ and heat⁸, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off In differences so mighty: If she be All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st, A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st Of virtue for the name: but do not so:

⁶ *There's one grape yet, &c.*] Old Lafau having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram who remained, cries out, *There is one yet into whom his father put good blood;—but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an ass.* JOHNSON.

⁷ *'Tis only title—*] i. e. the want of title. MALONE.

⁸ *Of colour, weight, and heat,*] That is, which are of the same colour, weight, &c. MALONE.

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From lowest place when virtuous things⁹ proceed,
 The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:
 Where great additions swell*, and virtue none,
 It is a dropp'd honour: good alone
 Is good, without a name; villainy is so[†].
 The property by what it is should go,
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
 In these to nature she's immediate heir²;
 And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
 Which challenges itself as honour's born³,
 And is not like the fire: Honours thrive⁴,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
 Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
 A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
 I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
 Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

9 — when *virtuous things*—] The old copy has—*whence*. Dr. Thirlby corrected it. MALONE.

* *Where great additions swell*,] *Additions* are the titles and descriptions by which men are distinguished from each other. MALONE.

† ——— good alone

Is good, without a name; villainy is so:] The meaning is,—Good is good, independent on any worldly distinction or title: so, villainy is vile, in whatever state it may appear. The same phraseology is found in *Macbeth*:

“ Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,

“ Yet grace must still look so.”

i. e. must still look like grace,—like itself. MALONE.

2 *In these to nature she's immediate heir*;] To be immediate heir is to inherit without any intervening transmitter. She inherits youth, beauty, &c. immediately from *nature*; but honour is transmitted by *ancestors*. JOHNSON.

3 —as *honour's born*,] Perhaps we might read more elegantly—as *honour-born*; honourably descended; the child of honour. MALONE.

4 *And is not like the fire: Honours thrive*, &c.] The modern editors read—*Honours best thrive*, in which they have followed the editor of the second folio, who introduced the word *best* unnecessarily, not observing that *fire* was used by our author, like *fire*, *bour*, &c. as a dissyllable.

MALONE.

Der.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad ;
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake ; which to defeat,
I must produce my power⁵ : Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift ;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,
We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam⁶ ; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow : Check thy contempt :
Obey our will, which travails in thy good :
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims ;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers⁷, and the careless lapse

⁵ *My honour's at the stake ; which to defeat*

I must produce my power :] The implication or clause of the sentence (as the grammarians say) serves for the antecedent ; “ —which danger to defeat.” FARMER.

The French verb *defaire* (from whence our *defeat*) signifies to free, to disembarraßs, as well as to destroy. *Defaire un noeud*, is to untie a knot ; and in this sense, I apprehend, *defeat* is here used. It may be observed, that our verb *undo* has the same varieties of signification ; and I suppose even Mr. Theobald would not have been much puzzled to find the sense of this passage, if it had been written ;—*My honour's at the stake ; which to undo, I must produce my power.* TYRWHITT.

⁶ ——— that canst not dream,

We, poisoning us in her defective scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beam :] That canst not understand, that if you and this maiden should be weighed together, and our royal favours should be thrown into her scale, (which you esteem so light,) we should make that in which you should be placed, to strike the beam. MALONE.

⁷ *Into the staggers,*] One species of the *staggers*, or the horse's apoplexy, is a raging impatience which makes the animal dash himself with destructive violence against posts or walls. To this the allusion, I suppose, is made. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has the same expression in *Cymbeline*, where Posthumus says, —“ Whence come these *staggers* on me ?” STEEVENS.

Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate,
 Looking upon thee in the name of justice,
 Without all terms of pity : Speak ; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I shew
 My fancy to your eyes : When I consider
 What great creation, and what dole of honour,
 Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
 The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,
 Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
 And tell her, she is thine : to whom I promise
 A counterpoize ; if not to thy estate,
 A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
 Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony
 Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
 And be perform'd to-night^s : the solemn feast
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
 Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, BER. HEL. Lords, and Attendants.*
Laf.

^s ——— whose ceremony

*Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
 And be perform'd to-night ;*] The brief is the contract of espousal,
 or the licence of the church. JOHNSON.

Expedient is used in other places for *expeditions*. So, in *K. Richard II.*

“ *Expedient* manage must be made, my liege—.”

Again, in *As you like it* :

“ Do this *expediently*, and turn him going.”

Our author often uses *brief* in the sense of a short note, or intimation concerning any business ; and sometimes without the idea of writing. So, in the last act of this play :

“ — she told me

“ In a sweet verbal *brief* &c.

The meaning therefore of the present passage, I believe, is ;—Good fortune, and the king's favour smile on this short contract ; the ceremonial part of which shall immediately pass,—shall follow close on the troth now plighted between the parties, and be performed this night ; the solemn feast shall be delayed to a future time. MALONE.

⁹ The old copy has this singular stage-direction : *Parolles and Laf stay behind, commenting of this wedding.* STEEVENS.

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rouffillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another stile.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries¹, to be a pretty wife fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up²; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Had'st thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

To comment means, I believe, to assume the appearance of persons deeply engaged in thought. See p. 56, l. 5. MALONE.

¹ — for two ordinaries,] While I sat twice with thee at table.

JOHNSON.

² — taking up;] To take up, is to contradict, to call to account, as well as to pick off the ground, JOHNSON.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default³, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave⁴. [*Exit.*]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me⁵; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

³ — in the default,] That is, at a need. JOHNSON.

⁴ — for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.] The conceit, which is so thin that it might well escape a hasty reader, is in the word *past*: I am past, as I will be past by thee.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is, I believe, mistaken. Mr. Edwards has, I think, given the true meaning of Lafeu's words. "*I cannot do much*, says Lafeu; *doing I am past*, as I will by thee in *what motion age will give me leave*; i. e. *as I will pass by thee as fast as I am able*:—and he immediately goes out. It is a play on the word *past*: the conceit indeed is poor, but Shakspeare plainly meant it." MALONE.

Doing is here used obscenely. So, in Ben Jonson's translation of a passage in an *Epigram* of Petronius:

Brevis est, &c. et sæda voluptas.

"*Doing*, a filthy pleasure is, and short."

See Vol. II. p. 15. COLLINS.

⁵ *Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me;*] This the poet makes Parolles speak alone; and this is nature. A coward should try to hide his poltroonery even from himself.—An ordinary writer would have been glad of such an opportunity to bring him to confession.

WARBURTON.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's marry'd, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more faucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission⁶. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her,

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Paroles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

⁶ — *than the heraldry of your birth &c.*] In former copies:—*than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.* Sir Thomas Hanmer restored it. JOHNSON.

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Ber. There's letters from my mother⁷; what the import is,

I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Maries fiery steed: To other regions!

France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: Wars are no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife⁸.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

⁷ *That hugs his kicksy-wicksy &c.*] Sir T. Hanmer, in his Glossary, observes that *kicksy-wicksy* is a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife. Taylor, the water-poet, has a *poem* in disdain of his *debtors*, intitled, a *kicksey-twinsey*, or a *Lerry come-twang*. GREY.

⁸ *To the dark house, &c.*] The *dark house* is a house made gloomy by discontent. Milton says of *death* and the *king* of *heaven* preparing to combat:

“So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell

“Grew darker at their frown.” JOHNSON.

Perhaps this is the same thought we meet with in *K. Henry IV.* only more solemnly express'd:

“_____ he's as tedious

“As is a tired horse, a railing wife;

“Worse than a smoky house.”

The old copy reads—*detested wife*. STEEVENS.

The emendation, which was made by Mr. Rowe, is fully supported by a subsequent passage:

“'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife

“Of a detesting lord, MALONE.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—

'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:

Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:

The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly; Is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i'the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clown. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clown. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes⁹.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clown. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clown. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have

⁹ — fortunes.] Old Copy—fortune. Corrected by Mr. Steevens.

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nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is with-
in a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clown. You should have said, fir, before a knave thou
art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave this
had been truth, fir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clown. Did you find me in yourself, fir? or were you
taught to find me? The search, fir, was profitable; and
much fool may you find in you, even to the world's plea-
sure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night;

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint¹;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets²,

¹ But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;] Thus the original and only
authentic ancient copy. The editor of the third folio reads—by a
compell'd restraint; and the alteration has been adopted by the modern
editors; perhaps without necessity. Our poet might have meant, in
his usual licentious manner, that Bertram puts off the completion of his
wishes to a future day, till which he is *compelled to restrain* his desires.
This, it must be confessed, is very harsh; but our author is often so li-
centious in his phraseology, that change on that ground alone is very
dangerous. In *King Henry VIII.* we have a phraseology not very dif-
ferent:

“ ——— All-souls day

“ Is the *determin'd respite* of my wrongs.”

i. e. the day to which my wrongs are respited. MALONE.

² Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,] The *sweets*
which are distilled, by the restraint said to be imposed on Bertram, from
“ the want and delay of the great prerogative of love,” are the sweets of
expectation. Parolles is here speaking of Bertram's feelings during this
“ curbed time,” not, as Dr. Johnson seems to have thought, of those
of Helena. The following lines in *Troilus and Cressida* may prove the
best comment on the present passage:

“ I am giddy; *expectation* whirls me round.

“ The *imaginary* relish is so *sweet*

“ That it enchants my sense. What will it be,

“ When that the watery palate *tastes* indeed

“ Love's thrice-reputed nectar? Death, I fear me,

“ Swooning destruction; &c.” MALONE.

Which

Which they ditil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o'the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make a probable need³.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, firrah.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in the same.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a
soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for
a bunting⁴.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in
knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and
transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:
Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will pur-
sue the amity.

3 — *probable need.*] A specious appearance of necessity. JOHNSON.

4 — *a bunting.*] Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580,
gives this account of this bird: "Terraneola et rubetra, avis alaudæ
similis, &c. Dicta terraneola quod non in arboribus, sed in terra ver-
setur et nidificet." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, fir.

[to Ber.]

Laf. 'Pray you, fir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, fir; he, fir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king?

[aside to Parolles.]

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,—
And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserv'd to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard^s; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though^e I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of

^s You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard;] It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set for the purpose, to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh, as our poet says in his *Hamlet*. See the Devil's an Ass, by Ben Jonson, Act 1, sc. i. THEOBALD.

you, than you have or will to deserve * at my hand ; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him ?

Ber. Yes, I know him well ; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting ; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office On my particular : prepar'd I was not For such a business ; therefore am I found So much unfettled : This drives me to entreat you, That presently you take your way for home : And rather muse ⁶, than ask, why I entreat you : For my respects are better than they seem ; And my appointments have in them a need, Greater than shews itself, at the first view, To you that know them not. This to my mother :

[giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you ; so I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out that, Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd

* — *than you have or will to deserve*—] Something seems to have been omitted ; but I know not how to rectify the passage. Perhaps we should read—*than you have qualities or will to deserve*. The editor of the second folio reads—*than you have or will deserve*—MALONE.

⁶ *And rather muse,*] *To muse* is to wonder. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Do not muse at me, my most noble friends.” STEEVENS.

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To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:

My haste is very great: Farewel; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe⁷;

Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal

What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would; my lord,—'faith, yes;—

Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kifs.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewel⁸.

[Exit HELENA.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,

Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—

Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio!

[Exeunt.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and others.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

⁷ — the wealth I owe;] i. e. I own. STEEVENS.

⁸ Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewel.] This line which in the original copy is given to Helena, was very properly attributed by Mr. Theobald to Bertram. MALONE.

Bertram, observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a shew of haste, asks Parolles for his servants, and then gives his wife an abrupt dismissal. THEOBALD.

1. *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, "in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2. *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield⁹,
But like a common and an outward man¹,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion²: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2. *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature³,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle: You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

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

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, fave,
that he comes not along with her.

Clown. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very
melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

9 — *I cannot yield,*] I cannot inform you of the reasons. JOHNSON.

1 — *an outward man,*] i. e. one not in the secret of affairs. WARB.
So inward is familiar, admitted to secrets. "I was an inward of
his." *Measure for Measure.* JOHNSON.

2 — *self-unable motion:*] Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton would
read—*notion.* MALONE.

3 — *the younger of our nature,*] i. e. as we say at present, *our young*
fellow. STEEVENS.

Clown.

Clown. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing ; mend the ruff, and sing * ; ask questions, and sing ; pick his teeth, and sing : I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song⁴.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [Opening a letter.]

Clown. I have no mind to Isabel, since I was at court : our old ling and our Isbels o'the country, are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o'the court : the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out ; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here ?

Clown. E'en that⁵ you have there. [Exit.]

Count. [reads.] *I have sent you a daughter-in-law : she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her ; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away ; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate son, BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king ;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter ?

Clown. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort ; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

* — mend the ruff and sing ;] The tops of the boots in our author's time turned down, and hung loosely o'er the leg. The folding is what the clown means by the *ruff*. B. Jonson calls it *ruffle*, and perhaps it should be so here. See *Every man out of his humour*, Act IV. sc. vi.

WHALLEY.

⁴ — sold a goodly manor for a song.] The old copy reads—*bold a goodly*—. The emendation was made in the third folio. MALONE.

⁵ E'en that—] Old Copy—*In that*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Count.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clown. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. [Exit Clown.]

Enter HELENA, and two Gentlemen.

1. *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2. *Gen.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, Can woman me unto't:—Where is my son, I pray you?

2. *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence: We met him thitherward; for thence we came, And, after some dispatch in hand at court, Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

[reads.] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger⁶, which never shall come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then I write a never.*

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1. *Gen.* Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer; If thou engross'st all⁷ the griefs are thine, Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son; But I do wash his name out of my blood, And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2. *Gen.* Ay, madam.

When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,] i. e. When thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession. WARB.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is confirmed incontestably by these lines in the fifth act, in which Helena repeats the substance of this letter:

" ——— there is your ring;

" And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:

" *When from my finger you can get this ring, &c.*" MALONE.

418 ALL'S WELL THAT END'S WELL.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2. Gen. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1. Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [reads.] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.* 'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1. Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which
His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress.—Who was with him?

1. Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1. Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1. Gen. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have?

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2. Gen. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

? — a deal of that, too much,

Which holds him much to have.] That is, his vices stand him in
stead. WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath thinks the meaning is, this fellow hath a deal too much
of that which alone can hold or judge that he has much in him; i. e.
folly and ignorance. MALONE.

Count.

Count. Not so; but as we change our courtesies.
 Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]
 Hel. *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*
 Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
 Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
 Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
 That chase thee from thy country, and expose
 Those tender limbs of thine to the event
 Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
 That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
 Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
 Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
 That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
 Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,
 That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,
 I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
 And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected: better 'twere,
 I met the ravin lion^s when he roar'd
 With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere,
 That all the miseries, which nature owes,
 Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,

[*Not so, &c.*] The gentlemen declare that they are servants to the countess; she replies, No otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility. JOHNSON.

— *move the still-piecing air,*] i. e. the air that closes immediately, after a ball has passed through it. So, in another play:

“ — the wind that still doth join.”

The only authentick ancient copy reads—*still-peering*. The present emendation was proposed by some former annotator, and adopted by Mr. Steevens. *Piece* was formerly spelt—*peece*: so that there is but the change of one letter. See *Twelfth Night*, first folio, p. 262:

“ Now, good Cæsario, but that *peece* of song—.” MALONE.

I have no doubt that *still-piecing* was Shakspeare's word. But the passage is not yet quite sound. We should read, I believe,—*rove the still piecing air*. i. e. *fly at random through*. The allusion is to *shooting at rovers* in archery, which was shooting without any particular aim. TYRWHITT.

— *the ravin lion*—] i. e. the *ravenous* or *ravening* lion. To *ravin* is to swallow voraciously. MALONE.

420 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all *; I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence;
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Florence. Before the Duke's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, BERTRAM, Lords,
Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence,
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard².

Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress³!

* *Whence honour but of danger &c.*] The sense is, from that abode, where all the advantages that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even lose itself. HEATH.

² *We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake, To the extreme edge of hazard.*] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:
"But bears it out even to the edge of doom." MALONE.

Milton has borrowed this expression; Par. Reg. B. i:

"You see our danger on the utmost edge

"Of hazard." STEEVENS.

³ *And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,*

As thy auspicious mistress!] So, in the Tempest:

"——— bountiful fortune,

"Now my dear lady, &c."

Perhaps Lee, who has frequently imitated our author, had this passage in his thoughts when he wrote the following lines:

"Can none remember? Yes, I know, all must;

"When

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Roussillon. A Room in the Count's Palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim⁴, thither gone;

*Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,*

*With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,*

My dearest master, your dear son, may bye;

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,

*His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;*

*I, his despightful Juno⁵, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,*

Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:

He is too good and fair for death and me;

Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much⁶,

As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,

I could have well diverted her intents,

Which thus she hath prevented.

"When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood,

"Perch'd on my beaver in the Granick flood;

"When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore,

"And the pale Fates" &c. MALONE.

— *Saint Jaques' pilgrim,*] I do not remember any place famous for pilgrimages consecrated in Italy to St. James, but it is common to visit St. James of Compostella, in Spain. Another saint might easily have been found, Florence being somewhat out of the road from Roussillon Compostella. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *Juno,*] Alluding to the story of Hercules. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *lack advice so much,*] *Advice*, is discretion or thought. JOHNSON.

Stew. Pardon me, madam :
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'er-ta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife ;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light⁷ : my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger :—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love : which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction :—Provide this messenger :—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other citizens.

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the fight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander ; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour ; they are gone a contrary way : hark ! you may know by their trumpets.

⁷ That he does weigh too light :] To weigh here means to value, or esteem. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ You weigh me not, O, that's you care not for me.” MALONE.
Mar.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions⁸ for the young earl. — Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under⁹: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so. — Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her. —

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers¹ lodge, I do beseech you?

⁸ — *in those suggestions* —] i. e. temptations. MALONE.

⁹ — *are not the things they go under*;] They are not really so true and sincere, as in appearance they seem to be. THEOBALD.

To go under the name of any thing is a known expression. The meaning is, they are not the things for which their names would make them pass. JOHNSON.

¹ — *palmer* —] Pilgrims that visited holy places; so called from a staff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem. "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a pilgrim had some dwelling-place, a palmer had none; the pilgrim travelled to some certain place, the palmer to all, and not to any one in particular; the pilgrim must go at his own charge, the palmer must profess wilful poverty; the pilgrim might give over his profession, the palmer must be constant." See Blount's *Glossography*. ANONYMOUS.

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you! [*A march afar off.*]
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The count Roussillon; Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth²; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd³.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

² — mere the truth;] The exact, the entire truth. MALONE.

³ — examin'd.] That is, question'd, doubted. JOHNSON.

Wid. A right good creature⁴; wherefoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
A. brokes⁵ with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But he is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honest defence.

*Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine
army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife; if he were honest,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome gentle-
man?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he's not honest: Yond's that same
knave,
That leads him to these places⁶; were I his lady,

⁴ *A right good creature*:] There is great reason to believe, that when these plays were copied for the press, the transcriber trusted to the ear, and not to the eye; one person dictating, and another transcribing. Hence probably the error of the old copy, which reads—*I write good creature*. For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. The same expression is found in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"*A right good creature, more to me deserving,*" &c. MALONE.
brokes—] Deals as a broker. JOHNSON.

To *broke* is to deal with panders. A *broker* in our author's time meant a bawd or pimp. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iii. MALONE.

⁶ — *Yond's that same knave,*

That leads him to these places;] The *places* are, apparently, where he
— *brokes with all that can in such a suit*

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid. STEEVENS.

426 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers and Soldiers.*]

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents There's four, or five, to great Saint Jaques bound, Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this * virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, and the two French Lords.

1. *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him have his way.

2. *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1. *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd in him?

1. *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

* — on this—] Old Copy—of this. Corrected in the second folio.

MALONE.

2. *Lord.*

2. *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2. *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1. *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him, so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his⁷ success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore⁸ will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment⁹, your inclination cannot be removed. Here he comes.

7 — of his—] Old Copy—of *this*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

8 — of ore—] Old Copy—of *ours*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

9 *If you give him not John Drum's entertainment,*] Holinshed, in his description of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Sarsfield, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551,) and of his extravagant hospitality, subjoins, that no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: so that his "porter or any other officer, durst not, for both his cares, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, *Tom Drum his entertainer's*ent, which is, to hale a man in by the heade, and thrust him out by both the shoulders." THEOBALD.

A contemporary writer has used this expression in the same manner that our Author has done; so that there is no reason to suspect the word *John* in the text to be a misprint: "In faith good gentlemen, I think we shall be forced to give you right *John Drum's* entertainment, [i. e. to treat you very ill,] for he that composed the book we should present, hath—snatched it from us at the very instant of entrance." Introduction to *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, a comedy, 1601.

MALONE.

Enter

Enter PAROLLES.

1. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum in any hand¹.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks foreh in your disposition.

2. *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2. *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had, in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*².

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

¹ —in any hand.] The usual phrase is—at any hand; but in any hand will do. It is used in Holland's *Pliny*, p. 456:—"He must be a free citizen of Rome in any hand." Again, p. 508, 553, and 546.

STEEVENS.

² I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.] i. e. Here lies;—the usual beginning of epitaphs. I would (says Parolles) recover either the drum I have lost, or another belonging to the enemy; or die in the attempt. MALONE.

Ber.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas³, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Pter. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership⁴, will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.]

1. *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water⁵.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2. *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

3 — *I will presently pen down my dilemmas*—] By this word, *Parolles* is made to insinuate that he had several ways, all equally certain of recovering his drum. For a *dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways. WARBURTON.

I think, *Parolles* means, that he will pen down his plans on the one side, and the probable obstructions he was to meet with on the other.

4 — *possibility of thy soldiership*,—] *I will subscribe* (says *Bertram*) to the possibility of your soldiership. He suppresses that he should not be so willing to vouch for its probability. STEEVENS.

I believe, *Bertram* means no more than that he is confident *Parolles* will do all that soldiership can effect. He was not yet certain that he was a hilding." MALONE.

5 *I love not many words.*

1. *Lord.* *No more than a fish loves water.*] Here we have the origin of this boaster's name, which, without doubt, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) ought in strict propriety to be written—*Paroles*. But our author certainly intended it otherwise; having made it a trifyllable:

" Rust sword, cool blushes, and *Parolles* fire."

He probably did not know the true pronunciation. MALONE.

1. *Lord.*

430 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

1. *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almost emboss'd him⁶, you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2. *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him⁷. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafew: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1. *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1. *Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you*.
[Exit.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The last I spoke of.

2. *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, And found her wond'rous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i'the wind, Tokens and letters, which she did re-send; And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature; Will you go see her?

2. *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [Exeunt.

⁶ — *we have almost emboss'd him,*] To *imbofs* a deer is to inclose him in a wood. Milton uses the same word:

“Like that self-begotten bird

“In th' Arabian woods *imbofs*,

“Which no second knows or third.” JOHNSON.

It is probable that Shakspeare was unacquainted with this word in the sense which Milton affixes to it, viz. from *emboscure*, Ital. to enclose in a thicket.

When a deer is run hard and foams at the mouth, in the language of the field, he is said to be *emboss'd*. See p. 245, n. 2. STEEVENS.

7 — *ere we case him.*] i. e. before we strip him naked. JOHNSON.

* — *I'll leave you.*] This line is given in the old copy to the second lord, there called Captain G, who goes out; and the first lord, there called Captain E, remains with Bertram. The whole course of the dialogue shews this to have been a mistake. See p. 427:

“1. *Lord.* [i. e. Captain E.] I, with a troop of Florentines,” &c.

MALONE.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,

I know not how I shall assure you further,

Wid. I shall lose the grounds I work upon⁸.

Hel. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born;

Nothing acquainted with these businesses;

And would not put my reputation now

In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;

And, what to your sworn counsel⁹ I have spoken,

Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,

By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,

Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;

For you have shew'd me that, which well approves

You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,

And let me buy your friendly help thus far,

Which I will over-pay, and pay again,

When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,

Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,

As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,

Now his important blood¹ will nought deny

That she'll demand: A ring the county^{*} wears,

That downward hath succeeded in his house,

From son to son, some four or five descents

Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds

In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,

⁸ *But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.*] i. e. by discovering herself to the count. WAREURTON.

⁹ *— to your sworn counsel—*] To your private knowledge, after having required from you an oath of secrecy. JOHNSON.

¹ *— his important blood—*] Important here, and elsewhere, is important. JOHNSON.

Important from the Fr. Important. TYRWHITT.

^{*} *— the county—*] See p. 13, n. 4; and *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iv. MALONE.

To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see

The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastly absent: after this²,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time, and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act³;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

² — after this,] The latter word was added to complete the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

³ Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,

And lawful meaning &c.] Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helena's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them sin: yet on his part it was a sinful act, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife. TOLLET.

The first line relates to Bertram. The deed was lawful, as being the duty of marriage, owed by the husband to the wife; but his meaning was wicked, because he intended to commit adultery. The second line relates to Helena; whose meaning was lawful, in as much as she intended to reclaim her husband, and demanded only the rights of a wife. The act or deed was lawful for the reason already given. The subsequent line relates to them both. The fact was sinful, as far as Bertram was concerned, because he intended to commit adultery; yet neither he nor Helena actually sinned: not the wife, because both her intention and action were innocent; not the husband, because he did not accomplish his intention; he did not commit adultery.—This note is partly Mr. Heath's. MALONE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Without the Florentine Camp.**Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.*

1. *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge⁴ corner: When you fall upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1. *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1. *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1. *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1. *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

1. *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1. *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment⁴. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose⁵: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done?

⁴ — *some, and of strangers in the adversary's entertainment.*] That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *so we seem to know, is to know &c.*] I think the meaning is—Our seeming to know what we speak one to another, is to make him to know our purpose immediately; to discover our design to him. To know, in the last instance, signifies to make known. Sir Thomas Hanmer very plausibly reads—to show straight our purpose. MALONE.

It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1. *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*aside.*]

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; Wherefore? what's the instance⁶? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule⁷, if you prattle me into these perils.

1. *Lord.* Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*aside.*]

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1. *Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*aside.*]

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1. *Lord.* 'Twould not do. [*aside.*]

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stript:

1. *Lord.* Hardly serve. [*aside.*]

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel—

1. *Lord.* How deep? [*aside.*]

Par. Thirty fathom.

1. *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*aside.*]

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I recover'd it.

1. *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*aside.*]

⁶ — the instance?] The proof. JOHNSON.

⁷ — of Bajazet's mule,] Dr. Warburton would read—*mule*. MALONE.
As a mule is as dumb by nature, as the mute is by art, the reading may stand. In one of our old Turkish histories, there is a pompous description of Bajazet riding on a mule to the Divan. STEEVENS.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*]

1. *Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, willianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O, ransom, ransom:—Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize and blindfold him.*]

1. *Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know, you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1. *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:*—I understand thee, and can
speak thy tongue:—*Kerelybonto:*—Sir, betake thee to thy
faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1. *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.—

Manka revania dulche.

1. *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1. *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on,
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1. *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1. *Sold.* *Acordo tinta.*—

Come on, thou art granted space:

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*]

1. *Lord.* Go, tell the count Roussillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

2. *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1. *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform 'em^s that.

* *Inform 'em—*] Old Copy—*Inform on.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

2. *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1. *Lord.* Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Florence. *A Room in the Widow's house.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,

Is your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern⁹;

And now you should be as your mother was,

When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows¹:

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

By

⁹ *You are no maiden, but a monument:*

— *for you are cold and stern;*] Our author had here probably in his thoughts some of the stern monumental figures with which many churches in England were furnished by the rude sculptors of his own time. He has again the same allusion in *Cymbeline*:

“And be her sense but as a monument,

“Thus in a chapel lying.” MALONE.

¹ *I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:*] *Against his vows*, I believe, means *against his determined resolution never to cohabit with Helena*; and this *vow*, or *resolution*, he had very strongly expressed in his letter to the countess. STEEVENS.

So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy by Webster, 1612:

“Henceforth I'll never lie with thee,—

“My vow is fix'd.” MALONE.

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by²,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes³,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him⁴: Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

² *What is not holy, that we swear not by,*] The sense is, We never swear by what is not holy, but swear by, or take to witness, the Highest, the Divinity.—The tenor of the reasoning contained in the following lines perfectly corresponds with this: If I should swear by Jove's great attributes, that I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience that I loved you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit with you in order to seduce you to your ruin? No, surely; but you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of course. For that oath can certainly have no tie upon us, which we swear by him we profess to love and honour, when at the same time we give the strongest proof of our disbelief in him, by pursuing a course which we know will offend and dishonour him. HEATH.

³ *If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,*] In the print of the old folio, it is doubtful whether it be *Jove's* or *Love's*, the characters being not distinguishable. If it is read *Love's*, perhaps it may be something less difficult. I am still as a loss. JOHNSON.

⁴ *To swear by him whom I protest to love, &c.*] This passage likewise appears to me corrupt. She swears not by him whom she loves, but by Jupiter. I believe we may read—*To swear to him*. There is, says she, no holding, no consistency, in swearing to one that I love him, when I swear it only to injure him. JOHNSON.

This appears to me a very probable conjecture. Mr. Heath's explanation, which refers the words—"whom to protest I love"—to *Jove*, can hardly be right. Let the reader judge. MALONE.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes, in such a scene,
That we'll forsake ourselves⁶. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world

⁶ *I see, that men make hopes, in such a scene,*

That we'll forsake ourselves.] i. e. I perceive that while our lovers are making professions of love, and *acting* their assumed parts in this kind of amorous *interlude*, they entertain hopes that we shall be betrayed by our passions to yield to their desires. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*; "The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter,—that's the *scene* that I would see," &c. Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"—— It shall be so my care

"To have you royally appointed, as if

"The *scene* you play, were mine."

The old copy reads:

I see, that men make *ropes* in such a *scar/e*, &c.

which Mr. Rowe altered to—make *hopes* in such *affairs*; and all the subsequent editors adopted his correction. It being entirely arbitrary, any emendation that is nearer to the traces of the unintelligible word in the old copy, and affords at the same time an easy sense, is better entitled to a place in the text.

A corrupted passage in the first sketch of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, suggested to me the emendation now introduced in the text. In the fifth act Fenton describes to the host his scheme for marrying Anne Page:

And in a robe of white this night disguised

(Wherein fat Falstaff had [r. hath] a mighty *scene*)

Must Slender, take her, &c.

It is manifest from the corresponding lines in the folio, that *scene* was printed by mistake for *scene*; for in the folio the passage runs—

"—— fat Falstaff

"Hath a great *scene*." MALONE.

in me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'the world
in me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
window;

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, ~~till then~~; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.

[*Exit.*]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am bury'd. Since Frenchmen are so braid⁷,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid;
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

[*Exit.*]

⁷ — Since Frenchmen are so braid,] Braid signifies crafty or deceitful.
Bred is an Anglo-Saxon word, signifying fraud, astus. STEEVENS.

S C E N E III.

*The Florentine Camp.**Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*1. Lord^s. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2. Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1. Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2. Lord. Especially he hath incurr'd the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1. Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1. Lord. Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal them-

^s 1. Lord.] The latter editors have with great liberality bestowed lordship upon these interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called with more propriety *capt. E.* and *capt. G.* JOHNSON.

These two personages may be supposed to be two young French Lords serving in the Florentine camp, where they now appear in their military capacity. In the first scene where the two French Lords are introduced, taking leave of the king, they are called in the original edition, Lord E, and Lord G.

G. and E. were, I believe, only put to denote the players who performed these characters. In the list of actors prefixed to the first folio, I find the names of Gilburne and Ecclestone, to whom these insignificant parts probably fell. Perhaps, however, these performers first represented the French lords, and afterwards two captains in the Florentine army; and hence the confusion of the old copy. In the first scene of this act, one of these captains is called throughout, 1. Lord E. The matter is of no great importance. MALONE.

selves,