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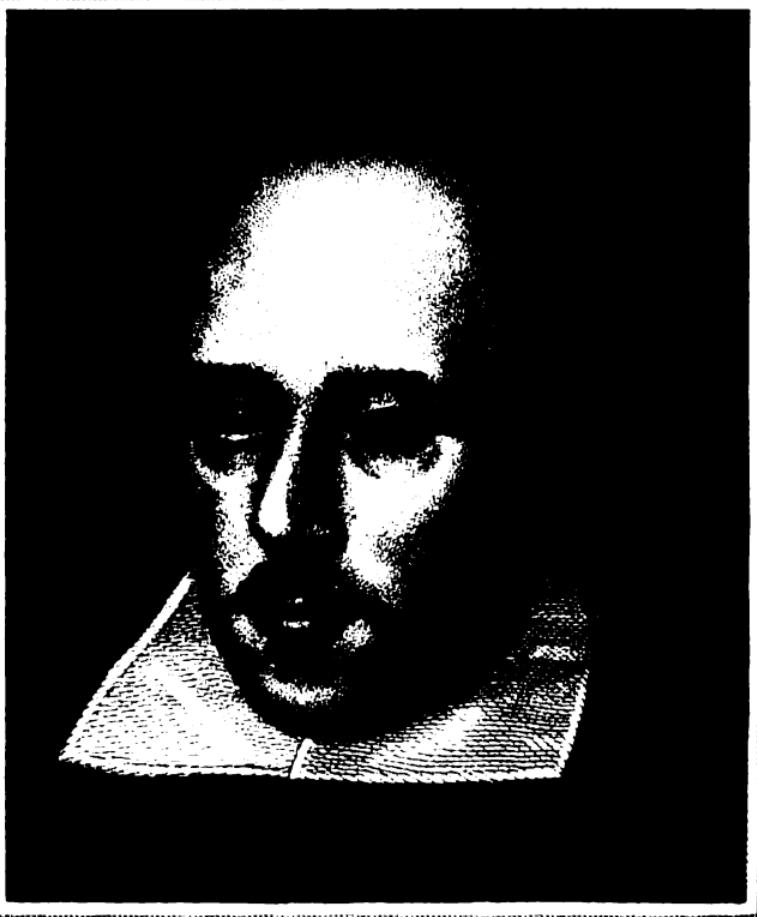
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# *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*

William Shakespeare

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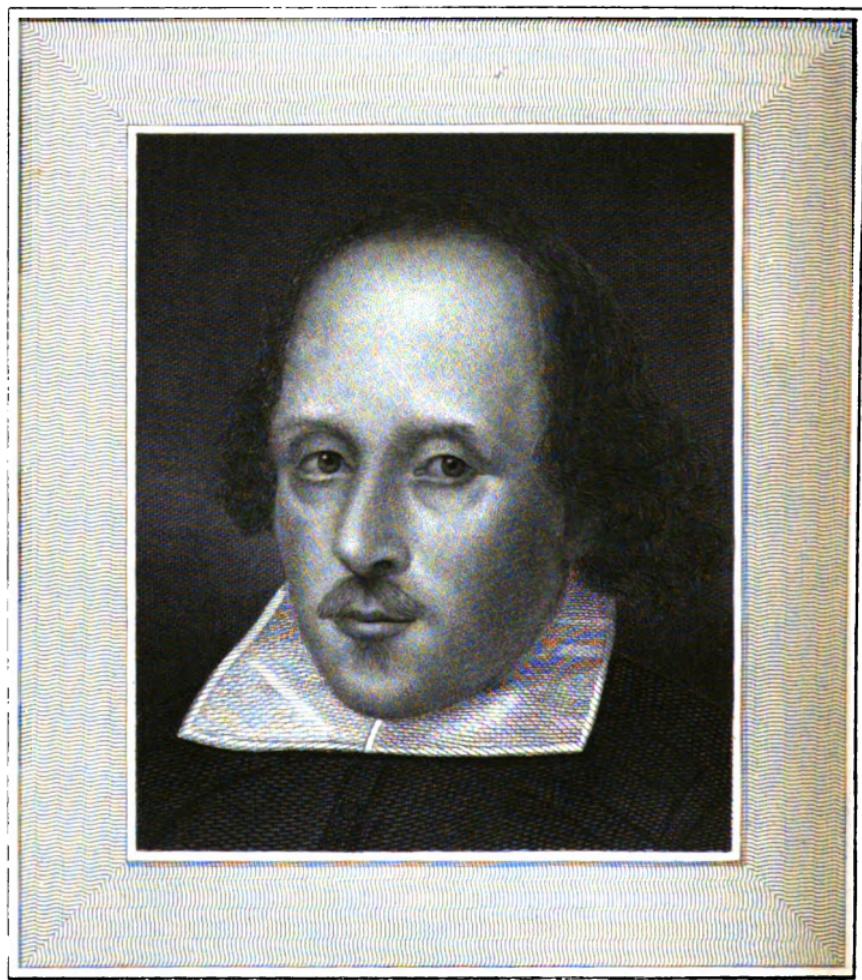












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W. J. Wm. Shakespeare

LLIAM

OF THE POST  
NOTES.

May,

Rev. H. N.



W. H. Chapman

THE  
COMPLETE WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.  
"

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL  
NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

*Barnard Edition.*

BY THE  
REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

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*IN TWENTY VOLUMES.*

VOL. I.

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TO THE MEMORY

OF

**Daniel Webster,**

OUR GREATEST ORATOR, STATESMAN, AUTHOR, THE SAVER OF  
OUR NATIONAL UNION, THE CROWN AND CONSUMMATION OF  
AMERICAN INTELLECT AND MANHOOD, THIS EDITION  
OF HIS FAVOURITE POET IS, WITH REVERENTIAL  
AFFECTION, INSCRIBED BY THE  
EDITOR.

(RECAP).

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE most obvious peculiarity of this edition is, that it has two sets of notes ; one mainly devoted to explaining the text, and printed at the foot of the page ; the other mostly occupied with matters of textual comment and criticism, and printed at the end of each play. Of course the purpose of this double annotation is, to suit the work, as far as practicable, to the uses both of the general reader and of the special student. Now, whatever of explanation general readers may need, they naturally prefer to have it directly before them ; and in at least nine cases out of ten they will pass over an obscure word or phrase or allusion without understanding it, rather than stay to look up the explanation either in another volume or in another part of the same volume. Often, too, in case the explanation be not directly at hand, they will go elsewhere in quest of it, and then find, after all, that the editor has left the matter unexplained ; so that the search will be to no purpose : whereas, with the plan of foot-notes, they will commonly see at once how the matter stands, and what they have to expect, and so will be spared the labour and vexation of a fruitless quest.

It scarce need be said that with special students the case is very different. In studying such an author as Shakespeare, these naturally expect to light upon many things for the full discussion or elucidation of which they will have to go beyond the page before them ; though I believe even these like to have the matter within convenient reach and

easy reference. At all events, they are, or well may be, much less apt to get so intent on the author's thought, and so drawn onwards by the interest of the work, but that they can readily pause, and turn elsewhere, to study out such points as may call, or seem to call, for particular investigation. In fact, general readers, for the most part, pay little or no attention to the language of what they are reading, and seldom if ever interrogate, or even think of, the words, save when the interest of the matter is choked or checked by some strangeness or obscurity of expression; whereas special students commonly are or should be carrying on a silent process of verbal interrogation, even when the matter is their chief concern: and as these are more sharp-sighted and more on the look-out for verbal difficulties than the former, so they are less impatient of the pauses required for out-of-the-way explanation.

This edition has been undertaken, and the plan of it shaped, with a special view to meeting what is believed to be a general want, and what has indeed been repeatedly urged as such within the last few years. It has been said, and, I think, justly said, that a need is widely felt of an edition of Shakespeare, with such and so much of explanatory comment as may suffice for the state of those unlearned but sane-thoughted and earnest readers who have, or wish to have, their tastes raised and set to a higher and heartier kind of mental feeding than the literary smoke and chaff of the time. I have known many bright and upward-looking minds,—minds honestly craving to drink from the higher and purer springs of intellectual power and beauty,—who were frank to own that it was a sin and a shame not to love Shakespeare, but who could hardly, if at all, make that love come free and natural to them.

To be plying such minds with arguments of duty, or with thoughts of the good to be gained by standing through un-

pleasant task-work, seems to me a rather ungracious and impotent business. For it has long been a settled axiom that the proper office of poetry is to please ; of the highest poetry, to make wisdom and virtue pleasant, to crown the True and the Good with delight and joy. This is the very constituent of the poet's art ; that without which it has no adequate reason for being. To clothe the austere forms of truth and wisdom with heart-taking beauty and sweetness, is its life and law. Poetry, then, ought of course to be read as poetry ; and when not read with pleasure, the right grace and profit of the reading are missed. For the proper instructiveness of poetry is essentially dependant on its pleasantness ; whereas in other forms of writing this order is or may be reversed. The sense or the conscience of what is morally good and right should indeed have a hand, and a prerogative hand, in shaping our pleasures ; and so indeed it must be, else the pleasures will needs be transient, and even the seed-time of future pains. So right-minded people ought to desire, and do desire, to find pleasure in what is right and good ; the highest pleasure in what is rightest and best : nevertheless the pleasure of the thing is what puts its healing, purifying, regenerating virtue into act ; and to converse with what is in itself beautiful and good without tasting any pleasantness in it, is or may be a positive harm.

How, then, in reference to Shakespeare, is the case of common readers to be met ? As before remarked, to urge reasons of duty is quite from the purpose : reading Shakespeare as duty and without pleasure is of no use, save as it may lift and draw them into a sense of his pleasantness. The question is, therefore, how to make him pleasant and attractive to them ; how to put him before them, so that his spirit may have a fair chance to breathe into them, and quicken their congenial susceptibilities ; for, surely, his soul and theirs are essentially attuned to the same music. Doubtless

a full sense of his pleasantness is not to be extemporized : with most of us, nay, with the best of us, this is and must be a matter of growth : none but Shakespeare himself can educate us into a love of Shakespeare ; and such education, indeed all *education*, is a work of time. But I must insist upon it, that his works can and should be so edited, that average readers may find enough of pleasantness in them from the first to hold them to the perusal : and when they have been so held long enough for the workmanship to steal its virtue and sweetness into them, then they will be naturally and freely carried onwards to the condition where “ love is an unerring light, and joy its own security.”

These remarks, I believe, indicate, as well as I know how to do, my idea — I can hardly say, I dare not say, my ideal — of what a popular edition of Shakespeare ought to be. The editorial part should, as far as possible, be so cast and tempered and ordered as to make the Poet’s pages pleasant and attractive to common minds. Generally to such minds, and often even to uncommon minds, Shakespeare’s world may well seem at first a strange world, — strange not only for the spiritualized realism of it, but because it is so much more deeply and truly natural than the book-world to which they have been accustomed. The strangeness of the place, together with the difficulty they find in clearly seeing the real forms and relations of the objects before them, is apt to render the place unattractive, if not positively repulsive, to them. The place is so emphatically the native home of both the soul and the senses, that they feel lost in it ; and this because they have so long travelled in literary regions where the soul and the senses have been trained into an estrangement from their proper home. It is like coming back to realities after having strayed among shadows till the shadows have come to seem realities.

Not seldom the very naturalness of Shakespeare’s world

frightens unaccustomed readers : they find, or feel, so to speak, a kind of estranged familiarity about it, as of a place they have once known, but have lost the memory of ; so that it seems to them a land peopled with the ghosts of what had long ago been to them real living things. Thus the effect, for some time, is rather to scare and chill their interest than to kindle and heighten it. And the Poet is continually popping his thoughts upon them so pointedly, so vividly, so directly, so unceremoniously, that their sensibilities are startled, and would fain shrink back within the shell of custom ; so different is it from the pulpy, pointless, euphemistic roundaboutness and volubility which they have been used to hearing from the Pulpit, the Press, the vulgar oratory, and the popular authorship of the day. Therewithal, the Poet often springs upon them such abrupt and searching revelations of their inner selves, so stings them with his truth; so wounds them with his healing, and causes such an undreamed-of birth of thoughts and feelings within them, that they stare about them with a certain dread and shudder, and "tremble like a guilty thing surprised," as in the presence of a magician that has stolen their inmost secrets from them, and is showing them up to the world.

But this is not all. Besides the unfamiliarity of Shakespeare's matter, so many and so great lingual changes have taken place since his time, and, still more, his manner both of thought and expression is so intensely idiomatic, his diction so suggestive and overcharged with meaning, his imagery so strong and bold, his sense so subtle and delicate, his modulation so various and of such solid and piercing sweetness, that common readers naturally have no little difficulty in coming to an easy and familiar converse with him. On some of these points, an editor can give little or no positive help: he can at the best but remove or lessen hindrances, and perhaps throw in now and then a kindling word or breath. But,

on others of them, it lies within an editor's province to render all the positive aid that common readers need for making them intelligently and even delightedly at home with the Poet.

Of course this is to be mostly done by furnishing such and so much of comment and citation as may be required for setting the Poet's meaning out clear and free, and by translating strange or unfamiliar words, phrases, and modes of speech into the plain, current language of the day. And here it is of the first importance that an editor have the mind, or the art, not only to see things plainly, but to say a plain thing in a plain way ; or, in the happy phrase of old Roger Ascham, to "think as wise men do, and speak as common people do." And the secret of right editing is, to help average readers over the author's difficulties with as little sense as possible of being helped ; to lead them up his heights and through his depths with as little sense as possible of being led. To do this, the editor must have such a kind and measure of learning in the field of his labour as can come only by many years of careful study and thought ; and he must keep the details and processes of his learning out of sight, putting forth only the last and highest results, the blossom and fragrance, of his learnedness : and the editor who does not know too much in his subject to be showing his knowledge is green and crude, and so far unfitted for his task. Generally speaking, it is doubtless better to withhold a needed explanation than to offer a needless one ; because the latter looks as if the editor were intent on thrusting himself between the author and the reader.

Probably we all understand that the best style in writing is where average minds, on reading it, are prompted to say, "Why, almost anybody could have done that" ; and a style that is continually making such readers sensible of their ignorance, or of their inferiority to the writer, is not good. For

the proper light of a truly luminous speaker is one that strikes up a kindred light in the hearer ; so that the light seems to come, and indeed really does come, from the hearer's own mind. It is much the same in editing a standard author for common use. And for an editor to be all the while, or often, putting average readers in mind how ignorant and inferior they are, is not the best way, nor the right way, to help them.

But what seems specially needful to be kept in mind is, that when common people read Shakespeare, it is not to learn etymology, or grammar, or philology, or lingual antiquities, or criticism, or the technicalities of scholarism, but to learn Shakespeare himself ; to understand the things he puts before them, to take-in his thought, to taste his wisdom, to feel his beauty, to be kindled by his fire, to be refreshed with his humour, to glow with his rapture, and to be stolen from themselves and transported into his moral and intellectual whereabout ; in a word, to live, breathe, think, and feel with him. I am so simple and old-fashioned as to hold that, in so reading the Poet, they are putting him to the very best and highest use of which he is capable. Even their intellects, I think, will thrive far better so, than by straining themselves to a course of mere intellectualism. All which means, to be sure, that far more real good will come, even to the mind, by foolishly enjoying Shakespeare than by learnedly parsing him. So that here I am minded to apply the saying of Wordsworth, that "he is oft the wisest man who is not wise at all."

Now I cannot choose but think that, if this were always duly borne in mind, we should see much more economy of erudition than we do. It is the instinct of a crude or conceited learning to be ever emphasizing itself, and poking its fingers into the readers' eyes : but a ripe and well-assimilated learning does not act thus : it is a fine spirit working in the mind's blood, and not a sort of foam or scum mantling its

surface, or an outgrowth bristling into notice. So that here, as in all true strength, modesty rules the transpiration. Accordingly an editor's proper art is to proceed, not by a formal and conscious use of learning, but by the silent efficacy thereof transfusing itself insensibly into and through his work, so as to accomplish its purpose without being directly seen.

Nor is Shakespeare's language so antiquated, or his idiom of thought so remote from ordinary apprehension, as to require a minute, or cumbrous, or oppressive erudition for making his thoughts intelligible to average minds. His diction, after all, is much nearer the common vernacular of the day than that of his editors : for where would these be if they did not write in a *learned* style? To be sure, here, as elsewhere, an editor's art, or want of art, can easily find or make ever so many difficulties, in order to magnify itself and its office by meeting them, or by seeming to meet them. And in fact it has now become, or is fast becoming, very much the fashion to treat Shakespeare in this way ; an elaborate and self-conscious erudition using him as a sort of perch to flap its wings and crow from. So we have had and are having editions of his plays designed for common use, wherein the sunlight of his poetry is so muffled and strangled by a thick haze of minute, technical, and dictionary learning, that common eyes can hardly catch any fresh and clear beams of it. Small points and issues almost numberless, and many of them running clean off into distant tenth-cousin matters, are raised, as if poetry so vital and organic as his, and with its mouth so full of soul-music, were but a subject for lingual and grammatical dissection ; or a thing to be studied through a microscope, and so to be "examined, ponder'd, search'd, probed, vex'd, and criticised." Is not all this very much as if the main business of readers, with Shakespeare's page before them, were to "pore, and dwindle as they pore"?

Here the ruling thought seems to be, that the chief profit

of studying Shakespeare is to come by analyzing and parsing his sentences, not by understanding and enjoying his poetry. But, assuredly, this is not the way to aid and encourage people in the study of Shakespeare. They are not to be inspired with a right love or taste for him by having his lines encumbered with such commentatorial redundances and irrelevancies. Rather say, such a course naturally renders the Poet an unmitigable bore to them, and can hardly fail to disgust and repel them ; unless, perchance, it may superinduce upon them a certain dry-rot of formalistic learning. For, in a vast many cases, the explanations are far more obscure to the average reader than the things explained ; and he may well despair of understanding the Poet, when he so often finds it impossible to understand his explainers. Or the effect of such a course, if it have any but a negative effect, can hardly be other than to tease and card the common sense out of people, and train them into learned and prating dunces, instead of making them intelligent, thoughtful, happy men and women in the ordinary tasks, duties, and concerns of life.

Thus Shakespeare is now in a fair way to undergo the same fate which a much greater and better book has already undergone. For even so a great many learned minds, instead of duly marking how little need be said, and how simply that little should be said, have tried, apparently, how much and how learnedly they could write upon the Bible ; how many nice questions they could raise, and what elaborate comments they could weave about its contents. Take, for example, the Sermon on the Mount : left to its natural and proper working, that brief piece of writing has in it more of true culture-force or culture-inspiration than all the mere scientific books in the world put together : and learned commentaries stand, or claim to stand, in the rank of scientific works. Yet even here, as experience has amply proved, a

sort of learned incontinence can easily so intricate and perplex the matter, and spin the sense out into such a curious and voluminous interpretation, as fairly to swamp plain minds, and put them quite at a loss as to what the Divine utterances mean. The thing is clear enough, until a garrulous and obtrusive learning takes it in hand ; and then darkness begins to gather round it.

And so the Bible generally, as we all know, has been so worried and belaboured with erudite, or ignorant, but at all events diffusive, long-winded, and obstructive commentary ; its teachings and efficacies have got so strangled by the interminable yarns of interpretation spun about them ; that now at length common people have pretty much lost both their faith in it and their taste for it : reverence for it has come to be regarded as little better than an exploded superstition : and indeed its light can hardly struggle or filtrate through the dense vapours of learned and elaborate verbosity exhaled from subjacent regions. The tendency now is to replace the Bible with Shakespeare as our master-code of practical wisdom and guidance. I am far, very far indeed, from regarding this as a sign of progress, either moral or intellectual : viewed merely in reference to literary taste, the Bible is incomparably beyond any other book in the world : but, if such a substitution must be made, Shakespeare is probably the best. The Poet himself tells us, “they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.” And so, to be sure, the process has set in, and is already well advanced, of smothering his proper light beneath commentatorial surplusage and rubbish.

So strong is the conceit of studying all things scientifically, that we must, forsooth, have Shakespeare used as the raw material of scientific manufacture. It seems to be presumed that people cannot rightly feed upon his poetry, unless it be first digested for them into systematic shape by passing

through some gerund-grinding laboratory. But the plain truth is, that works of imagination cannot be mechanized and done over into the forms of science, without a total dissipation of their life and spirit, of all indeed that is properly constitutive in them. It is simply like dissecting a bird in order to find out where the music comes from and how it is made.

I have, perhaps, dwelt upon this topic too long, and may fitly close it with a few pertinent words from Bacon, which always come into my remembrance when thinking on the subject. "The first distemper of learning," says he, "is when men study words and not matter. And how is it possible but this should have an operation to discredit learning, even with vulgar capacities, when they see learned men's works like the first letter of a patent, or a limned book; which, though it hath large flourishes, yet is but a letter? It seems to me that Pygmalion's frenzy is a good emblem or portraiture of this vanity: for words are but the images of matter; and, except they have the life of reason and invention, to fall in love with them is all one as to fall in love with a picture." In another passage, he puts the matter as follows: "Surely, like as many substances in Nature which are solid do putrefy and corrupt into worms; so it is the property of good and sound knowledge to putrefy and dissolve into a number of subtle, idle, unwholesome, and (as I may term them) vermiculate questions, which have indeed a kind of quickness and life of spirit, but no soundness of matter or goodness of quality."

To preclude misapprehension, as far as may be, I must add that the foregoing remarks have an eye only to editions of the Poet designed for common use; and so cannot be justly construed as reflecting on such as look mainly to the special use of students and scholars. Doubtless there may be, nay, there must be, from time to time, say as often as

once in forty or fifty years, highly learned editions of Shakespeare ; such, for instance, as Mr. Howard Furness's magnificent Variorum, which, so far as it has come, is a truly monumental achievement of learning, judgment, good sense, and conscientious, painstaking industry. Of course such a work must needs enter very largely into the details and processes of the subject, pursuing a great many points out through all the subtleties and intricacies of critical inquiry. But, for the generality of readers, such a handling of the theme is obviously quite out of the question : in this hard working-day world, they have too much else in hand to be tracing out and sifting the nice questions which it is the business of a profound and varied scholarship to investigate and settle ; and the last and highest results of such scholarship is all that they can possibly have time or taste for. If any one says that common readers, such as at least ninety-nine persons in a hundred are and must be, should have the details and processes of the work put before them, that so they may be enabled to form independent judgments for themselves ; — I say, whoever talks in this way is either under a delusion himself, or else means to delude others. It may flatter common readers to be told that they are just as competent to judge for themselves in these matters as those who have made a lifelong study of them : but the plain truth is, that such readers must perforce either take the results of deep scholarship on trust, or else not have them at all ; and none but a dupe or a quack, or perhaps a compound of the two, would ever think of representing the matter otherwise.

But the main business of this Preface is yet to come, and what remains must be chiefly occupied with certain questions touching the Poet's text. And here I must first make a brief general statement of the condition in which his text has

come down to us, leaving the particular details in this kind to be noted in connection with the several plays themselves.

Of the thirty-eight plays included in this edition, sixteen, or, if we count-in the originals of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, eighteen, were published, severally and successively, in what are known as the quarto editions, during the Poet's life. Some of them were printed in that form several times, but often with considerable variations of text. One more, *Othello*, was issued in that form in 1622, six years after the Poet's death. Copies of these editions are still extant, though in some cases exceedingly rare. Most of these issues were undoubtedly "stolen and surreptitious"; and it is nowise likely that in any of them a single page of the proofs was ever corrected by Shakespeare himself. In the popular literature of his time, proof-reading generally was done, if done at all, with such a degree of slovenliness as no one would think of tolerating now. And that proof-sheets can be rightly and properly corrected by none but the author himself, or by one very closely and minutely familiar with his mind, his mouth, and his hand, is a lesson which an experience of more than thirty years in the matter has taught me beyond all peradventure. And, in fact, the printing in most of these quarto issues is so shockingly bad, that no one can gain an adequate idea of how bad it is, except by minutely studying the text as there given, and comparing it in detail with the text as given in modern editions.

All the forecited plays, with one exception, *Pericles*, were set forth anew in the celebrated folio of 1623, seven years after the Poet's death. Most of them are indeed printed much better there than in the earlier issues, though some of them are well known to have been printed from quarto copies. Therewithal the folio set forth, for the first time, so far as is known, all the other plays included in this edition,

except *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. The volume was published, professedly at least, under the editorial care of the Poet's friends and fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell.

The printing of the folio is exceedingly unequal : in some of the plays, as, for instance, *Julius Cæsar*, *Twelfth Night*, and *As You Like It*, it is remarkably good for the time, insomuch that the text, generally, is got into an orderly and intelligible state without much trouble ; while others, as *All's Well*, *Coriolanus*, and *Timon of Athens*, abound in the grossest textual corruptions, so that the labour of rectification seems to be literally endless. Even where the printing is best, there are still so many palpable, and also so many more or less probable, misprints, that the text, do the best we can with it, must often stand under considerable uncertainty. It is not unlikely that in some parts of the volume the Editors themselves may have attended somewhat to the correcting of the proofs, while in others they left it entirely to the printers. Of course all the plays then first published must have been printed either from the author's own manuscripts, or else from play-house transcripts of them. Doubtless these were made by different hands, sometimes with reasonable care, sometimes otherwise, and so with widely-varying degrees of accuracy and legibility.

In their "Address to the Readers," the Editors, after referring to the earlier quarto issues, go on as follows : "Even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he [the author] conceived them ; who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it : and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Heminge and Condell appear to have been honest and amiable men ; but they naturally felt a strong interest in having the volume sell well, and so were moved to recom-

mend it as highly as they could to purchasers. Probably there was something of truth in what they said, perhaps enough to excuse, if not to justify them in saying it: nevertheless it is perfectly certain that their words were not true to the full extent; and most likely what was true only of a portion of the volume they deemed it right to put forth in a general way as if applicable to the whole, without staying to express any limitations or exceptions. The folio was reprinted in 1632, again in 1664, and yet again in 1685. The folio of 1632 was set forth with a good many textual changes, made by an unknown hand; sometimes corrections, and sometimes corruptions, but none of them carrying any authority. Changes of text, though less both in number and importance, were also made in the third and fourth folios.

Before passing on from this topic, I must add that, after 1623, single plays continued to be reprinted, from time to time, in quarto form. But as these are seldom of any use towards ascertaining or helping the text, it seems not worth the while to specify them in detail. Probably the most valuable of them is that of *Othello*, issued in 1630. Others of them are occasionally referred to in the Critical Notes.

As I have frequent occasion to cite a famous volume, which I designate as "Collier's second folio," it appears needful to give some account thereof in this place.—In 1849, Mr. J. P. Collier, a very learned and eminent Shakespearian, lighted upon and purchased a copy of the second folio containing a very large number of verbal, literal, and punctuative alterations in manuscript; all of course intended as corrections of the text. At what time or times, and by what hand or hands, these changes were made, has not been settled, nor is likely to be. For some time there was a good deal of pretty warm controversy about them. All, I believe, are now pretty much agreed, and certainly

such is my own judgment, that none of them have any claim to be regarded as authentic : most of them are corruptions decidedly ; but a considerable number may be justly spoken of as corrections ; and some of them are exceedingly happy and valuable. To be sure, of those that may be called apt and good, the larger portion had been anticipated by modern editors, and so had passed into the current text. Still there are enough of original or unanticipated corrections to render the volume an important contribution towards textual rectification. Nevertheless they all stand on the common footing of conjectural emendation, and so carry no authority in their hand but that of inherent fitness and propriety.

Herewith I must also mention another copy of the same folio, which is sometimes referred to in my Critical Notes. This was owned by the late Mr. S. W. Singer, also one of the most learned and eminent Shakespearianists of his time. All that need be said of it here may as well be given in Singer's own words : " In June, 1852, I purchased from Mr. Willis, the bookseller, a copy of the second folio edition of Shakespeare, in its original binding, which, like that of Mr. Collier, contains very numerous manuscript corrections by several hands ; the typographical errors, with which that edition abounds, are sedulously corrected, and the writers have also tried their hands at conjectural emendation extensively. Many of these emendations correspond with those in Mr. Collier's volume, but chiefly in those cases where the error in the old copy was pretty evident ; but the readings often vary, and sometimes for the better."

Thus much may suffice for indicating generally the condition in which Shakespeare's plays have come down to us. Of course the early quartos and the first folio are, in the proper sense, our only authorities for the Poet's text. But his text has not been, and most assuredly never will be allowed to remain in the condition there given. The labours

and the judgment of learned, sagacious, painstaking, diligent workmen in the field have had, ought to have, must have, a good deal of weight in deciding how the matter should go. And now the question confronts us whether, after all, there is any likelihood of Shakespeare's text being ever got into a satisfactory state. Perhaps, nay, I may as well say probably, not. Probably the best to be looked for here is a greater or less degree of approximation to such a state. At all events, if it come at all, it is to come as the slow cumulative result of a great many minds working jointly, or severally, and successively, and each contributing its measure, be it more, be it less, towards the common cause. A mite done here, and a mite done there, will at length, when time shall cast up the sum, accomplish we know not what.

The Bible apart, Shakespeare's dramas are, by general consent, the greatest classic and literary treasure of the world. His text, with all the admitted imperfections on its head, is nevertheless a venerable and sacred thing, and must nowise be touched but under a strong restraining sense of pious awe. *Woe to the man that exercises his critical surgery here without a profound reverence for the subject!* All glib ingenuity, all shifty cleverness, should be sternly warned off from meddling with the matter. Nothing is easier than making or proposing ingenious and plausible corrections. But changes merely ingenious are altogether worse than none ; and whoever goes about the work with his mind at all in trim for it will much rather have any corrections he may make or propose flatly condemned as bad, than have that *sweetish* epithet politely smiled, or *sneered*, upon them. On the other hand, to make corrections that are really judicious, corrections that have due respect to all sides of the case, and fit all round, and that keep strictly within the limits of such freedom as must be permitted in the presenting of so great a classic so deeply hurt with textual corruptions ; — this is, indeed, just

the nicest and most delicate art in the whole work of modern editorship. And as a due application of this art requires a most circumspective and discriminating judgment, together with a life-long acquaintance with the Poet's mental and rhythmic and lingual idiom ; so, again, there needs no small measure of the same preparation, in order to a judicious estimate of any ripely-considered textual change.

The work of ascertaining and amending Shakespeare's text systematically began with Rowe in 1709, his first edition having came out that year, his second in 1714. The work was continued by Pope, who also put forth two editions, in 1723 and 1728. Pope was followed by Theobald, whose two editions appeared in 1733 and 1740. Then came Hanmer's edition in 1743, and Warburton's in 1749. All through the latter half of the eighteenth century the process was sedulously continued by Johnson, Capell, Steevens, Malone, Rann, and sundry others. Heath, though not an editor, was hardly inferior to any of them in understanding and judgment ; and his comments remain to this day among the best we have. Most of these men were very strong and broad in learning and sagacity, and in the other furnishings needful for their task ; none of them were wanting in respect for the Poet ; and all of them did good service.

It must be admitted, however, that many, if not most, of these workmen handled the text with excessive freedom ; and perhaps it may be justly said that, taken all together, they corrupted quite as much as they corrected it. They seem to have gone somewhat upon the principle of giving what, in their judgment, the Poet ought to have written ; whereas the thing we want is not what anybody may think he ought to have written, but what, as nearly as can be judged, he actually did write. Accordingly much labour has since had to be spent in undoing what was thus overdone.

During the present century the process of correction has

been kept up, but much more temperately, and by minds well fitted and furnished for the task, though probably, as a whole, not equal to the earlier series of workmen. Among these are Singer, Collier, Dyce, Staunton, Halliwell, and White, faithful and highly competent labourers, whose names will doubtless hold prominent and permanent places in Shakespearean lore.

The excessive freedom in textual change used by the earlier series of editors has naturally had the effect of provoking a reaction. For the last forty years or thereabouts, this reaction has been in progress, and is now, I think, at its height, having reached an extreme fully as great, and not a whit more commendable than the former extreme. Of course this can hardly fail in due time to draw on another reaction ; and already signs are not wanting that such a result is surely forthcoming. To the former license of correction there has succeeded a license, not less vicious, of interpretation. Explanations the most strained, far-fetched, and over-subtile are now very much the order of the day,—things sure to disgust the common sense of sober, candid, circumspective, cool-judging minds. It is said that the old text must not be changed save in cases of “absolute necessity” ; and this dictum is so construed, in theory at least, as to prompt and cover all the excesses of the most fanciful, fine-drawn, and futile ingenuity. The thing has grown to the ridiculous upshot of glozing and conjuring stark printer’s errors into poetic beauties, and the awkwardest hitchings and haltings of metre into “elegant retardations.” To minds so captivated with their own ingenuity, an item of the old text that is utter nonsense is specially attractive ; because, to be sure, they can the more easily spell their own sense, or want of sense, into it. And so we see them doggedly tenacious of such readings as none but themselves can explain, and fondly concocting such explanations thereof as none but

themselves can understand ; tormenting the meaning they want out of words that are no more akin to it than the multiplication-table is to a trilobite. Surely, then, the thing now most in order is a course of temperance and moderation, a calmness and equipoise of judgment, steering clear of both extremes, and sounding in harmony with plain old common sense, one ounce of which is worth more than a ton of exegetical ingenuity. For Shakespeare, be it observed, is just our great imperial sovereign of common sense ; and sooner or later the study of him will needs kill off all the editors that run in discord with this supreme quality of his workmanship.

The present generation of Shakespearians are rather conspicuously, not to say ostentatiously, innocent of respect for their predecessors. They even seem to measure the worth of their own doings by their self-complacent ignoring or upbraiding of what has been done before. Might it not be well for them to bethink themselves now and then what sort of a lesson their contempt of the past is likely to teach the future ? Possibly plain sensible people, who prefer small perspicuities to big obscurities, soft-voiced solidities to high-sounding nihilities, may take it into their heads that wisdom was not born with the present generation, and will not die with it. After all, Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Johnson, Capell, and others, though by no means infallible, yet were not fools : they knew several things ; and their minds were at least tolerably clear of conceit and cant : I suspect they understood their business quite as well, and laboured in it quite as uprightly and fruitfully, as those who now insist on proceeding as if nothing had ever been done ; as if it had been reserved exclusively for them to understand and appreciate the Poet. In this, as in some other matters, to "stand as if a man were author of himself, and knew no other kin," is not exactly the thing. The best that any of

us can do is to add somewhat, perhaps a very, very little, to the building that others have worked upon and helped to rear ; and if we are to begin by a clean sweeping away of what others have done, that so our puny architecture may have a better chance of being seen, is it not possible that the sum of our own doings, as time shall foot it up, will prove a minus quantity ?

Certainly changes in the old text of Shakespeare ought not to be made without strong and clear reasons : and after they have been so made, stronger and clearer reasons may arise, or may be shown, for unmaking them. Very well ; be it so. But such reasons are not to be nonsuited by unreasonable explanations, by superfine glozings, and rhetorical smokings. The *cacoethes emendandi* and the *cacoethes explanandi* are alike out of place, and to be avoided. I have already quoted the phrase "absolute necessity," now so often used by the ultraists of textual conservatism. This phrase seems to bind the thing up very tightly : yet, even with those who urge it most strongly, it is found to have, in effect, no firm practical meaning ; at least not a whit more than the phrase "strong and clear reasons." To illustrate what I mean :

Mr. Furness, in his *King Lear*, iii. 6, prints "This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken *sinews*" ; thus rejecting Theobald's reading, "broken *senses*," for the old text : and he does this on the ground that "the change is not absolutely necessary." Yet, in ii. 4, he prints "To be a comrade of the wolf, and *howl* necessity's sharp pinch !" thus substituting *howl*, from Collier's second folio, for *owl*, the old reading. And I think he shows strong and clear reasons for the change. But, strictly speaking, I can see no absolute necessity for it : some tolerable sense can be made, has been made, out of the old text. Nay, more ; the change, in this case, as it seems to me, does not come so near being abso-

lutely necessary as in the case of Theobald's *senses*. I must needs think that *owl* yields, of the two, a better and more fitting sense in the one place than *sinews* does in the other. Nevertheless, in the instance of *howl*, Mr. Furness seems to me to make out a clear case; to justify the change triumphantly; this too without any approach to overstrained refinement; insomuch that I should henceforth never think of printing the passage otherwise than as he prints it. So, be it that absolute necessity is the true rule, have we not here a pretty good instance of that rule being "more honour'd in the breach than the observance"?

And I think the same argument will hold even more strongly touching another reading which he adopts from the same source. It is in i. 1, where he prints "It is no vicious blot, *nor other* foulness," instead of the old reading, "no vicious blot, *murther, or* foulness." Here the need of the change, to my thinking, is not so exigent nor so evident as in either of the former cases, especially the first: a good deal, I think, can here be said in defence of the old reading: at all events, I can nowise understand how the absolute necessity that rules out *senses* can consistently rule-in *howl* and *nor other*. But Mr. Furness, with all his austere and, as I must think, rather overstrained conservatism, so commands my respect, that I accept his judgment in both the latter cases, though dissenting from him altogether in the first; herein following, as I take it, the absolute necessity which he practises, and not the one which he preaches. And indeed so many men preach better than they practise, that it is decidedly refreshing to meet, now and then, with one who reverses this order, and makes his practice come out ahead.

Of course this point might easily be illustrated at almost any length. For the old text has hundreds of cases substantially parallel with those I have cited; cases where, in my judg-

ment, there are strong and clear reasons for textual changes made or proposed by former Shakespearians, but where the new school, with their canon of "absolute necessity," hold on to stark corruptions, and then make up for their textual strictness with the largest exegetical license. Yet I have never caught any of these bigots (so I must term them) of the old letter finding fault when we, of a somewhat more liberal bent, have adopted any corrections which they have themselves proposed. Here, as, to be sure, is very natural, their "absolute necessity" smiles itself into an aspect practicable enough.

For, in truth, several of them seem equally intent on finding reasons for condemning corrections that others have made, and for proposing or approving new corrections ; and their wrong-headed, perhaps I should say pig-headed, ingenuity in both parts of the business is sometimes ludicrous, sometimes otherwise. So, for instance, one of them has lately approved, and another adopted, a new reading in *The Tempest*, i. 2 : "Urchins shall *forth at* vast of night, that they may work all exercise on thee" ; where both the old and the common reading is, "Urchins shall, *for that* vast of night that they may work, all exercise on thee." Here, of course, *for* gives the sense of duration, or prolonged action ; which is just what the occasion requires. For it is well known that urchins were wont to go forth, and work, or play, during the vast of night, anyhow ; this was their special right or privilege ; and Prospero means that, during that time, he will have them exercise their talents on Caliban. In my poor opinion, therefore, both the approver and the adopter of the forecited change have thereby, so far as one instance can tell against them, earned an exclusion, or a dismissal, from the seat of judgment in questions of that sort. However, when any of these gentlemen offer us, as they sometimes do, corrections that can show strong and clear reasons, I, for

one, shall be happy to prefer their practice also to their preaching ; and if they see fit to frown their preaching upon me, I have but to laugh back their own practice upon them : so, if they can stand it, I can.

But there is one thing which I feel bound to set my face against, however insignificant that setting may be. It is this. Of course there are a great many plain cases of textual corruption, where, notwithstanding, a full and perfect certainty as to the right correction is not to be attained. These often try an editor's labour and judgment and patience to the uttermost. But it is an editor's business, in such cases, to sift and weigh the whole matter with all possible care, to make up his mind, and do the best he can. This is a tedious and painful, as also, in most cases, a thankless process. So a custom has lately been started, for editors, when on this score any "doubts or scruples tease the brain," to shirk the whole matter, to shift off the burden upon others, and to dodge all responsibility and all hazard of a wrong decision, by sticking an obelus in to note the corruption ; thus calling the reader's attention to his need of help, and yet leaving him utterly unhelped. This is indeed "most tolerable and not to be endured." It is, in effect, equivalent to telling us that they know more than all the previous editors, yet do not know enough for the cause they have undertaken, and so have no way but to adjourn the court.

There is one other topic upon which I must say a few words. — It is somewhat in question how far the spelling and the verbal forms of the old copies ought to be retained. Mr. White, following the folio, prints *murther* for *murder*, *fadom* for *fathom*, and in some cases, if I rightly remember, *moder* for *mother*. Now there seems to me just as much reason for keeping the two latter archaisms as for keeping the first ; that is to say, none at all. Herein, however, Mr. White is at least consistent ; which is more than can be said of some

other recent editing ; though I admit that in this instance consistency is not a jewel. And Mr. Furness, in the Preface to his *King Lear*, announces that hereafter he shall adhere to the old form, or old spelling, of *then* for *than*, as also of the antique concessive *and* for *an*. In an edition like his designed chiefly for students and scholars, there may be some reason for this which does not hold in the case of editions looking to general use ; yet even that appears to me somewhat more than doubtful. Mr. Furness urges that Spenser always uses *then* for *than*, and that none of his modern editors think of substituting the latter. But Spenser manifestly took pains to give his language a special air or smack of antiquity, and so made it more archaic than the general usage of his time. Moreover, Spenser is now very little read, if at all, save by scholars and students ; and, if I were to edit any portion of him for common use, I should make no scruple of printing *than*, except in cases where *then* might need to be kept for the rhyme.

Again : All students of Shakespeare know that the folio has many instances of *God buy you*, the old colloquial abridgment of *God be with you*, which has been still further shortened into our *Good bye*. Probably, in the Poet's time, the phrase was sounded *God buv you*. Here I see no other, or no better, way to keep both sense and sound, and rhythm also, than by printing *God b' wi' you* ; and so in this edition I always print, or mean to print. Would Mr. Furness, in this instance also, retain the old form or spelling *buy*? The phrase, I believe, does not occur in *King Lear*, so that he had no occasion there for making any sign of his thought on the subject. The phrase occurs twice in *Hamlet*, first in ii. i, and again in ii. 2 ; and there he prints "God be wi' you" and "God be wi' ye" ; but on some points his views have changed since his superb edition of that play was issued. Whatever his purpose may be, I cannot but think there is

quite as good reason for adhering strictly to the old letter in this instance as in that of *then* or of *and*. And the case is substantially the same in reference to a great many other words : in fact, I do not see how this principle of retention can consistently stop, till it shall have restored the old spelling altogether.

My own practice in this matter is, wherever any thing either of sense, or of rhythm, or of metre, or of rhyme, is involved, to retain the old forms or old spelling. For instance, the folio has *cyne* for *eyes*, and rhyming with *mine*; also *denay* for *denial*, and rhyming with *say*: it also has *throughly* for *thoroughly*, and *thorough* for *through*. Of course I should never think, probably no editor would think, of disturbing these archaisms, or such as these. Even when, as is often the case, there is no reason of metre or of rhyme for keeping them, they are essential items in the Poet's rhythm ; for good prose has a rhythm of its own as well as verse. Now Shakespeare, especially in his verse, was evidently very particular and exact in the care of his rhythm and metre, and therefore of his syllables. The folio has almost numberless minute proofs and indications of this ; and here, of course, the smaller the note, the more significance it bears as regards the Poet's habit and purpose. Perhaps there is no one point wherein this is oftener shown than in his very frequent elision of the article *the*, so as to make it coalesce with the preceding word into one syllable. So, especially in his later plays, there is almost no end to such elisions as *by th'*, *do th'*, *for th'*, *from th'*, *on th'*, *to th'*, &c. ; and the folio has many instances of the double elision *wi' th'* for *with the*. Now I hold, and have long held it important that, as far as practicable, these little things be carefully preserved, not only because they are essential parts of the Poet's verbal modulation, but also as significant notes or registers of his scrupulous and delicate attention to this element of his workman-

ship. Yet the whole thing is totally ignored in all the recent editions that I am conversant with ; all, with the one exception of Mr. Furness's latest volume, his *King Lear*, where it is carefully attended to. And right glad am I that it is ; for, as I must think, it ought never to have been neglected.

But, in certain other points,—points where nothing of rhyme or metre or rhythm or sense is concerned,—I have pursued, and shall pursue, a somewhat different course.—It is well known to Shakespearians that the old text has some twelve or fifteen, perhaps more, instances of *it* used possessively, or where we should use *its*, the latter not being a current form in the Poet's time, though then just creeping into use. And so the English Bible, as originally printed in 1611, has not a single instance of *its*: it has, however, one or two, perhaps more, instances of *it* used in the same way. In these cases, all modern editions, so far as I know, print *its*, and are, I hold, unquestionably right in doing so. It is true, Shakespeare's old text has repeated instances of *its*, and these are more frequent in the later plays than in the earlier. And in most of these cases the folio prints it with an apostrophe, *it's*; though in two or three places, if not more, we there have it printed without the apostrophe.

In all these cases, whether of *it* or *its* or *its*, I make no scruple whatever of printing simply *its*; though I sometimes call attention to the old usage in my Critical Notes. For, in truth, I can perceive no sort of sense or reason in retaining the possessive *it* in Shakespeare's text, or, at all events, in any presentation of it designed for common use. Yet we have some recent editing apparently taking no little credit to itself for keeping up and propagating this unmeaning and worthless bit of archaic usage; whereas the Poet himself was evidently impatient of it, as he shook himself more and more free from it, the riper he grew. Of course the same recent editing insists punctually on keeping the apostro-

phized form, *it's*, wherever the folio prints it so. Surely there is no more reason for retaining the apostrophe here, than there is for omitting it in the numberless cases where the folio omits it; as in "like my brothers fault," and "against my brothers life." For all who have so much as looked into that volume must know that genitives and plurals are there commonly printed just alike. But, indeed, the retention of these archaisms seems to me no better than sheer idolatry or dotage of the old letter; all the arguments but those of pedantry or affectation drawing clean away from it. That an editor who stands rigidly on these points should nevertheless quite overlook other things of real weight, like those I pointed out a little before, may seem strange to some: but I suspect it is all in course; for they who ride hobbies are apt to lose sight of every thing but the particular hobby they happen to be riding.

And now a word as to the ordering of the plays in this edition. The folio has them arranged in three distinct series, severally entitled Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. The plays of the first and third series are there arranged seemingly at haphazard, and without any regard to the order of time in which they were written; those of the second or historic series, simply according to the chronological order of the persons and events represented in them; the three that were no doubt written first being thus placed after several that were of later composition. In this edition, the three series of the folio are kept distinct; but the several plays of each series are meant to be arranged, as nearly as may be, according to the chronological order of the writing. This is done merely because such appears to be the most natural and fitting principle of arrangement, and not that the Poet may be read or studied "historically"; a matter which is made a good deal of by some, but which, as it

seems to me, is really of no practical consequence whatever. Nor is it claimed that the actual order of the writing is precisely followed in every particular: in fact, this order has not yet been fully settled, and probably never will be; though, to be sure, something considerable has been done towards such settlement within the last few years.

I must not let this Preface go without expressing a very deep and lively sense of my obligations to Mr. JOSEPH CROSBY. The work of preparing this edition was set about in good earnest on the 23d of April, 1873, and has been the main burden of my thought and care ever since. From that time to the present, a frequent and steady correspondence, of the greatest use and interest to me, has been passing between Mr. Crosby and myself. The results thereof are in some measure made apparent in my Critical Notes, and still more in the foot-notes; but, after all, a very large, if not the larger, portion of the benefit I have received is not capable of being put in definite form, and having credit given for it in detail. Indeed, I owe him much,—much in the shape of distinctly-useable matter, but more in the way of judicious counsel, kindly encouragement, and friendship steadfast and true.

CAMBRIDGE, August 2, 1880.



## LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

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SHAKESPEARE\* is, by general suffrage, the greatest name in literature. There can be no extravagance in saying, that to all who speak the English language his genius has made the world better worth living in, and life a nobler and diviner thing. And even among those who do not "speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake," large numbers are studying the English language mainly for the purpose of being at home with him. How he came to be what he was, and to do what he did, are questions that can never cease to be interesting, wherever his works are known, and men's powers of thought in any fair measure developed. But Providence has left a veil, or rather a cloud, about his history, so that these questions are not likely to be satisfactorily answered.

The first formal attempt at an account of Shakespeare's life

\* Much discussion has been had in our time as to the right way of spelling the Poet's name. The few autographs of his that are extant do not enable us to decide positively how he wrote his name; or rather they show that he had no one constant way of writing it. But the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece* were unquestionably published by his authority, and in the dedications of both these poems the name is printed "Shakespeare." The same holds in all the quarto issues of his plays, where the author's name is given, with the one exception of *Love's Labours Lost*, which has it "Shakespere"; as it also holds in the folio. And in very many of these cases the name is printed with a hyphen, "Shake-speare," as if on purpose that there might be no mistake about it. All which, surely, is or ought to be decisive as to how the Poet willed his name to be spelt in print. Inconstancy in the spelling of names was very common in his time.

was made by Nicholas Rowe, and the result thereof published in 1709, ninety-three years after the Poet's death. Rowe's account was avowedly made up, for the most part, from traditional materials collected by Betterton the actor, who made a visit to Stratford expressly for that purpose. Betterton was born in 1635, nineteen years after the death of Shakespeare ; became an actor before 1660, retired from the stage about 1700, and died in 1710. At what time he visited Stratford is not known. It is to be regretted that Rowe did not give Betterton's authorities for the particulars gathered by him. It is certain, however, that very good sources of information were accessible in his time : Judith Quiney, the Poet's second daughter, lived till 1662 ; Lady Barnard, his granddaughter, till 1670 ; and Sir William Davenant, who in his youth had known Shakespeare, was manager of the theatre in which Betterton acted.

After Rowe's account, scarce any thing was added till the time of Malone, who by a learned and most industrious searching of public and private records brought to light a considerable number of facts, some of them very important, touching the Poet and his family. And in our own day Mr. Collier has followed up the inquiry with very great diligence, and with no inconsiderable success ; though, unfortunately, much of the matter supplied by him has been discredited as unauthentic, by those from whom there is in such cases no appeal. Lastly, Mr. Halliwell has given his intelligent and indefatigable labours to the same task, and made some valuable additions to our stock.

The lineage of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, on the paternal side, has not been traced further back than his grandfather. The name, which in its composition smacks of brave old knighthood and chivalry, was frequent in Warwickshire from an early period.

The father of our Poet was JOHN SHAKESPEARE, who is

found living at Stratford-on-Avon in 1552. He was most likely a native of Snitterfield, a village three miles from Stratford; as we find a Richard Shakespeare living there in 1550, and occupying a house and land owned by Robert Arden, the maternal grandfather of our Poet. This appears from a deed executed July 17, 1550, in which Robert Arden conveyed certain lands and tenements in Snitterfield, described as being "now in the tenure of one Richard Shakespeare," to be held in trust for three daughters "after the death of Robert and Agnes Arden."

An entry in a Court Roll, dated April, 1552, ascertains that John Shakespeare was living in Stratford at that time. And an entry in the Bailiff's Court, dated June, 1556, describes him as "John Shakespeare, of Stratford in the county of Warwick, *glover*." In 1558, the same John Shakespeare, and four others, one of whom was Francis Burbage, then at the head of the corporation, were fined four pence each "for not keeping their gutters clean."

There is ample proof that at this period John Shakespeare's affairs were in a thriving condition. In October, 1556, he became the owner of two copyhold estates, one of them consisting of a house with a garden and a croft attached to it, the other of a house and garden. As these were estates of inheritance, the tenure was nearly equal to freehold; so that he must have been pretty well-to-do in the world at the time. For several years after, his circumstances continued to improve. Before 1558, he became the owner, by marriage, of a farm at Wilmecote, consisting of fifty-six acres, besides two houses and two gardens; moreover, he held, in right of his wife, a considerable share in a property at Snitterfield. Another addition to his property was made in 1575,—a freehold estate, bought for the sum of £40, and described as consisting of "two houses, two gardens, and two orchards, with their appurtenances."

Several other particulars have been discovered, which go to ascertain his wealth as compared with that of other Stratford citizens. In 1564, the year of the Poet's birth, a malignant fever, called the plague, invaded Stratford. Its hungriest period was from the last of June to the last of December, during which time it swept off two hundred and thirty-eight persons out of a population of about fourteen hundred. None of the Shakespeare family are found among its victims. Large draughts were made upon the charities of the town on account of this frightful visitation. In August, the citizens held a meeting in the open air, from fear of infection, and various sums were contributed for the relief of the poor. The High-Bailiff gave 3*s.* 4*d.*, the head-alderman 2*s.* 8*d.*; John Shakespeare, being then only a burgess, gave 1*d.*; and in the list of burgesses there were but two who gave more. Other donations were made for the same cause, he bearing a proportionable share in them.

We have seen that in June, 1556, John Shakespeare was termed a glover. In November of the same year he is found bringing an action against one of his neighbours for unjustly detaining a quantity of barley; which naturally infers him to have been more or less engaged in agricultural pursuits. It appears that at a later period agriculture was his main pursuit, if not his only one; for the town records show that in 1564 he was paid three shillings for a piece of timber; and we find him described in 1575 as a "yeoman." Rowe gives a tradition of his having been "a considerable dealer in wool." It is nowise unlikely that such may have been the case. The modern divisions of labour and trade were then little known and less regarded; several kinds of business being often carried on together, which are now kept distinct; and we have special proof that gloves and wool were apt to be united as articles of trade.

I must next trace, briefly, the career of John Shakespeare as a public officer in the Stratford corporation. After holding several minor offices, he was in 1558, and again in 1559, chosen one of the four constables. In 1561 he was a second time made one of the four affeerors, whose duty it was to determine the fines for such offences as had no penalties prescribed by statute. The same year, 1561, he was chosen one of the chamberlains of the borough, a very responsible office, which he held two years. Advancing steadily in the public confidence, he became an alderman in 1565 ; and in 1568 was elected Bailiff, the highest honour the corporation could bestow. He held this office a year. The series of local honours conferred upon him ended with his being chosen head-alderman in 1571 ; which office also he held a year. The rule being "once an alderman always an alderman," unless positive action were taken to the contrary, he retained that office till 1586, when, for persevering non-attendance at the meetings, he was deprived of his gown.

After all these marks of public consequence, the reader may be surprised to learn that John Shakespeare, the father of the world's greatest thinker and greatest poet, could not write his name ! Such was undoubtedly the fact ; and I take pleasure in noting it, as showing, what is too apt to be forgotten in these bookish days, that men may know several things, and may have witty children, without being initiated in the mysteries of pen and ink. In the borough records for 1565 is an order signed by nineteen aldermen and burgesses, calling upon John Wheler to undertake the office of Bailiff. Of these signers thirteen are markmen, and among them are the names of George Whately, then Bailiff, Roger Sadler, head-alderman, and John Shakespeare. So that there was nothing remarkable in his not being able to wield a pen. As Bailiff of Stratford, he was *ex officio* a

justice of the peace ; and two warrants are extant, granted by him in December, 1568, for the arrest of John Ball and Richard Walcar on account of debts ; both of them bearing witness that " he had a mark to himself, like an honest, plain-dealing man." Several other cases in point are met with at later periods ; some of which show that his wife stood on the same footing with him in this respect. In October, 1579, John and Mary Shakespeare executed a deed and bond for the transfer of their interest in certain property ; both of which are subscribed with their several marks, and sealed with their respective seals.

John Shakespeare's good fortune seems to have reached its height about the year 1575, after which time we meet with many clear tokens of his decline. It is not improbable that his affairs may have got embarrassed from his having too many irons in the fire. The registry of the Court of Record, from 1555 to 1595, has a large number of entries respecting him, which show him to have been engaged in a great variety of transactions, and to have had more litigation on his hands than would now be thought either creditable or safe. But, notwithstanding his decline of fortune, we have proofs as late as 1592 that he still retained the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens. From that time forward, his affairs were doubtless taken care of by one who, as we shall see hereafter, was much interested not to let them suffer, and also well able to keep them in good trim. He was buried September 8, 1601 ; so that, supposing him to have reached his majority when first heard of in 1552, he must have passed the age of threescore-and-ten.

On the maternal side, our Poet's lineage was of a higher rank, and may be traced further back. His mother was MARY ARDEN, a name redolent of old poetry and romance. The family of Arden was among the most ancient in War-

wickshire. Their history, as given by Dugdale, spreads over six centuries. Sir John Arden was squire of the body to Henry the Seventh; and he had a nephew, the son of a younger brother, who was page of the bedchamber to the same monarch. These were at that time places of considerable service and responsibility; and both the uncle and the nephew were liberally rewarded by their royal master. By conveyances dated in December, 1519, it appears that Robert Arden then became the owner of houses and land in Snitterfield. Other purchases by him of lands and houses are recorded from time to time. The Poet's maternal grandfather, also named Robert, died in 1556. In his will, dated November 24th, and proved December 16th, of that year, he makes special bequests to his "youngest daughter Mary," and also appoints her and another daughter, named Alice, "full executors of this my last will and testament." On the whole, it is evident enough that he was a man of good landed estate. Both he and John Shakespeare appear to have been of that honest and substantial old English yeomanry from whose better-than-royal stock and lineage the great Poet of Nature might most fitly fetch his life and being. Of the Poet's grandmother on either side we know nothing whatever.

Mary Arden was the youngest of seven children, all of them daughters. The exact time of her marriage is uncertain, no registry of it having been found. She was not married at the date of her father's will, November, 1556. Joan, the first-born of John and Mary Shakespeare, was baptized in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, September 15, 1558. We have seen that at this time John Shakespeare was well established and thriving in business, and was making good headway in the confidence of the Stratfordians, being one of the constables of the borough. On the 2d of December, 1562, while he was chamberlain,

his second child was christened Margaret. On the 26th of April, 1564, was baptized "WILLIAM, son of John Shakespeare." The day of his birth is not positively known, but the general custom then was to baptize infants at three days old, and the custom is justly presumed to have been followed in this instance. Accordingly the 23d of April is agreed upon everywhere throughout the English-speaking world as the Poet's birthday, and is often celebrated as such with appropriate festivities. We have seen that throughout the following Summer the destroyer was busy in Stratford, making fearful spoil of her sons and daughters ; but it spared the babe on whose life hung the fate of English literature. Other children were added to the family, to the number of eight, several of them dying in the mean time. On the 15th of April, 1569, their third daughter was christened Joan, the first having died in infancy. On the 28th of September, 1571, soon after the father became head-alderman, a fourth daughter was baptized Anne. Hitherto the parish register has known him only as John Shakespeare : in this case it designates him "*Master* Shakespeare" ; and in all cases after this the name is written with that significant prefix. From which it appears that by holding the offices of High-Bailiff and Head-Alderman he had gained for himself the rank and title of *Gentleman*. Such rank and title, however, so gained, were personal only, and were not transmissible to his children.

Nothing further is heard of Mrs. Mary Shakespeare till her death in 1608. On the 9th of September, that year, the parish register notes the burial of "Mary Shakespeare, widow," her husband having died seven years before. That she had in a special degree the confidence and affection of her father, is apparent from the treatment she received in his will. It would be very gratifying, no doubt, perhaps very instructive also, to be let into the domestic life and

character of the Poet's mother. That both her nature and her discipline entered largely into his composition, and had much to do in making him what he was, can hardly be questioned. Whatsoever of woman's beauty and sweetness and wisdom was expressed in her life and manners could not but be caught and repeated in his susceptive and fertile mind. He must have grown familiar with the noblest parts of womanhood somewhere ; and I can scarce conceive how he should have learned them so well, but that the light and glory of them beamed upon him from his mother. At the time of her death, the Poet was in his forty-fifth year, and had already produced those mighty works which were to fill the world with his fame. For some years she must in all likelihood have been more or less under his care and protection ; as her age, at the time of her death, could not well have been less than seventy.

And here I am minded to notice a point which, it seems to me, has been somewhat overworked within the last few years. Gervinus, the German critic, thinks — and our Mr. Grant White agrees with him — that Shakespeare acquired all his best ideas of womanhood after he went to London, and conversed with the ladies of the city. And in support of this notion they cite the fact — for such it is — that the women of his later plays are much superior to those of his earlier ones. But are not the *men* of his later plays quite as much superior to the men of his first ? Are not his later plays as much better *every way*, as in respect of the female characters ? The truth seems to be, that Shakespeare saw more of great and good in both man and woman, as he became older and knew them better ; for he was full of intellectual righteousness in this as in other things. And in this matter it may with something of special fitness be said that a man finds what he brings with him the faculty for finding. Shakespeare's mind did not stay on the surface of things.

Probably there never was a man more alive to the presence of humble, modest worth. And to his keen yet kindly eye the plain-thoughted women of his native Stratford may well have been as pure, as sweet, as lovely, as rich in all the inward graces which he delighted to unfold in his female characters, as any thing he afterwards found among the fine ladies of the metropolis ; albeit I mean no disparagement to these latter ; for the Poet was by the best of all rights a gentleman, and the ladies who pleased him in London doubtless had sense and womanhood enough to recognize him as such. At all events, it is reasonable to suppose that the foundations of his mind were laid before he left Stratford, and that the gatherings of the boy's eye and heart were the germs of the man's thoughts.

We have seen our Poet springing from what may be justly termed the best vein of old English life. At the time of his birth, his parents, considering the purchases previously made by the father, and the portion inherited by the mother, must have been tolerably well off. Malone, reckoning only the bequests specified in her father's will, estimated Mary Shakespeare's fortune to be not less than £110. Later researches have brought to light considerable items of property that were unknown to Malone. Supposing her fortune to have been as good as £150 then, it would go nearly if not quite as far as \$5000 in our time. So that the Poet passed his boyhood in just about that medium state between poverty and riches which is accounted most favourable to health of body and mind.

At the time when his father became High-Bailiff the Poet was in his fifth year ; old enough to understand something of what would be said and done in the home of an English magistrate, and to take more or less interest in the duties, the hospitalities, and perhaps the gayeties incident to the headship of the borough. It would seem that the Poet

came honestly by his inclination to the Drama. During his term of office, John Shakespeare is found acting in his public capacity as a patron of the stage. The chamberlain's accounts show that twice in the course of that year money was paid to different companies of players; and these are the earliest notices we have of theatrical performances in that ancient town. The Bailiff and his son William were most likely present at those performances. From that time forward, all through the Poet's youth, probably no year passed without similar exhibitions at Stratford. In 1572, however, an act was passed for restraining itinerant players, whereby, unless they could show a patent under the great seal, they became liable to be proceeded against as vagabonds, for performing without a license from the local authorities. Nevertheless, the chamberlain's accounts show that between 1569 and 1587 no less than ten distinct companies performed at Stratford under the patronage of the corporation. In 1587, five of those companies are found performing there; and within the period just mentioned the Earl of Leicester's men are noted on three several occasions as receiving money from the town treasury. In May, 1574, the Earl of Leicester obtained a patent under the great seal, enabling his players, James Burbage and four others, to exercise their art in any part of the kingdom except London. In 1587, this company became "The Lord Chamberlain's servants"; and we shall in due time find Shakespeare belonging to it. James Burbage was the father of Richard Burbage, probably the greatest actor of that age. The family was most likely from Warwickshire, and perhaps from Stratford, as we have already met with the name in that town. Such were the opportunities our embryo Poet had for catching the first rudiments of the art in which he afterwards displayed such mastery.

The forecited accounts have an entry, in 1564, of two

shillings “paid for defacing image in the chapel.” Even then the excesses generated out of the Reformation were invading such towns as Stratford, and waging a “crusade against the harmless monuments of the ancient belief; no exercise of taste being suffered to interfere with what was considered a religious duty.” In these exhibitions of strolling players this spirit found matter, no doubt, more deserving of its hostility. While the Poet was yet a boy, a bitter war of books and pamphlets had begun against plays and players; and the Stratford records inform us of divers attempts to suppress them in that town; but the issue proves that the Stratfordians were not easily beaten from that sort of entertainment, in which they evidently took great delight.

We have seen that both John and Mary Shakespeare, instead of writing their name, were so far disciples of Jack Cade as to use the more primitive way of making their mark. It nowise follows from this that they could not read; neither have we any certain evidence that they could. Be this as it may, there was no good reason why their children should not be able to say, “I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.” A Free-School had been founded at Stratford by Thomas Jolyffe in the reign of Edward the Fourth. In 1553, King Edward the Sixth granted a charter, giving it a legal status, with legal rights and duties, under the name of “The King’s New School of Stratford-upon-Avon.” What particular course or method of instruction was used there, we have no certain knowledge; but it was probably much the same as that used in other like schools of that period; which included the elementary branches of English, and also the rudiments of classical learning.

Here it was, no doubt, that Shakespeare acquired the “small Latin and less Greek” which Ben Jonson accords to him. What was “small” learning in the eyes of such a

scholar as Jonson, may yet have been something handsome in itself ; and his remark may fairly imply that the Poet had at least the regular free-school education of the time. Honourably ambitious, as his father seems to have been, of being somebody, it is not unlikely that he may have prized learning the more for being himself without it. William was his oldest son ; when his fortune began to ebb, the Poet was in his fourteenth year, and, from his native qualities of mind, we cannot doubt that, up to that time at least, " all the learnings that his *town* could make him the receiver of he took, as we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd, and in his Spring became a harvest."

The honest but credulous gossip Aubrey, who died about 1700, states, on the authority of one Beeston, that " Shakespeare understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." The statement may fairly challenge some respect, inasmuch as persons of the name of Beeston were connected with the stage before Shakespeare's death and long afterwards. And it is not unlikely that the Poet may, at some time, have been an assistant teacher in the free-school at Stratford. Nor does this conflict with Rowe's account, which states that John Shakespeare kept William at the free-school for some time ; but that straitness of circumstances and need of help forced him to withdraw his son from the school. Though writing from tradition, Rowe was evidently careful, and what he says agrees perfectly with what later researches have established respecting John Shakespeare's course of fortune. He also tells us that the Poet's father " could give him no better education than his own employment." John Shakespeare, as we have seen, was so far occupied with agriculture as to be legally styled a " yeoman." Nor am I sure but the ancient functions of an English yeoman's oldest son might be a better education for what the Poet afterwards accomplished

than was to be had at any free-school or university in England. His large and apt use of legal terms and phrases has induced many good Shakespearians learned in the law to believe that he must have been for some time a student of that noble science. It is indeed difficult to understand how he could have spoken as he often does, without some study in the law ; but, as he seems thoroughly at home in the specialties of many callings, it is possible his knowledge in the law may have grown from the large part his father had, either as magistrate or litigant, in legal transactions. I am sure he either studied divinity or else had a strange gift of knowing it without studying it ; and his ripeness in the knowledge of disease and of the healing art is a standing marvel to the medical faculty.

Knight has speculated rather copiously and romantically upon the idea of Shakespeare's having been a spectator of the more-than-royal pomp and pageantry with which the Queen was entertained by Leicester at Kenilworth in 1575. Stratford was fourteen miles from Kenilworth, and the Poet was then eleven years old. That his ears were assailed and his imagination excited by the fame of that magnificent display cannot be doubted, for all that part of the kingdom was laid under contribution to supply it, and was resounding with the noise of it ; but his father was not of a rank to be summoned or invited thither, nor was he of an age to go thither without his father. Positive evidence either way on the point there is none ; nor can I discover any thing in his plays that would fairly infer him to have drunk in the splendour of that occasion, however the fierce attractions thereof may have kindled a mind so brimful of poetry and life. The whole matter is an apt theme for speculation, and for nothing else.

The gleanings of tradition apart, the first knowledge that has reached us of the Poet, after his baptism, has reference to his marriage. Rowe tells us that " he thought fit to marry

while he was very young," and that "his wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford." These statements are borne out by later disclosures. The marriage took place in the Fall of 1582, when the Poet was in his nineteenth year. On the 28th of November, that year, Fulk Sandels and John Richardson subscribed a bond whereby they became liable in the sum of £40, to be forfeited to the Bishop of Worcester in case there should be found any lawful impediment to the marriage of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, of Stratford ; the object being to procure such a dispensation from the Bishop as would authorize the ceremony after once publishing the banns. The original bond is preserved at Worcester, with the marks and seals of the two bondsmen affixed, and also bearing a seal with the initials R. H., as if to show that some legal representative of the bride's father, Richard Hathaway, was present and consenting to the act. There was nothing peculiar in the transaction ; the bond is just the same as was usually given in such cases, and several others like it are to be seen at the office of the Worcester registry.

The parish books all about Stratford and Worcester have been ransacked, but no record of the marriage has been discovered. The probability is, that the ceremony took place in some one of the neighbouring parishes where the registers of that period have not been preserved.

Anne Hathaway was of Shottery, a pleasant village situate within an easy walk of Stratford, and belonging to the same parish. No record of her baptism has come to light, but the baptismal register of Stratford did not begin till 1558. She died on the 6th of August, 1623, and the inscription on her monument gives her age as sixty-seven years. Her birth, therefore, must have been in 1556, eight years before that of her husband.

From certain precepts, dated in 1566, and lately found among the papers of the Stratford Court of Record, it appears that the relations between John Shakespeare and Richard Hathaway were of a very friendly sort. Hathaway's will was made September 1, 1581, and proved July 19, 1582, which shows him to have died a few months before the marriage of his daughter Anne. The will makes good what Rowe says of his being "a substantial yeoman." He appoints Fulk Sandals one of the supervisors of his will, and among the witnesses to it is the name of William Gilbert, then curate of Stratford. One item of the will is, "I owe unto Thomas Whittington, my shepherd, £4, 6 s. 8 d." Whittington died in 1601; and in his will he gives and bequeaths "unto the poor people of Stratford 40 s. that is in the hand of Anne Shakespeare, wife unto Mr. William Shakespeare." The careful old shepherd had doubtless placed the money in Anne Shakespeare's hand for safe keeping, she being a person in whom he had confidence.

The Poet's match was evidently a love-match: whether the love was of that kind which forms the best pledge of wedded happiness, is another question. It is not unlikely that the marriage may have been preceded by the ancient ceremony of troth-plight, or *handfast*, as it was sometimes called; like that which almost takes place between Florizel and Perdita in *The Winter's Tale*, and quite takes place between Olivia and Sebastian in *Twelfth Night*. The custom of troth-plight was much used in that age, and for a long time after. In some places it had the force and effect of an actual marriage. Serious evils, however, sometimes grew out of it; and the Church of England did wisely, no doubt, in uniting the troth-plight and the marriage in one and the same ceremony. Whether such solemn betrothal had or had not taken place between William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, it is certain from the parish register that

they had a daughter, Susanna, baptized on the 26th of May, 1583.

Some of the Poet's later biographers and critics have supposed he was not happy in his marriage. Certain passages of his plays, especially the charming dialogue between the Duke and the disguised Viola in Act ii., scene 4, of *Twelfth Night*, have been cited as involving some reference to the Poet's own case, or as having been suggested by what himself had experienced of the evils resulting from the wedlock of persons "misgraffed in respect of years." There was never any thing but sheer conjecture for this notion. Rowe mentions nothing of the kind ; and we may be sure that his candour would not have spared the Poet, had tradition offered him any such matter. As for the passages in question, I know no reason for excepting them from the acknowledged purity and disinterestedness of the Poet's representations ; where nothing is more remarkable, or more generally commended, than his singular aloofness of self, his perfect freedom from every thing bordering upon egotism.

Mr. Grant White is especially hard upon the Poet's wife, worrying up the matter against her, and fairly tormenting the poor woman's memory. Now the facts about the marriage are just precisely as I have stated them. I confess they are not altogether such as I should wish them to have been ; but I can see no good cause why prurient inference or speculation should busy itself in going behind them. If, however, conjecture must be at work on those facts, surely it had better run in the direction of charity, especially as regards the weaker vessel. I say weaker vessel, because in this case the man must in common fairness be supposed to have had the advantage at least as much in natural strength of understanding as the woman had in years. And as Shakespeare was, by all accounts, a very attractive person, it is not quite clear why she had not as good a right to lose

her heart in his company as he had to lose his in hers. Probably she was as much smitten as he was ; and we may well remember in her behalf, that love's "favourite seat is feeble woman's breast" ; especially as there is not a particle of evidence that her life after marriage was ever otherwise than clear and honourable. And indeed it will do no hurt to remember in reference to them both, how

"Tis affirm'd  
By poets skill'd in Nature's secret ways,  
That Love will not submit to be controll'd  
By mastery.

In support of his view, Mr. White urges, among other things, that most foul and wicked fling which Leontes, in his mad rapture of jealousy, makes against his wife, in Act i., scene 2, of *The Winter's Tale*. He thinks the Poet could not have written that and other strains of like import, but that he was stung into doing so by his own bitter experience of "sorrow and shame" ; and the argument is that, supposing him to have had such a root of bitterness in his life, he must have been thinking of that while writing those passages. The obvious answer is, To be sure, he must have been thinking of that ; but then he must have known that others would think of it too ; and a reasonable delicacy on his part would have counselled the withholding of any thing that he was conscious might be applied to his own domestic affairs. Sensible men do not write in their public pages such things as would be almost sure to breed or foster scandal about their own names or their own homes. The man that has a secret cancer on his person will naturally be the last to speak of cancers in reference to others. I can hardly think Shakespeare was so wanting in a sense of propriety as to have written the passages in question, but that he knew no man could say he was exposing the foulness of his own

nest. So that my inferences in the matter are just the reverse of Mr. White's. As for the alleged need of personal experience in order to the writing of such things, why should not this hold just as well in regard, for instance, to Lady Macbeth's pangs of guilt? Shakespeare's prime characteristic was, that he knew the truth of Nature in all such things without the help of personal experience.

Mr. White presumes, moreover, that Anne Shakespeare was a coarse, low, vulgar creature, such as, the fascination of the honeymoon once worn off, the Poet could not choose but loathe and detest ; and that his betaking himself to London was partly to escape from her hated society. This, too, is all sheer conjecture, and rather lame at that. That Shakespeare was more or less separated from his wife for a number of years, cannot indeed be questioned ; but that he ever found or ever sought relief or comfort in such separation, is what we have no warrant for believing. It was simply forced upon him by the necessities of his condition. The darling object of his London life evidently was, that he might return to his native town, with a handsome competence, and dwell in the bosom of his family ; and the yearly visits, which tradition reports him to have made to Stratford, look like any thing but a wish to forget them or be forgotten by them. From what is known of his subsequent life, it is certain that he had, in large measure, that honourable ambition, so natural to an English gentleman, of being the founder of a family ; and as soon as he had reached the hope of doing so, he retired to his old home, and there set up his rest, as if his best sunshine of life still waited on the presence of her from whose society he is alleged to have fled away in disappointment and disgust.

On the 2d of February, 1585, two more children, twins, were christened in the parish church as "Hamnet and Judith, son and daughter to William Shakespeare." We hear

of no more children being added to the family. I must here so far anticipate as to observe, that the son Hamnet was buried in August, 1596, being then in his twelfth year. This is the first severe home-stroke known to have lighted on the Poet.

Tradition has been busy with the probable causes of Shakespeare's going upon the stage. Several causes have been assigned ; such as, first, a natural inclination to poetry and acting ; second, a deer-stealing frolic, which resulted in making Stratford too hot for him ; third, the pecuniary embarrassments of his father. It is not unlikely that all these causes, and perhaps others, may have concurred in prompting the step.

For the first, we have the testimony of Aubrey, who was at Stratford probably about the year 1680. He was an inveterate hunter after anecdotes, and seems to have caught up, without sifting, whatever quaint or curious matter came in his way. So that no great reliance can attach to what he says, unless it is sustained by other authority. But in this case his words sound like truth, and are supported by all the likelihoods that can grow from what we should presume to have been the Poet's natural turn of mind. "This William," says he, "being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess, about eighteen, and was an actor in one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. He began early to make essays in dramatic poetry, which at that time was very low, and his plays took well. He was a handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men daily wherever they came."

Now the Drama was then a great and rising institution in England, and of course the dramatic interest had its centre in the metropolis. And, from what Shakespeare actually accomplished in the Drama, it is evident that he must have

had a great natural genius for just that sort of thing. Such genius has corresponding instincts, which are uneasy and restless till they find their natural place, but spontaneously recognize and take to that place on meeting with it. So, when dramatic performances fell under the youthful Shakespeare's eye, his genius could hardly fail to be strongly kindled towards the Drama as its native and proper element ; the pre-established harmony thus instinctively prompting and guiding him to the work for which his mind was specially attuned, and in which it would be most at home. This, no doubt, was the *principal* cause of his betaking himself to the stage. Nothing further was wanting but an answering opportunity ; and this was supplied by the passion for dramatic entertainments which then pervaded all ranks of the English people.

The deer-stealing matter as given by Rowe is as follows : That Shakespeare fell into the company of some wild fellows who were in the habit of stealing deer, and who drew him into robbing a park owned by Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. That, being prosecuted for this, he lampooned Sir Thomas in some bitter verses ; which made the Knight so sharp after him, that he had to steal himself off and take shelter in London.

Several have attempted to refute this story ; but the main substance of it stands approved by too much strength of credible tradition to be easily overthrown. And it is certain from public records that the Lucys had great power at Stratford, and were not seldom engaged in disputes with the corporation. Mr. Halliwell met with an old record entitled "the names of them that made the riot upon Master Thomas Lucy, Esquire." Thirty-five inhabitants of Stratford, chiefly tradespeople, are named in the list, but no Shakespeares among them.

Knight, over-zealous in the Poet's behalf, will not allow

any thing to be true that infers the least moral blemish in his life : he therefore utterly discredits the story in question, and hunts it down with arguments more ingenious than sound. In writing biography, special-pleading is not good ; and I would fain avoid trying to make the Poet out any better than he was. Little as we know about him, it is evident enough that he had his frailties, and ran into divers faults, both as a poet and as a man. And when we hear him confessing, as he does in one of his Sonnets, “*Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth askance and strangely*” ; we may be sure he was but too conscious of things that needed to be forgiven ; and that he was as far as any one from wishing his faults to pass for virtues. Deer-stealing, however, was then a kind of fashionable sport, and whatever might be its legal character, it was not morally regarded as involving any criminality or disgrace. So that the whole thing may be justly treated as a mere youthful frolic, wherein there might indeed be some indiscretion, and a deal of vexation to the person robbed, but no stain on the party engaged in it.

The precise time of the Poet's leaving Stratford is not known ; but we cannot well set it down as later than 1586. His children, Hamnet and Judith, were born, as I have said, in the early part of 1585 ; and for several years before that time his father's affairs were drooping. The prosecutions of Sir Thomas Lucy, added to his father's straitness of means, may well have made him desirous of quitting Stratford ; while the meeting of inclination and opportunity in his acquaintance with the players may have determined him where to go, and what to do. The company were already in a course of thrift ; the demand for their labours was growing ; and he might well see, in their fellowship, a chance of retrieving, as he did retrieve, his father's fortune.

Of course there need be no question that Shakespeare

held at first a subordinate rank in the theatre. Dowdal, writing in 1693, tells us "he was received into the play-house as a servitor"; which probably means that he started as an apprentice to some actor of standing,—a thing not unusual at the time. It will readily be believed that he could not be in such a place long without recommending himself to a higher one. As for the well-known story of his being reduced to the extremity of "picking up a little money by taking care of the gentlemen's horses that came to the play," I cannot perceive the slightest likelihood of truth in it. The first we hear of it is in *The Lives of the Poets*, written by a Scotchman named Shiels, and published under the name of Cibber, in 1753. The story is there said to have passed through Rowe in coming to the writer. If so, then Rowe must have discredited it, else, surely, he would not have omitted so remarkable a passage. Be that as it may, the station which the Poet's family had long held at Stratford, and the fact of his having influential friends at hand from Warwickshire, are enough to stamp it as an arrant fiction.

We have seen that the company of Burbage and his fellows held a patent under the great seal, and in 1587 took the title of "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants." Eleven years before this time, in 1576, they had started the Blackfriars theatre, so named from a monastery that had formerly stood on or near the same ground. Hitherto the several bands of players had made use of halls, or temporary erections in the streets or the inn-yards, stages being set up, and the spectators standing below, or occupying galleries about the open space. In 1577, two other playhouses were in operation; and still others sprang up from time to time. The Blackfriars and some others were without the limits of the corporation, in what were called "the Liberties." The Mayor and Aldermen of London were from the first decid-

edly hostile to all such establishments, and did their best to exclude them the City and Liberties ; but the Court, many of the chief nobility, and, which was still more, the common people favoured them. The whole mind indeed of Puritanism was utterly down on stage-plays of all sorts and in every shape. But it did not go to work the right way : it should have stopped off the demand for them. This, however, it could not do ; for the Drama was at that time, as it long had been, an intense national passion : the people would have plays, and could not be converted from the love of them.

From what we shall presently see, it would be unreasonable not to suppose, that by the year 1590 the Poet was well started in his dramatic career ; and that the effect of his cunning labours was beginning even then to be felt by his senior fellows in that line. Allowing him to have entered the theatre in 1586, when he was twenty-two years of age, he must have made good use of his time, and worked onwards with surprising speed, during those four years ; though whether he got ahead more by his acting or his writing, we have no certain knowledge. In tragic parts, none of the company could shine beside the younger Burbage ; while Greene, and still more Kempe, another of the band, left small chance of distinction in comic parts. Aubrey, as before quoted, tells us that Shakespeare "was a handsome, well-shaped man," which is no slight matter on the stage ; and adds, "He did act exceedingly well." Rowe "could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*." But this part, to be fairly dealt with, requires an actor of no mean powers ; and, as Burbage is known to have played the Prince, we may presume that "the Majesty of buried Denmark" would not be cast upon very inferior hands. That the Poet was master of the theory of acting,

and could tell, none better, how the thing ought to be done, is evident enough from Hamlet's instructions to the players. But it nowise follows that he could perform his own instructions.

Let us see now how matters stood some two years later. One of the most popular and most profligate play-writers of that time was Robert Greene, who, having been reduced to beggary, and forsaken by his companions, died miserably at the house of a poor shoemaker, in September, 1592. Shortly after he died, his *Groatsworth of Wit* was given to the public by Henry Chettle. Near the close of this tract, Greene makes an address "to those gentlemen his *quondam* acquaintance, who spend their wits in making plays," exhorting them to desist from such pursuits. One of those "gentlemen" was Christopher Marlowe, distinguished alike for poetry, profligacy, and profanity; the others were Thomas Lodge and George Peele. Greene here vents a deal of fury against the players, alleging that they have all been beholden to him, yet have now forsaken him; and from thence inferring that the three worthies whom he is exhorting will fare no better at their hands. After which he goes on thus: "Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his 'tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide,' supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Fac-totum*, is in own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country."

Here the fling at Shakespeare is unmistakeable, and nobody questions that he is the "Shake-scene" of the passage. The terms of the allusion yield conclusive evidence as to how the Poet stood in 1592. Though sneered at as a player, it is plain that he was already throwing the other play-writers into the shade, and making their labours cheap. Blank-verse was Marlowe's special forte, and some of his dramas

show no little skill in the use of it ; but here was “an up-start” from the country who was able to rival him in his own line. Moreover, this Shake-scene was a Do-all, a *Johannes Fac-totum*, who could turn his hand to any thing ; and his readiness to undertake what none others could do so well naturally drew upon him the imputation of conceit from those who envied his rising, and whose lustre was growing dim in his light.

It appears that both Shakespeare and Marlowe were offended at the liberties thus taken with them. For, before the end of that same year, Chettle published a tract entitled *Kind Heart's Dream*, wherein we have the following : “With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted ; and with one of them [Marlowe] I care not if I never be : the other I did not so much spare as since I wish I had ; because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes : besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art.”

On the whole, we can readily pardon the malice of Greene’s assault for the sake of this tribute, which it was the means of drawing forth, to Shakespeare’s character as a man and his cunning as a poet. The words “excellent in the quality he professes,” refer to the Poet’s acting ; while the term *facetious* is used, apparently, not in the sense it now bears, but in that of *felicitous* or *happy*, as was common at that time. So it seems that Shakespeare already had friends in London, some of them “worshipful,” too, who were strongly commanding him as a poet, and who were prompt to remonstrate with Chettle against the mean slur cast upon him.

This naturally starts the inquiry, what dramas the Poet had then written, to earn such praise. Greene speaks of

him as "beautified with our feathers." Probably there was at least some plausible colour of truth in this charge. The charge, I have no doubt, refers mainly to *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry the Sixth*. The two plays on which these were founded were published, respectively, in 1594 and 1595, their titles being, *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, and *The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York*. In the form there given, the plays have, as Mr. White has clearly shown, along with much of Shakespeare's work, many unquestionable marks of Greene's hand. All those marks, however, were disciplined out of them, as they have come down to us in Shakespeare's works. There can be no doubt, then, that Greene, and perhaps Marlowe also, had a part in them as they were printed in 1594 and 1595, though no author's name was then given. Now it was much the custom at that time for several playwrights to work together. Of this we have many well-authenticated instances. The most likely conclusion, therefore, is, that these two plays in their original form were the joint workmanship of Shakespeare, Greene, and Marlowe. Perhaps, however, there was a still older form of the plays, written entirely by Marlowe and Greene; which older form Shakespeare, some time before Greene's death, may have taken in hand, and recast, retaining more or less of their matter, and working it in with his own nobler stuff; for this was often done also. Or, again, it may be that, before the time in question, Shakespeare, not satisfied to be joint author with them, had rewritten the plays, and purged them of nearly all matter but what he might justly claim as his own; thus making them as we now have them.

As regards the occasion of Greene's assault, it matters little which of these views we take, as in either case his charge would have some apparent ground of truth. It is

further probable that the same course of remark would apply more or less to *The Taming of the Shrew*, and also to *Titus Andronicus*. At all events, I have no doubt that these four plays, together with *The First Part of King Henry the Sixth*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Love's Labours Lost*, in its first form, were all written before the time of Greene's death. Perhaps the first shape, also, of *Romeo and Juliet* should be added to this list.

My reasons for this opinion are too long to be stated here : I can but observe that in these plays, as might be expected from one who was modest and wished to learn, we have much of imitation as distinguished from character, though of imitation surpassing its models. And it seems to me that no fair view can be had of the Poet's mind, no justice done to his art, but by carefully discriminating in his work what grew from imitation, and what from character. For he evidently wrote very much like others of his time, before he learned to write like himself ; that is, it was some time before he found, by practice and experience, his own strength ; and meanwhile he relied more or less on the strength of custom and example. Nor was it till he had surpassed others in *their* way, that he hit upon that more excellent way in which none could walk but he.

It has been quite too common to speak of Shakespeare as a miracle of spontaneous genius, who did his best things by force of instinct, not of art ; and that, consequently, he was nowise indebted to time and experience for the reach and power which his dramas display. This is an "old fond paradox" which seems to have originated with those who could not conceive how any man could acquire intellectual skill without scholastic advantages ; forgetting, apparently, that several things, if not more, may be learned in the school of Nature, provided one have an eye to read her "open se-

crets" without "the spectacles of books." This notion has vitiated a good deal of Shakespearian criticism. Rowe had something of it. "Art," says he, "had so little, and Nature so large a share in what Shakespeare did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth were the best." I think decidedly otherwise; and have grounds for doing so which Rowe had not, in what has since been done towards ascertaining the chronology of the Poet's plays.

It would seem from Chettle's apology, that Shakespeare was already beginning to attract liberal notice from that circle of brave and accomplished gentlemen which adorned the state of Queen Elizabeth. Among the "divers of worship," first and foremost stood, no doubt, the high-souled, the generous Southampton, then in his twentieth year. Henry Wriothesley, the third Earl of Southampton, was but eight years old when his father died: the Southampton estates were large; during the young Earl's minority his interests were in good hands, and the revenues accumulated; so that on coming of age he had means answerable to his dispositions. Moreover, he was a young man of good parts, of studious habits, of cultivated tastes, and withal of a highly chivalrous and romantic spirit: to all which he added the honour of being the early and munificent patron of Shakespeare. In 1593, the Poet published his *Venus and Adonis*, with a modest and manly dedication to this nobleman, very different from the usual high-flown style of literary adulation then in vogue; telling him, "If your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour." In the dedication, he calls the poem "the first heir of my invention." Whether he dated its birth from the writing or the publishing, does not appear: probably it had been written some time; possibly before he left Stratford. This was followed, the next year, by his *Lucrece*, dedicated

to the same nobleman in a strain of more open and assured friendship : “ The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours.”

It was probably about this time that the event took place which Rowe heard of through Sir William Davenant, that Southampton at one time gave the Poet a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he knew him to be desirous of making. Rowe might well scruple, as he did, the story of so large a gift, — equal to nearly \$30,000 in our time ; but the fact of his scruples being overruled shows that he had strong grounds for the statement. The sum may indeed have been exaggerated ; but all we know of the Earl assures us that he could not but wish to make a handsome return for the *Venus and Adonis* ; and that whatever of the kind he did was bound to be something rich and rare ; while it was but of a piece with his approved nobleness of character, to feel more the honour he was receiving than that he was conferring by such an act of generosity. Might not this be what Shakespeare meant by “ the *warrant* I have of your honourable disposition ” ? That the Earl was both able and disposed to the amount alleged, need not be scrupled : the only doubt has reference to the Poet’s occasions. Let us see, then, what these may have been.

In December, 1593, Richard Burbage, who, his father having died or retired, was then the leader of the Blackfriars company, signed a contract for the building of the Globe theatre. The Blackfriars was not accommodation enough for the company’s uses, but was entirely covered-in, and furnished suitably for the Winter. The Globe, made larger, and designed for Summer use, was a round wooden building, open to the sky, with the stage protected by an overhanging roof. All things considered, then, it is not

incredible that the generous Earl may have bestowed even as large a sum as a thousand pounds, to enable the Poet to do what he wished towards the new enterprise.

The next authentic notice we have of Shakespeare is a public tribute of admiration from the highest source that could have yielded any thing of the sort at that time. In 1594, Edmund Spenser published his *Colin Clout's Come Home again*, which has these lines :

And there, though last not least, is *Aetion* :  
A gentler Shepherd may nowhere be found ;  
Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention,  
*Doth, like himself, heroically sound.*

This was Spenser's delicate way of suggesting the Poet's name. Ben Jonson has a like allusion in his lines, "To the Memory of my beloved Mr. William Shakespeare" :

In each of which he seems to *shake a lance*,  
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.

There can be little doubt, though we have no certain knowledge on the point, that by this time the Poet's genius had sweetened itself into the good graces of Queen Elizabeth ; as the irresistible compliment paid her in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* could hardly have been of a later date. It would be gratifying to know by what play he made his first conquest of the Queen. That he did captivate her, is told us in Ben Jonson's poem just quoted :

Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were  
To see thee in our waters yet appear ;  
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames  
That so did take Eliza and our James !

*King John*, *King Richard the Second*, *King Richard the Third*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and the original form of *All's Well that Ends Well*, were, no doubt, all written before the Spring of 1596. So that these five plays, and perhaps one or two others, in addition to the nine men-

tioned before, may by that time have been performed in her Majesty's hearing, "as well for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure."

Aubrey tells us that Shakespeare "was wont to go to his native country once a-year." We now have better authority than Aubrey for believing that the Poet's heart was in "his native country" all the while. No sooner is he well established at London, and in receipt of funds to spare from the demands of business, than we find him making liberal investments amidst the scenes of his youth. Some years ago, Mr. Halliwell discovered in the Chapter-House, Westminster, a document which ascertains that in the Spring of 1597 Shakespeare bought of William Underhill, for the sum of £60, the establishment called "New Place," described as consisting of "one messuage, two barns, and two gardens, with their appurtenances." This was one of the best dwelling-houses in Stratford, and was situate in one of the best parts of the town. Early in the sixteenth century it was owned by the Cloptons, and called "the great house." It was in one of the gardens belonging to this house that the Poet was believed to have planted a mulberry-tree. New Place remained in the hands of Shakespeare and his heirs till the Restoration, when it was repurchased by the Clopton family. In the Spring of 1742, Garrick, Macklin, and Delane were entertained there by Sir Hugh Clopton, under the Poet's mulberry-tree. About 1752, the place was sold to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, who, falling out with the Stratford authorities in some matter of rates, demolished the house, and cut down the tree; for which his memory has been visited with exemplary retribution.

We have other tokens of the Poet's thrifit about this time. One of these is a curious letter, dated January 24, 1598, and written by Abraham Sturley, an alderman of Stratford, to his brother-in-law, Richard Quiney, who was then in

London on business for himself and others. Sturley, it seems, had learned that "our countryman, Mr. Shakespeare," had money to invest, and so was for having him urged to buy up certain tithes at Stratford, on the ground that such a purchase "would advance him indeed, and would do us much good"; the meaning of which is, that the Stratford people were in want of money, and were looking to Shakespeare for a supply.

Another token of like import is a letter written by the same Richard Quiney, whose son Thomas afterwards married the Poet's youngest daughter. The letter was dated, "From the Bell, in Carter-lane, the 25th October, 1598," and addressed "To my loving good friend and countryman, Mr. Wm. Shakespeare." The purpose of the letter was to solicit a loan of £30 from the Poet on good security. No private letter written by Shakespeare has been found; and this is the only one written to him that has come to light. How the writer's request was answered we have no certain information; but we may fairly conclude the answer to have been satisfactory, because on the same day Quiney wrote to Sturley, and in Sturley's reply, dated November 4, 1598, which is also extant, the writer expresses himself much comforted at learning that "our countryman, Mr. Wm. Shak., would procure us money."

The earliest printed copies of Shakespeare's plays, known in our time, are *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Richard the Second*, and *King Richard the Third*, which were published separately in 1597. Two years later there was another edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, "newly corrected, augmented, and amended." In 1598, two more, *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth* and *Love's Labours Lost*, came from the press. The author's name was not given in any of these issues except *Love's Labours Lost*, which was said to be "newly corrected and augmented." *King Richard the*

*Second* and *King Richard the Third* were issued again in 1598, and *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth* in 1599 ; and in all these cases the author's name was printed in the title-page. *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was most likely written before 1598, but we hear of no edition of it till 1600.

Francis Meres has the honour of being the first critic of Shakespeare that appeared in print. In 1598, he put forth a book entitled *Palladis Tamia, or Wit's Treasury*, which has the following : "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins ; so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage." The writer then instances twelve of the Poet's dramas by title, in proof of his point. His list, however, contains none but what I have already mentioned, except *The Merchant of Venice*. Taking all our sources of information together, we find at least seventeen of the plays written before 1598, when the Poet was thirty-four years of age, and had probably been in the theatre about twelve years.

Shakespeare was now decidedly at the head of the English Drama ; moreover, he had found it a low, foul, disreputable thing, chiefly in the hands of profligate adventurers, and he had lifted it out of the mire, breathed strength and sweet-ness into it, and made it clean, fair, and honourable, a structure all alive with beauty and honest delectation. Such being the case, his standing was naturally firm and secure ; he had little cause to fear rivalry ; he could well afford to be generous ; and any play that had his approval would be likely to pass. Ben Jonson, whose name has a peculiar right to be coupled with his, was ten years younger than he, and was working with that learned and sinewy diligence which marked his character. We have it on the sound authority of Rowe, that Shakespeare lent a helping hand

to honest Ben, and on an occasion that does credit to them both. "Mr. Jonson," says he, "who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him, with an ill-natured answer that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something in it so well, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public."

Some attempts have been made to impugn this account, but the result of them all has been rather to confirm it. How nobly the Poet's gentle and judicious act of kindness was remembered, is shown by Jonson's superb verses, some of which I have quoted, prefixed to the folio of 1623; enough of themselves to confer an immortality both on the writer and on the subject of them.

In 1599, we find a coat-of-arms granted to John Shakespeare, by the Heralds' College, in London. The grant was made, no doubt, at the instance of his son William. The matter is involved in a good deal of perplexity; the claims of the son being confounded with those of the father, in order, apparently, that out of the two together might be made a good, or at least a plausible, case. Our Poet, the son of a glover, or a yeoman, had evidently set his heart on being heralded into a gentleman; and, as his profession of actor stood in the way, the application was made in his father's name. The thing was started as early as 1596, but so much question was had, so many difficulties raised, concerning it, that the Poet was three years in working it through. To be sure, such heraldic gentry was of little worth in itself, and the Poet knew this well enough; but then it assured a certain very desirable social standing, and

therefore, as an aspiring member of society, he was right in seeking it.

In the year 1600, five more of his plays were published in as many quarto pamphlets. These were, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth*, and *King Henry the Fifth*. It appears, also, that *As You Like It* was then written ; for it was entered at the Stationers' for publication, but was locked up from the press under a "stay." *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was probably then in being also, though not printed till 1602. And a recent discovery ascertains that *Twelfth Night* was played in February, 1602. The original form of *Hamlet*, too, is known to have been written before 1603. Adding, then, the six plays now heard of for the first time, to the seventeen mentioned before, we have twenty-three plays written before the Poet had finished his thirty-eighth year.

The great Queen died on the 24th of March, 1603. We have abundant proof that she was, both by her presence and her purse, a frequent and steady patron of the Drama, especially as its interests were represented by "the Lord Chamberlain's servants." Everybody, no doubt, has heard the tradition of her having been so taken with Falstaff in *King Henry the Fourth*, that she requested the Poet to continue the character through another play, and to represent him in love ; whereupon he wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Whatever embellishments may have been added, there is nothing incredible in the substance of the tradition ; while the approved taste and judgment of this female king, in matters of literature and art, give it strong likelihoods of truth.

Elizabeth knew how to unbend in such noble delectations without abating her dignity as a queen, or forgetting her duty as the mother of her people. If the patronage of King James fell below hers in wisdom, it was certainly not lacking

in warmth. One of his first acts, after reaching London, was to order out a warrant from the Privy Seal for the issuing of a patent under the Great Seal, whereby the Lord Chamberlain's players were taken into his immediate patronage under the title of "The King's Servants." The instrument names nine players, and Shakespeare stands second in the list. Nor did the King's patent prove a mere barren honour : many instances of the company's playing at the Court, and being well paid for it, are on record.

The Poet evidently was, as indeed from the nature of his position he could not but be, very desirous of withdrawing from the stage ; and had long cherished, apparently, a design of doing so. In several passages of his Sonnets he expresses, in very strong and even pathetic language, his intense dislike of the business, and his grief at being compelled to pursue it :

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,  
Made old offences of affections new ;  
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth  
Askance and strangely.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide  
Than public means, which public manners breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand ;  
And almost thence my nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

At what time he carried into effect his purpose of retirement is not precisely known ; nor can I stay to trace out the argument on that point. The probability is, that he ceased to be an actor in the Summer of 1604. The preceding year, 1603, Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* was brought out at the Blackfriars, and one of the parts was sustained by Shakespeare. After

this we have no note of his appearance on the stage ; and there are certain traditions inferring the contrary. "The latter part of his life," says Rowe, "was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish ; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood." Dyce, also, observes, "It is evident that Shakespeare never ceased to turn his thoughts towards his birth-place, as the spot where he hoped to spend the evening of his days in honourable retirement."

In 1603, an edition of *Hamlet* was published, though very different from the present form of the play. The next year, 1604, the finished *Hamlet* was published ; the title-page containing the words, "enlarged to almost as much again as it was." Of *Measure for Measure* we have no authentic notice during the Poet's life. Of *Timon of Athens* and *Julius Cæsar* we have no express contemporary notice at all, authentic or otherwise. Nor have we any of *Troilus and Cressida* till 1609, in which year a stolen edition of it was published. Nevertheless, I have no doubt that these plays were all written, though perhaps not all in their present shape, before the close of 1604. Reckoning, then, the four last named, we have twenty-seven of the plays written when the Poet was forty years of age, and had probably been at the work about eighteen years. Time has indeed left few traces of the process ; but what a magnificent treasure of results ! If Shakespeare had done no more, he would have stood the greatest intellect of the world. How all alive must those eighteen years have been with intense and varied exertion ! His quick discernment, his masterly tact, his grace of manners,

his practical judgment, and his fertility of expedients, would needs make him the soul of the establishment ; doubtless the light of his eye and the life of his hand were in all its movements and plans. Besides, the compass and accuracy of information displayed in his writings prove him to have been, for that age, a careful and voluminous student of books. Portions of classical and of continental literature were accessible to him in translations. Nor are we without strong reasons for believing that, in addition to his "small Latin and less Greek," he found or made time to form a tolerable reading acquaintance with Italian and French. Chaucer, too, "the day-star," and Spenser, "the sunrise," of English poetry, were pouring their beauty round his walks. From all these, and from the growing richness and abundance of contemporary literature, his all-gifted and all-grasping mind no doubt greedily took in and quickly digested whatever was adapted to please his taste, or enrich his intellect, or assist his art.

I have mentioned the Poet's purchase of New Place at Stratford in 1597. Thenceforward he kept making other investments from time to time, some of them pretty large, the records of which have lately come to light. It appears by a subsidy roll of 1598, that he was assessed on property valued at £ 5, 13*s.* 4*d.*, in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, London. In May, 1602, was executed a deed of conveyance whereby he became the owner of a hundred and seven acres of arable land in the town of Old Stratford, bought of William and John Combe for the sum of £ 320. In September following, a copyhold house in Walker-street, near New Place, was surrendered to him by Walter Getley. This property was held under the manor of Rowington : the transfer took place at the court-baron of the manor ; and it appears that the Poet was not present at the time ; there being a proviso, that the property should remain in the

hands of the Lady of the manor till the purchaser had done suit and service in the court. One Philip Rogers, it seems, had several times bought malt of Shakespeare to the amount of £1, 15*s.* 10*d.*; and in 1604 the Poet, not being able to get payment, filed in the Stratford Court of Record a declaration of suit against him; which probably had the desired effect, as nothing more is heard of it. This item is interesting, as it shows the Poet engaged in other pursuits than those relating to the stage. We have seen how, in 1598, Alderman Sturley was for "moving him to deal in the matter of our tithes." This was a matter wherein much depended on good management; and, as the town had a yearly rent from the tithes, it was for the public interest to have them managed well; and the moving of Shakespeare to deal in the matter sprang most likely from confidence in his practical judgment and skill. The tithes of "corn, grain, blade, and hay," and also those of "wool, lamb, hemp, flax, and other small and privy tithes," in Stratford, Old Stratford, Welcombe, and Bishopton, had been leased in 1544 for the term of ninety-two years. In July, 1605, the unexpired term of the lease, thirty-one years, was bought in by Shakespeare for the sum of £440. In the indenture of conveyance, he is styled "William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, Gentleman."

Hitherto, the Poet has been overtaken in business affairs rather oftener than in poetical. His subsequent years furnish about the usual proportion of similar notices, which may as well be related here.—The Stratford records show that in August, 1608, he brought an action against John Addenbrook for the recovery of a debt, and that, after a delay of several months, a verdict was given in his favour for £6, and 24*s.* costs. Return being made that Addenbrook was not to be found within the borough, Shakespeare, in June following, proceeded against Thomas Horneby, who

had become bail for him, and it is to be hoped he got his money.

We have seen that in May, 1602, Shakespeare purchased of the Combes a hundred and seven acres of arable land in Old Stratford. In the Spring of 1611 a fine was levied on this property, and it thereby appears that twenty acres of pasture had been added to the original purchase. At what time the addition was made, is nowhere stated. The fine states the purchase money as £100, which Halliwell thinks to be a mere legal fiction.

About this time, the Stratford people seem to have been a good deal interested in "a bill in Parliament for the better repair of the highways, and amending divers defects in the statutes already made": funds were "collected towards the charge of prosecuting the bill"; and "Mr. William Shakespeare" is one of the names found in a list of donations for that purpose, dated "Wednesday the 11th of September, 1611."

The probability is that after this time Shakespeare saw but little of the metropolis. Rowe tells us, in a passage quoted a few pages back, that "the latter part of his life was spent in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends." Still he was, like other men, not without his vexations. The exact date does not appear, but about the end of 1612 he was involved in a chancery suit respecting the tithes he had bought in 1605. The plaintiffs in the case are described as "Richard Lane, of Alveston, Esquire, Thomas Greene, of Stratford-upon-Avon, Esquire, and William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman." It seems that there was a reserved rent on the lease of the tithes, and that, some of the lessees refusing to pay their shares of this rent, a greater proportion than was right fell upon Lane, Greene, and Shakespeare; who thereupon filed a bill before Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, that the other lessees might be compelled

to due payment. The issue of the suit is not known ; but the draft of the bill is valuable as showing the Poet's exact income from the tithes : it was £60 a-year.

The last pecuniary transaction of his that has come to light was the purchase of a house with a small piece of ground attached to it, in the neighbourhood of the Blackfriars theatre. The indenture of conveyance, preserved in the archives of the London corporation, describes the property as "abutting upon a street leading down to Puddlewharf on the east part, right against the King's Majesty's Wardrobe," and the vendor as "Henry Walker, citizen and minstrel, of London." It is dated March 10th, 1613, and bears the Poet's signature, which shows that he was in London at the time. The purchase-money was £140, of which £80 were paid down, and the premises mortgaged for the remainder, the mortgage to run till the 29th of September following. Why the purchase was made, does not appear ; but, as John Heminge, William Johnson, and John Jackson were parties to the transaction, Mr. Collier conjectures that the Poet advanced the £80 to them, expecting they would refund it before the expiration of the mortgage ; but, as they did not do so, he paid the other £60, and the property remained his.

On the 29th of June, the same year, the Globe theatre was burnt down, and certain contemporary notices of the event ascertain that *King Henry VIII.* was in performance at the time. As the conflagration was very rapid, giving the people barely time to save themselves, it is likely that many of the Poet's manuscripts perished, and perhaps some, of which no copies were left. The theatre was soon rebuilt, and, as Stowe informs us, "at the great charge of King James, and many noblemen and others." The Poet is not traced as having any thing to do with the rebuilding of the establishment ; but, if he suffered no loss himself, we

may be sure that he took a lively interest in the losses of his fellows, and was forward to lend them a helping hand.

The Summer following, he had a narrow escape from a similar calamity at home. On the 9th of July, 1614, Stratford was devastated by fire, to such an extent that the people made an appeal to the nation for relief. At the instance of various gentlemen of the neighbourhood, the King issued a brief in May, 1615, authorizing collections to be made in the churches for the rebuilding of the town, and alleging that fifty-four dwelling-houses had been destroyed, besides much other property, amounting in all to upwards of £8,000. The result of the appeal is not known ; nor is it known what influence the Poet may have used towards procuring the royal brief.

The Fall of 1614 finds Shakespeare in London using his influence effectually in the cause of his fellow-citizens. It seems that several persons had set on foot a project for inclosing certain commons near Stratford, which the public were interested to keep open. The Poet had private reasons, also, for bestirring himself in the matter, as the projected inclosure was likely to affect his interest in the lease of the tithes. A legal instrument, dated October 28, 1614, is extant, whereby William Replingham binds himself to indemnify William Shakespeare and Thomas Greene for any loss which they, in the judgment of certain referees, may sustain in respect of the yearly value of the tithes they jointly or severally hold, "by reason of any inclosure or decay of tillage there meant or intended."

A few days after, Greene is found in London moving in the business as clerk of the Stratford corporation. In some notes of his made at the time, we have the following, dated November 17, 1614 : " My cousin Shakespeare coming yesterday to town, I went to see him, how he did. He told me that they assured him they meant to inclose no further than

to Gospel-bush, and so up straight (leaving out part of the dingles to the field) to the gate in Clopton hedge, and take in Salisbury's piece ; and that they mean in April to survey the land, and then to give satisfaction, and not before ; and he and Mr. Hall say they think there will be nothing done at all."

Greene returned to Stratford soon after, and his notes, which he continued to make, inform us that the corporation had a meeting on the 23d of December, and sent letters to Shakespeare and Mainwaring : "Letters written, one to Mr. Mainwaring, another to Mr. Shakespeare, with almost all the company's hands to either. I also writ myself to my cousin Shakespeare the copies of all our acts, and then also a note of the inconveniences that would happen by the inclosure." The letters to Shakespeare are lost : in that to Mainwaring, which is preserved, the corporation urged in strong terms the damage Stratford would suffer by the projected inclosure, and also the heavy loss the people had lately sustained by fire. Mr. Arthur Mainwaring was a person in the domestic service of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, which explains why he was written to in the matter. It is pretty clear from these slight notices, that the corporation left the care of their interests very much to Shakespeare, who had approved himself a good hand at bringing things to pass in actual life, as well as in ideal. The result was, an order from Court not only forbidding the inclosure to proceed, but peremptorily commanding that some steps already taken should be forthwith retraced.

This Thomas Greene was an attorney of Stratford. The origin and degree of his relationship to the Poet are not known. The parish register of Stratford records the burial of "Thomas Greene, *alias* Shakespeare," on the 6th of March, 1590. Probably enough, the attorney of 1614 may have been his son ; and the relationship between the two

families may furnish the true key to that remarkable acquaintance which the Poet shows with the mysteries of the law.

Such details of business may not seem very appropriate in a *Life* of the greatest of poets ; but we have clear evidence that Shakespeare took a lively interest in them, and was a good hand at managing them. He had learned by experience, no doubt, that "money is a good soldier, and will on" ; and that, "if money go before, all ways do lie open." And the thing carries this benefit, if no other, that it tells us a man may be something of a poet, without being either above or below the common affairs of life.

When, or to whom, the Poet parted with his theatrical interests, we have no knowledge : that he did part with them, may be probably, though not necessarily, concluded from his not mentioning them in his will ; and, from the large productiveness of such investments at that time, he would

have no difficulty in finding a purchaser. A pretty careful investigation of the matter has brought good judges to the conclusion, that in 1608 his income could not have been less than £ 400 a-year. This, for all practical purposes, would be equivalent to some \$ 12,000 in our time. The Rev. John Ward, who became vicar of Stratford in 1662, left a *Diary*, in which we have the following : "I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all. He frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year ; and for that had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of £ 1,000 a year, as I have heard. — Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard ; for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted. — Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays, and be versed in them, that I may not be ignorant in that matter."

The only point in this, that calls for present notice, is the Poet's alleged expenditure. The honest and cautious vicar did well in adding to his statement "as I have heard." That Shakespeare kept up a liberal, not to say sumptuous, establishment, and was fond of entertaining his neighbours, and still more his old associates, after a generous fashion, we can well believe ; but that he had £1,000 a-year to spend, or would have spent if he had, is not credible : it would have been, for all practical purposes, equivalent to about \$30,000 in our day !

Francis Meres, in the work already cited, has the following : "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare : witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared *Sonnets* among his private friends." This ascertains that some, at least, of the Poet's Sonnets were well known in 1598, though none of them had then been printed. Whether *all* of them were written before that date, we have no means of knowing ; but the probability is that they were written at different times, as the author felt in the mood, or wished to gratify his friends ; and that portions of them were copied in manuscript from time to time, and passed privately from hand to hand. At length a collection of them, to the number of a hundred and fifty-four, was made, and given to the public in 1609, by a bookseller who probably did not get them from the Poet himself.

Of the thirty-eight plays ascribed to Shakespeare, twenty-seven have already been mentioned. Of the eleven still to be accounted for, *King Lear* was acted at Whitehall before the Court in December, 1606, and two editions of it were issued in 1608. *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* were entered at the Stationers' in 1608, and *Pericles* was published the next year. *Macbeth* was played at the Globe theatre in April, 1610, but perhaps written some

time before. *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale* were performed at the Globe in the Spring of 1611; and *King Henry the Eighth* is not heard of till the burning of that theatre in 1613, when it is described as "a new play." Of *Coriolanus* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen* we have no notice whatever till after the Poet's death; while of *Othello* and *The Tempest* we have no well-authenticated notices during his life; though there is a record, once held authentic, noting them to have been acted at the Court, the former in November, 1604, the latter in November, 1611: but that record, as in the case of *Measure for Measure*, has lately been pronounced spurious by the highest authority.

Some question has been made whether Shakespeare were a member of the celebrated convivial club established by Sir Walter Raleigh, and which held its sessions at the Mermaid-tavern. We have nothing that directly certifies his membership of that choice institution; but there are several things inferring it so strongly as to leave no reasonable doubt on the subject. His conversations certainly ran in that circle of wits, some of whom are directly known to have belonged to it; and among them all there was not one whose then acknowledged merits gave him a better title to its privileges. It does not indeed necessarily follow from his facility and plenipotence of wit in writing, that he could shine at those extempore "flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar." But, besides the natural inference that way, we have the statement of honest old Aubrey, that "he was very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit." Francis Beaumont, who was a prominent member of that jovial senate, and to whom Shirley applies the fine hyperbolism that "he talked a comedy," was born in 1586, and died in 1615. I cannot doubt that he had our Poet, among others, in his eye, when he wrote those celebrated lines to Ben Jonson :

Methinks the little wit I had is lost  
 Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest  
 Held up at tennis, which men do the best  
 With the best gamesters. What things have we seen  
 Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been  
 So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,  
 As if that every one from whence they came  
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
 And had resolved to live a fool the rest  
 Of his dull life.

In further token of Shakespeare's having belonged to this merry parliament of genius, I must quote from Dr. Thomas Fuller, who, though not born till 1608, was acquainted with some of the old Mermaid wits. In his *Worthies of Warwickshire*, he winds up his account of the Poet thus : " Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson ; which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning ; solid, but slow, in his performances : Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

It would seem that after the year 1609, or thereabouts, the Poet's reputation did not mount any higher during his life. A new generation of dramatists was then rising into favour, who, with some excellences derived from him, united gross vices of their own, which however were well adapted to captivate the popular mind. Moreover, King James himself, notwithstanding his liberality of patronage, was essentially a man of loose morals and low tastes ; and his taking to Shakespeare at first probably grew more from the public voice, or perhaps from Southampton's influence, than from his own preference. Before the Poet's death, we may trace the beginnings of that corruption which, rather stimulated than discouraged by Puritan bigotry and fanaticism, reached its

height some seventy years later ; though its course was for a while retarded by King Charles the First, who, whatever else may be said of him, was unquestionably a man of as high and elegant tastes in literature and art as England could boast of in his time.

Shakespeare, however, was by no means so little appreciated in his time as later generations have mainly supposed. No man of that age was held in higher regard for his intellectual gifts ; none drew forth more or stronger tributes of applause. Kings, princes, lords, gentlemen, and, what is still better, common people, all united in paying homage to his transcendent genius. The noble lines, already referred to, of Ben Jonson—than whom few men, perhaps none, ever knew better how to judge and how to write on such a theme—indicate how he struck the scholarship of the age. And from the scattered notices of his contemporaries we get, withal, a very complete and very exalted idea of his personal character as a man ; although, to be sure, they yield us few facts in regard to his personal history or his actual course of life. How dearly he was held by those who knew him best, is well shown by a passage of Ben Jonson, written long after the Poet's death, and not published till 1640. Honest Ben had been charged with malevolence towards him, and he repelled the charge thus : “ I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature ; had an excellent fantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions.” And we have similar testimony from John Heminge and Henry Condell, the Poet's friends and fellow-actors, and the Editors of the first folio, in the dedication of which they profess to have collected and published the plays, “ without ambition of self-profit or fame ; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare.”

A few particulars respecting the Poet's family will bring us to the closing passage of his life. We have already seen that his father died in September, 1601, and his mother just about seven years after. There seems little room for doubt that their latter years were passed under his roof. Joan, his only surviving sister, born in April, 1569, was married to William Hart, of Stratford, a hatter. The marriage probably took place out of Stratford, as there is no note of it in the register. Their first child was christened William, August 28, 1600. Three other children, Mary, Thomas, and Michael, were born to them, respectively, in 1603, 1605, and 1608. Mary Hart died in December, 1607, and her father was buried April 17, 1616, a few days before the Poet. The three surviving children were kindly remembered in their uncle's will, as was also their mother.

The Poet's brother Gilbert lived at Stratford, and appears to have taken some charge of his home affairs. It is not known whether he were married; but the Stratford register enters the burial, February 3, 1612, of "Gilbert Shakespeare, *adolescens*"; who may have been his son. We have a tradition that one of the Poet's brothers lived to a great age. If the tradition be true, it must, as will presently appear, refer to Gilbert, who was born in 1566. Richard, the next brother, born in 1574, was buried at Stratford February 4, 1613. Nothing further is heard of him. It is tolerably certain that Edmund, the youngest brother, born in 1580, became a player. The register of St. Saviour's parish, in which the Globe theatre stood, records the burial of "Edmund Shakespeare, a player," on the 31st of December, 1607. In the low estate of his father's affairs, he had most likely followed his brother's fortune. Nothing more is known of him.—On the 16th of October, 1608, the Poet stood sponsor at the christening, in Stratford, of a boy named William Walker, who is also remembered in his will.

On the 5th of June, 1607, the Poet's eldest daughter, Susanna, then in her twenty-fifth year, was married to Mr. John Hall, of Stratford, a practising physician of good standing. The February following, Shakespeare became a grandfather; Elizabeth, the first and only child of John and Susanna Hall, being baptized on the 21st of that month. It is supposed, and with good reason, that Dr. Hall and his wife lived in the same house with the Poet: she was evidently deep in her father's heart; she is said to have had something of his genius and temper; the house was large enough for them all; nor are there wanting signs of entire affection between Mrs. Hall and her mother. Add to all this the Poet's manifest fondness for children, and his gentle and affable disposition, and we have the elements of a happy family and a cheerful home, such as might well render a good-natured man impatient of the stage. Of the moral and religious spirit and tenour of domestic life at New Place, we are not allowed to know: at a later period, the Shakespeares seem to have been not a little distinguished for works of piety and charity. The chamberlain's accounts show the curious entry, in 1614, of 1*s. 8d.* "for one quart of sack and one quart of claret wine, given to a preacher at the New Place." The worshipful corporation of Stratford seem to have been at this time rather addicted to Puritanism, as they could not endure plays within their jurisdiction: why they should thus have volunteered a part towards entertaining the preacher, if he were not minded like them, and why they should have suffered him to put up at New Place, if he were, are matters about which we can only speculate.

On the 10th of February, 1616, Shakespeare saw his youngest daughter, Judith, married to Thomas Quiney, of Stratford, a vintner and wine-merchant. He was a son of the Richard Quiney who requested from the Poet a loan of £30 in 1598, and who died in May, 1602, being at that time

High-Bailiff of Stratford. From the way Shakespeare mentions his daughter's marriage-portion in his will, it is evident that he gave his sanction to the match. Which may be cited as arguing that he had not himself experienced any such evils, as some have been fond of alleging, from the woman being older than the man ; for his daughter had four years the start of her husband ; she being at the time of her marriage thirty-one, and he twenty-seven.

Shakespeare was still in the meridian of life. There was no special cause, that we know of, why he might not live many years longer. It were vain to conjecture what he would have done, had more years been given him ; possibly, instead of augmenting his legacy to us, he would have recalled and suppressed more or less of what he had written as our inheritance. For the last two or three years, at least, he seems to have left his pen unused ; as if, his own ends once achieved, he set no value on that mighty sceptre with which he since sways so large a portion of mankind. That the motives and ambitions of authorship had little to do in the generation of his works, is evident from the serene carelessness with which he left them to shift for themselves ; tossing those wonderful treasures from him as if he thought them good for nothing but to serve the hour.

It was in and for the theatre that his multitudinous genius was developed, and his works produced ; there fortune, or rather Providence, had cast his lot. Doubtless it was his nature, in whatever he undertook, to do his best. As an honest and true man, he would, if possible, make the temple of the Drama a noble, a beautiful, and glorious place ; and it was while working quietly and unobtrusively in furtherance of this end — building better than he knew — that he approved himself the greatest, wisest, sweetest of men.

the WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE departed this life on the 23d of who is auct<sup>r</sup>. Two days after, his remains were buried be-

neath the chancel of Trinity Church, in Stratford. The burial took place on the day before the anniversary of his baptism ; and it has been commonly believed that his death fell on the anniversary of his birth. If so, he had just entered his fifty-third year.

Thus much, or rather thus little, is about all that we are permitted to know touching the personal history of, probably, the greatest intellect that ever appeared in our world. The materials for a biography of Shakespeare are scanty indeed, and, withal, rather dry. Nevertheless, there is enough, I think, to show, that in all the common dealings of life he was eminently gentle, candid, upright, and judicious ; open-hearted, genial, and sweet, in his social intercourse ; among his companions and friends, full of playful wit and sprightly grace ; kind to the faults of others, severe to his own ; quick to discern and acknowledge merit in another, modest and slow of finding it in himself : while, in the smooth and happy marriage, which he seems to have realized, of the highest poetry and art with systematic and successful prudence in business affairs, we have an example of compact and well-rounded practical manhood, such as may justly engage our admiration and respect.

As to the immediate cause or occasion of the Poet's death, we have no information beyond what has been quoted from Ward. Stratford seems to have been rather noted in those days for bad drainage. Garrick tells us that even in his time it was "the most dirty, unseemly, ill-paved, wretched looking town in all Britain." Epidemics were frequent there in the Poet's time ; and not long after his death we hear, from Dr. Hall, of "the new fever," which "invaded many" of the Stratford people : he also mentions, though without stating the time, his having cured Michael Drayton, "an excellent poet," of a tertian ague. Perhaps Drayton was on a visit to his friend Shakespeare at the time ; but, as he also

was a Warwickshire man, this cannot be inferred with certainty. The Poet's will was first dated the 25th of January, 1616, but afterward *March* was substituted for *January*. It appears also that his will must have been drawn up before the marriage of his daughter Judith, as he speaks of her only by her maiden name. It seems not unlikely that, being in January doubtfully ill, he may have prepared the document; then, finding himself getting better, he may have over-indulged in some festivity with his friends, which brought on a fatal relapse. The Poet, it is true, begins his will by stating that he makes it "in perfect health and memory": this may have been mere matter of form, or such may have been really the case at the time of writing. But it would seem to have been otherwise at the time of the execution; for several good judges have remarked that the Poet's signatures, of which there are three, in as many different places of the will, appear written with an infirm and unsteady hand, as if his energies were shattered by disease.

During his sickness, the Poet was most likely attended by his son-in-law. Dr. Hall was evidently a man of considerable science and skill in his profession. This appears from certain memoranda which he left, of cases that occurred in his practice. The notes were written in Latin, but were translated from his manuscript, and published by Jonas Cooke in 1657, with the title of "Select Observations on English Bodies." As Dr. Hall did not begin to make notes of his practice till 1617, he furnishes no information touching the Poet.

A copy of the will, as it has been given with great care by Mr. Halliwell from the original, may be found at the end of this *Life*; so that there is no need of presenting any analysis of its contents here. One item, however, must not pass unnoticed: "I give unto my wife the second best bed, with the furniture." As this is the only mention made of

her, the circumstance was for a long time regarded as betraying a strange indifference, or something worse, on the testator's part towards his wife. And on this has hung the main argument that the union was not a happy one. We owe to Mr. Knight an explanation of the matter; which is so simple and decisive, that we can only wonder it was not hit upon before. Shakespeare's property was mostly freehold; and in all this the widow had what is called right of dower fully secured to her by the ordinary operation of English law. As for "the second best bed," it was doubtless the very thing which a loving and beloved wife would be sure to prize above any other article of furniture in the establishment.

In some verses by Leonard Digges, prefixed to the folio of 1623, allusion is made to Shakespeare's "Stratford monument"; which shows that the monument had been placed in the church before that date. It represents the Poet with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left resting on a scroll. "The bust," says Wivell, "is fixed under an arch, between two Corinthian columns of black marble, with gilded bases and capitals, supporting the entablature; above which, and surmounted by a death's-head, are carved his arms; on each side is a small figure in a sitting posture; one holding in his left hand a spade, and the other, whose eyes are closed, with an inverted torch in his left hand, the right resting upon a skull, as symbols of mortality." As originally coloured, the eyes were a light hazel, the hair auburn, the dress a scarlet doublet, and a loose black gown without sleeves thrown over it. In 1748, the colours were carefully restored; but in 1793, Malone, with strange taste; had the whole painted white by a common house-painter. Dugdale informs us that the monument was the work of Gerard Johnson, an eminent sculptor of that period. It was doubtless done at the instance and cost of

Dr. Hall and his wife. A tablet below the bust has the following inscription :

Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,  
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.

Stay, Passenger, why go'st thou by so fast ?  
Read, if thou canst, whom envious Death hath placed  
Within this monument ; Shakespeare, with whom  
Quick nature died ; whose name doth deck this tomb  
Far more than cost ; sith all that he hath writ  
Leaves living Art but page to serve his wit.

Obiit Anno Domini 1616,  
Ætatis 53, die 23 April.

As to the lines which tradition ascribes to the Poet as written for his own tomb-stone, there is very little likelihood that he had any thing to do with them. The earliest that we hear of them is in the letter written by Dowdall in 1693 : “Near the wall where his monument is erected lieth a plain freestone, underneath which his body is buried, with this epitaph, made by himself a little before his death :

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust inclosed here :  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones !

The writer adds, “Not one, for fear of the curse above-said, dare touch his grave-stone, though his wife and daughters did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him.” Such is indeed the inscription on a flat stone covering the spot where the Poet’s remains are supposed to lie ; but there is no name, nor any thing whatever to identify the lines as written either by Shakespeare or for him.

The mortal remains of Anne Shakespeare were laid beside those of her husband, August 8, 1623. A worthy memorial covers the spot, whereon we trace the fitting language of a daughter’s love, paying a warm tribute to the religious char-

acter of her who was gone, and clearly inferring that she had "as much of virtue as could die." It is a brass plate set in a stone, and inscribed as follows :

"Here lieth interred the body of Anne, wife of William Shakespeare, who departed this life the 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 years."

*Ubera tu, mater, tu lac vitamque dedisti,  
Vae mihi! pro tanto munere saxa dabo.  
Quam mallem amoveat lapidem bonus angelus ore,  
Exeat ut Christi corpus imago tua:  
Sed nil vota valent; venias cito, Christe, resurget,  
Clausia licet tumulo mater, et astra petet.*

Another precious inscription in the chancel of Stratford church was partly erased many years ago to make room for one to Richard Watts, who died in 1707. Fortunately the lines had been preserved by Dugdale. Through the taste and liberality of the Rev. W. Harness, the original inscription has been recently restored, thus :

"Here lieth the body of Susanna, Wife to John Hall, Gent.; the daughter of William Shakespeare, Gent. She deceased the 11th of July, Anno 1649, aged 66.

*Witty above her sex, but that's not all;  
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall:  
Something of Shakespeare was in that; but this  
Wholly of Him with whom she's now in bliss.*

*Then, passenger, hast ne'er a tear  
To weep with her that wept with all?  
That wept, yet set herself to cheer  
Them up with comforts cordial.  
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,  
When thou hast ne'er a tear to shed.\**

\* Close beside this inscription is one to her husband, as follows : "Here lieth the body of John Hall, Gent. He married Susanna, the daughter and coheir of Will. Shakespeare, Gent. He deceased November 25, Anno 1635, aged 60." To this are subjoined the following verses :

The first-born of Thomas and Judith Quiney was christened Shakespeare on the 23d of November, just seven months after the death of his grandfather. He was buried May 8, 1617. He was followed by two other children: Richard, baptized February 9, 1618, and buried February 26, 1639; and Thomas, baptized January 23, 1620, and buried January 28, 1639. Their mother was buried the 9th of February, 1662, having lived to the age of 77 years. The time of her husband's death is not known.

The Poet's grand-daughter, Elizabeth Hall, was married to Mr. Thomas Nash on the 26th of April, 1626, who died April 4, 1647. On the 5th of June, 1649, she was married again to Mr. John Barnard, who was knighted after the Restoration. Lady Barnard died childless in 1670, and was buried in Abingdon with the family of Sir John. After her decease, the nearest relatives of the Poet living were the descendants of his sister, Joan Hart. At the time of her brother's death, Mrs. Hart was living in one of his Stratford houses, which, with the appurtenances, was by his will secured to her use for life at a nominal rent of 12*d.* She was buried on the 4th of November, 1646. Her descendants, bearing the name of Hart, have continued down to our own time, but, it is said, "not in a position we can contemplate with satisfaction."

The following from Dyce may fitly close this account: "The bust at Stratford, and the engraving by Martin Drocourt on the title-page of the first folio, may be considered

Hallius hic situs est, medica celeberrimus arte,  
Expectans regni gaudia læta Dei.  
Dignus erat meritis, qui Nestora vinceret annis,  
In terris omnes, sed rapit æqua dies.  
Ne tumulo quid desit, adest fidessima conjux,  
Et vita comitem nunc quoque mortis habet.

The parish register has the following entry of burial: "1635. Nov. 26. Johannes Hall, medicus peritissimus."

as the best-authenticated likenesses of the Poet. The former exhibits him in the act of composition, and enjoying, as it were, the richness of his own conceptions ; the latter presents him somewhat younger and thinner, and with a deeply thoughtful air : but a general resemblance may be traced between them. The truthfulness of the engraving is attested by Ben Jonson in the verses which accompany it, and which we are almost bound to accept as the sincere expression of his opinion " :

This figure, that thou here see'st put,  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;  
Wherein the graver had a strife  
With Nature, to out-do the life.  
O, could he but have drawn his wit  
As well in brass as he hath hit  
His face, the print would then surpass  
All that was ever writ in brass :  
But, since he cannot, reader, look  
Not on his picture, but his book.

## SHAKESPEARE'S WILL,

IN THE PREROGATIVE OFFICE, LONDON.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii, anno regni domini nostri Jacobi,  
nunc regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ xlix<sup>o</sup>, an-  
noque Domini 1616.

T. Wm Shakespeare.

IN the name of God, amen ! I, William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory, God be praised, do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following ; that is to say, First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting, and my body to the earth whereof it is made. Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following ; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease, and the fifty pounds residue thereof upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall and her heirs for ever. Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she or any issue of her body be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my

will, during which time my executors are to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid ; and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the £50 to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said £50 shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them ; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron ; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and, after her decease, the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease, Provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any after, do sufficiently assure unto her and the issue of her body lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said £150 shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use. Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan £20 and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease ; and I do will and devise unto her the house with the appurtenances in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of 12*d.* Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, —— Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds a-piece, to be paid within one year after my decease. Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate, except my broad silver and gilt bowl, that I now have at the date of this my will. Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds ; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword ; to Thomas Russell, esquire, five pounds ; and to Francis Collins, of the borough of Warwick in the county of

Warwick, gentleman, thirteen pounds, six shillings, and eight pence, to be paid within one year after my decease, Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlett Sadler 26*s.* 8*d.* to buy him a ring; to William Raynolds, gent., 26*s.* 8*d.*, to buy him a ring; to my godson Wiliam Walker, 20*s.* in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent., 26*s.* 8*d.*; and to Mr. John Nash, 26*s.* 8*d.*; and to my fellows John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, 26*s.* 8*d.* a-piece to buy them rings. Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called the New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-Street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds, of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopston, and Welcombe, or in any of them in the said county of Warwick. And also all that messuage or tenement with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being, in the Blackfriars in London, near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life, and after her decease, to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body lawfully issuing, one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of

her body, and to their heirs males ; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing ; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing ; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakespeare for ever. Item, I give unto my wife my second best bed with the furniture. Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattel, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent., and my daughter Susanna, his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do intreat and appoint the said Thomas Russell, esquire, and Francis Collins, gent., to be overseers hereof, and do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above-written.

By me WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

FRA : COLLINS,  
JULIUS SHAW,  
JOHN ROBINSON,  
HAMNET SADLER,  
ROBERT WHATTCOTT.

Probatum coram magistro Willielmo Byrde, legum doctore comiss.  
&c. xxij<sup>do</sup>. die mensis Junii, anno Domini 1616, juramento Jo-  
hannis Hall, unius executorum, &c. cui &c. de bene &c. jurat.  
reservat. potestate &c. Susannæ Hall, alteri executorum &c.  
cum venerit petitur. &c. (Inv. ex.)

DEDICATION PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF  
1623.

*To the most noble and incomparable pair of Brethren,  
WILLIAM, Earl of PEMBROKE, &c., Lord Chamberlain to the  
King's most excellent Majesty,  
and  
PHILIP, Earl of MONTGOMERY, &c., Gentleman of his Majesty's  
bedchamber ;  
Both Knights of the most noble order of the Garter, and our sin-  
gular good lords.*

RIGHT-HONOURABLE : — Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular for the many favours we have received from your Lordships, we are fallen upon the ill-fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear and rashness, — rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For when we value the places your Honours sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles ; and while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our dedication. But since your Lordships have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted both them and their author living with so much favour, we hope that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference whether any book choose his patrons, or find them : this hath done both. For so much were your Lordships' likings of the several parts when they were acted, as, before they were published, the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians ; without ambition either of self-profit or fame ; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was

our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come near your Lordships but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your Honours by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my lords. We cannot go beyond our powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have; and many nations, we have heard, that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their gods by what means they could; and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your Honours these remains of your servant Shakespeare, that what delight is in them may be ever your Lordships', the reputation his, and the fault ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living and the dead as is

Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,  
HENRY CONDELL.

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#### ADDRESS PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

*To the great Variety of Readers.*

FROM the most able to him that can but spell: there you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed: especially when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities; and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well, it is now public; and you will stand for your privileges, we know,—to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first: that doth best commend a book, the stationer says. Then how odd soever your brains be or your wisdoms, make your license the same, and spare not. Judge your six-pen'orth, your shilling's-worth, your five-shillings'-worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jack go. And, though you be a magistrate

of wit, and sit on the stage at Black-friars or the Cock-pit, to arraign plays daily, know, these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals, and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But, since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain, to have collected and published them ; and so to have published them as, where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them ; who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it : his mind and hand went together ; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him : and there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough both to draw and hold you ; for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Read him, therefore ; and again and again : and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, who, if you need, can be your guides : if you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,  
HENRY CONDELL.

COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO THE  
FOLIO OF 1623.

*To the Memory of my beloved, the Author, Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and what he hath left us.*

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;  
While I confess thy writings to be such  
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much :  
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage : but these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;  
For silliest ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right ;  
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;  
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin where it seem'd to raise :  
These are as some infamous bawd or whore  
Should praise a matron : what could hurt her more ?  
But thou art proof against them ; and, indeed,  
Above th' ill fortune of them or the need.  
I, therefore, will begin : Soul of the age,  
Th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,  
My Shakespeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room : \*  
Thou art a monument without a tomb,

\* An allusion to the following lines by William Basse, which are found in MSS. with several variations : they appear to have been first printed in 1633 among the poems of Donne, to whom they were wrongly attributed :

Renownèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh  
To learnèd Chaucer ; and, rare Beaumont, lie  
A little nearer Spenser ; to make room  
For Shakespeare in your threefold fourfold tomb :  
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift  
Until doomsday ; for hardly will a fifth,

And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.  
 That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,—  
 I mean, with great but disproportion'd Muses ;  
 For, if I thought my judgment were of years,  
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,  
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,  
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line :  
 And, though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,  
 From thence to honour thee I would not seek  
 For names ; but call forth thundering *Æschylus*,  
*Euripides*, and *Sophocles* to us,  
*Pacuvius*, *Accius*, him of *Cordova*, dead,  
 To life again, to hear thy buskin tread  
 And shake a stage ; or, when thy socks were on,  
 Leave thee alone for the comparison  
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome  
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.—  
 Triumph, my Britain ! thou hast one to show,  
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
 He was not of an age, but for all time ;  
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.  
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
 And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines ;  
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
 As since she will vouchsafe no other wit :  
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,

Betwixt this day and that, by fate be slain,  
 For whom your curtains may be drawn again.  
 But if precedence in death doth bar  
 A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,  
 Under this carved marble of thine own,  
 Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone :  
 Thy unmolested peace, unshared cave,  
 Possess as lord, not tenant, of thy grave ;  
 That unto us and others it may be  
 Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;  
 But antiquated and deserted lie,  
 As they were not of Nature's family.—  
 Yet must I not give Nature all ; thy art,  
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part :  
 For, though the poet's matter Nature be,  
 His art doth give the fashion ; and that he  
 Who casts to write a living line must sweat,—  
 Such as thine are,—and strike the second heat  
 Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same,  
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;  
 Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—  
 For a good poet's made, as well as born :  
 And such wert thou. — Look how the father's face  
 Lives in his issue ; even so the race  
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
 In his well-turnèd and true-filèd lines ;  
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
 As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance. —  
 Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were  
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,  
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames  
 That so did take Eliza and our James !  
 But stay ; I see thee in the hemisphere  
 Advanced, and made a constellation there :  
 Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage  
 Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage ;  
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,  
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.\*

BEN JONSON.

\* Upon these superb lines Dyce makes the following just comment : "That a sincere friendship existed between Shakespeare and Jonson will never again be doubted after the excellent memoir of the latter by Gifford ; and, indeed, it is surprising that the alleged enmity of Jonson towards Shakespeare should not have had an earlier refutation, especially as Jonson's writings exhibit the most unequivocal testimony of his affectionate admiration of Shakespeare. A more glowing eulogy than the verses '*To the Memory of MY BELOVED, the Author, MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,*' was never penned."

*To the Memory of the deceased Author, Master W.  
SHAKESPEARE.*

SHAKESPEARE, at length thy pious fellows give  
The world thy works ; thy works, by which out-live  
Thy tomb thy name must : when that stone is rent,  
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,  
Here we alive shall view thee still ; this book,  
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look  
Fresh to all ages ; when posterity  
Shall loathe what's new, think all is prodigy  
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,  
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.  
Nor fire, nor cankering age,—as Naso said  
Of his,—thy wit-fraught book shall once invade :  
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,  
Though miss'd, until our bankrupt stage be sped —  
Impossible — with some new strain t' out-do  
Passions of Juliet and her Romeo ;  
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take  
Than when thy half-sword-parleying Romans spake :  
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,  
Shall with more fire, more feeling be express'd,  
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,  
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

LEONARD DIGGES.\*

\* Leonard Digges, born in London, was educated at University College, Oxford; to which college, after travelling "into several countries," he retired; and died there in 1635. Though a very poor poet, he was a person of considerable accomplishments, as is shown by his translation of Claudian's *Rape of Proserpine*, and of Gonçalo de Cespides's *Cerardo, the unfortunate Spaniard*. He has another and much longer eulogy on Shakespeare, prefixed to the edition of our author's *Poems*, 1640.—DYCE.

*To the Memory of Master W. SHAKESPEARE.*

WE wonder'd, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon  
 From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room :  
 We thought thee dead ; but this thy printed worth  
 Tells thy spectators that thou went'st but forth  
 To enter with applause. An actor's art  
 Can die, and live to act a second part :  
 That's but an exit of mortality,  
 This a re-entrance to a plaudite.

J. M.\*

*Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenic Poet, Master  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.*

THOSE hands which you so clapp'd, go now and wring,  
 You Britons brave ; for done are Shakespeare's days ;  
 His days are done that made the dainty plays,  
 Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring :  
 Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,  
 Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays :  
 That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays  
 Which crown'd him poet first, then poet's king.  
 If tragedies might any prologue have,  
 All those he made would scarce make one to this ;  
 Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave —  
 Death's public tiring-house — the Nuntius is :  
 For, though his line of life went soon about,  
 The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH · HOLLAND.†

\* Mr. Bolton Corney, in *Notes and Queries*, leaves hardly any doubt that these are the initials of *James Mabbe*, who is described by Wood as "a learned man, good orator, and a facetious conceited wit." He became prebendary of Wells, and died about the year 1642.

† Hugh Holland was a Welshman, who became fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge ; travelled to Jerusalem, "to do his devotions to the holy sepulchre" ; afterwards spent some years at Oxford "for the sake of the public library" there, and "died within the city of Westminster in 1633." — DYCE.

COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO THE  
FOLIO OF 1632.\*

*Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author, Master  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and his Works.*

SPECTATOR, this life's shadow is : to see  
This truer image and a livelier he,  
Turn reader. But observe his comic vein,  
Laugh ; and proceed next to a tragic strain,  
Then weep : so, when thou find'st two contraries,  
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,  
Say — who alone effect such wonders could —  
Rare Shakespeare to the life thou dost behold

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*An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatic Poet, W. SHAKESPEARE.*

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones  
The labour of an age in pilèd stones,  
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid  
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a live-long monument :  
For whilst, to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
Thy easy numbers flow ; and that each heart  
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took ;

\* The second folio prints the following pieces *in addition to* those that precede.

Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;  
 And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.\*

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*On worthy Master SHAKESPEARE and his Poems.*

A MIND reflecting ages past, whose clear  
 And equal surface can make things appear,—  
 Distant a thousand years, — and represent  
 Them in their lively colours, just extent :  
 To outrun hasty Time, retrieve the Fates,  
 Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates  
 Of Death and Lethe, where confusèd lie  
 Great heaps of ruinous mortality :  
 In that deep dusky dungeon to discern  
 A royal ghost from churls ; by art to learn  
 The physiognomy of shades, and give  
 Them sudden birth, wondering how oft they live ;  
 What story coldly tells, what poets feign  
 At second hand, and picture without brain,—  
 Senseless and soulless shows, — to give a stage, —  
 Ample, and true with life, — voice, action, age,  
 As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,  
 Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd :  
 To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,  
 Make kings his subjects ; by exchanging verse  
 Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age  
 Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage :  
 Yet so to temper passion, that our ears  
 Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears  
 Both weep and smile ; fearful at plots so sad,  
 Then laughing at our fear ; abused, and glad

\* The authorship of these lines was ascertained by their appearing in an edition of Milton's Poems published in 1645.

To be abused ; affected with that truth  
Which we perceive is false, pleased in that ruth  
At which we start, and by elaborate play  
Tortured and tickled ; by a crab-like way  
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort  
Disgorging up his ravin for our sport :—  
While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,  
Creates and rules a world, and works upon  
Mankind by secret engines ; now to move  
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love ;  
To strike up and stroke down both joy and ire ;  
To stir th' affections ; and by heavenly fire  
Mould us anew, stol'n from ourselves :—  
This, and much more which cannot be express'd  
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,  
Was Shakespeare's freehold ; which his cunning brain  
Improved by favour of the nine-fold train ;  
The buskin'd Muse, the comic queen, the grand  
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand  
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,  
The silver-voicèd lady, the most fair  
Calliopé, whose speaking silence daunts,  
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants ;  
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another,—  
Obey'd by all as spouse, but loved as brother,—  
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,  
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,  
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,  
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright ;  
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted Spring ;  
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string  
Of golden wire, each line of silk ; there run  
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun ;  
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice  
Birds of a foreign note and various voice ;  
Here hangs a mossy rock ; there plays a fair  
But chiding fountain, purlèd ; not the air,  
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn,—

Not out of common tiffany or lawn,  
 But fine materials, which the Muses know,  
 And only know the countries where they grow.  
 Now, when they could no longer him enjoy  
 In mortal garments pent,— “Death may destroy,”  
 They say, “ his body ; but his verse shall live,  
 And more than Nature takes our hands shall give :  
 In a less volume, but more strongly bound,  
 Shakespeare shall breathe and speak ; with laurel crown’d  
 Which never fades ; fed with ambrosian meat,  
 In a well-linèd vesture, rich and neat.”  
 So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it ;  
 For time shall never stain nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his endowments,

J. M. S.\*

\* The authorship of this most intelligent and appreciative strain of commendation has not been fully settled, and probably never will be. Malone conjectured the initials to stand for “Jasper Mayne, *Student*”; and Mr. Bolton Corney pointed out to Dyce some dozen pieces of occasional verse written by Mayne, which, though greatly inferior to this on Shakespeare, yet bear, he thinks, a sufficient resemblance to it in style to warrant a belief in Malone’s conjecture. None of the signatures, however, to those pieces give any fair colour to the inference of the letter *S* being put for *Student*; nor do the pieces themselves show any indications of the power displayed in this instance. Singer notes upon the subject as follows: “Conjecture had been vainly employed upon the initials J. M. S., until Mr. Hunter, having occasion to refer to the *Iter Lancastrense*, a poem by *Richard James*, an eminent scholar and antiquary, the friend of Selden and Sir Robert Cotton, was struck with the similarity of style, the same unexpected and abrupt breaks in the middle of the lines, and the same disposition to view every thing under its antiquarian aspect, which we find in these verses; and therefore suggested the great probability that by J. M. S. we must understand JaMeS. Without being at all aware of Mr. Hunter’s suggestion, my excellent friend Mr. Lloyd had come to the same conclusion, from having seen some lines by James, printed in Mr. Halliwell’s *Essay on the Character of Falstaff*. The coincident opinion of two independent and able authorities would be in itself conclusive; and, for my own part, I have no doubt that it is to *Richard James* these highly poetical lines to the memory of the Poet must be attributed.”



## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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FIRST printed in the folio of 1623. One of the twelve plays mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. All are agreed in regarding it as among the Poet's earliest contributions to the stage ; though it is somewhat uncertain whether, of the Comedies, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and the original form of *Love's Labours Lost* may not have preceded it. In the *Gesta Grayorum*, 1594, we have the following : "After such sports, a *Comedy of Errors*, like to Plautus's *Menechmus*, was played by the players : so that night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors ; whereupon it was ever afterwards called *The Night of Errors*." This doubtless refers to the play in hand, and infers it to have been performed at Gray's-Inn in December, 1594. The date of the writing is further approximated from a curious piece of internal evidence. In iii. 2, Dromio of Syracuse, talking of the "kitchen wench" who made love to him, and who was "spherical like globe," so that he "could find out countries in her," in answer to the question, "Where France ?" replies, "In her forehead ; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair." Here of course an equivoque was intended between *hair* and *heir*, else there were no apparent point in the jest ; and the reference clearly is to the War of the League against Henry of Navarre, who became heir to the crown of France in 1589. As this war was on account of Henry's being a Protestant, the English people took great interest in it ; in fact, Queen Elizabeth sent several bodies of troops to aid him ; so that the allusion would naturally be understood and relished. The war, however, continued several years, until at length Henry embraced the Roman Catholic religion at St. Denis, in July, 1593.

The general idea or plan of the piece is borrowed from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, but the plot is entirely recast, and made much more diverting by the variety and quick succession of the incidents. To the twin brothers of Plautus are added twin servants; which, to be sure, greatly heightens the improbability; but, as Schlegel observes, “when once we have lent ourselves to the first, which certainly borders on the incredible, we should not probably be disposed to cavil about the second; and if the spectator is to be entertained with mere perplexities, they cannot be too much varied.”

There has been considerable diversity of opinion as to the immediate source of the plot. Collier discovered that an old drama entitled *The History of Error* was acted at Hampton Court, January 1, 1577, and probably again at Windsor on Twelfth Night, 1583; and he conjectures the Poet to have taken this as the basis of his comedy, and to have interwoven parts of it with his own matter, especially the doggerel verses. The older play not having been recovered, nor any part of it, we have no means of either refuting or verifying this conjecture.—Another opinion supposes the Poet to have drawn from a free version of the *Menæchmi* published in 1595, as “A pleasant and fine-conceited Comedy, taken out of the most excellent witty poet Plautus.” This version, to be sure, did not come out till after *The Comedy of Errors* was written: but then Shakespeare may have seen it in manuscript; for in his preface the translator speaks of having “divers of this poet’s comedies Englished, for the use and delight of private friends, who in Plautus’s own words are not able to understand them.” Nevertheless I am far from thinking this to have been the case; there being no such verbal or other resemblances between the two, as, in that case, could scarce have been avoided. The accurate Ritson ascertained that of this version not a single peculiar name or phrase or thought is to be traced in Shakespeare’s comedy. On the whole, I cannot discover the slightest objection to supposing, along with Knight and Verplanck, that the Poet may have drawn directly from Plautus himself; the matter common to them both not being such but that it may well enough have been taken by one who had “small Latin.”

# THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINIUS, Duke of Ephesus.	Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.
ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.	PINCH, a Schoolmaster.
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,	twin Sons to
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse,	Ægeon and Emilia.
DROMIO of Ephesus,	twin Brothers.
DROMIO of Syracuse,	Servants to the two Former.
BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.	
ANGELO, a Goldsmith.	
First Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.	ÆMILIA, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.
	ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
	LUCIANA, her Sister.
	LUCE, Servant to Adriana.
	A Courtezan.
	Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—*Ephesus.*

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the DUKE's Palace.*

*Enter the DUKE, ÆGEON, Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.*

*Æge.* Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

*Duke.* Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more ;  
I am not partial to infringe<sup>1</sup> our laws :

<sup>1</sup> We should say, "I am not *the party* to infringe," or, "I'll *take no part* in infringing." So, in *Measure for Measure*, v. 1, we have "In this I'll be *impartial*"; meaning "I'll *take no part* in this."

The enmity and discord which of late  
 Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke  
 To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—  
 Who, wanting guilders<sup>2</sup> to redeem their lives,  
 Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—  
 Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.  
 For, since the mortal<sup>3</sup> and intestine jars  
 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
 Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,  
 T' admit no traffic to our adverse towns :  
 Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus  
 Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs ;  
 Again, if any Syracusan born  
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
 To quit<sup>5</sup> the penalty and ransom him.  
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;  
 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*Aege.* Yet 'tis my comfort, when your words are done,  
 My woes end likewise with the evening Sun.

*Duke.* Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause  
 Why thou departed'st from thy native home,

<sup>2</sup> *Gelder* is the name of a Flemish and of a German coin; the former equal to about thirty-eight cents of our reckoning, the latter to about eighty-seven.

<sup>3</sup> *Mortal* is *deadly* or *fatal*. Commonly so in Shakespeare.

<sup>4</sup> *Dispose* for *disposal* or *disposition*. The Poet has many such shortened forms. So, in iii. 1, of this play we have "within the compass of *suspect*"; that is, *suspicion*.—*Confiscate*, also, for *confiscated*. The Poet has many like shortened preterites, such as *consecrate*, *dedicate*, *suffocate*, *situate*, and *contaminato*.

<sup>5</sup> To *quit*, here, is to *set free from*, or to *release*; much the same as to *acquit*. The Poet has it repeatedly so.

And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

*Æge.* A heavier task could not have been imposed  
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :  
Yet, that the world may witness that my end  
Was wrought by nature,<sup>6</sup> not by vile offence,  
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
In Syracusa was I born ; and wed  
Unto a woman, happy but for me,  
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.  
With her I lived in joy ; our wealth increased  
By prosperous voyages I often made  
To Epidamnum ; till my factor's death,  
And the great care of goods at random left,  
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :  
From whom my absence was not six months old,  
Before herself — almost at fainting under  
The pleasing punishment that women bear —  
Had made provision for her following me,  
And soon and safe arrivèd where I was.  
There had she not been long but she became  
A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;  
And, which was strange, the one so like the other  
As<sup>7</sup> could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,  
A meaner woman was deliveréd  
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike :  
Those, for<sup>8</sup> their parents were exceeding poor,  
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
Made daily motions for our home return :

<sup>6</sup> Here, as in many other places, *nature* is *natural affection*.

<sup>7</sup> As is here equivalent to *that they*. The word was used much more loosely in the Poet's time than it is now.

<sup>8</sup> For in the sense of because or for that. A frequent usage.

Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon  
We came aboard !  
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,  
Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
Gave any tragic instance<sup>9</sup> of our harm :  
But longer did we not retain much hope ;  
For what obscurèd light the heavens did grant  
Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;  
Which though myself would gladly have embraced,  
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,  
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.  
And thus it was, — for other means was none : —  
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,  
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :  
My wife, more careful for the later-born,  
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
Such as seafaring men provide for storms ;  
To him one of the other twins was bound,  
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other :  
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,  
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;  
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
Were carried towards<sup>10</sup> Corinth, as we thought.  
At length the Sun, gazing upon the Earth,

<sup>9</sup> Shakespeare uses *instance* with various shades of meaning not always easily distinguishable; such as *example*, *motive*, *grund*, *assurance*, *prognostic*, or *warning*; which latter is the meaning here.

<sup>10</sup> *Towards* is one or two syllables, and has the accent on the first or second syllable, indifferently in Shakespeare, according to the needs of his verse. Here it is two syllables, with the accent on the first.

Dispersed those vapours that offended us ;  
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,  
The seas wax'd calm, and we discover'd  
Two ships from far making amain<sup>11</sup> to us,  
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :  
But, ere they came,— O, let me say no more !  
Gather the sequel by that went before.

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man ; do not break off so ;  
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*Age.* O, had the gods done so, I had not now  
Worthily term'd them merciless to us !  
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;  
Which being violently borne upon,  
Our hopeful ship was splitted in the midst ;  
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
Fortune had left to both of us alike  
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened  
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
Was carried with more speed before the wind ;  
And in our sight they three were taken up  
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
At length, the other ship had seized on us ;  
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests ;  
And would have rest the fishers of their prey,  
Had not their bark been very slow of sail ;  
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.  
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss ;  
Thus by misfortune ~~was~~ my life prolong'd,

<sup>11</sup> *Amain* is *with strength*, or *strongly*; that is, *swiftly*. So, in Shakespeare, the adjective *main* often means *great* or *mighty*, as in the phrase, “*with main strength*.”

To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

*Duke.* And, for the sake of them thou sorrow'st for,  
Do me the favour to dilate at full  
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

*Æge.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
At eighteen years became inquisitive  
After his brother ; and impótuned me  
That his attendant — for his case was like,  
Reft of his brother, but retain'd<sup>12</sup> his name —  
Might bear him company in the quest of him :  
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love<sup>13</sup> to see,  
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.  
Five Summers have I spent in farthest Greece,  
Roaming clean<sup>14</sup> through the bounds of Asia,  
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;  
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought  
Or that or<sup>15</sup> any place that harbours men.  
But here must end the story of my life ;  
And happy were I in my timely death,  
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

*Duke.* Hapless *Ægeon*, whom the fates have mark'd  
To bear th' extremity of dire mishap !  
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity, —  
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,<sup>16</sup> —  
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.

<sup>12</sup> The language, expressed in full, would be "*He was reft of his brother, but retain'd.*" The Poet has many like ellipses.

<sup>13</sup> Here *of* stands for the relation of cause: *from* or *out of* a love.

<sup>14</sup> *Clean* is *utterly* or *entirely*. So in *Julius Caesar*, i. 3: "Men may construe things *clean* from the purpose." Also in the 77th Psalm: "Is His mercy *clean* gone for ever ?"

<sup>15</sup> *Or* — *or for either* — *or* is frequent in all English poetry.

<sup>16</sup> *Disannul* for *annul*, though properly meaning just the opposite. So in *Galatians*, iii. 17: "The covenant, that was confirmed before, the law cannot *disannul*."

But, though thou art adjudg'd to the death,  
 And pass'd sentence may not be recall'd  
 But to our honour's great disparagement,  
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can.  
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day  
 To seek thy life by beneficial help :<sup>17</sup>  
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;  
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
 And live ; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.—  
 Jailer, now take him to thy custody.

*Jail.* I will, my lord.

*Aege.* Hopeless and helpless doth *Aegeon* wend,  
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—*The Mart.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse, and First Merchant.*

*1 Mer.* Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,  
 Lest that<sup>1</sup> your goods too soon be confiscate.  
 This very day a Syracusian merchant  
 Is apprehended for arrival here ;  
 And, not being able to buy out his life,  
 According to the statute of the town,  
 Dies ere the weary Sun set in the West.  
 There is your money that I had to keep.

*Ant. S.* Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>17</sup> The Poet repeatedly uses *beneficial* for *beneficent* or *benevolent*. So that "beneficial help" is assistance rendered *out of charity* or *kindness*.

<sup>1</sup> "Lest that" is old language for *lest* simply. So we have *if that*, since *that*, though *that*, when *that*, &c., where we should now use only *if*, *since*, *though*, *when*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> To *host* for to *lodge*. So again in *All's Well*, iii. 5 : "Come, pilgrim, I will bring you where you shall *host*." In *King Lear*, v. 2, the word occurs as a substantive for *lodging*.—*Centaur* is the name of an inn. And so with *Phœnix* a little further on.

And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time :  
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,  
 Peruse<sup>3</sup> the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
 And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;  
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
 Get thee away.

*Dro. S.* Many a man would take you at your word,  
 And go indeed, having so good a mean.<sup>4</sup> [Exit.]

*Ant. S.* A trusty villain, sir ; that very oft,  
 When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
 What, will you walk with me about the town,  
 And then go to my inn, and dine with me ?

*I Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,  
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit ;  
 I crave your pardon. Soon at<sup>5</sup> five o'clock,  
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the m&art,  
 And afterward consort<sup>6</sup> you till bed-time :  
 My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. S.* Farewell till then : I will go lose myself,  
 And wander up and down to view the city.

*I Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content. [Exit.]

*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine own content  
 Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

<sup>3</sup> The Poet often has *peruse* for *mark* or *observe closely*. So in *Hamlet*, iv. 4: "He, being remiss, most generous, and free from all contriving, will not *peruse* the foils."

<sup>4</sup> *Mean* and *means* were used indifferently. Here *mean* refers to the money. And the sense is, "Many a man, having such a *purse of money* in trust, would *run away*."

<sup>5</sup> *Soon at* is an old phrase for *about*. So again in ill. x, of this play: "And soon at supper-time I'll visit you." Also in *The Merchant*, ii. 3: "Soon at supper shalt thou see Lorenzo."

<sup>6</sup> *Consort* for *accompany* or *attend*. So in *Love's Labours Lost*, ii. 1: "Sweet health and fair desires *consort* your Grace!"

I to the world am like a drop of water,  
 That in the ocean seeks another drop ;  
 Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds<sup>7</sup> himself :  
 So I, to find a mother and a brother,  
 In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.  
 Here comes the almanac of my true da—<sup>8</sup> —

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

*Dro. E.* Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd too late :  
 The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;<sup>9</sup>  
 The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,—  
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek :  
 She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;  
 The meat is cold, because you come not home ;  
 You come not home, because you have no stomach ;<sup>10</sup>  
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;  
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, sir : tell me this, I pray, —  
 Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

*Dro. E.* O, sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last  
 To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper :  
 The saddler had it, sir ; I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now :

<sup>7</sup> To spend, to consume, to destroy are old meanings of to confound.—  
*Forth* was often used with the sense of *out*.

<sup>8</sup> The almanac of his true date, because they were both born the same day.

<sup>9</sup> A *spit* was an iron rod, to thrust through a fowl, a pig, or a piece of meat, for roasting. The fowl or pig was then placed before the fire, so as to be kept turning ; and the one who turned it was called a *turnspit*.

<sup>10</sup> Stomach for appetite. A frequent usage. Sometimes it means *courage* ; that is, an appetite for fighting.

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?  
 We being strangers here, how darest thou trust  
 So great a charge from thine own custody?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner :  
 I from my mistress come to you in post;<sup>11</sup>  
 If I return, I shall be post indeed,  
 For she will score ~~your~~ your fault upon my pate.  
 Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,  
 And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season ;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

*Dro. E.* To me, sir ! why, you gave no gold to me.

*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,  
 And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from the mart  
 Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner :  
 My mistress and her sister stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,  
 In what safe place you have bestow'd my money ;  
 Or I shall break that merry sconce<sup>13</sup> of yours,  
 That stands on tricks when I am undisposed :  
 Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate,  
 Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders ;  
 But not a thousand marks<sup>14</sup> between you both.

<sup>11</sup> "In *post*" is in *haste*; going with the speed of a postman.

<sup>12</sup> To *score*, as the word is here used, is to *mark*; as accounts were formerly kept by marking the items on a board or a post, or by cutting notches in a stick.—*Maw*, in the next line, is *stomach*.

<sup>13</sup> *Sconce* is properly a round fortification; and, from the shape of the thing, the word came to be used of the *head*.

<sup>14</sup> A quibble between *mark* as a denomination of value, and *mark* in the ordinary sense. The English mark was equal to 13*s. 8d.*, or about \$3.25.

If I should pay your Worship<sup>15</sup> those again,  
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks ! what mistress, slave, hast thou ?

*Dro. E.* Your Worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix ;  
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,  
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,  
Being forbid ? There, take you that, sir knave.

[Beating him.]

*Dro. E.* What mean you, sir ? for God's sake, hold your hands !

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit.]

*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other  
The villain is o'er-raught<sup>16</sup> of all my money.  
They say this town is full of cozenage ;  
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,  
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,  
Disguisèd cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
And many such-like liberties of sin :<sup>17</sup>  
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave :  
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

<sup>15</sup> "Your Worship" was in common use as a phrase of deference, meaning somewhat less than "your Honour."

<sup>16</sup> *O'er-raught* is an old form of *o'er-reached*; here meaning *cheated* or *defrauded*. To *cozen* had the same meaning; hence *cozenage*.—*Villain* and *knave* are used here in the old English sense of *servant* or *thrall*.

<sup>17</sup> "Such-like *liberties of sin*" probably means "*such-like persons of sinful liberty*," or of *wicked license*.—A *mountebank* is what we call a *quack*; literally one who mounts a bank or a bench, and brags of his wares or his skill.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before the House of ANTPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,  
That in such haste I sent to seek his master !  
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*Luc.* Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,  
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.  
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret :  
A man is master of his liberty :  
Time is their master ; and when they see time,  
They'll go or come : if so, be patient, sister.

*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more ?

*Luc.* Because their business still lies out o' door.

*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

*Luc.* O, know he is the bridle of your will.

*Adr.* There's none but asses will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye  
But hath his<sup>1</sup> bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :  
The beasts, the fishes, and the wingèd fowls,  
Are their males' subjects and at their controls :  
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,  
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,

<sup>1</sup> *His* for *its*, the latter not being then an admitted word. Continually so in the Bible; as, "if the salt have lost *his* savour," and, "giveth to every seed *his* own body." In fact, *its* does not once occur in the Bible as printed in 1611.

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords :  
Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

*Adr.* But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other hare?<sup>2</sup>

*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

*Adr.* Patience unmoved, no marvel though she pause ;<sup>3</sup>

They can be meek that have no other cause.<sup>4</sup>

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;

But, were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless<sup>5</sup> patience wouldest relieve me ;

But, if thou live to see like right bereft, .

This fool-begg'd patience<sup>6</sup> in thee will be left.

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try.

Here comes your man ; now is your husband nigh.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

<sup>2</sup> Meaning, probably, "fly off after some other woman." So in *As You Like It*, iv. 3: "Her love is not the *hare* that I do hunt." Also in *1 King Henry the Fourth*, i. 3: "The blood more stirs, to rouse a lion than to start a *hare*."

<sup>3</sup> Meaning, I suppose, that it is no wonder if patience keeps *quiet* when she has nothing to fret or disturb her.

<sup>4</sup> "No other cause" here means, apparently, "no cause to be otherwise."

<sup>5</sup> *Helpless for unhelping.* The Poet has it repeatedly thus. So in *Lucrece* : "This *helpless* smoke of words doth me no right."

<sup>6</sup> A *fool-begged* patience is a patience so nearly idiotic as to cause the subject of it to be "begged for a fool"; alluding to the old custom of soliciting the guardianship of fools or idiots with a view to get the management of their funds.

*Dro. E.* Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

*Dro. E.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear :  
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.<sup>7</sup>

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows ; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

*Adr.* But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home ?  
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain !

*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad ;  
But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner,  
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold :

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I ; *My gold*, quoth he :  
*Your meat doth burn*, quoth I ; *My gold*, quoth he :  
*Will you come home ?* quoth I ; *My gold*, quoth he ;  
*Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ?*  
*The pig*, quoth I, *is burn'd* ; *My gold*, quoth he :  
*My mistress, sir*, quoth I ; *Hang up thy mistress !*  
*I know not thy mistress ; out on thy mistress !*

*Luc.* Quoth who ?

*Dro. E.* Quoth my master :  
*I know*, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress.*  
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,  
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders ;

<sup>7</sup> A quibble between *understand* and *stand under*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen*, ii. 5, Launce says, "Why, stand-under and understand is all one."

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home !

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other beating :  
Between you I shall have a holy head.

*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant ! fetch thy master home.

*Dro. E.* Am I so round <sup>8</sup> with you as you with me,  
That like a football you do spurn me thus ?  
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :  
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [Exit.

*Luc.* Fie, how impatience loureth in your face !

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,  
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.  
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took  
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it :  
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?  
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard :  
Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?  
That's not my fault, — he's master of my state : <sup>9</sup>  
What ruins are in me that can be found  
By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground  
Of my defeatures. My decayèd fair <sup>10</sup>  
A sunny look of his would soon repair :  
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,  
And feeds from home ; poor I am but his stale. <sup>11</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Round was much used for plain-spoken ; hence the quibble here.

<sup>9</sup> State for estate ; a common usage in the Poet's time.

<sup>10</sup> Fair is here used as a substantive, for beauty. Repeatedly so.— *Defeatures* is change of features or disfigurement.

<sup>11</sup> It appears that stale was sometimes used for stalking-horse, that is, a horse painted on stretched canvas, which the hunter carried before him in order to deceive the game till he got near enough to make sure of it.

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy, — fie, beat it hence !

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.<sup>12</sup>

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere ;  
 Or else what lets<sup>13</sup> it but he would be here ?  
 Sister, you know he promised me a chain ; —  
 Would that alone alone<sup>14</sup> he would detain,  
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !  
 I see the jewel best enamelléd  
 Will lose his beauty ; and though gold bides still  
 The triers' touch, yet often-touching will  
 Wear gold : and so a man, that hath a name,  
 By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.  
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy ! [ *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. — *The Mart.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up  
 Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful slave  
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
 By computation and mine host's report,  
 I could not speak with Dromio since at first  
 I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes. —

Hence it came to signify *pretence, mask, or cover*. And so here, Adriana probably means that she serves but as a cover for her husband, behind or beneath which he hunts such game as he prefers.

<sup>12</sup> *Dispense* seems to be used rather oddly, not to say loosely, here, — in the sense of *put up with* ; which, however, comes pretty near one of its old meanings, — *alone for or compensate*.

<sup>13</sup> *Lets*, here, is the old word, now obsolete, meaning *hinders*.

<sup>14</sup> *Alone* repeated in slightly-different senses for the sake of a certain jingle, apparently. So in the Poet's *Lucrece*: "But I *alone alone* must sit and pine."

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

How now, sir ! is your merry humour alter'd ?  
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
 You know no Centaur ? you received no gold ?  
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner ?  
 My house was at the Phœnix ? Wast thou mad,  
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me ?

*Dro. S.* What answer, sir ? when spake I such a word ?

*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence,  
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,  
 And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner ;  
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

*Dro. S.* I'm glad to see you in this merry vein :  
 What means this jest ? I pray you, master, tell me.

*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth ?  
 Think'st thou I jest ? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[Beating him.]

*Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for God's sake ! now your jest is earnest :  
 Upon what bargain do you give it me ?

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes  
 Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,  
 Your sauciness will jet upon<sup>1</sup> my love,  
 And make a common<sup>2</sup> of my serious hours.  
 When the Sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,  
 But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.

<sup>1</sup> The Poet several times has *jet upon* in the sense of *encroach upon*. So in *King Richard III.*, ii. 4 : "Insulting tyranny begins to *jet upon* the innocent and aweless throne." Also in the play of *Sir Thomas More*, quoted by Dyce : "It is hard when Englishmens pacience must be thus *jetted on* by straungers."

<sup>2</sup> *Common* is land unenclosed, and so made free with or used in common by the people, whether for pleasure, play, or pasturage.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,  
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,  
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*Dro. S.* Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and ensconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first, for flouting me; and then, wherefore,— For urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season, When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir! for what?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

*Dro. S.* No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir; what's that?

*Dro. S.* Basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

*Ant. S.* Your reason?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you choleric,<sup>3</sup> and purchase me another dry basting.

<sup>3</sup> Such was thought to be the effect of meats so much done as to be undone. In the *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 1, Petruchio sends off the meat

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery?<sup>4</sup>

*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?<sup>5</sup>

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.<sup>6</sup>

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.<sup>7</sup>

because "twas burnt and dried away; and I expressly am forbid to touch it, for it engenders choler."

<sup>4</sup> *Fine and recovery* is the name of an old legal process, now out of use, for testing and assuring the tenure of property. Ritson, a lawyer, describes it as "the strongest assurance known to English law."

<sup>5</sup> *Excrement* from *excrescere*, to grow forth, was used of whatever seems to vegetate from the body, such as hair, beard, and nails.

<sup>6</sup> This expression seems to have been proverbial. It is well illustrated in the following lines, 1656, upon Suckling's *Aglaura*, which was printed in folio:

This great voluminous pamphlet may be said  
To be like one that hath more hair than head;  
More excrement than body: — trees which sprout  
With broadest leaves have still the smallest fruit.

<sup>7</sup> Alluding to the loss of hair by what was called the French disease.

*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost : yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*Ant. S.* For what reason ?

*Dro. S.* For two ; and sound ones too.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.

*Dro. S.* Sure ones, then.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falling.

*Dro. S.* Certain ones, then.

*Ant. S.* Name them.

*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming ; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

*Ant. S.* You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir ; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it : Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion :  
But, soft ! who wafts<sup>8</sup> us yonder ?

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown :  
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspécts ;  
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.  
The time was once when thou unurged wouldest vow  
That never words were music to thine ear,  
That never object pleasing in thine eye,  
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,

<sup>8</sup> To waft is to beckon with the hand.

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,  
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.  
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,  
That thou art thus estrangèd from thyself ?  
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,  
That, undividable, incorporate,  
Am better than thy dear self's better part.  
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me !  
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall <sup>9</sup>  
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,  
And take unmingleth thence that drop again,  
Without addition or diminishing,  
As take from me thyself, and not me too.  
How dearly would it touch thée to the quick,  
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,  
And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
By ruffian lust should be contaminate !  
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,  
And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,  
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,  
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow ?  
I know thou canst ; and therefore see thou do it.  
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot ;  
My blood is mingled with the grime of lust :  
For if we two be one, and thou play false,  
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,  
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.  
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed ;  
I live unstain'd, thou undishonouréd.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame ? I know you not :  
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
As strange unto your town as to your talk ;

<sup>9</sup> Fall as a transitive verb; let fall. Often so.

Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,  
Want wit, in all, one word to understand.

*Luc.* Fie, brother ! how the world is changed with you !  
When were you wont to use my sister thus ?  
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* By Dromio !

*Dro. S.* By me !

*Adr.* By thee ; and this thou didst return from him, —  
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,  
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

*Ant. S.* Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman ?  
What is the course and drift of your compact ?

*Dro. S.* I, sir ! I never saw her till this time.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest ; for even her very words  
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.

*Ant. S.* How can she thus, then, call us by our names,  
Unless it be by inspiration ?

*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity  
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,  
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood !  
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,<sup>10</sup>  
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.  
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :  
Thou art an elm, my husband, — I a vine,<sup>11</sup>  
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,  
Makes me with thy strength to communicate :

<sup>10</sup> An odd use of *exempt*, meaning *parted*, *separated*, or *taken away*. So in a letter from the Earl of Nottingham in favour of Edward Alleyn, cited by Malone: "Situate in a very remote and *exempt* place near Goulding Lane."

<sup>11</sup> So in *Paradise Lost*, v. 215: "Or they led the vine to wed her elm : she, spoused, about him twines her marriageable arms." Douce remarks that there is something extremely beautiful in making the vine the lawful spouse of the elm, and the *parasite* plants here named its *concubines*.

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle<sup>12</sup> moss ;  
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

*Ant. S. [Aside.]* To me she speaks ; she means me for her theme :

What, was I married to her in my dream ?  
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?  
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?  
Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

*Dro. S.* O, for my beads ! I cross me for a sinner.  
This is the fairy land ; — O spite of spites ! —  
We talk with none but goblins, elves, and sprites :  
If we obey them not, this will ensue, —  
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

*Luc.* Why protest thou to thyself, and answer'st not ?  
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot !

*Dro. S.* I am transformèd, master, am I not ?

*Ant. S.* I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

*Dro. S.* Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

*Ant. S.* Thou hast thine own form.

*Dro. S.* No, I am an ape.

*Luc.* If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

*Dro. S.* 'Tis true ; she rides me, and I long for grass.  
'Tis so, I am an ass ; else it could never be  
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn. —  
Come, sir, to dinner. — Dromio, keep the gate. —

<sup>12</sup> *Idle* is *unfruitful* or *useless* ; as in *Othello*, i. 3 : " Of antres vast and deserts idle."

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,  
 And shrive you<sup>13</sup> of a thousand idle pranks.—  
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
 Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—  
 Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

*Ant. S. [Aside.]* Am I in Earth, in Heaven, or in Hell?  
 Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?  
 Known unto these, and to myself disguised!  
 I'll say as they say, and perséver so,  
 And in this mist at all adventures go.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?  
*Adr.* Ay;  
 And let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO,  
 and BALTHAZAR.*

*Ant. E.* Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;  
 My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:  
 Say that I linger'd with you at your shop  
 To see the making of her carcanet,<sup>1</sup>  
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home.  
 But here's a villain that would face me down  
 He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>13</sup> "Shrive you" is *confess* you, or call on you to confess. To *impose penance* is one part of a confessor's office.

<sup>1</sup> A *carcanet* is a *necklace*; later in the play it is called a *chain*.

<sup>2</sup> "Would *convince* me that he met me on the mart, and that I beat him," is the meaning.

And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,  
And that I did deny my wife and house.—

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

*Dro. E.* Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know ;  
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show :  
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,  
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

*Ant. E.* I think thou art an ass.

*Dro. E.* Marry,<sup>3</sup> so it doth appear  
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.  
I should kick, being kick'd ; and, being at that pass,  
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

*Ant. E.* You are sad, Signior Balthazar : pray God our  
cheer

May answer my good will and your good welcome here !

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

*Ant. E.* O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,  
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, sir, is common ; that every churl affords.

*Ant. E.* And welcome more common ; for that's nothing  
but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

*Ant. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest :  
But though my cates<sup>4</sup> be mean, take them in good part ;  
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft !<sup>5</sup> my door is lock'd. — Go bid them let us in.

*Dro. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jin !

<sup>3</sup> *Marry* was much used as a general intensive, meaning *indeed, verily, to be sure*. It grew into use from a custom of swearing or affirming by the Virgin Mary; much the same as *heracle* and *edepol* in Latin; the latter being originally an oath by Castor and Pollux.

<sup>4</sup> *Cates* is an old form for *cakes*, but sometimes used, as here, in the wider sense of *viands* or *food*, especially of *dainties*.

<sup>5</sup> *Soft!* was a common exclamative meaning about the same as *stay, hold, or not too fast*.

*Dro. S. [Within.]* Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb,  
idiot, patch !<sup>6</sup>

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such  
store,

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter? My master  
stays in the street.

*Dro. S. [Within.]* Let him walk from whence he came,  
lest he catch cold on's feet.

*Ant. E.* Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

*Dro. S. [Within.]* Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll  
tell me wherefore.

*Ant. E.* Wherefore! for my dinner: I have not dined  
to-day.

*Dro. S. [Within.]* Nor to-day here you must not; come  
again when you may.

*Ant. E.* What art thou that keep'st me out from the house  
I owe?<sup>7</sup>

*Dro. S. [Within.]* The porter for this time, and my  
name is Dromio.

*Dro. E.* O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and  
my name!

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldest have changed thy face for a name, or thy name  
for a face.

<sup>6</sup> All these are old terms of abuse, forming a part of that extensive vocabulary called Billingsgate, which was the name of a place in London where loud and coarse women sold fish. *Mome*, of uncertain origin, comes pretty near *blockhead*. *Malt-horse* is a *brewer's horse*, a dull, dumpish beast. *Capon* is a rooster emasculated, and fatted for the table. *Patch*, applied to the "allowed Fool," on account of motley or *patchwork* dress, came to be used of a natural fool.

<sup>7</sup> *Owe*, a shortened form of *own*, is *own* or *possess*.

*Luce.* [Within.] What a coil<sup>8</sup> is there ! Dromio, who are those at the gate ?

*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.

*Luce.* [Within.] Faith, no ; he comes too late ; And so tell your master.

*Dro. E.* O Lord, I must laugh ! —

Have at you with a proverb : *Shall I set in my staff?*

*Luce.* [Within.] Have at you with another ; that's, *When? can you tell?*

*Dro. S.* [Within.] If thy name be call'd Luce, — Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.<sup>9</sup>

*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion ? you'll let us in, I know.

*Luce.* [Within.] I thought to have ask'd you.

*Dro. S.* [Within.] And you said no.

*Dro. E.* So, come, help ! Well struck ! there was blow for blow.

*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.

*Luce.* [Within.] Can you tell for whose sake ?

*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.

*Luce.* [Within.] Let him knock till it ache.

*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

*Luce.* [Within.] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks<sup>10</sup> in the town ?

*Adr.* [Within.] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise ?

*Dro. S.* [Within.] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

<sup>8</sup> Coil is *hubbub, rumpus, fuss* ; often so used in the Poet's time.

<sup>9</sup> *Luce* is an old name for the fish called *pike* ; which seems to be the turning-point of the quibble here. Perhaps the sense of *thrusting with a pike* is implied, as Luce has aptly met proverb with proverb.

<sup>10</sup> "A pair of stocks" was a machine in which certain offenders were fastened by the ankles, for punishment ; the offender being forced to sit with his legs in a horizontal position.

*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

*Adr. [Within.]* Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part<sup>11</sup> with neither.

*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake is warm within; you stand here in the cold: It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.<sup>12</sup>

*Ant. E.* Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

*Dro. S. [Within.]* Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

*Dro. E.* A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

*Dro. S. [Within.]* It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

*Dro. E.* Here's too much *out upon thee!* I pray thee, let me in.

*Dro. S. [Within.]* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in.—Go borrow me a crow.

<sup>11</sup> *Part for depart*; the two being formerly used indiscriminately.

<sup>12</sup> This phrase, now so common, for *tricked, taken in, or hoaxed*, is here seen to be as old as Shakespeare's time, at least.

*Dro. E.* A crow without feather ; master, mean you so ?  
 For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather :  
 If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.<sup>13</sup>

*Ant. E.* Go get thee gone ; fetch me an iron crow.

*Bal.* Have patience, sir ; O, let it not be so !  
 Herein you war against your reputation,  
 And draw within the compass of suspect <sup>14</sup>  
 Th' unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,<sup>15</sup> — your long experience of her wisdom,  
 Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
 Plead on her part some cause to you unknown ;  
 And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse  
 Why at this time the doors are made <sup>16</sup> against you.  
 Be ruled by me : depart in patience,  
 And let us to the Tiger <sup>17</sup> all to dinner ;  
 And about evening come yourself alone  
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
 If by strong hand you offer to break in  
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
 A vulgar comment will be made of it ;  
 And that supposed by the common rout  
 Against your yet ungallèd estimation,  
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead ;  
 For slander lives upon succession,  
 For ever housèd where it gets possession.

<sup>13</sup> This Dromio seems to be in a flux of proverbs. To "pluck a crow together" was a proverbial phrase for *having a quarrel or a fight*.

<sup>14</sup> Another instance like that of *dispose*. See page 80, note 4.

<sup>15</sup> *Once this* is plainly equivalent, here, to *this is enough*. So in *Much Ado*, i. 1 : "Look, what will serve, is fit : 'tis once thou lovest ; and I will fit thee with the remedy." And in *Coriolanus*, ii. 3 : "Once, if he do require our voices ; we ought not to deny him."

<sup>16</sup> To "make the doors" is to *fasten* them. Still so used sometimes.

<sup>17</sup> *Tiger*, like *Centaur* and *Phœnix* before, for the name of an inn.

*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd : I will depart in quiet,  
 And, in despite of mirth,<sup>18</sup> mean to be merry.  
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,  
 Pretty and witty ; wild, and yet, too, gentle :  
 There will we dine. This woman that I mean,  
 My wife — but, I protest, without desert —  
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal :  
 To her will we to dinner. — Get you home,  
 And fetch the chain ; by this I know 'tis made :  
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine ;<sup>19</sup>  
 For there's the house : that chain will I bestow —  
 Be it for nothing but to spite my wife —  
 Upon mine hostess there : good sir, make haste.  
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,  
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

*Ang.* I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

*Ant. E.* Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter, from the House, LUCIANA and ANTIPOLOUS of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot  
 A husband's office ? shall, Antipholus,  
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs<sup>20</sup> rot ?  
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous ?

<sup>18</sup> One might think this ought to be "in despite of *grief*." But he probably means that, to spite the mirth his wife is having with another man, he will go and be merry with another woman. Heath explains it thus: "Though mirth hath withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet, in despite of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry."

<sup>19</sup> *Porpentine* is the old form, always used by Shakespeare, for *porcupine*. Here it is the name of an inn. — *By this*, in the line before, is *by this time*.

<sup>20</sup> *Love-springs* are the *buds of love*, or rather the young *shoots*. So in *Venus and Adonis* : "This canker that eats up love's tender *spring*." And in Bare's *Alvearie* : "The *spring*, or young *shoots* that grow out of the stems or roots of trees."

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
 Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness :  
 Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;  
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness :  
 Let not my sister read it in your eye ;  
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;  
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;<sup>21</sup>  
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger ;  
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;  
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;  
 Be secret-false : what need she be acquainted ?  
 What simple thief brags of his own attaint ?  
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,  
 And let her read it in thy looks at board :  
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managéd ;  
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.  
 Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,  
 Being compact of credit,<sup>22</sup> that you love us ;  
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;  
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.  
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;  
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :  
 'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,<sup>23</sup>  
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know  
 not,  
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of<sup>24</sup> mine,—

<sup>21</sup> To "become disloyalty" is to *make it look becoming*.

<sup>22</sup> "*Compact of credit*" is *composed, framed, or made up of credulity*. So in *A Midsummer, v. i*: "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of imagination all *compact*."

<sup>23</sup> *Vain* here means *light of tongue*; speaking falsely or insincerely, as in "the sweet breath of flattery."

<sup>24</sup> *Of* and *on* were used indifferently in such cases. Shakespeare has many instances.

Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not  
 Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.  
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;  
 Lay open to my earthly-gross conceit,  
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.  
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you  
 To make it wander in an unknown field?  
 Are you a god? would you create me new?  
 Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.  
 But if that I am I, then well I know  
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:  
 Far more, far more to you do I decline.<sup>25</sup>  
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,  
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:  
 Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:  
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,  
 And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie;  
 And, in that glorious supposition, think  
 He gains by death that hath such means to die:  
 Let Love be light, being drowned if she sink!<sup>26</sup>

*Luc.* What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated;<sup>27</sup> how, I do not know.

*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

*Luc.* Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

<sup>25</sup> It appears that *decline* was sometimes used in the sense of *incline*. So Baret: "To *decline*; to turne, or hang *toward* some place or thing."

<sup>26</sup> *Love* here means the Queen of love, Venus, not her tow-head son. So in the Poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,  
 Not gross to *sink*, but *light*, and will aspire.

<sup>27</sup> A quibble, *mated* being used in the two senses of *matched* and *confounded* or *bewildered*. Shakespeare has it repeatedly in the latter sense.

*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my sister so.

*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister.

*Ant. S.* No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part,  
 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,  
 My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,  
 My sole earth's Heaven, and my Heaven's claim.<sup>28</sup>

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*Ant. S.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.<sup>29</sup>  
 Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life :  
 Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.  
 Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* O, soft, sir ! hold you still :  
 I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit.

*Enter, from the House, DROMIO of Syracuse running.*

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio ! where runn'st thou so fast ?

*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir ? am I Dromio ? am I your man ? am I myself ?

*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

*Dro. S.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.<sup>30</sup>

<sup>28</sup> Meaning, probably, "all the happiness I wish for on Earth, and all that I claim from Heaven hereafter."

<sup>29</sup> *Aim thee* sounds harsh, but evidently means *aim at thee*; that is, *seek thee*. So in *Paradise Regained*, iv. 208 : " Me nought advantaged, missing what I aim'd."

<sup>30</sup> The two forms *beside* and *besides* had not become differentiated into preposition and adverb in Shakespeare's time. Here it is necessary to retain the adverbial form in the prepositional sense, on account of the quibble in the second speech below.

*Ant.* S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

*Dro.* S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

*Ant.* S. What claim lays she to thee?

*Dro.* S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant.* S. What is she?

*Dro.* S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say *sir-reverence*.<sup>31</sup> I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

*Ant.* S. How dost thou mean,—a fat marriage?

*Dro.* S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland Winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

*Ant.* S. What complexion is she of?

*Dro.* S. Swart,<sup>32</sup> like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why<sup>33</sup> she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

<sup>31</sup> *Sir-reverence* is an old corruption of *salva reverentia* or *save reverence*, a shortened form of "saving your reverence," which was much used as an apologetic phrase for introducing any coarse or profane expression or allusion.

<sup>32</sup> *Swart* or *swarth* is *dark*, *dusky*, or *swarthy*.

<sup>33</sup> *For why* is here a simple equivalent of *because*, or *for the reason that*. The usage was ancient and common, and was fast passing away in the Poet's time; but he has several instances of it. So in *The Two Gentlemen*, iii. i: "If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone; *for why* the fools are mad, if left alone." And in the fine old ballad, *My Mind to me a Kingdom Is*: "To none of these I yield as thrall, *for why* my mind despiseth all." Also in *A Warning for Faire Women*, 1599: "What time a day is't now? it cannot be imagin'd by the sunne, *for why* I have not scene it shine to daie."

*Ant. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro. S.* No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

*Ant. S.* What's her name?

*Dro. S.* Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?

*Dro. S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of her hand.

*Ant. S.* Where France?

*Dro. S.* In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.<sup>34</sup>

*Ant. S.* Where England?

*Dro. S.* I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

*Ant. S.* Where Spain?

*Dro. S.* Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with

<sup>34</sup> A quibble, of course, between *hair* and *heir*; alluding to the War of the League against Henry of Navarre, who became heir to the crown of France in 1589.—The sense and application of *reverted* are here very obscure, to say the least. The word itself means *turned* or *thrown back*. The arm'd is, I take it, with the French disease, which made war against the hair in causing baldness. The jest about the disease in question is repeated, *ad nauseam*, in old plays. See Critical Notes.

rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain ; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast<sup>35</sup> at her nose.

*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands ?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me ; call'd me Dromio ; swore I was assured to her ; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch :

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of flint, and  
my heart of steel,  
She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn  
i' the wheel.<sup>36</sup>

*Ant. S.* Go hie thee presently post to the road :  
An if the wind blow any way from shore,  
I will not harbour in this town to-night :  
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  
Where I will walk till thou return to me.  
If every one knows us, and we know none,  
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife.

[Exit.]

*Ant. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here ;  
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.  
She that doth call me husband, even my soul  
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,  
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,  
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,  
Hath almost made me traitor to myself :

<sup>35</sup> Ballast for ballasted, or furnished with ballast.—A *carack* was a large ship of burden; from the Spanish *caraca*.

<sup>36</sup> Dogs were sometimes used for working the wheels of turnspits, when meats were roasted before the fire. See page 87, note 9.

But, lest myself be guilty to <sup>37</sup> self-wrong,  
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Re-enter ANGELO with the Chain.*

*Ang.* Master Antipholus,—

*Ant. S.* Ay, that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.  
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:  
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*Ant. S.* What is your will that I shall do with this?

*Ang.* What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir! I bespeak it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.  
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;  
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,  
And then receive my money for the chain.

*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now,  
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

*Ant. S.* What I should think of this, I cannot tell:  
But this I think, there's no man is so vain  
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.<sup>38</sup>  
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,  
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:  
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*]

<sup>37</sup> *Guilty to a thing* sounds odd; but the Poet has it again in *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3: "Th' unthought-on accident is *guilty* to what we wildly do."

<sup>38</sup> That is, "so fair-offer'd a chain," or so fairly offer'd. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1: "Having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath."

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.**Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

*2 Mer.* You know since Pentecost the sum is due,  
 And since I have not much impótuned you ;  
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
 To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage :  
 Therefore make present satisfaction,  
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

*Ang.* Even just the sum that I do owe to you  
 Is growing<sup>1</sup> to me by Antipholus ;  
 And in the instant that I met with you  
 He had of me a chain : at five o'clock  
 I shall receive the money for the same.  
 Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Off.* That labour may you save : see where he comes.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Ant. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou  
 And buy a rope's-end : that will I bestow  
 Among my wife and her confederates  
 For locking me out of my doors by day.  
 But, soft ! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone ;  
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a-year ! I buy a rope !

[Exit.]

*Ant. E.* A man is well holp<sup>2</sup> up that trusts to you :

<sup>1</sup> *Grow* was sometimes used in the sense of *accrue*.

<sup>2</sup> *Holp* or *holpen* is the old preterite of *help*.—Of the preceding line, “I buy a thousand pound a-year ! I buy a rope !” no satisfactory explanation

You promised your presence and the chain ;  
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.  
Belike you thought our love would last too long,  
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,  
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,  
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
Than I stand debted to this gentleman :  
I pray you, see him presently discharged,  
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money ;  
Besides, I have some business in the town.  
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,  
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof :  
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself ?

*Ant. E.* No ;  
Bear't with you, lest I come not time enough.

*Ang.* Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you ?

*Ant. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have ;  
Or else you may return without your money.

*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain :  
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*Ant. E.* Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse  
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.

has been given. Staunton notes, "there may have been an allusion well understood at the time; but which, referring merely to some transitory event, or some popular bye-word of the moment, has passed into oblivion." There is no apparent connection between "buying a thousand pound a-year" and "buying a rope." I can make nothing of it, unless, as the rope is to be used in beating, a poor quibble is intended in *pound*; one of its senses being *poundings*.

I should have chid you for not bringing it,  
But, like a shrew,<sup>3</sup> you first begin to brawl.

*2 Mer.* The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

*Ang.* You hear how he importunes me ; — the chain !

*Ant. E.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

*Ang.* Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.

Either send the chain, or send by me some token.

*Ant. E.* Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.  
Come, where's the chain ? I pray you, let me see it.

*2 Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance.  
Good sir, say wher you'll answer me or no :  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

*Ant. E.* I answer you ! what should I answer you ?

*Ang.* The money that you owe me for the chain.

*Ant. E.* I owe you none till I receive the chain.

*Ang.* You know I gave't you half an hour since.

*Ant. E.* You gave me none : you wrong me much to say  
so.

*Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :  
Consider how it stands upon my credit.<sup>4</sup>

*2 Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

*Off.* I do ; —

And charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

*Ang.* This touches me in reputation. —  
Either consent to pay this sum for me,  
Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had !  
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

*Ang.* Here is thy fee ; arrest him, officer. —  
I would not spare my brother in this case,

<sup>3</sup> In old language, a *shrew* is a *scold*; from *shrewd*, *sharp-tongued*.

<sup>4</sup> That is, *concerns*, or *is important to*, my credit. The phrase was very common. So Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote*, 1620: "Tel me your name; for it stands me very much upon to know it."

If he should scorn me so apparently.<sup>5</sup>

*Off.* I do arrest you, sir : you hear the suit.

*Ant. E.* I do obey thee till I give thee bail. —  
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear  
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,  
I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought  
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.  
The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land : they stay for nought at all  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

*Ant. E.* How now ! a madman ! Why, thou peevish <sup>6</sup>  
sheep,  
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ?

*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.<sup>7</sup>

*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,  
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

*Dro. S.* You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon :  
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure,  
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

<sup>6</sup> Apparently, here, is evidently. The Poet has apparent repeatedly in that sense.

<sup>7</sup> Peevish is foolish or mad. Commonly so in Shakespeare.—A quibble is intended here between sheep and ship, which appear to have been sounded alike.

<sup>7</sup> Waftage is passage by water or on the waves.—Hire is here a dissyllable; spelt hier in the original. So hour, a little before in this scene: "I gave't you half an hour since."

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight :  
 Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk  
 That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry  
 There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it :  
 Tell her I am arrested in the street,  
 And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave, be gone. —  
 On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.*

*Dro. S.* To Adriana ! that is where we dined,  
 Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband :  
 She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.  
 Thither I must, although against my will,  
 For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?  
 Mightst thou perceive assuredly in his eye  
 That he did plead in earnest, yea or no ?  
 Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merry ?  
 What observation madest thou, in this case,  
 Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?<sup>1</sup>

*Luc.* First he denied you had in him no right.<sup>2</sup>

*Adr.* He meant he did me none ; the more my spite.

<sup>1</sup> *Meteors* here probably refers to the Aurora Borealis, which sometimes has the appearance of armies meeting in battle. So in *Paradise Lost*, ii. 533 :

As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
 To battle in the clouds, before each van  
 Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears,  
 Till thickest legions close.

<sup>2</sup> This double negative had the force of a strong affirmative. So in *King Richard the Third*, i. 3 : " You may deny that you were *not* the cause of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment."

*Luc.* Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsborn he were.

*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.

*Adr.* And what said he?

*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

*Luc.* With words that in an honest suit might move.

First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

*Adr.* Didst speak him fair?

*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;  
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformèd, crookèd, old, and sere,<sup>3</sup>  
Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;  
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;  
Stigmatical in making,<sup>4</sup> worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?  
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah, but I think him better than I say,  
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.  
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:<sup>5</sup>  
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Here, go ; the desk, the purse ! sweet, now, make  
haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?

<sup>3</sup> *Sere* is dry, withered, in decay. So in *Macbeth*, v. 3 : " My way of life is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf."

<sup>4</sup> That is, marked by Nature with ugliness, or having a stigma, or note of disgrace, set upon it.

<sup>5</sup> This was a common proverbial saying. So in Lyl's *Alexander and Campaspe* : " You resemble the lapwing, who cryeth most where her nest is not; and so, to lead me from espying your love for Campaspe, you cry Timoclea."

*Dro. S.*

By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than Hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment<sup>6</sup> hath him;  
 One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;  
 A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;  
 A wolf, nay, worse, — a fellow all in buff;  
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands  
 The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;  
 A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;<sup>7</sup>  
 One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to Hell.<sup>8</sup>

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter?

*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the  
 case.

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

*Dro.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;  
 But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that I can tell.  
 Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his  
 desk?

<sup>6</sup> The serjeant's *buff* or *leather* jerkin is called an "everlasting garment," probably because of its durability. So in *1 Henry IV.*, i. 2: "Is not a *buff jerkin* a most sweet robe of *durance*?"

<sup>7</sup> To *run counter* and to *draw dry foot* were terms of the chase. The latter was used of a hound that traced the game by the mere scent of the foot; as an animal running over *dry* ground would naturally leave no *visible* footprints. To *run* or *hunt counter* was to course the trail backward, mistaking the direction of the game. A hound that *ran counter* was not likely to *draw dry foot well*; but the two things thus hardly compatible in themselves are here tied together by a quibble upon *counter*, which was the name of one of the London prisons. A sheriff's officer might be said to *run counter*, inasmuch as he took rogues to the Counter; and he might also be said to *draw dry foot well*, because the rogues whom he hunted were apt to have their purses empty, or *dry of cash*.

<sup>8</sup> Quibbles, again, both on *judgment* and on *Hell*; the former referring both to the Judgment-day, and to the sentence, *before* which the accused was held in prison for trial. *Hell* was a cant term for the worst dungeon in the prisons of the time.

*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister. —

[*Exit LUCIANA.*

This I wonder at,

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt. —

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?<sup>9</sup>

*Dro. S.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing, —  
A chain, a chain : do you not hear it ring ?

*Adr.* What, the chain ?

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

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

*Dro. S.* O, yes ; if any hour<sup>10</sup> meet a sergeant, 'a turns  
back for very fear.

*Adr.* As if Time were in debt ! how fondly dost thou  
reason !<sup>11</sup>

*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than  
he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : have you not heard men say,

That Time comes stealing on by night and day ?

If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

*Re-enter LUCIANA with the purse.*

*Adr.* Go, Dromio ; there's the money, bear it straight ;  
And bring thy master home immediately. —

Come, sister : I am press'd down with conceit,<sup>12</sup> —

Conceit, my comfort and my injury.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> *Band* is an old spelling of *bond*, and has to be retained here on account of the quibble.

<sup>10</sup> From this, it seems probable that, as Mr. White observes, *hour* and *whore* were pronounced alike, or nearly so, — *hoor*.

<sup>11</sup> To *talk* or *converse* is among the old senses of to *reason*.

<sup>12</sup> *Conceit* was always used in a good sense, that of *conception*, *imagination*, or *thought*.

SCENE III.—*A public Place.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* There's not a man I meet but doth salute me  
 As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;  
 And every one doth call me by my name.  
 Some tender money to me ; some invite me ;  
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;  
 Some offer me commodities to buy :  
 Even now a tailor call'd me in<sup>1</sup> his shop,  
 And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,  
 And therewithal took measure of my body.  
 Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,  
 And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What,  
 have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd?<sup>2</sup>

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

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

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.

*Dro. S.* No? why, 'tis a plain case : he that went, like a  
 base-viol, in a case of leather ; the man, sir, that, when  
 gentlemen are tired, gives them a bob,<sup>3</sup> and 'rests them ; he, sir,

<sup>1</sup> *In* and *into* were used interchangeably, at least to some extent.

<sup>2</sup> Singer's explanation of this queer passage is probably right : "The sergeant is designated by *the picture of old Adam*, because he wore buff, as Adam wore his native buff; and Dromio asks Antipholus if he had *got him new-apparell'd*, that is, got him a new *suit*; in other words, *got rid of him*."

<sup>3</sup> *Bob* here means a *stroke* or *clap*. Dromio has already spoken of the sergeant as "a shoulder-clapper." The Poet elsewhere uses *bob* figuratively for *taunt* or *scoff*.

that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance ; he that sets up his rest<sup>4</sup> to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.<sup>5</sup>

*Ant. S.* What, thou mean'st an officer ?

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

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

*Dro. S.* Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night ; and then were you hinder'd by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels<sup>6</sup> that you sent for to deliver you.

*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract,<sup>7</sup> and so am I ;  
And here we wander in illusions :  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

*Enter a Courtezan.*

*Cour.* Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.  
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now :  
Is that the chain you promised me to-day ?

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

*Dro. S.* Master, is this Mistress Satan ?

<sup>4</sup> Setting up one's rest is an old phrase for resolving or making up one's mind to do a thing. So in *The Merchant*, ii. 2, Launcelot quibbles upon it: "As I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground." Also in *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 5: "The County Paris hath set up his rest, that you shall rest but little."

<sup>5</sup> Morris-pike is a corruption of Moorish pike, the name of a weapon much used in the sixteenth century.

<sup>6</sup> Angel was the name of an English gold coin, worth about ten shillings. The Poet has many allusions to it. So in *The Merchant*, ii. 6: "They have in England a coin that bears the figure of an angel stampèd in gold."

<sup>7</sup> Distract for distracted, just as, before, ballast for ballasted. Shakespeare has many such shortened preterites.

*Ant. S.* It is the Devil.

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

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

*Dro. S.* Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; so be-speak a long spoon.

*Ant. S.* Why, Dromio?

*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the Devil.<sup>8</sup>

*Ant. S.* Avoid thee, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:  
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

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

*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the pairings of one's nail,  
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,  
A nut, a cherry-stone;  
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.  
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,  
The Devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

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

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

<sup>8</sup> "He that eats with the Devil has need of a long spoon," is an old proverb. Referred to again in *The Tempest*.

*Dro. S.* Fly pride, says the peacock : mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S.*

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,  
Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,  
And for the same he promised me a chain :  
Both one and other he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,—  
Besides this present instance of his rage,—  
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,  
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.  
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
On purpose shut the doors against his way.  
My way is now to hie home to his house,  
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,  
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce  
My ring away. This course I fittest choose ;  
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV.—A Street.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and the Officer.*

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

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

How now, sir ! have you that I sent you for ?

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

*Ant. E.* But where's the money?

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

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

*Off.* I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

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

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

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

[Beating him.]

*Off.* Good sir, be patient.

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

*Off.* Good now,<sup>1</sup> hold thy tongue.

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

*Ant. E.* Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

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

*Ant. E.* Thou art sensible in<sup>2</sup> nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long 'ears.<sup>3</sup>—I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare has *good now* repeatedly with the exact meaning of *well now*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 1: "Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows," &c.

<sup>2</sup> *Sensitive to* is the meaning. The Poet has *sensible* repeatedly, where we should use *sensitive*.

<sup>3</sup> A quibble between *ears* and *years*, which were probably sounded much alike, as they still are in some places. So, as the Cambridge Editors note, it appears from what follows.

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

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtezan, and PINCH.*

*Dro. E.* Mistress, respice finem, respect your end ; or rather, to prophesy like the parrot,<sup>4</sup> Beware the rope's-end.

*Ant. E.* Wilt thou still talk ? [Beating him.]

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

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.—

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer ;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

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

*Cour.* Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy !<sup>5</sup>

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

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

[Striking him.]

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,  
To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight ;

I conjure thee by all the saints in Heaven !

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

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

*Ant. E.* You minion, you, are these your customers ?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Parrots were specially taught unlucky words ; and if any passer-by took offence at these, the owner was wont to say, " Take heed, sir, my parrot prophesies." So in *Hudibras*, referring to Ralpho's skill in augury :

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

<sup>5</sup> This *tremor* was thought to be a sure sign of diabolical possession. In *The Tempest*, ii. 2, Caliban says, " Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling."

<sup>6</sup> A *customer* was a familiar, one accustomed to haunt any place. So defined in old dictionaries.

Did this companion<sup>7</sup> with the saffron face  
 Revel and feast it at my house to-day,  
 Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,  
 And I denied to enter in my house?

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

*Ant. E.* I dined at home !—Thou villain, what say'st thou?

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

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

*Dro. E.* Perdy,<sup>8</sup> your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

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

*Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

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

*Dro. E.* Certes, she did ; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

*Ant. E.* And did not I in rage depart from thence ?

*Dro. E.* In verity you did ;—my bones bear witness, That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

*Adr.* Is't good to soothe him in these contraries ?

*Pinch.* It is no shame : the fellow finds his vein, And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

*Ant. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

*Adr.* Alas, I sent you money to redeem you, By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

*Dro. E.* Money by me ! heart and good-will you might ; But surely, mistress, not a rag of money.

*Ant. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats ?

*Adr.* He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

*Luc.* And I am witness with her that she did.

<sup>7</sup> Companion was used as a word of contempt, as *fellow* is now.

<sup>8</sup> Perdy is an ancient corruption of *par Dieu*.

*Dro. E.* God and the rope-maker now bear me witness  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope !

*Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master is possess'd ;  
I know it by their pale and deadly looks :  
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

*Ant. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day ?  
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

*Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

*Dro. E.* And, gentle master, I received no gold ;  
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

*Adr.* Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

*Ant. E.* Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all ;  
And art confederate with a damned pack  
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me :  
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,  
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

*Adr.* O, bind him, bind him ! let him not come near me.

*Pinch.* More company ! — The fiend is strong within him.

*Luc.* Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks !

*Enter three or four, who assist PINCH in binding them.*

*Ant. E.* What, will you murder me ? — Thou jailer, thou,  
I am thy prisoner : wilt thou suffer them  
To make a rescue ?

*Off.* Masters, let him go :  
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

*Pinch.* Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer ?  
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man  
Do outrage and displeasure to himself ?

*Off.* He is my prisoner : if I let him go,  
The debt he owes will be required of me.

*Adr.* I will discharge thee ere I go from thee :  
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.—  
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd  
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

*Ant. E.* O most unhappy <sup>9</sup> strumpet!

*Dro. E.* Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

*Ant. E.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad  
me?

*Dro. E.* Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good  
master; cry, *The Devil!*

*Luc.* God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

*Adr.* Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants with ANT. E. and DRO. E.*

Say now whose suit is he arrested at?

*Off.* One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

*Adr.* I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

*Off.* Two hundred ducats.

*Adr.* Say, how grows it due?

*Off.* Due for a chain your husband had of him.

*Adr.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

*Cour.* Whenas your husband, all in rage, to-day  
Came to my house, and took away my ring,—

The ring I saw upon his finger now,—

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it.—  
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is:  
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse  
with their rapiers drawn.*

*Luc.* God, for Thy mercy! they are loose again.

*Adr.* And come with naked swords. Let's call more  
help,

<sup>9</sup> *Unhappy* here is *mischievous*, that which *causes ill hap*; like the Latin *infelix*. The Poet has it repeatedly so.

To have them bound again.

*Off.*                                    Away ! they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtezan, and Officer.*

*Ant. S.* I see these witches are afraid of swords.

*Dro. S.* She that would be your wife now ran from you.

*Ant. S.* Come to the Centaur ; fetch our stuff<sup>10</sup> from thence :

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

*Dro. S.* Faith, stay here this night ; they will surely do us no harm : you see they speak us fair, give us gold : methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

*Ant. S.* I will not stay to-night for all the town ;

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before an Abbey.*

*Enter Second Merchant and ANGELO.*

*Ang.* I'm sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you ;  
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,  
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

*2 Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

*Ang.* Of very reverend reputation, sir,  
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,  
Second to none that lives here in the city :  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

<sup>10</sup> *Stuff* here means *luggage* or *moveables*. So in St. Luke, xvii. 31 : "In that day, he which shall be upon the house-top, and his *stuff* in the house, let him not come down to take it away."

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

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

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

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

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

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

*2 Mer.* These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee :  
Fie on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity that thou livest  
To walk where any honest men resort.

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

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

[They draw.]

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtezan, and others.*

*Adr.* Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake ! he is mad.—  
Some get within him,<sup>1</sup> take his sword away :  
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

<sup>1</sup> Get inside of his blows ; that is, grapple with him.

*Dro. S.* Run, master, run ; for God's sake, take a house !<sup>2</sup>  
This is some priory : in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S. into the abbey.*

*Enter the Abbess.*

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

*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,  
And bear him home for his recovery.

*Ang.* I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

*2 Mer.* I'm sorry now that I did draw on him.

*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man ?

*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sour,<sup>3</sup> sad,  
And too much different from the man he was ;  
But till this afternoon his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea ?  
Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye  
Stray'd<sup>4</sup> his affection in unlawful love, —  
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing ?  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last ;  
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.

*Adr.* Why, so I did.

*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.

*Adr.* As roughly as my modesty would let me.

*Abb.* Haply, in private.

*Adr.* And in assemblies too.

<sup>2</sup> As we still say *take refuge*, and *take sanctuary*.

<sup>3</sup> *Sour* is here a dissyllable, as *hour* and *hire* before.

<sup>4</sup> *Stray'd* is here a causative verb, meaning *misled*, or *made to stray*; a singular use of the word.

*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.

*Adr.* It was the copy of our conference :<sup>5</sup>

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;  
 At board, he fed not for my urging it ;  
 Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;  
 In company I often glanced at it ;  
 Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

*Abb.* And thereof came it that the man was mad :

The venom-clamours of a jealous woman  
 Poison more deadly than a mad-dog's tooth.  
 It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :  
 And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings :  
 Unquiet meals make ill digestions, —  
 Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;  
 And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :  
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue  
 But moody, moping, and dull melancholy,  
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;  
 And at her<sup>6</sup> heels a huge infectious troop  
 Of pale distempers and foes to life ?  
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest  
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast :  
 The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits  
 Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

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

<sup>5</sup> Copy here seems to mean *principal topic* or *theme*; that is, the *pattern* or *form* after which the conversation was shaped.

<sup>6</sup> Her, referring to *kinsman*, sounds rather ajar; but *kinsman* has merely the sense of *akin*. The Poet elsewhere indulges a like confusion of genders; as in *The Merchant*, iii. 2: "But now I was the *lord* of this fair mansion, *master* o'er my servants, *queen* o'er myself."

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

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

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

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

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

*Abb.* Be patient ; for I will not let him stir  
Till I have used th' approvèd means I have,  
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
To make of him a formal man<sup>7</sup> again :  
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
A charitable duty of my order.

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

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

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

[Exit.]

*Luc.* Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

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

*2 Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five :  
Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,

<sup>7</sup> A *formal* man is a *rational* man, one whose mind is in *due form*.

The place of death and sorry execution,  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

*Ang.* Upon what cause?

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

*Ang.* See where they come: we will behold his death.

*Luc.* Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter the DUKE, attended; AEGEON bareheaded; with the Headsman and other Officers.*

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

*Adr.* Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess!

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

*Adr.* May't please your Grace, Antipholus my husband,—  
Who I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important<sup>8</sup> letters,— this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;  
That desperately he hurried through the street,—  
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—  
Doing displeasure to the citizens  
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence  
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.

<sup>8</sup> *Important* for *importunate*. So in *King Lear*, iv. 4: "Therefore great France my mourning and *important* tears hath pitied."—Upon the passage in the text, Malone notes as follows: "Shakespeare was thinking particularly on the interest which the king had in England in the marriage of his wards; who were the heirs of his tenants holding by knight's service, or *in capite*, and were under age;—an interest which Queen Elizabeth exerted on all occasions, as did her successors, till the abolition of the Court of Wards and Liveries. The Poet attributes to the Duke the same right to choose a wife or a husband for his wards at Ephesus."

Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,  
 Whilst to take order<sup>9</sup> for the wrongs I went,  
 That here and there his fury had committed.  
 Anon, I wot not by what strange escape,  
 He broke from those that had the guard of him ;  
 And then his mad attendant and himself,  
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,  
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
 Chased us away ; till, raising of more aid,  
 We came again to bind them. Then they fled  
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them ;  
 And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,  
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.  
 Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command  
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

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

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself !  
 My master and his man are both broke loose,  
 Beaten the maids a-row,<sup>10</sup> and bound the doctor,  
 Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire ;  
 And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him  
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair :

<sup>9</sup> "Take order" is the old phrase for take *measures*, or make arrangements. Shakespeare has it repeatedly so.

<sup>10</sup> *A-row* is *in succession* or *one after another*.

My master preaches patience to him, and the while  
 His man with scissors nicks him like a fool ;<sup>11</sup>  
 And sure, unless you send some present help,  
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

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

*Serv.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true ;  
 I have not breathed almost since I did see it.  
 He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
 To scotch<sup>12</sup> your face, and to disfigure you. [Cry within.  
 Hark, hark ! I hear him, mistress : fly, be gone !

*Duke.* Come, stand by me ; fear nothing. — Guard with  
 halberds !

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

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious Duke, O, grant me justice !  
 Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
 When I bestrid thee<sup>13</sup> in the wars, and took  
 Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood  
 That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

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

*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman there !

<sup>11</sup> The hair of fools was cut into *notches* or *nicks*. So in *The Choice of Change*, 1598 : "Three things used by monks which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are shaven and *notched* on the head like *fooles*."

<sup>12</sup> To *scotch* is to *score* or *cut slightly*. So in *Macbeth*, iii. 2 : "We have but *scotch'd* the snake, not kill'd it."

<sup>13</sup> To *bestride* one when down in battle was considered a high act of service. So, in *s Henry IV.*, v. 1, Falstaff says to the Prince, " Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and *bestride me*, so ; 'tis a point of friendship."

She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,  
 That hath abusèd and dishonour'd me  
 Even in the strength and height of injury :  
 Beyond imagination is the wrong  
 That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

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

*Ant. E.* This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,  
 While she with harlots <sup>14</sup> feasted in my house.

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

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

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

*Ang.* O perjured woman ! — They are both forsworn :  
 In this the madman justly chargeth them.

*Ant. E.* My liege, I am advisèd <sup>15</sup> what I say ;  
 Neither disturbèd with th' effect of wine,  
 Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,  
 Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
 This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner :  
 That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd <sup>16</sup> with her,  
 Could witness it, for he was with me then ;  
 Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
 Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,  
 Where Balthazar and I did dine together.  
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
 I went to seek him : in the street I met him,  
 And in his company that gentleman.

<sup>14</sup> *Harlot* was formerly a general term of reproach, applied to certain descriptions of men, as well as to loose women.

<sup>15</sup> *Advisèd*, here, is *circumspect*, *considerate*, or *calmly assured of*. Repeatedly thus.

<sup>16</sup> *Pack'd* is *leagued* or *confederate*. *Pact* is still used for *agreement* or *compact*.

There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down  
That I this day of him received the chain,  
Which, God he knows, I saw not : for the which  
He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey ; and sent my peasant home  
For certain ducats : he with none return'd.

Then fairly I bespoke the officer  
To go in person with me to my house.  
By th' way we met

My wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
Of vile confederates. Along with them  
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,  
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living-dead man : this pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjuror ;  
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,  
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together  
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
They left me and my man, both bound together ;  
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
Ran hither to your Grace ; whom I beseech  
To give me ample satisfaction  
For these deep shames and great indignities.

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

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

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

*2 Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him,  
 After you first forswore it on the mart :  
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you ;  
 And then you fled into this abbey here,  
 From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.

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

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach <sup>17</sup> is this !  
 I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.  
 If here you housed him, here he would have been ;  
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :—  
 You say he dined at home ; the goldsmith here  
 Denies that saying. — Sirrah, what say you ?

*Dro. E.* Sir,  
 He dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

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

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

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

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

*Duke.* Why, this is strange. — Go call the Abbess hither. —

[*Exit an Attendant.*

I think you are all mated <sup>18</sup> or stark mad.

*Aege.* Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word :  
 Happly I see a friend will save my life,  
 And pay the sum that may deliver me.

*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

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

*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

<sup>17</sup> *Impeach* for *impeachment*, that is, *accusation*. So the Poet has *suspect* for *suspicion* repeatedly ; and *dispose* for *disposal* or *disposition*.

<sup>18</sup> *Mated* is *confounded* or *bewildered*. See page 110, note 27.

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords :  
Now I am Dromio, and his man unbound.

*Æge.* I'm sure you both of you remember me.

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

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

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

*Æge.* O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,  
And careful hours with Time's deformèd <sup>19</sup> hand  
Have written strange defeatures in my face :  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

*Ant. E.* Neither.

*Æge.* Dromio, nor thou ?

*Dro. E.* No, trust me, sir, nor I.

*Æge.* I am sure thou dost.

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

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

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

*Æge.* But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,

<sup>19</sup> *Deformèd* for *deforming*; the active and passive forms being then often used interchangeably.

Thou know'st we parted : but perhaps, my son,  
Thou shamest t' acknowledge me in misery.

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

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

*Re-enter the Abbess, with ANTIPOHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Abb.* Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[All gather to see them.]

*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

*Duke.* One of these men is Genius to the other ;  
And so of these. Which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit ? who deciphers them ?

*Dro. S.* I, sir, am Dromio : command him away.

*Dro. E.* I, sir, am Dromio : pray, let me stay.

*Ant. S.* Ægeon art thou not ? or else his ghost ?

*Dro. S.* O, my old master ! who hath bound him here ?

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,  
And gain a husband by his liberty. —  
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man  
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilie,  
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons :  
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,  
And speak unto the same Æmilie !

*Æge.* If I dream not, thou art Æmilie :  
If thou art she, tell me where is that son  
That floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

*Abb.* By men of Epidamnum he and I  
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up ;

But by-and-by rude fishermen of Corinth  
 By force took Dromio and my son from them,  
 And me they left with those of Epidamnum.  
 What then became of them I cannot tell ;  
 I to this fortune that you see me in.

*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning story<sup>20</sup> right :  
 These two Antipholus', these two so like,  
 And these two Dromios, one in semblance, —  
 Besides her urging of the wreck at sea, —  
 These are the parents to these children,  
 Which accidentally are met together. —  
 Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first ?

*Ant. S.* No, sir, not I ; I came from Syracuse.

*Duke.* Stay, stand apart ; I know not which is which.

*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord, —

*Dro. E.* And I with him.

*Ant. E.* — Brought to this town by that most famous  
 warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renownèd uncle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day ?

*Ant. S.* I, gentle mistress.

*Adr.* And are not you my husband ?

*Ant. E.* No ; I say nay to that.

*Ant. S.* And so do I ; yet did she call me so :  
 And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
 Did call me brother. — [To Luc.] What I told you then,  
 I hope I shall have leisure to make good ;  
 If this be not a dream I see and hear.

*Ang.* That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

*Ant. S.* I think it be, sir ; I deny it not.

*Ant. E.* And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

*Ang.* I think I did, sir ; I deny it not.

<sup>20</sup> The "morning story" is what *Ægeon* tells the Duke in the first scene of the play.

*Adr.* I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,  
By Dromio ; but I think he brought it not.

*Dro. E.* No, none by me.

*Ant. S.* This purse of ducats I received from you,  
And Dromio my man did bring them me.  
I see we still did meet each other's man ;  
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me ;  
And thereupon these errors all arose.

*Ant. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.

*Duke.* It shall not need ; thy father has his life.

*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

*Ant. E.* There, take it ; and much thanks for my good cheer.

*Abb.* Renownèd Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains  
To go with us into the abbey here,  
And hear at large discoursèd all our fortunes ; —  
And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathizèd one day's error  
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,  
And we shall make full satisfaction. —  
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail  
Of you, my sons ; and, till this present hour,  
My heavy burden ne'er deliveréd. —  
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,  
And you the calendars of their nativity,<sup>21</sup>  
Go to a gossips' feast,<sup>22</sup> and joy with me ;  
After so long grief, such felicity !

<sup>21</sup> The two Dromios are called the calendars of their masters' nativity because they were born the same day. See page 87, note 8.

<sup>22</sup> "A gossips' feast" is, literally, a feast of *sponsors*; *gossip* being from *God sib*, and *sib* meaning *kin*. Sponsors were wont to have a merry feast together after answering at the Font; and such feasts were apt occasions for *gossiping* in our sense of the term. The word is used here because Æmilia has just spoken of her sons as newly born, which implied them to be candidates for baptism.

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

[*Exeunt the DUKE, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan,  
Sec. Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.*

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I go fetch your stuff from shipboard?

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

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

*Ant. S.* He speaks to me.—I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:

Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and ANT. E., ADR. and LUC.*

*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,  
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

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

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

*Dro. S.* Not I, sir; you are my elder.

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

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

*Dro. E.* Nay, then, thus:  
We came into the world like brother and brother;

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

## CRITICAL NOTES.

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### ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 80. *Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus  
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs;  
Again, if any Syracusian born*

*Come to the bay of Ephesus, &c.* — Here, in the second line, the original reads “seen at *any* Syracusian”; *any* being inserted by mistake from the occurrence of the same word just above and just below. Pope’s correction.

P. 80. *To quit the penalty and ransom him.* — The original repeats the *to* before *ransom*. Corrected in the second folio.

P. 81. *Happy but for me,  
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.* — The first folio omits *too*, which was supplied in the second.

P. 81. *And the great care of goods at random left.* — The original has “*And he great care of goods.*” Corrected by Theobald.

P. 81. *That very hour, and in the self-same inn,  
A meaner woman was deliver'd  
Of such a burden.* — The original reads “*A meane woman,*” leaving a gap in the verse; which gap the second folio filled by inserting *poor*. This can hardly be right, as in the next line but one we have “*their parents were exceeding poor.*” Walker says, “Read ‘*A meaner woman*; one of a lower rank than my wife.’”

P. 82. *And thus it was,—for other means was none:—  
The sailors sought for safety by our boat, &c.* — So Walker, and rightly, I have no doubt. The old copies, “*And this it was.*”

P. 83. *We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;*  
*Which being violently borne upon,*

*Our hopeful ship was splitted in the midst.*—The original has “Our *helpful* ship,” which can hardly be right. Rowe changed *helpful* to *helpless*, which is evidently much better. *Hopeful* was proposed by Mr. Swynfen Jervis, and certainly accords well with the context.—In the second line, the first folio has “borne *up*”; the second, “borne *up* upon.”

P. 83. *At length, the other ship had seized on us.*—So Hanmer; the old copies, “*another ship.*” The correction is prompted, and indeed fairly required by the context.

P. 83. *Thus by misfortune was my life prolong'd.*—The old text has *That* instead of *Thus*, which is Hanmer’s reading.—The original also has *misfortunes*. Corrected by Dyce.

P. 84. *What hath befall'n of them and thee.*—So the second folio; the first, “*What have befallne of them and they.*”

P. 84. *And importuned me*

*That his attendant—for his case was like, &c.*—The first folio reads “*so his case was like.*” Corrected in the second.

P. 85. *I'll limit thee this day*

*To seek thy life by beneficial help.*—So Pope, followed by Theobald, Hanmer, White, and Dyce, and approved by Walker. Of course the meaning is, “*seek to save thy life.*” The old copies read “*To seek thy help by beneficial help*”; which is palpably wrong. Staunton reads “*To seek thy hope,*” &c.

P. 85. *Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,*  
*And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.*—

*Jailer, now take him to thy custody.*—The original has “*if no*”; “*a stark error,*” says Dyce.—In the last line, *now*, wanting in the old copies, is supplied by Hanmer and Collier’s second folio. Walker proposes “*Go, jailer, take,*” &c. I am not sure but Capell’s reading, “*So, jailer, take,*” &c., is the best of all.

## ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 90. *Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.*—So the second folio; the first, “he takes it thus”; a manifest error.

P. 90. *Men, more divine, the masters of all these,*

*Lords of all the wide world, &c.*—Instead of *Men, masters, and Lords*, the original has *Man, Master, and Lord*; a reading which, I believe, no modern editor retains. The last line of the speech but one corrects the error.

P. 91. *How if your husband start some other hare?*—So Johnson proposed to read. The original has “some otherwhere.” See foot-note 2.

P. 94. *I see the jewel best enamelled*

*Will lose his beauty; and though gold bides still*

*The triers' touch, yet often-touching will*

*Wear gold: and so a man, that hath a name,*

*By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.*—This passage is so crowded with errors in the original, that nothing will do but to quote the old reading *literatim*:

I see the Jewell best enameled  
 Will lose his beautie: yet the gold bides still  
*That others touch, and often touching will,*  
*Where gold and no man that hath a name,*  
*By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.*

Much labour and ingenuity have been spent by divers editors in trying to bring some sort of order and sense out of this confusion and nonsense. I have combined the results of their several labours according to my best judgment. Probably there will never be a full agreement as to how the errors should be corrected. The change of “*That others touch*” to “*The triers' touch*” is Singer's. Heath proposed the reading, “*and so a man.*”

## ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 95. *Your sauciness will jet upon my love,*

*And make a common of my serious hours.*—The original reads “*will jest upon*”; probably, as Dyce observes, from the occurrence of

*jest* a little before and a little after. The happy correction, for such I deem it, is Dyce's; who notes upon the passage thus: "The second line so obviously leads to the correction which I have now made, that I wonder how it escaped the commentators." See foot-notes 1 and 2.

P. 98. *Nay, not sure, in a thing falling.* — The old copies read "in a thing *falsing*." *Falling* was proposed by Heath, and is adopted by White, who shows conclusively, I think, that *falsing* has no coherence with the context; and asks, as he well may, "in what possible sense is the hair *falsing*?"

P. 98. *The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming.* — So Rowe and Dyce. The original has *tryng*, which Pope changed to *tiring*. As Dromio is speaking of the *hair*, *trimming* is evidently more suitable.

P. 98. *Namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.* — So the second folio; the first, "namely *in no time*," &c.

P. 99. *How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,*  
*That thou art thus estrangèd from thyself?* — So Rowe and Collier's second folio. The original reads "That thou art *then* estranged."

P. 99. *I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;*  
*My blood is mingled with the grime of lust.* — The old copies read "the *crime* of lust." The word *blot*, in the preceding line, makes, as Warburton remarks, strongly in favour of *grime*, which means *stain* or *smut*; and Dyce, who adopts *grime*, notes that "our early printers often confounded the letters *c* and *g* at the beginning of words."

P. 99. *I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.* — So Hanmer. The original has "I live *distain'd*," which gives just the opposite of the sense required. It seems needful to remark, here, that the form of the letter *v* was very often used for *u* in the Poet's time. Dyce notes that "the manuscript had *vnstain'd*, and the original compositor mistook the initial *v* for *d*." He adds, "The proneness of printers to blunder in words beginning with *v* is very remarkable." And he quotes from various old plays, showing how *daunt* got misprinted for *vaunt*, *times* for *vines*, *sin* for *vein*, *due* for *vice*, *bones* for *vaines*, that is, *veins*, and *oil* for *veil*.

P. 101. *To me she speaks ; she means me for her theme.*—So Collier's second folio, followed by Singer; the old copies, “she moves me for her theme.”

P. 101. *Until I know this sure uncertainty,*  
*I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.*—So Capell. The original has “the free'd fallacy,” which is both nonsensical and unmetsrical. *Offer'd* suits the context well, and implies an easier misprint than *proffer'd*, the reading of Collier's second folio. Mr. White prints “the forced fallacy,” which seems to me a rather forced reading.

P. 101. *We talk with none but goblins, elves, and sprites.*—The original here reads “We talke with Goblins, Owles, and Sprights”; the second folio, “We talke with Goblins, Owles, and Elves Sprights.” I do not well see what *owls* should have to do in such company. Theobald, seeing the unfitness of that word, printed “with goblins, ouphs, and elvish sprites.” Lettsom, who seems to have thought the same of *owls*, proposed, “We talk with ghosts and goblins, elves and sprites.” Finally, Dyce, to complete the verse, which clearly ought not to be left incomplete, inserted *none but*, in consequence of what Antipholus of Syracuse says in iii. 1, “There's *none but* witches do inhabit here.” Thus the reading in the text has grown into being.

P. 101. *Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!*—Instead of *drone*, the original repeats *Dromio*. Corrected by Theobald.

### ACT III., SCENE 1.

P. 104. *Thou wouldest have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for a face.*—So Collier's second folio and White. The old copies have “or thy name for an ass.”

P. 105. *You'll let us in, I know.*—Instead of *know*, the original reads *hope*; which has led some editors to conjecture that a line must have dropped out in the printing. As a word rhyming with *hope* seemed to be wanting, the missing line was thought to have ended with *rope*. The present reading was proposed to me by Mr. Joseph Crosby. It explains the pun intended by *no*, in the next line.

P. 106. *Your cake is warm within ; you stand here in the cold.*—So Capell, with manifest propriety. The original reads “Your cake

*here* is warme within"; *here* having been repeated by mistake from the latter half of the line.

P. 108. *Enter, from the House, LUCIANA and ANTIPOHOLUS of Syracuse.*—Here modern editions generally begin a new scene, though there is, confessedly, no change of place. The same thing occurs elsewhere.

P. 108. *Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?*—The original has *buildings* and *ruinate*. The first is against the reason of the passage, the second against the rhyme. As the whole speech is in alternate rhyme, *ruinate* has been rightly changed to *ruinous*, for an ending consonous with *Antipholus* in the second line before. The corrections are Theobald's.

P. 109. *Alas, poor women! make us but believe.*—The original has "make us *not* believe." Hardly worth notice.

P. 110. *Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,  
And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie.*—The first folio has *bud* instead of *bed*, which is the reading of the second, while both have *thee* instead of *them*. The latter correction, proposed by Edwards, is adopted by Singer and Dyce. Staunton reads, "And as a *bride* I'll take thee."

P. 110. *Let Love be light, being drownèd if she sink.*—The original transposes *be* and *being*, which makes the line unintelligible to me. The reading in the text was proposed by Dr. Badham in *Cambridge Essays*, 1856.

P. 111. *Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.*—The original reads "I am thee." Corrected by Capell. See foot-note 29.

P. 113. *In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.*—So all the editions that I have consulted, except White's, which changes *reverted* to *revolted*. I am apt to think the change is right; for I can see the sense and application of *revolted* in reference to *France* and her *heir*, though not in reference to the *woman* and her *hair*; while *reverted* is unintelligible to me in either regard. Perhaps *inverted* might give a sense that would fit both sides of the quibble. See foot-note 34.

P. 114. *I think, if my breast had not been made of flint, and my heart of steel, &c.*—The old copies have *faith* instead of *flint*, which is Hanmer's reading, and which Dyce considers “a highly probable alteration.” The old reading has been explained as alluding to the popular belief that a strong *faith* was a protection against witchcraft. But that explanation seems rather far-fetched: besides, it does not help the discord between *faith* and *steel*.

## ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 117. *You promised your presence and the chain.*—So Dyce. The original has “*I promised*,” &c. The correction was suggested by what the same person says a little further on, “*Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.*”

P. 118. *Either send the chain, or send by me some token.*—So Heath and Collier's second folio; the old copies, “*send me by some token.*”

P. 119. *And then she bears away.*—So Capell. The original, “*And then sir she bears away*”; *sir* being palpably either a misprint or an interpolation.

P. 119. *You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon.*—Here the original has the converse of that remarked in the preceding note: it omits *sir*, which was supplied by Steevens.

## ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 120. *Mightest thou perceive assuredly in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?*—So Heath. The old text has *austerely* instead of *assuredly*. Heath justly remarks that “the word *austerely* hath no meaning suited to this place.”

P. 120. *Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merry.*—So Walker and Collier's second folio; the original has *merrily* instead of *merry*. *Merrily* overfills the verse.

P. 122. *A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough.*—So Theobald and Collier's second folio, followed by Singer and Dyce. Instead of *fury*, the old copies have *Fairie*; a palpable error.

P. 122. *But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him.*—Instead of *he's*, the original has simply *is*, which is commonly retained on the ground that the Poet sometimes leaves the pronouns understood. But *he* seems specially needed here as the antecedent of *which*.

P. 123. *If Time be in debt and theft.* — The old copies read “If *I* be in debt,” &c. Some editors, following Malone, read “If *he* be in debt,” *he* referring to Time in the line before. Rowe printed *Time*, which Dyce adopts, noting, withal, that “the word was probably written here contractedly, *T*, which the compositor might easily mistake for *I*.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 124. *The man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a bob, and 'rests them.* — So Hanmer, followed by Dyce. Instead of *bob*, the original has *sob*, which is commonly changed to *fob*. Staunton prints *sop*, and White *stop*. See foot-note 3.

P. 126. *If you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak a long spoon.* — The original has “or bespeak a long spoon.” Capell changed *or* to *so*, and is followed by Dyce. White prints “expect spoon-meat, and bespeak.”

P. 126. *Avoid thee, fiend!* — The original reads “Avoid *then* fiend.” *Then* is commonly changed to *thou*; but, as Dyce remarks, the reading in the text was “the more usual expression” in such cases.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 128. *Off. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.* — The original assigns this speech to Dromio of Ephesus, in whose mouth it is quite unintelligible. The Cambridge Editors proposed to transfer it to the Officer.

P. 129. *Or rather, to prophesy like the parrot, &c.* — The original reads “or rather *the* prophesie like the parrot.” From this I can gather no meaning at all. The reading in the text is Dyce’s. See foot-note 4.

P. 130. *I dined at home!* — *Thou villain, what say'st thou?* — *I*, at the beginning of this speech, and required by the metre, was inserted by Capell. I am surprised that Singer and White reject it.

P. 131. *God and the rope-maker now bear me witness!* — So Collier’s second folio, followed by Dyce. The original lacks *now*, which Pope supplied the place of with *do*.

#### ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 134. *Good sir, draw near with me, I'll speak to him.* — The old copies read “draw near *to* me.” The change is from Collier’s second folio, and seems fairly needful to the sense.

P. 135. *This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,*

*And too much different from the man he was.*—The first folio reads “And much different,” &c., which leaves an incredible gap in the verse. The hole was stopped in the second folio by repeating ~~south~~; but I much prefer the reading in the text, which was proposed by Mr. Swynsen Jervis, and is supported by a line in *Richard II.*, ii. 2: “Madam, your Majesty is *too much* sad.”

P. 136. *Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue*

*But moody, moping, and dull melancholy?*—The original lacks *moping*,—another incredible gap in the verse. Hamner supplied the word, which has also been proposed by Heath and Walker.

P. 138. *The place of death and sorry execution.*—The original has “*The place of depth*,” which some would still retain! The correction was made by Rowe, and is also found in Collier’s second folio.

P. 139. *Anon, I wot not by what strange escape,*  
*He broke from those that had the guard of him;*  
*And then his mad attendant and himself,*  
*Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,*

*Met us again, &c.*—In the first of these lines, the original has “*what strong escape*,” and in the third, “*And with his mad attendant*.” *Strange* is found in Collier’s second folio, and was also proposed by Walker, who points out other instances of that word thus misprinted. The correction of *with* to *then* is Ritson’s, which I prefer to Capell’s *here*. I cannot but wonder that Singer, White, and Dyce should still retain *with*; for, to speak of a man as breaking away from guard, and going *with himself* to do something, seems not far from absurd. Doubtless *with* crept in there by repetition from the next line.

P. 140. *He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,*

*To scotch your face, and to disfigure you.*—The old copies read “*To scorch your face*.” Warburton made the correction, which, however, is rejected by many, Singer and White among them. It is remarkable that the old copies have the same misprint in *Macbeth*, iii. 2: “We have scorch’d the snake, not kill’d it.”

P. 142. *They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,*  
*And in a dark and dankish vault at home*

*They left me.*—So Walker and Collier’s second folio, followed by Dyce. The original, “*There left me*.”

P. 143. *I never saw the chain. So help me Heaven,*

*As this is false you burden me withal.*—The original reads “the Chaine, so helpe me heaven: *And this is false,*” &c. The correction is Dyce’s, who still thinks it “absolutely necessary, though Mr. Grant White has pronounced it ‘quite needless.’” And he justly quotes from a preceding speech of Adriana’s: “So befall my soul, as this is false he burdens me withal.”

P. 145. *Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.*—The original misplaces this speech of Ægeon and Æmilia’s reply to it, inserting them between the last two lines of the Duke’s following speech. The transposition was made by Capell, and is generally accepted.

P. 146. *Besides her urging of the wreck at sea.*—The old copies read “urging of her wreck.” Some have supposed *her* to be a misprint for *his*. Probably the word got repeated by mistake. The correction is Walker’s.

P. 147. *And thereupon these errors all arose.*—The old copies have “errors are arose.” Corrected by Rowe. Staunton prints “these Errors rare arose.”

P. 147. *Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail  
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,*

*My heavy burden ne’er delivertd.*—Here, in the first line, the original has “*Thirtie three yeares.*” *Twenty-five* is known to be right, because Ægeon has said that he had parted from his son *seven* years before, the latter being then *eighteen*. The correction was made by Theobald.—In the third line, also, the original reads “*burthen are delivered.*” We owe the happy emendation to Dyce.

P. 147. *And you the calendars of their nativity,  
Go to a gossips’ feast, and joy with me;*

*After so long grief, such felicity!*—Here the original has, in the second line, “and go with me.” The apt correction, *joy*, was proposed by Heath, and is adopted by Singer, White, and Dyce.—In the third line, again, the original has “such *nativity*,” thus repeating the word from the end of the first. The correction is Hanmer’s. Walker notes upon the passage thus: “For the second *nativity*, read, not as is suggested in the Variorum edition, *festivity*, but *felicity*.”

P. 148. *Master, shall I go fetch your stuff from ship-board?*—So Walker. The old copies lack *go*.

THE  
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

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FIRST printed in the folio of 1623. Also mentioned by Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. Beyond this, we have no external indication as to the date of composition; though the internal evidence, of style, diction, dramatic structure, and delineation of character, is conclusive of its having been among the earliest-written of Shakespeare's comedies.

No note has been discovered of the performance of this play during the author's life. Doubtless it was put upon the stage, for Shakespeare had no thought of writing dramas merely for the closet; but, if it had been acted as often as his other plays, we should most likely have some record of the performance, as we have in the case of so many others. Notwithstanding its superiority to most of the plays then in use from other hands, its comparative excess of the rhetorical over the dramatic elements may have made it less popular in that most action-loving age than many far below it in all other respects.

No novel or romance has been found, to which the Poet could have been *much* indebted for the plot or matter of this play. In the part of Julia and her maid Lucetta there are indeed some points of resemblance to the *Diana* of George Montemayor, a Spanish romance at that time very popular in England, and of which an English translation by Bartholomew Yonge was published in 1598. The *Diana* is one of the books spared from the bonfire of Don Quixote's library, because, in the words of the Priest who superintends the burning, "They do not deserve to be burnt like the rest, for they cannot do the mischief that those of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do

nobody any hurt." The part from which Shakespeare is thought to have borrowed is the story of Felismena, the heroine :

" My father having early followed my mother to the tomb, I was left an orphan. Henceforth I resided with a distant relative ; and, at the age of seventeen, fell in love with Don Felix, a young nobleman of the province where I lived. The object of my affections felt a reciprocal passion ; but his father, having learned the attachment between us, sent his son to Court with a view to prevent our union. Soon after his departure, I followed him in the disguise of a page, and on the night of my arrival discovered, by a serenade I heard him give, that he had disposed of his affections. Not being recognized, I was taken into his service, and engaged to conduct the correspondence with the mistress who had supplanted me."

Though Yonge's version of the *Diana* was not published till 1598, the story was generally well known before that time ; parts of it were translated in Sidney's *Arcadia*, which came out in 1590 ; and there is reason to think that the *History of Felix and Philomena*, which was acted at Court as far back as 1582, was a play partly founded on the story of *Felix and Felismena*. So that, Shakespeare being admitted to have followed the tale in question, he might well enough have been familiar with it long before Yonge's translation appeared. But, indeed, such and similar incidents were the common staple of romances in that age. And the same may be said touching the matter of Valentine's becoming captain of the outlaws ; for which the Poet has been written down as indebted to Sidney's *Arcadia*.

THE  
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

---

*PERSONS REPRESENTED.*

DUKE OF MILAN, Father to Silvia.	PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.
VALENTINE,	Gentlemen of Verona.
PROTEUS,	Host to Julia in Milan.
ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.	Outlaws.
THURIO, Rival to Valentine.	SILVIA, beloved by Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia.	JULIA, a Lady of Verona.
SPEED, Servant to Valentine.	LUCETTA, her Waiting-woman.
LAUNCE, Servant to Proteus.	
	Servants, Musicians.

SCENE.—*In Verona; in Milan; and in a forest near Milan.*

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Verona. An open Place in the City.*

*Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

*Val.* Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus :  
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.<sup>1</sup>  
Were't not affection chains thy tender days  
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,  
I rather would entreat thy company  
To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,

<sup>1</sup> Milton has a similar play upon words in his *Comus* : " It is for *homely* features to keep *home*; they had their name thence."

Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.<sup>2</sup>  
 But, since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein,  
 Even as I would, when I to love begin.

*Pro.* Wilt thou be gone ? Sweet Valentine, adieu !  
 Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply see'st  
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel :  
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness,  
 When thou dost meet good hap ; and in thy danger,  
 If ever danger do environ thee,  
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
 For I will be thy beadsman,<sup>3</sup> Valentine.

*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my success ?

*Pro.* Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

*Val.* That's on some shallow story of deep love ;  
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

*Pro.* That's a deep story of a deeper love ;  
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

*Val.* 'Tis true ; and you are over boots in love,  
 And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

*Pro.* Over the boots ! nay, give me not the boots.<sup>4</sup>

*Val.* No,  
 I will not, for it boots not.

*Pro.* What ?

<sup>2</sup> *Shapeless* in the active sense of *unshaping*; as idleness does nothing towards *shaping* the mind and character. So the Poet has *helpless* repeatedly for *unhelping* or *affording no help*.

<sup>3</sup> A *beadsman* is one bound or pledged to pray for another's welfare. *Bead*, in fact, is Anglo-Saxon for *prayer*, and so for the small wooden balls which are strung together in what is called a *rosary*, and one of which is dropped down the string as often as a prayer is said. Hence the name, if not the thing, "a string of beads." Not the only instance of piety turned to account as an ornament or a beautifier.

<sup>4</sup> An old proverbial phrase, meaning "Don't make me a laughing-stock." The French have a phrase, *Bailler foin en corne*; which Cotgrave interprets, "*To give one the boots*; to sell him a bargain"; or, as we say, "*to sell him*."

*Val.* To be  
 In love, where scorn is bought with groans ; coy looks  
 With heart-sore sighs ; one fading moment's mirth  
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights :  
 If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain ;  
 If lost, why, then a grievous labour won ;  
 However,<sup>5</sup> but a folly bought with wit,  
 Or else a wit by folly vanquishéd.

*Pro.* So, by your circumstance,<sup>6</sup> you call me fool.  
*Val.* So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.  
*Pro.* 'Tis love you cavil at : I am not Love.  
*Val.* Love is your master, for he masters you :  
 And he that is so yokèd by a fool,  
 Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.  
*Pro.* Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud  
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And writers say, as the most forward bud  
 Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
 Even so by love the young and tender wit  
 Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,  
 Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.  
 But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,  
 That art a votary to fond desire ?  
 Once more adieu ! my father at the road  
 Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.  
*Val.* Sweet Proteus, no ; now let us take our leave.  
 At Milan let me hear from thee by letters

<sup>5</sup> *However* here has the force of *at all events or in either case*.

<sup>6</sup> The Poet sometimes uses *circumstance* in the sense of *circumlocution* or *circumstantial inference*. In the next line it means *conduct*. This play abounds in such quirks of thought.

Of thy success in love, and what news else  
 Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;  
 And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !

*Val.* As much to you at home ! and so, farewell. [Exit.]

*Pro.* He after honour hunts, I after love :  
 He leaves his friends to dignify them more ;  
 I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.—  
 Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me ;  
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
 War with good counsel, set the world at nought,  
 Make wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* Sir Proteus, save you ! Saw you my master ?

*Pro.* But now he parted hence, t' embark for Milan.

*Speed.* Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,  
 And I have play'd the sheep<sup>7</sup> in losing him.

*Pro.* Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,  
 An if the shepherd be awhile away.

*Speed.* You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then,  
 and I a sheep ?

*Pro.* I do.

*Speed.* Why, then my horns are his horns, whether I wake  
 or sleep.

*Pro.* A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

*Speed.* This proves me still a sheep.

*Pro.* True ; and thy master a shepherd.

*Speed.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

*Pro.* It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> It appears from this that *ship* and *sheep* were pronounced alike.

<sup>8</sup> "I will try very hard rather than fail to prove it by another." "It shall go hard but" is an old phrase repeatedly used thus by Shakespeare. So in *The Merchant*, iii. i : "The villainy you teach me I will execute ; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction" ; evidently meaning, "I will work

*Speed.* The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd ; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me : therefore I am no sheep.

*Pro.* The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep ; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee : therefore thou art a sheep.

*Speed.* Such another proof will make me cry *baa*.

*Pro.* But, dost thou hear ? gavest thou my letter to Julia ?

*Speed.* Ay, sir : I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton ; and she, a laced mutton,<sup>9</sup> gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

*Pro.* Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

*Speed.* If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

*Pro.* Nay, in that you are astray ; 'twere best pound you.

*Speed.* Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

*Pro.* You mistake ; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

*Speed.* From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

*Pro.* But what said she ?

*Speed.* [Nodding.] Ay.

*Pro.* Nod, Ay ?—why, that's noddy.<sup>10</sup>

mighty hard rather than fail to surpass my teachers." And in *Hamlet*, iii. 4: "It shall go hard but I will delve one yard below their mines, and blow them at the Moon."

<sup>9</sup> *Laced mutton* was a cant term for a courtesan. So in Delany's *Thomas of Reading*: "No meat pleased him so well as *mutton*, such as was *laced* in a red petticoat." As courtesans are fond of finery, Dyce thinks that "Speed applies the term to Julia in the much less offensive sense of—a richly-attired piece of woman's flesh."

<sup>10</sup> The poor quibble is more apparent in the original where, according to the mode of that time, the affirmative particle *ay* is printed *I*. *Noddy* was a game at cards; applied to a person, the word meant *fool*; *Noddy* being the name of what is commonly called the *Jack*.

*Speed.* You mistook, sir ; I say, she did nod : and you ask me if she did nod ; and I say, Ay.

*Pro.* And that set together is — noddy.

*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

*Pro.* No, no ; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

*Speed.* Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

*Pro.* Why, sir, how do you bear with me ?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, the letter very orderly ; having nothing but the word *noddy* for my pains.

*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

*Speed.* And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

*Pro.* Come, come, open the matter in brief ; what said she ?

*Speed.* Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

*Pro.* Well, sir, here is for your pains. [*Giving him money.*] What said she ?

*Speed.* Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

*Pro.* Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her ?

*Speed.* Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her ; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter : and, being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.<sup>11</sup> Give her no token but stones ; for she's as hard as steel.

*Pro.* What, said she nothing ?

*Speed.* No, not so much as *Take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me ;<sup>12</sup>

<sup>11</sup> The meaning appears to be, "Since she has been so hard to me, the bearer of your mind, I fear she will be equally hard to you, whose mind I bore, when you address her *in person.*" The antithesis, as Malone observes, is between *brought* and *telling.*

<sup>12</sup> "You have given me a *testern.*" *Testern* or *tester* was the name of a coin of sixpence value, so called from having a *teste*, head, stamped on it.

in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself :  
and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

*Pro.* Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,  
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,  
Being destined to a drier death on shore. — [Exit SPEED.  
I must go send some better messenger :  
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,  
Receiving them from such a worthless post.] Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Garden of JULIA'S House.*

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,  
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love ?

*Luc.* Ay, madam ; so you stumble not unheedfully.

*Jul.* Of all the fair resort of gentlemen  
That every day with parle<sup>1</sup> encounter me,  
In thy opinion which is worthiest love ?

*Luc.* Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind  
According to my shallow-simple skill.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour ?

*Luc.* As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine ;  
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio ?

*Luc.* Well of his wealth ; but, of himself, so-so.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus ?

*Luc.* Lord, Lord ! to see what folly reigns in us !

*Jul.* How now ! what means this passion at his name ?

*Luc.* Pardon, dear madam : 'tis a passing shame  
That I, unworthy body as I am,

<sup>1</sup> *Parle* is *parley*, that is, *talk*. The Poet has it repeatedly ; as in *Hamlet*, i. 1: "So frowned he once, when, in an angry *parle*, he smote the sledded Polacks," &c.

Should censure<sup>2</sup> thus on lovely gentlemen.

*Jul.* Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

*Luc.* Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

*Jul.* Your reason?

*Luc.* I have no other but a woman's reason :  
I think him so, because I think him so.

*Jul.* And wouldest thou have me cast my love on him?

*Luc.* Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

*Jul.* Why, he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.

*Luc.* Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

*Jul.* His little speaking shows his love but small.

*Luc.* Fire<sup>3</sup> that's closest kept burns most of all.

*Jul.* They do not love that do not show their love.

*Luc.* O, they love least that let men know their love.

*Jul.* I would I knew his mind.

*Luc.* Peruse this paper, madam. [Gives a letter.]

*Jul.* [Reads.] To Julia.—Say, from whom?

*Luc.* That the contents will show.

*Jul.* Say, say, who gave it thee?

*Luc.* Sir Valentine's page ; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it you ; but I, being in the way,  
Did in your name receive it : pardon the fault, I pray.

*Jul.* Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker !<sup>4</sup>

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines ?

To whisper and conspire against my youth ?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth ;

<sup>2</sup> Censure was continually used thus in the sense of judging or passing judgment.—The next line gives an instance of *on* and *of* used interchangeably. The Poet has many such.

<sup>3</sup> Fire is here a dissyllable. This and various other words, as *hour*, *power*, *flower*, *dower*, *your*, *towards*, &c., are used by the Poet as one or two syllables indifferently, to suit his verse.

<sup>4</sup> Broker was often used for a *match-maker* or *go-between*; one that broke the ice between bashful lovers.

And you an officer fit for the place !  
 There, take the paper : see it be return'd ;  
 Or else return no more into my sight.

*Luc.* To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

*Jul.* Will ye be gone ?

*Luc.* That you may ruminante. [Exit.]

*Jul.* And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter :  
 It were a shame to call her back again,  
 And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.  
 What fool is she,<sup>5</sup> that knows I am a maid,  
 And would not force the letter to my view !  
 Since maids, in modesty, say *No* to that  
 Which they would have the profferer construe *Ay*.  
 Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,  
 That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,  
 And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod !  
 How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,  
 When willingly I would have had her here !  
 How angrily I taught my brow to frown,  
 When inward joy enforced my heart to smile !  
 My penance is, to call Lucetta back,  
 And ask remission for my folly past.—  
 What, ho ! Lucetta !

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* What would your ladyship ?

*Jul.* Is it near dinner-time ?

*Luc.* I would it were,

<sup>5</sup> To express the sense of this passage, we should say, "What a fool she is!" The Poet repeatedly omits the article in such exclamative clauses. So in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5: "What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!" And in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 3: "Cassius, what night is this!" Sometimes, as in the text, the original marks such omissions with an apostrophe, thus: "What ' fool is she!"

That you might kill your stomach<sup>6</sup> on your meat,  
And not upon your maid.

*Jul.* What is't that you took up so gingerly?<sup>7</sup>

*Luc.* Nothing.

*Jul.* Why didst thou stoop, then?

*Luc.* To take a paper up that I let fall.

*Jul.* And is that paper nothing?

*Luc.* Nothing concerning me.

*Jul.* Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

*Luc.* Madam, it will not lie<sup>8</sup> where it concerns,  
Unless it have a false interpreter.

*Jul.* Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

*Luc.* That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.

Give me a note : your ladyship can set.<sup>9</sup>

*Jul.* As little by such toys as may be possible.  
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' Love*.

*Luc.* It is too heavy for so light a tune.

*Jul.* Heavy ! belike it hath some burden, then ?

*Luc.* Ay ; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

*Jul.* And why not you ?

*Luc.* I cannot reach so high.

*Jul.* Let's see your song [*Taking the letter*]. Why, how  
now, minion !

*Luc.* Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :  
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

*Jul.* You do not ?

*Luc.* No, madam ; it is too sharp.

<sup>6</sup> Stomach in the double sense of hunger and anger. Pride, courage, and resentment are also among the meanings of stomach.

<sup>7</sup> Gingerly is nicely, cautiously. To touch a thing gingerly, is to touch it as if it burnt the fingers.

<sup>8</sup> A quibble upon lie, which is here used in the sense of speaking falsely.

<sup>9</sup> Meaning set it to music. In the next line, Julia plays upon the word, taking it in the sense of set by or make account of. In reference to what follows, about *Light o' Love*, see *Much Ado*, iii. 4.

*Jul.* You, minion, are too saucy.

*Luc.* Nay, now you are too flat,  
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant :  
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.<sup>10</sup>

*Jul.* The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

*Luc.* Indeed, I bid the base<sup>11</sup> for Proteus.

*Jul.* This babble shall not henceforth trouble me : —  
Here is a coil<sup>12</sup> with protestation ! — [Tears the letter.]  
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie :  
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

*Luc.* She makes it strange ; but she would be best pleased  
To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.]

*Jul.* Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same !  
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words !  
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,  
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings !  
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.  
Look, here is writ *Kind Julia* : — Unkind Julia !  
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,  
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.  
And here is writ *Love-wounded Proteus* : —

<sup>10</sup> *Descant* was sometimes used, apparently, for what we call variations. But it was also used in other senses ; and here it seems to mean *harmony*, or music in parts, as distinguished from simple melody or solo. As Mr. White observes, "Lucetta's terms, *sharp*, *flat*, *mar the concord*, show that she used *descant* because she and her mistress were at discord, and *descant* meant a performance in strict *harmony*." — *Mean* was used for the intermediate part between the treble and the tenor ; so named because it served as a mean or harmonizing medium. — This use of musical terms before a popular audience would seem to infer that taste and knowledge in music was a characteristic trait of "merry England in the olden time."

<sup>11</sup> Lucetta is still quibbling, and turns the allusion off upon the rustic game of *base* or *prison-base*, in which one ran and challenged another to catch him.

<sup>12</sup> *Coil* was much used for *stir*, *bustle*, or *fuss*. See page 105, note 8.

Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,  
 Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly<sup>13</sup> heal'd ;  
 And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.  
 But twice or thrice was *Proteus* written down : —  
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,  
 Till I have found each letter in the letter,  
 Except mine own name : that some whirlwind bear  
 Unto a ragg'd, fearful-hanging rock, —  
 And throw it thence into the raging sea ! —  
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,  
*Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,*  
*To the sweet Julia* : — that I'll tear away ; —  
 And yet I will not, sith<sup>14</sup> so prettily  
 He couples it to his complaining names.  
 Thus will I fold them one upon another :  
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* Madam,  
 Dinner is ready, and your father stays.  
*Jul.* Well, let us go.  
*Luc.* What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?  
*Jul.* If you respect them, best to take them up.  
*Luc.* Nay, I was taken up for laying them down :  
 Yet here they shall not lie, for<sup>15</sup> catching cold.  
*Jul.* I see you have a month's mind<sup>16</sup> to them.

<sup>13</sup> *Throughly* and *thoroughly* are but different forms of the same word, and were used interchangeably.

<sup>14</sup> *Sith* is an old form of *since*, and was fast giving place to the latter in Shakespeare's time.—*Names*, in the next line, refers, apparently, to the repetition of the name, with the epithets *poor*, *forlorn*, and *passionate*.

<sup>15</sup> *For* was much used in the sense of *because of* or *on account of*. So that "for catching cold" means "because they will catch cold," or "lest they catch cold."

<sup>16</sup> "A month's mind" is an old phrase for an *eager desire* or *longing*. So in Ben Johnson's *Magnetic Lady*: "I have a month's mind to peep a little too." And in *Hudibras* : "For, if a trumpet sound or drum beat, who

*Luc.* Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see ;  
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

*Jul.* Come, come ; will't please you go ? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in ANTONIO's House.*

*Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*

*Ant.* Tell me, Panthino, what sad<sup>1</sup> talk was that  
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

*Pan.* 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

*Ant.* Why, what of him ?

*Pan.* He wonder'd that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,  
While other men, of slender reputation,  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out :  
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there ;  
Some to discover islands far away ;  
Some to the studious universities.  
For any, or for all these exercises,  
He said that Proteus your son was meet ;  
And did request me to impótune you  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment<sup>2</sup> to his age,  
In having known no travel in his youth.

*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much impótune me to that  
Whereon this month I have been hammering.  
I have consider'd well his loss of time,  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world :  
Experience is by industry achieved,

bath not a month's mind to a combat ?" In its origin the phrase probably referred to a woman's longing in the first month of pregnancy.

<sup>1</sup> Sad was continually used for grave, serious, or earnest.

<sup>2</sup> Impeachment here is reproach or disqualification.

And perfected by the swift course of time.  
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him ?

*Pan.* I think your lordship is not ignorant  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,  
Attends the Emperor in his royal Court.

*Ant.* I know it well.

*Pan.* 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither :  
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,  
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,  
And be in eye of every exercise  
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

*Ant.* I like thy counsel ; well hast thou advised :  
And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,  
The execution of it shall make known.  
Even with the speediest expedition  
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's Court.

*Pan.* To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,  
With other gentlemen of good esteem,  
Are journeying to salute the Emperor,  
And to commend their service to his will.

*Ant.* Good company ; with them shall Proteus go :  
And — in good time ! — now will we break with him.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Pro.* Sweet love ! sweet lines ! sweet life !  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart ;  
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.  
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,  
To seal our happiness with their consents !  
O heavenly Julia !

*Ant.* How now ! what letter are you reading there ?

<sup>3</sup> To *break with* any one formerly meant to *break* or *open* a matter to him. Shakespeare has it thus repeatedly.—“In *good time*” is the same as our phrase, “In the *nick* of time.”

*Pro.* May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two  
Of commendations sent from Valentine,  
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

*Ant.* Lend me the letter ; let me see what news.

*Pro.* There is no news, my lord ; but that he writes  
How happily he lives, how well beloved,  
And daily graced by the Emperor ;  
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

*Ant.* And how stand you affected to his wish ?

*Pro.* As one relying on your lordship's will,  
And not depending on his friendly wish.

*Ant.* My will is something sorted with his wish.  
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed ;  
For what I will, I will, and there an end.  
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time  
With Valentinus in the Emperor's Court :  
What maintenance he from his friends receives,  
Like exhibition <sup>4</sup> thou shalt have from me.  
To-morrow be in readiness to go :  
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

*Pro.* My lord, I cannot be so soon provided :  
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

*Ant.* Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee :  
No more of stay ; to-morrow thou must go. —  
Come on, Panthino : you shall be employ'd  
To hasten on his expedition. [ *Exeunt ANT. and PAN.*

*Pro.* Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,  
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.  
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,  
Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;  
And with the vantage of mine own excuse  
Hath he excepted most against my love.

<sup>4</sup> *Exhibition* is allowance of money ; still used so in the English Universities.

O, how this Spring of love resembleth<sup>5</sup>  
 Th' uncertain glory of an April day,  
 Which now shows all the beauty of the Sun,  
 And by-and-by a cloud takes all away !

*Re-enter PANTHINO.*

*Pan.* Sir Proteus, your father calls for you :  
 He is in haste ; therefore, I pray you, go.

*Pro.* Why, this it is, — my heart accords thereto,  
 And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [ *Exeunt.* ]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

*Speed.* [ *Picking up a glove.* ] Sir, your glove.

*Val.* Not mine ; my gloves are on.

*Speed.* Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.<sup>1</sup>

*Val.* Ha, let me see : ay, give it me, it's mine : —  
 Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine !

Ah, Silvia, Silvia !

*Speed.* [ *Calling.* ] Madam Silvia, Madam Silvia !

*Val.* How now, sirrah !

*Speed.* She is not within hearing, sir.

*Val.* Why, sir, who bade you call her ?

*Speed.* Your Worship, sir ; or else I mistook.

*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward.

<sup>5</sup> *Resembleth* is here meant to be a word of four syllables, as if it were spelt *resembeleth*.

<sup>1</sup> *On* and *one* were formerly sounded alike, and sometimes written so. That is the ground of the poor quibble here.

*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

*Val.* Go to,<sup>2</sup> sir : tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

*Speed.* She that your Worship loves?

*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love?

*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks : First, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malcontent ; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast ; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence ; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C ; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam ; to fast, like one that takes diet ;<sup>3</sup> to watch, like one that fears robbing ; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.<sup>4</sup> You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock ; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions ; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner ; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money : and now you are so metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

*Val.* Are all these things perceived in me?

*Speed.* They are all perceived without ye.

*Val.* Without me ! they cannot.

*Speed.* Without you ! nay, that's certain, for, without<sup>5</sup> you were so simple, none else would : but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine

<sup>2</sup> *Go to* is a phrase met with continually in old colloquial English ; often meaning *kush up*, sometimes *come on*, and sometimes carrying a sense not easy to define ; somewhat like the Latin *age*.

<sup>3</sup> To take diet is to be under a *regimen* for a disease.

<sup>4</sup> The feast of All-hallows or All Saints, at which time the poor in some places used to go from parish to parish *a-souling*, as they called it ; that is, *begging* and *puling*, (or singing small, as Bailey explains *puling*.) for soul-cakes, and singing what they called the souler's song. All which means that the beggars were to pray for the souls of the giver's departed friends.

<sup>5</sup> Speed is punning with all his speed. Here, *without* is *unless*. His first *without* is meant in the sense of *exterior*, or *on the outside* ; and Valentine takes it in the sense of *absence*, or *without my presence*.

through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

*Val.* But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

*Speed.* She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

*Val.* Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

*Speed.* Why, sir, I know her not.

*Val.* Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

*Speed.* Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

*Val.* Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.

*Val.* What dost thou know?

*Speed.* That she is not so fair as, of you, well favour'd.

*Val.* I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

*Speed.* That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

*Val.* How painted? and how out of count?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

*Val.* How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

*Speed.* You never saw her since she was deform'd.

*Val.* How long hath she been deform'd?

*Speed.* Ever since you loved her.

*Val.* I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

*Speed.* If you love her, you cannot see her.

*Val.* Why?

*Speed.* Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungarter'd!<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> So, in *As You Like It*, iii. 2, Rosalind mentions going ungartered as one of the undoubted marks of love: "Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded," &c.

*Val.* What should I see then?

*Speed.* Your own present folly, and her passing deformity : For he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose ; And you, being in love, cannot see to beyond your nose.

*Val.* Belike, boy, then, you are in love ; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

*Speed.* True, sir ; I was in love with my bed : I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

*Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

*Speed.* I would you were set ;<sup>7</sup> so your affection would cease.

*Val.* Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

*Speed.* And have you ?

*Val.* I have.

*Speed.* Are they not lamely writ ?

*Val.* No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace ! here she comes.

*Speed.* [Aside.] O excellent motion !<sup>8</sup> O exceeding puppet ! Now will he interpret to her.

*Enter SILVIA.*

*Val.* Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows !

*Speed.* [Aside.] O, give ye good even ! here's a million of manners.

*Sil.* Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

*Speed.* [Aside.] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

<sup>7</sup> Set for seated, in opposition to stand of the preceding line. An allusion seems implied also to the setting of the Sun, as the Sun then ceases to shine.

<sup>8</sup> Motion was used of a puppet-show, and the showman was called the interpreter. Speed means, "What a fine puppet-show we shall have now ! Here is the principal puppet, and my master will act as showman."

*Val.* As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter  
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours ;  
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,  
But for my duty to your ladyship. [Gives a letter.]

*Sil.* I thank you, gentle servant : 'tis very clerkly done.

*Val.* Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off ;  
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,  
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

*Sil.* Perchance you think too much of so much pains ?

*Val.* No, madam ; so it stead you, I will write,  
Please you command, a thousand times as much :  
And yet —

*Sil.* A pretty period ! Well, I guess the sequel ;  
And yet I will not name't ; — and yet I care not ; —  
And yet take this again ; — and yet I thank you ;  
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

*Speed.* [Aside.] And yet you will ; and yet another yet.

*Val.* What means your ladyship ? do you not like it ?

*Sil.* Yes, yes ; the lines are very quaintly<sup>9</sup> writ :  
But, since unwillingly, take them again ; —  
Nay, take them. [Gives back the letter.]

*Val.* Madam, they are for you.

*Sil.* Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request ;  
But I will none of them ; they are for you :  
I would have had them writ more movingly.

*Val.* Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

*Sil.* And when it's writ, for my sake read it over :  
And if it please you, so ; if not, why, so.

*Val.* If it please me, madam ! what then ?

*Sil.* Why, if it please you, take it for your labour :  
And so, good morrow, servant. [Exit.]

<sup>9</sup> *Quaint* and *quaintly* are used by Shakespeare very much like the Latin *comptus*, from which the words are probably derived ; in the sense of *artful, ingenious, elegant*.

*Speed.* O jest.unseen, inscrutable, invisible,  
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple !  
My master sues to her ; and she hath taught her suitor,  
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.  
O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better,  
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the  
letter ?

*Val.* How now, sir ! what are you reasoning with your-self ?

*Speed.* Nay, I was rhyming : 'tis you that have the reason.

*Val.* To do what ?

*Speed.* To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

*Val.* To whom ?

*Speed.* To yourself : why, she wooes you by a figure.

*Val.* What figure ?

*Speed.* By a letter, I should say.

*Val.* Why, she hath not writ to me ?

*Speed.* What need she, when she hath made you write to  
yourself ? Why, do you not perceive the jest ?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Speed.* No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you per-  
ceive her earnest ?

*Val.* She gave me none, except an angry word.

*Speed.* Why, she hath given you a letter.

*Val.* That's the letter I writ to her friend.

*Speed.* And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an  
end.

*Val.* I would it were no worse.

*Speed.* I'll warrant you, 'tis as well :

*For often have you writ to her ; and she, in modesty,*  
*Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply ;*  
*Or, fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,*  
*Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.*

All this I speak in print,<sup>10</sup> for in print I found it. — Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

*Val.* I have dined.

*Speed.* Ay, but hearken, sir: Though the chameleon Love can feed on the air,<sup>11</sup> I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Verona. The Garden of JULIA's House.*

*Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.*

*Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.

*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.

*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.

*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Gives him a ring.*]

*Pro.* Why, then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

[*Gives her another.*]

*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy; And when that hour o'erslips me in the day Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, The next-ensuing hour some foul mischance Torment me for my love's forgetfulness! My father stays my coming; answer not;

<sup>10</sup> To *speak in print* is to speak with *precision*, or, as Hamlet says, "by the card." Speed is quibbling still, having probably found the lines in some *printed ballad*.

<sup>11</sup> Upon this, Staunton quotes from *The World in the Moon*, 1607: "Oh Palmerin, Palmerin, how cheaply dost thou furnish out thy table of love! Canst feed upon a thought! live upon hopes! feast upon a look! fatten upon a smile! and surfeit and die upon a kiss! What a Cameleon lover is a Platonick!"

The tide is now : — nay, not thy tide of tears ;  
 That tide will stay me longer than I should :

Julia, farewell ! —

[*Exit JULIA.*

What, gone without a word ?

Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak ;  
 For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

*Enter PANTHINO.*

*Pan.* Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

*Pro.* Go ; I come, I come : —

Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Street.*

*Enter LAUNCE, leading a Dog.*

*Launce.* Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping ; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's Court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives : my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear : he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog : a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting ; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting.<sup>1</sup> Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father ; — no, this left shoe is my father ; — no, no, this left shoe is my mother ; — nay, that cannot be so neither ; — yes, it is so, it is so, — it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father ; a vengeance on't ! there 'tis : now, sir, this staff is

<sup>1</sup> *Part*, verb, was very often used for *depart*. Shakespeare has it so in almost numberless places.

my sister ; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand : this hat is Nan, our maid : I am the dog ;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself ; ay, so, so.<sup>2</sup> Now come I to my father : *Father, your blessing!* now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping : now should I kiss my father : well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother ;—O, that the shoe could speak now like a wood<sup>3</sup> woman !—well, I kiss her ;—why, there 'tis ; here's my mother's breath up and down.<sup>4</sup> Now come I to my sister : mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word : but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

*Enter PANTHINO.*

*Pan.* Launce, away, away, aboard ! thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter ? why weepest thou, man ? Away, ass ! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

*Launce.* It is no matter if the tied were lost ; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

*Pan.* What's the unkindest tide ?

*Launce.* Why, he that's tied here,—Crab, my dog.

*Pan.* Tut, man, I mean thou'l lose the flood : and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage ; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master ; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service ; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth ?

*Launce.* For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

*Pan.* Where should I lose my tongue ?

*Launce.* In thy tale.

*Pan.* In my tail !

<sup>2</sup> Launce here gets entangled with his own ingenuity, and the Poet probably did not mean to extricate him.

<sup>3</sup> Wood is an old word for frantic or mad ; the speaker meaning that his mother was frantic with grief at parting with so hopeful a son.

<sup>4</sup> Up and down is an old phrase meaning exactly, or to perfection.

*Launce.* Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied !<sup>5</sup> Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears ; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

*Pan.* Come, come away, man ; I was sent to call thee.

*Launce.* Sir, call me what thou darest.

*Pan.* Wilt thou go ?

*Launce.* Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.*

*Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, and SPEED.*

*Sil.* Servant,—

*Val.* Mistress ?

*Speed.* Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.

*Speed.* Not of you.

*Val.* Of my mistress, then.

*Speed.* 'Twere good you knock'd him.

*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.

*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.

*Thu.* Seem you that you are not ?

*Val.* Haply I do.

*Thu.* So do counterfeits.

*Val.* So do you.

*Thu.* What seem I that I am not ?

*Val.* Wise.

*Thu.* What instance of the contrary ?

*Val.* Your folly.

*Thu.* And how quote<sup>1</sup> you my folly ?

<sup>5</sup> The first, *tide*, refers to the river, the last, *tied*, to the dog. The original spells *tide* and *tied* the same way, *tide* ; which makes the quibble more obvious to the eye.

<sup>1</sup> To *quote* is to *mark* or *observe* ; formerly pronounced and often written *cote* : hence used as the pivot of a quibble in the next line.

*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.

*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.

*Val.* Well, then I'll double your folly.

*Thu.* How!

*Sil.* What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

*Val.* Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

*Val.* You have said, sir.

*Thu.* Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

*Val.* I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

*Val.* 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

*Sil.* Who is that, servant?

*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

*Val.* I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers,—for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more: here comes my father.

*Enter the DUKE.*

*Duke.* Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.—  
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:  
What say you to a letter from your friends  
Of much good news?

*Val.* My lord, I will be thankful  
To any happy messenger from thence.

*Duke.* Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman  
To be of worth<sup>2</sup> and worthy estimation,  
And not without desert so well reputed.

*Duke.* Hath he not a son?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves  
The honour and regard of such a father.

*Duke.* You know him well?

*Val.* I know him as myself; for from our infancy  
We have conversed and spent our hours together:  
And though myself have been an idle truant,  
Omitting the sweet benefit of time  
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,  
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,  
Made use and fair advantage of his days;  
His years but young, but his experience old;  
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;  
And, in a word,—for far behind his worth  
Come all the praises that I now bestow,—  
He is complete in feature<sup>3</sup> and in mind,  
With all good grace, to grace a gentleman.

*Duke.* Beshrew me,<sup>4</sup> sir, but, if he make this good,  
He is as worthy for an empress' love  
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.  
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,  
With commendation from great potentates;  
And here he means to spend his time awhile:  
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

<sup>2</sup> *Worth* is repeatedly used by the Poet for *wealth*; nor is the usage peculiar to him. Walker thinks it a misprint for *wealth* here; but this play especially delights in the jingle of consonous words in discrepant senses; as a few speeches later: "With all good *grace* to *grace* a gentleman."

<sup>3</sup> *Feature* here refers to the *form*, *figure*, or *person* in general. Shakespeare has it so a number of times. And so Spenser: "Which the fair *feature* of her limbs did hide."

<sup>4</sup> *Beshrew me* was much used as a petty adjuration.

*Val.* Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

*Duke.* Welcome him, then, according to his worth :  
Silvia, I speak to you ; and you, Sir Thurio :—  
For Valentine, I need not cite<sup>5</sup> him to it.  
I'll send him hither to you presently.

[*Exit.*]

*Val.* This is the gentlemen I told your ladyship  
Had come along with me, but that his mistress  
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

*Sil.* Belike that now she hath enfranchised them,  
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

*Val.* Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

*Sil.* Nay, then he should be blind ; and, being blind,  
How could he see his way to seek out you ?

*Val.* Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

*Thu.* They say that Love hath not an eye at all.

*Val.* To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself :  
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

*Sil.* Have done, have done ; here comes the gentleman.

### *Enter PROTEUS.*

*Val.* Welcome, dear Proteus ! — Mistress, I beseech you,  
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,  
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

*Val.* Mistress, it is : sweet lady, entertain him  
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

*Sil.* Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

*Pro.* Not so, sweet lady ; but too mean a servant  
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

*Val.* Leave off discourse of disability :—  
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

<sup>5</sup> *Cite*, commonly 'cite for incite', is itself a full legitimate word, from the Latin *cito*, meaning to *excite*, *rouse*, or *put in motion*. To *quote*, *mention*, *call upon* are secondary meanings of the same original words, as they also are of its Latin derivative *cito*.

*Pro.* My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

*Sil.* And duty never yet did want his meed :  
Servant, you're welcome to a worthless mistress.

*Pro.* I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

*Sil.* That you are welcome ?

*Pro.* No ; that you are worthless.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

*Sil.* I wait upon his pleasure.— [Exit Servant.

Come, Sir Thurio,

Go you with me.— Once more, new servant, welcome :

I'll leave you to confer of home affairs ;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

*Pro.* We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt SILVIA and THURIO.*]

*Val.* Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came ?

*Pro.* Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

*Val.* And how do yours ?

*Pro.* I left them all in health.

*Val.* How does your lady ? and how thrives your love ?

*Pro.* My tales of love were wont to weary you ;  
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

*Val.* Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now.

I have done penance for contemning Love :  
Those high-imperious thoughts have punish'd me  
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs ;  
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,  
Love hath chased sleep from my entrallèd eyes,  
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.  
O, gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,  
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There is no woe to<sup>6</sup> his correction,  
 Nor to his service no such joy on Earth !  
 Now, no discourse, except it be of love :  
 Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,  
 Upon the very naked name of love.

*Pro.* Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye.  
 Was this the idol that you worship so ?

*Val.* Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

*Pro.* No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

*Val.* Call her divine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Val.* O, flatter me ; for love delights in praise.

*Pro.* When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ;  
 And I must minister the like to you.

*Val.* Then speak the truth by her :<sup>7</sup> if not divine,  
 Yet let her be a principality,<sup>8</sup>  
 Sovereign to all the creatures on the Earth.

*Pro.* Except my mistress.

*Val.* Sweet, except not any ;  
 Except thou wilt except against my love.

*Pro.* Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her too :  
 She shall be dignified with this high honour,—  
 To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth  
 Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,  
 And, of so great a favour growing proud,  
 Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,  
 And make rough Winter everlastingly.

<sup>6</sup> *To* for *compared to* or *in comparison with* ; an old and frequent use of the word. So in an old ballad : "There is no comfort in the world *to* women that are kind." And a little later in this scene : "All I can is nothing *to* her, whose worth," &c.

<sup>7</sup> "Speak the truth *of* her." Shakespeare has *by* repeatedly thus. So in *The Merchant*, i. 2 : "How say you *by* the French lord?"

<sup>8</sup> A *principality* is an angel of a high order.

*Pro.* Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

*Val.* Pardon me, Proteus : all I can is nothing  
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing :  
She is alone.

*Pro.* Why, then let her alone.

*Val.* Not for the world : why, man, she is mine own ;  
And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.  
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,  
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.  
My foolish rival, that her father likes  
Only for<sup>9</sup> his possessions are so huge,  
Is gone with her along ; and I must after,  
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

*Pro.* But she loves you ?

*Val.* Ay,  
And we're betroth'd : nay, more, our marriage-hour,  
With all the cunning manner of our flight,  
Determined of ; how I must climb her window,  
The ladder made of cords ; and all the means  
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.  
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,  
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

*Pro.* Go on before ; I shall inquire you forth :  
I must unto the road,<sup>10</sup> to disembark  
Some necessaries that I needs must use ;  
And then I'll presently attend on you.

*Val.* Will you make haste ?

*Pro.* I will.—

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and SPEED.*

<sup>9</sup> For in the sense of because ; a usage now nearly or quite obsolete, even in poetry, but very common in the old writers. The Poet has it often. So in *The Merchant*, i. 3 : "I hate him for he is a Christian."

<sup>10</sup> The haven where the ships lie at anchor.

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
 So the remembrance of my former love  
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
 Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,  
 Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
 That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?  
 She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love,—  
 That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;  
 Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,  
 Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
 Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,  
 And that I love him not as I was wont:  
 O, but I love his lady too-too much;  
 And that's the reason I love him so little.  
 How shall I dote on her with more advice,<sup>11</sup>  
 That thus without advice begin to love her!  
 'Tis but her picture <sup>12</sup> I have yet beheld,  
 And that hath dazzled <sup>13</sup> my reason's light;  
 But when I look on her perfections,  
 There is no reason but I shall be blind.<sup>14</sup>  
 If I can check my erring love, I will;  
 If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[Exit.]

<sup>11</sup> Advice for acquaintance or knowledge; a common use of the word, as also of the verb advise, in old writers. So in *Cymbeline*, i. 2: "Make yourself some comfort out of your best advice." And Bacon says that judges ought to be "more advised than confident."

<sup>12</sup> The Poet has been censured for making Proteus say he has but seen the picture of Silvia, when he has just been talking with the lady herself. But this is making a blunder, not finding one. Proteus wants to get deeper in love with Silvia, and so resorts to the argument, that the little he has seen of her is *as though* he had but seen her picture.

<sup>13</sup> Dazzled is here meant to be a trisyllable, as in the case of resembleth, mentioned before, page 176, note 5.

<sup>14</sup> "No cause that will keep me from being blind."

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Street.*

*Enter SPEED and LAUNCE severally.*

*Speed.* Launce ! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan !

*Launce.* Forswear not thyself, sweet youth ; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always,—that a man is never undone till he be hang'd ; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, *Welcome*.

*Speed.* Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently ; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia ?

*Launce.* Marry,<sup>1</sup> after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

*Speed.* But shall she marry him ?

*Launce.* No.

*Speed.* How, then ? shall he marry her ?

*Launce.* No, neither.

*Speed.* What, are they broken ?

*Launce.* No, they are both as whole as a fish.

*Speed.* Why, then how stands the matter with them ?

*Launce.* Marry, thus ; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an ass art thou ! I understand thee not.

*Launce.* What a block art thou, that thou canst not ! My staff understands me.

*Speed.* What thou say'st ?

*Launce.* Ay, and what I do too : look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

*Speed.* It stands under thee, indeed.

<sup>1</sup> *Marry* is an old colloquial intensive, occurring continually in Shakespeare and the other dramatists of that age ; much like the Latin *heracle* and *edepol*. See page 103, note 3.

*Launce.* Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

*Speed.* But tell me true, will't be a match?

*Launce.* Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

*Speed.* The conclusion is, then, that it will.

*Launce.* Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

*Speed.* 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou,<sup>2</sup> that my master is become a notable lover?

*Launce.* I never knew him otherwise.

*Speed.* Than how?

*Launce.* A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

*Speed.* Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

*Launce.* Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

*Speed.* I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

*Launce.* Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

*Speed.* Why?

*Launce.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale<sup>3</sup> with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

*Speed.* At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI.—*The Same. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.*

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Pro.* To leave my Julia, shall I be forswn;  
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forswn;  
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forswn;

<sup>2</sup> "What do you say to this?" So in *Macbeth*, iii. 4: "*How say'st thou,* that Macduff denies his person at our great bidding?" meaning, "What do you say to this *fact or circumstance?*"

<sup>3</sup> Another quibble; *ale* being the name of an old Church festival, to which, as Launce thinks, none but a Jew would refuse to go.

And even that power which gave me first my oath  
 Provokes me to this threefold perjury :  
 Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear :  
 O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it !  
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,  
 But now I worship a celestial sun :  
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;  
 And he wants wit that wants resolvèd will  
 To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.  
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue ! to call her bad,  
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd  
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.  
 I cannot leave<sup>2</sup> to love, and yet I do ;  
 But there I leave to love where I should love.  
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose :  
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ;  
 If I lose them, this find I by their loss, —  
 For Valentine, myself ; for Julia, Silvia.  
 I to myself am dearer than a friend,  
 For love is still most precious in itself ;  
 And Silvia — witness Heaven, that made her fair ! —  
 Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.  
 I will forget that Julia is alive,  
 Remembering that my love to her is dead ;  
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,  
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.  
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,

<sup>1</sup> "If thou hast sinn'd," provided the reading be right, must mean, "If thou has sinn'd in causing or tempting me to sin." — *Sweet-suggesting* is *sweetly-tempting*, an old and common use of *suggest*.

<sup>2</sup> *Leave* for *cease* or *desist*. The Poet has it repeatedly. So in *2 Henry VI.*, iii. 2: "You bade me ban, and will you bid me *leave*?" And in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears had *left* the flushing in her gallèd eyes, she married."

Without some treachery used to Valentine.  
 This night he meaneth with a corded ladder  
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window ;  
 Myself in counsel his competitor : <sup>3</sup>  
 Now presently I'll give her father notice  
 Of their disguising and pretended <sup>4</sup> flight ;  
 Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine,  
 For Thurio he intends shall wed his daughter :  
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,  
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.  
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,  
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift ! <sup>5</sup>

[Exit.]

SCENE VII.—Verona. *A Room in JULIA'S House.**Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* Counsel, Lucetta ; gentle girl, assist me ;  
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure <sup>1</sup> thee, —  
 Who art the table <sup>2</sup> wherein all my thoughts

<sup>3</sup> Competitor in its old sense of associate or partner. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 1: "That thou, my brother, my competitor in top of all design, my mate in empire, friend and companion in the front of war." — In counsel is in secret. Often so.

<sup>4</sup> Here pretended means intended, as the word was very often used in Shakespeare's time. So in *Macbeth*, ii. 2: "Alas the day! what good could they pretend?" And in the same scene we have pretence used for purpose or intention : "Against the undivulged pretence I fight of treasonous malice."

<sup>5</sup> Drift here is course of action, device, or stratagem. So, again, in iv. 2, of this play : "I will so plead, that you shall say my cunning drift excels."

<sup>1</sup> In Shakespeare's time the two ways of pronouncing this word, *cōjūre* and *conjūre*, had not become appropriated to different senses. Here *cōjūre* has the sense of earnestly entreat. Elsewhere the Poet has *conjūre* in the sense of practising magic.

<sup>2</sup> Table for case or book of tablets, such as were carried in the pocket to note down memoranda. So in *Hamlet*, i. 5: "From the table of my memory I'll wipe away all trivial fond records." And again : "My tables : meet it is I set it down, that one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

Are visibly character'd and engraved,—  
To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,  
How, with my honour, I may undertake  
A journey to my loving Proteus.

*Luc.* Alas, the way is wearisome and long !

*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms<sup>3</sup> with his feeble steps ;  
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,  
And when the flight is made to one so dear,  
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

*Luc.* Better forbear till Proteus make return.

*Jul.* O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food ?  
Pity the dearth that I have pinèd in,  
By longing for that food so long a time.  
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
Thou wouldest as soon go kindle fire with snow  
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Luc.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,  
But qualify the fire's<sup>4</sup> extreme rage,  
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

*Jul.* The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns :  
The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;  
But, when his fair course is not hinderéd,  
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;  
And so by many winding nooks he strays,

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the pilgrimages formerly made by religious devotees, often to Rome, Compostella, and Jerusalem, but oftener still to "the House of our Lady at Loretto." In that age, when there were few roads and many robbers, to go afoot and alone through all the pains and perils of a pilgrimage from England to either of those shrines, was deemed proof that the person was in earnest.

<sup>4</sup> *Fire* again as a dissyllable. See page 168, note 3.

With willing sport, to the wide ocean.  
Then let me go, and hinder not my course :  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step have brought me to my love ;  
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

*Luc.* But in what habit will you go along ?

*Jul.* Not like a woman ; for I would prevent  
The loose encounters of lascivious men :  
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds  
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

*Luc.* Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

*Jul.* No, girl ; I'll knit it up in silken strings  
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots :  
To be fantastic may become a youth  
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches ?

*Jul.* That fits as well as — *Tell me, good my lord,*  
*What compass will you wear your farthingale?*<sup>5</sup>  
Why, even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

*Luc.* You must needs have them with a codpiece,<sup>6</sup>

*Jul.* Out, out, Lucetta ! that will be ill-favour'd.

*Luc.* A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,  
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

*Jul.* Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have  
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.  
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me

<sup>5</sup> The farthingale, Mr. Fairholt tells us, was originally a broad roll, which made the person full about the hips. It came to be applied to the gown so widened.—WHITE.

<sup>6</sup> Codpiece was the coarse name formerly given to a certain part of a man's nether garment. The name seems to have passed out of use long ago ; the thing, unsightly as it was, continued in use till a recent period.

For undertaking so unstaid a journey?  
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

*Luc.* If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.

*Luc.* Then never dream on infamy, but go.  
If Proteus like your journey when you come,  
No matter who's displeased when you are gone :  
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

*Jul.* That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear :  
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,  
And instances o' the infinite of love,<sup>7</sup>  
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

*Luc.* All these are servants to deceitful men.

*Jul.* Base men, that use them to so base effect !  
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth :  
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;  
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart ;  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

*Luc.* Pray Heaven he prove so, when you come to him !  
*Jul.* Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong,  
To bear a hard opinion of his truth :  
Only deserve my love by loving him ;  
And presently go with me to my chamber,  
To take a note of what I stand in need of,  
To furnish me upon my longing journey.<sup>8</sup>  
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

<sup>7</sup> *Infinite* for *infinity*. So, in *Much Ado*, ii. 3, we have, "It is past the infinite of thought." And in Chaucer: "Although the life of it be stretched with infinite of time."

<sup>8</sup> "My longing journey," if such be the right text, seems to mean "the journey that I long to be making." Or it may mean "the journey that I shall make with continual longing to be at the end of it." See Critical Notes.—*Dispose*, in the next line, is for *disposal*. Repeatedly so. See page 80, note 4.

My goods, my lands, my reputation ;  
 Only, in lieu therof,<sup>9</sup> dispatch me hence.  
 Come, answer not, but to it presently ;  
 I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An Ante-room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile ;  
 We have some secrets to confer about. — [*Exit* THURIO.]  
 Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me ?

*Pro.* My gracious lord, that which I would discover  
 The law of friendship bids me to conceal ;  
 But, when I call to mind your gracious favours  
 Done to me, undeserving as I am,  
 My duty pricks me on to utter that  
 Which else no worldly good should draw from me.  
 Know, worthy Prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,  
 This night intends to steal away your daughter ;  
 Myself am one made privy to the plot.  
 I know you have determined to bestow her  
 On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;  
 And, should she thus be stol'n away from you,

<sup>9</sup> The phrase “in lieu of” formerly meant *in return for*, or *in consideration of*. So in Hooker’s *Eccle. Pol.*, i. xi. 5 : “But be it that God of His great liberality had determined *in lieu* of man’s endeavours to bestow the same.” And in Spenser’s dedication of his *Four Hymns* : “Beseeching you to accept this my humble service *in lieu* of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily show unto me.”

It would be much vexation to your age.  
 Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose  
 To cross my friend in his intended drift  
 Than, by concealing it, heap on your head  
 A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,  
 Being un prevented, to your timeless<sup>1</sup> grave.

*Duke.* Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care ;  
 Which to requite, command me while I live.  
 This love of theirs myself have often seen,  
 Haply when they have judged me fast asleep ;  
 And oftentimes have purposed to forbid  
 Sir Valentine her company and my Court :  
 But, fearing lest my jealous aim<sup>2</sup> might err,  
 And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,—  
 A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,—  
 I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find  
 That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.  
 And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,  
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,<sup>3</sup>  
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,  
 The key whereof myself have ever kept ;  
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

*Pro.* Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean  
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,  
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;  
 For which the youthful lover now is gone,  
 And this way comes he with it presently ;

<sup>1</sup> *Timeless for untimely.* Repeatedly thus. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3: "Poison, I see, hath been his *timeless end*." And in *Richard II.*, iv. 1: "Who perform'd the bloody office of his *timeless end*."

<sup>2</sup> *Aim*, here, is *guess*; a common use of the word. So in *Julius Caesar*, i. 2: "What you would work me to, I have some *aim*." And in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1: "I *aim'd* so near, when I supposed you loved." Also, in the next speech: "That my discovery be not *aim'd at*."

<sup>3</sup> *Suggested for tempted.* See page 195, note 1.

Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.  
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly  
 That my discovery be not aimèd at ;  
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,  
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.<sup>4</sup>

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, he shall never know  
 That I had any light from thee of this.

*Pro.* Adieu, my lord ; Sir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Duke.* Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

*Val.* Please it your Grace, there is a messenger  
 That stays to bear my letters to my friends,  
 And I am going to deliver them.

*Duke.* Be they of much import ?

*Val.* The tenour of them doth but signify  
 My health, and happy being at your Court.

*Duke.* Nay, then no matter ; stay with me awhile :  
 I am to break with thee of some affairs  
 That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.  
 'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought  
 To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

*Val.* I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the match  
 Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman  
 Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities  
 Beseeching such a wife as your fair daughter :  
 Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him ?

*Duke.* No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen, froward,  
 Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;  
 Neither regarding that she is my child,  
 Nor fearing me as if I were her father :  
 And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,

<sup>4</sup> *Pretence for purpose or design.* See page 196, note 4.

Upon advice,<sup>5</sup> hath drawn my love from her ;  
 And, where<sup>6</sup> I thought the remnant of mine age  
 Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,  
 I now am full resolved to take a wife,  
 And turn her out to who will take her in :  
 Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower ;  
 For me and my possessions she esteems not.

*Val.* What would your Grace have me to do in this ?

*Duke.* There is a lady in Milano here  
 Whom I affect ; but she is nice and coy,  
 And nought esteems my agèd eloquence :  
 Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,  
 (For long agone I have forgot to court ;  
 Besides, the fashion of the time is changed,) )  
 How, and which way, I may bestow<sup>7</sup> myself,  
 To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words :  
 Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
 More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

*Duke.* But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

*Val.* A woman sometime scorns what best contents her :  
 Send her another ; never give her o'er ;  
 For scorn at first makes after-love the more.  
 If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
 But rather to beget more love in you :

<sup>5</sup> "Upon advice" here has the sense of *deliberately* or *after careful weighing*. So in *Measure for Measure*, v. 1: "Yet did repent me, after more advice." And in *The Merchant*, iv. 2: "My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice, hath sent you here this ring." See page 192, note 11.

<sup>6</sup> *Where was*, just before Shakespeare's time, continually used for *whereas*. He has it thus in divers places, though the usage was fast dying out.—In the next line, *should* for *would*, in accordance with the old undifferentiated use of *could*, *should*, and *would*.

<sup>7</sup> The Poet repeatedly has *bestow* in the sense of *behave*. So in *As You Like It*, iv. 3: "The boy is fair, of female favour, but bestows himself like a right forester."

If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;  
 For why the fools are mad,<sup>8</sup> if left alone.  
 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;  
 For *get you gone*, she doth not mean *away* !  
 Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces :  
 Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.  
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*Duke.* But she I mean is promised by her friends  
 Unto a youthful gentleman of worth ;  
 And kept severely from resort of men,  
 That no man hath access by day to her.

*Val.* Why, then I would resort to her by night.

*Duke.* Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,  
 That no man hath recourse to her by night.

*Val.* What lets<sup>9</sup> but one may enter at her window ?

*Duke.* Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,  
 And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it  
 Without apparent hazard of his life.

<sup>8</sup> *For why*, as Dyce amply shows, was often used with the simple force of *because* or *for the reason that*. Shakespeare has it thus repeatedly. So also in *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, 1622 : "If thou art resolv'd, I will absolve thee here from all thy sinnes, *for why* the deed is meritorious." — White prints the passage in the text, "For why! — the fools are mad." Some others print, "For why, the fools are mad." Both evidently wrong; there should be no point after *why*. This reminds me that the phrase is wrongly printed in the *Psalter*, wherever it occurs; at least in all the editions that I have seen. Thus in Psalm xvi. 10, 11 : "Wherefore my heart was glad, and my glory rejoiced: my flesh also shall rest in hope: *for why?* thou shalt not leave my soul in hell," &c. Here the logic clearly requires the sense of *because* or *for*; as the Bible version has it: "*For* thou wilt not leave my soul in hell." And so the *Psalter* ought evidently to be printed "for why thou shalt not," &c. See page 112, note 33.

<sup>9</sup> Here *lets* is the old word, now out of use, meaning to *hinder*. So in the Collect for the 4th Sunday in Advent: "Whereas, through our sins and wickedness, we are sore *let* and *hindered* in running the race that is set before us," &c.

*Val.* Why, then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,  
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,  
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,  
So bold Leander would adventure it.

*Duke.* Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,  
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

*Val.* When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

*Duke.* This very night; for Love is like a child,  
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

*Val.* By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

*Duke.* But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:  
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

*Val.* It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it  
Under a cloak that is of any length.

*Duke.* A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord:

*Duke.* Then let me see thy cloak:  
I'll get me one of such another length.

*Val.* Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

*Duke.* How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?  
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—  
What letter is this same? What's here? — *To Silvia!*  
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!  
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[Reads.] *My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;  
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:  
O, could their master come and go as lightly,  
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!  
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;  
While I, their king, that thither them importune,  
Do curse the Grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,  
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:  
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,  
That they should harbour where their lord would be.*

What's here?

*Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:*

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaëthon,—for thou art Merops' son,<sup>10</sup>—

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Ge, base intruder! overweening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;

And think my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal Court,

By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter or thyself.

Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;

But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

*Val.* And why not death, rather than living torment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself;

And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,

<sup>10</sup> The Duke probably calls him Merops' son by way of reproach. Phaëthon was the son of Phœbus the Sun-god by the Oceanid Clymene, wife of Merops. According to Ovid, some slighted his high pretensions, as thinking him the son of his mother's husband. The youth took this so hard, that he must needs go to Phœbus, and beg the favour of being allowed to drive his team for one day, as a formal and public recognition of him in the character he was so proud of. Phœbus, in a gush of fatherly affection, granted his prayer, before he knew what it was to be, and swore by Styx, so that he could not recede from the promise. Phaëthon made a bad job of it, as his father had feared he would; getting the world so out of order through his ambitious incompetency,—for his father's horses were mighty high-strung,—that Jupiter had to knock him over with a thunder-bolt.

Is self from self,—a deadly banishment !  
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen ?  
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by ?  
 Unless it be to think that she is by,  
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.  
 Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
 There is no music in the nightingale ;  
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  
 There is no day for me to look upon :  
 She is my essence ; and I leave<sup>11</sup> to be,  
 If I be not by her fair influence  
 Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.  
 I fly not death, to fly<sup>12</sup> this deadly doom :  
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death ;  
 But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.*

- Pro.* Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.  
*Launce.* So-ho, so-ho !  
*Pro.* What see'st thou ?  
*Launce.* Him we go to find : there's not a hair<sup>13</sup> on's head  
 but 'tis a Valentine.  
*Pro.* Valentine !  
*Val.* No.  
*Pro.* Who then ? his spirit ?  
*Val.* Neither.  
*Pro.* What then ?  
*Val.* Nothing.

<sup>11</sup> Leave, again, for cease. See page 195, note 2.

<sup>12</sup> To fly, here, means the same as by flying ; an instance of the infinitive used gerundively, or like the Latin gerund. We have three instances of the same usage in as many consecutive lines, in ii. 6 : "To leave my Julia,"—"To love fair Silvia,"—and "To wrong my friend."

<sup>13</sup> Punning still. Launce is running down the *hare* he started at his entrance.

*Launce.* Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

*Pro.* Who wouldest thou strike?

*Launce.* Nothing.

*Pro.* Villain, forbear.

*Launce.* Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

*Pro.* Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word.

*Val.* My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,  
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

*Pro.* Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,  
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

*Val.* Is Silvia dead?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!

Hath she forsown me?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, if Silvia have forsown me!  
What is your news?

*Launce.* Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

*Pro.* That thou art banishéd—O, that's the news!—  
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

*Val.* O, I have fed upon this woe already,  
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.  
Doth Silvia know that I am banishéd?

*Pro.* Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom—  
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—  
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:  
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;  
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;  
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them  
As if but now they wax'd pale for woe:  
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;  
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chafed him so,  
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,  
That to close prison he commanded her,  
With many bitter threats of biding there.

*Val.* No more ; unless the next word that thou speak'st  
Have some malignant power upon my life :  
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,  
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,  
And study help for that which thou lament'st.  
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.  
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love ;  
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.  
Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.  
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence ;  
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd  
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.  
The time now serves not to expostulate :  
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate ;  
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large  
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.  
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,  
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

*Val.* I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,  
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the Nórth-gate.

*Pro.* Go, sirrah, find him out.—Come, Valentine.

*Val.* O my dear Silvia !—Hapless Valentine !

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

*Launce.* I am but a fool, look you ; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave : but that's all one, if he be but one in love. He lives not now that knows me to be in love ; yet I am in love ; but a team of horse' shall not pluck that from me ; nor who 'tis I love ; and yet 'tis a

woman ; but what woman, I will not tell myself ; and yet 'tis a milkmaid ; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips ;<sup>14</sup> yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-s spaniel, — which is much in a bare<sup>15</sup> Christian. [Pulling out a paper.] Here is the cate-log of her conditions. *Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.* Why, a horse can do no more : nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ; therefore is she better than a jade. *Item: She can milk.* Look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* How now, Signior Launce ! what news with your mastership ?

*Launce.* With my master's ship ? why, it is at sea.

*Speed.* Well, your old vice still ; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper ?

*Launce.* The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

*Speed.* Why, man, how black ?

*Launce.* Why, as black as ink.

*Speed.* Let me read them.

*Launce.* Fie on thee, jolt-head ! thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Thou liest ; I can.

*Launce.* I will try thee. Tell me this : who begot thee ?

*Speed.* Marry, the son of my grandfather.

*Launce.* O illiterate loiterer ! it was the son of thy grandmother : this proves that thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Come, fool, come ; try me in thy paper.

<sup>14</sup> Another quibble. *Gossips* signifies not only sponsors in baptism, but the talkative women who attend lyings-in. How the word acquired its present meaning, has been stated before. See page 147, note 22.

<sup>15</sup> Still quibbling. *Bare* has two senses, *mere* and *naked* : Launce uses it in both, opposing the *naked* person to the water-s spaniel *thickly covered with hair*.

*Launce.* There ; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed !<sup>16</sup>

*Speed.* [Reads] *Item : She can milk.*

*Launce.* Ay, that she can.

*Speed. Item : She brews good ale.*

*Launce.* And thereof comes the proverb,— Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

*Speed. Item : She can sew.*

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, Can she so ?

*Speed. Item : She can knit.*

*Launce.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?<sup>17</sup>

*Speed. Item : She can wash and scour.*

*Launce.* A special virtue ; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.

*Speed. Item : She can spin.*

*Launce.* Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

*Speed. Item : She hath many nameless virtues.*

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, bastard virtues ; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

*Speed. Here follow her vices.*

*Launce.* Close at the heels of her virtues.

*Speed. Item : She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.*

*Launce.* Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

<sup>16</sup> Saint Nicholas had many weighty cares, but was best known as the patron-saint of scholars, in which character he is here invoked. He is said to have gained this honour by restoring to life three scholars whom a wicked host had murdered while on their way to school. By the statutes of St. Paul's school, London, the scholars are required to attend divine service in the Cathedral on the anniversary of Saint Nicholas. The parish clerks of London, probably because scholars were called clerks, formed themselves into a guild, with this saint for their patron.

<sup>17</sup> The last stock means stocking ; the other, dower, or stock of goods, probably.

Speed. *Item : She hath a sweet mouth.*<sup>18</sup>

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. *Item : She doth talk in her sleep.*

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. *Item : She is slow in words.*

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices !

To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue : I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. *Item : She is proud.*

Launce. Out with that too : it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. *Item : She hath no teeth.*

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. *Item : She is curst.*<sup>19</sup>

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. *Item : She will often praise her liquor.*

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall : if she will not, I will ; for good things should be praised.

Speed. *Item : She is too liberal.*<sup>20</sup>

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of ; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut : now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. *Item : She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Launce. Stop there ; I'll have her : she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. *Item : She hath more hair than wit," —*

<sup>18</sup> "Sweet mouth" for sweet tooth ; that is, a great fondness for sweet-meats and dainty bits. Launce, in his comment, chooses to take the phrase literally.

<sup>19</sup> Curst is shrewish or sharp-tongued ; used of a scold.

<sup>20</sup> Too liberal here means free beyond the allowings of modesty. Liberal was often used thus for licentious.

*Launce.* More hair than wit,—it may be: I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt,<sup>21</sup> and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

*Speed.* —and more faults than hairs,—

*Launce.* That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

*Speed.* —and more wealth than faults.

*Launce.* Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

*Speed.* What then?

*Launce.* Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

*Speed.* For me!

*Launce.* For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

*Speed.* And must I go to him?

*Launce.* Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

*Speed.* Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [Exit.]

*Launce.* Now will he be swinged for reading my letter,—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.*

*Enter DUKE and THURIO.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

*Thu.* Since his exile she hath despised me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,

<sup>21</sup> The saltcellar was formerly a large piece of plate, with a cover to keep the salt clean. There was but one on the table, and that near the head; above it, the seats of honour.

That I am desperate of obtaining her.

*Duke.* This weak impress of love is as a figure  
Trenchèd in ice, which with an hour's<sup>1</sup> heat  
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.  
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,  
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

*Enter PROTEUS.*

How now, Sir Proteus ! Is your countryman,  
According to our proclamation, gone ?

*Pro.* Gone, my good lord.

*Duke.* My daughter takes his going grievously.

*Pro.* A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

*Duke.* So I believe ; but Thurio thinks not so.  
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee —  
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert —  
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

*Pro.* Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace  
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

*Duke.* Thou know'st how willingly I would effect  
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

*Pro.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* And also, I think, thou art not ignorant  
How she opposes her against my will.

*Pro.* She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

*Duke.* Ay, and perversely she persévers so.  
What might we do to make the girl forget  
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio ?

*Pro.* The best way is to slander Valentine  
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent, —  
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

*Duke.* Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

<sup>1</sup> Hour is here a dissylable. See page 135, note 3.—Trenched is cut or carved.

*Pro.* Ay, if his enemy deliver it :  
 Therefore it must with circumstance<sup>2</sup> be spoken  
 By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

*Duke.* Then you must undertake to slander him.

*Pro.* And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do :  
 'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,  
 Especially against his very<sup>3</sup> friend.

*Duke.* Where your good word cannot advantage him,  
 Your slander never can endamage him :  
 Therefore the office is indifferent,  
 Being entreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it  
 By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,  
 She shall not long continue love to him.  
 But say, this wean her love from Valentine,  
 It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

*Thu.* Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,  
 Lest it should ravel and be good to none,  
 You must provide to bottom<sup>4</sup> it on me ;  
 Which must be done by praising me as much  
 As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

*Duke.* And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,  
 Because we know, on Valentine's report,  
 You are already Love's firm votary,  
 And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.  
 Upon this warrant shall you have access  
 Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;  
 For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,  
 And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;

<sup>2</sup> Circumstance for circumstantial detail; that is, instances or facts alleged in proof.

<sup>3</sup> Very in the Latin sense of *verus*; true. So one of Massinger's plays is entitled *A Very Woman*.

<sup>4</sup> Bottom is the old housewife's term for that on which a ball of yarn or thread is wound.

When you may temper her, by your persuasion,  
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can do, I will effect : —  
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;  
You must lay lime<sup>5</sup> to tangle her desires  
By wailful sonnets, whose composèd rhymes  
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

*Duke.* Ay,  
Much is the force of Heaven-bred poesy.

*Pro.* Say, that upon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :  
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears  
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling lines  
That may discover such integrity :<sup>6</sup>  
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews ;  
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.  
After your dire-lamenting elegies,  
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window  
With some sweet consort ;<sup>7</sup> to their instruments  
Tune a deploring dump :<sup>8</sup> the night's dead silence  
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.  
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.<sup>9</sup>

*Duke.* This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

<sup>5</sup> Lime, or bird-lime, was originally a sticky substance, spread where birds were apt to light, so as to hold them by the feet; but the word came to be used for any sort of snare.

<sup>6</sup> Such sincerity as is shown by impassioned writing. Integrity in its original sense,—the sense of entireness or wholeheartedness.

<sup>7</sup> Consort, according to Bullokar and Phillips, meant "a set or company of musicians."

<sup>8</sup> Dump is an old term for a mournful elegy.

<sup>9</sup> To inherit was sometimes used for to get possession of, without any idea of inheritance. So Milton, in his *Comus*, has "disinherit Chaos"; meaning simply to dispossess it.

*Thu.* And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.  
 Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,  
 Let us into the city presently  
 To sort<sup>10</sup> some gentlemen well skill'd in music :  
 I have a sonnet that will serve the turn  
 To give the onset to thy good advice.

*Duke.* About it, gentlemen.

*Pro.* We'll wait upon your Grace till after supper,  
 And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Duke.* Even now about it ; I will pardon you.<sup>11</sup> [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest near Milan.*

*Enter certain Outlaws.*

*1 Out.* Fellows, stand fast ; I see a passenger.

*2 Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

*3 Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye :  
 If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

*Speed.* O, sir, we are undone ! these are the villains  
 That all the travellers do fear so much.

*Val.* My friends,—

*1 Out.* That's not so, sir, — we are your enemies.

*2 Out.* Peace ! we'll hear him.

*3 Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we ;  
 For he's a proper<sup>1</sup> man.

<sup>10</sup> To sort was much used for to choose or select.

<sup>11</sup> Will excuse you ; release you from attending me.

<sup>1</sup> Proper was used for handsome, well-proportioned. Valentine is a man of fine presence.

*Val.* Then know that I have little wealth to lose ;  
 A man I am cross'd with adversity :  
 My riches are these poor habiliments,  
 Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,  
 You take the sum and substance that I have.

*2 Out.* Whither travel you ?

*Val.* To Verona.

*1 Out.* Whence came you ?

*Val.* From Milan.

*3 Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there ?

*Val.* Some sixteen months ; and longer might have stay'd,  
 If crookèd fortune had not thwarted me.

*1 Out.* What, were you banish'd thence ?

*Val.* I was.

*2 Out.* For what offence ?

*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse :  
 I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;  
 But yet I slew him manfully in fight,  
 Without false vantage or base treachery.

*1 Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.  
 But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

*2 Out.* Have you the tongues ?

*Val.* My youthful travel therein made me happy,  
 Or else I often had been miserable.

*3 Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,<sup>2</sup>  
 This fellow were a king for our wild faction !

*1 Out.* We'll have him : — Sir, a word.

*Speed.* Master, be one of them ;  
 It is an honourable kind of thievery.

<sup>2</sup> Friar Tuck, the chaplain of Robin Hood's merry crew ; that ancient specimen of clerical boldness and plumpness and jollity ; of whom Drayton says,

Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made  
 In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and his trade.

*Val.* Peace, villain !

*2 Out.* Tell us this : have you any thing to take to ?

*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.

*3 Out.* Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,  
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth  
Thrust from the company of awful men :<sup>3</sup>  
Myself was from Verona banishéd  
For practising to steal away a lady,  
An heir, and near-allied unto the Duke.

*2 Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,  
Who, in my mood,<sup>4</sup> I stabb'd unto the heart.

*1 Out.* And I for such-like petty crimes as these.  
But to the purpose, — for we cite our faults,  
That they may hold excused our lawless lives ;  
And partly, seeing you are beautified  
With goodly shape, and by your own report  
A linguist, and a man of such perfection  
As we do in our quality<sup>5</sup> much want, —

*2 Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,  
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you :  
Are you content to be our general ?  
To make a virtue of necessity,  
And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

*3 Out.* What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of our consórt ?  
Say ay, and be the captain of us all :  
We'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,  
Love thee as our commander and our king.

<sup>3</sup> "Awful men" are men full of awe for just authority ; men who reverence the laws and usages of society. So Milton, in his *Hymn of the Nativity* :

And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

<sup>4</sup> In a fit of anger or resentment. A moody man is still a man liable to storms of passion.

<sup>5</sup> Quality here is profession or occupation. So in *Hamlet*, ii. 2 : "Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing ? "

*1 Out.* But, if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

*2 Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

*Val.* I take your offer, and will live with you,

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly<sup>6</sup> women or poor passengers.

*3 Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.

Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our cave,

And show thee all the treasure we have got;

Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Milan. The Court of the DUKE'S Palace.*

*Enter PROTEUS.*

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Valentine,  
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.  
Under the colour of commanding him,  
I have access my own love to prefer :  
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,<sup>1</sup>  
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.  
When I protest true loyalty to her,  
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend ;  
When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
She bids me think how I have been forsown  
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved :  
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,<sup>2</sup>  
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,

<sup>6</sup> *Silly* here is a word of tenderness, not of reproach; as denoting a character of innocence and simplicity. So, in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 4, we have *silly sooth* for *simple truth*. Such appears to be the primitive sense of the word.

<sup>1</sup> *Holy* in the sense of *upright* and *pure*; a frequent usage of the word in Shakespeare.

<sup>2</sup> A *quip* is a *biting taunt* or *retort*. So in *Much Ado*, ii. 3: "Shall *quips* and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour?"

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,  
 The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.  
 But here comes Thurio : now must we to her window,  
 And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter THURIO and Musicians.*

*Thu.* How now, Sir Proteus ! are you crept before us ?

*Pro.* Ay, gentle Thurio ; for you know that love  
 Will creep in service where it cannot go.

*Thu.* Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

*Pro.* Sir, but I do ; or else I would be hence.

*Thu.* Who ? Silvia ?

*Pro.* Ay, Silvia, — for your sake.

*Thu.* I thank you for your own. — Now, Gentlemen,  
 Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

*Enter, at a distance, Host, and JULIA in boy's clothes.*

*Host.* Now, my young guest, methinks you're allicholy :  
 I pray you, why is it ?

*Jul.* Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry : I'll bring you where  
 you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

*Jul.* But shall I hear him speak ?

*Host.* Ay, that you shall.

*Jul.* That will be music.

[*Music plays.*

*Host.* Hark, hark !

*Jul.* Is he among these ?

*Host.* Ay : but peace ! let's hear 'em.

#### SONG.

*Who is Silvia ? what is she,  
 That all our swains commend her ?  
 Holy, fair, and wise is she ;  
 The Heaven such grace did lend her,  
 That she might admirèd be.*

*Is she kind as she is fair,—  
For beauty lives with kindness ?  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness ;  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling ;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling :  
To her let us garlands bring.*

*Host.* How now ! you're sadder than you were before :  
How do you, man ? the music likes you not.<sup>3</sup>

*Jul.* You mistake ; the musician likes me not.

*Host.* Why, my pretty youth ?

*Jul.* He plays false, father.

*Host.* How ? out of tune on the strings ?

*Jul.* Not so ; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

*Host.* You have a quick ear.

*Jul.* Ay, I would I were deaf ; it makes me have a slow heart.

*Host.* I perceive you delight not in music.

*Jul.* Not a whit, — when it jars so.

*Host.* Hark, what fine change is in the music !

*Jul.* Ay, that change is the spite.

*Host.* You would have them always play but one thing ?

*Jul.* I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on

Often resort unto this gentlewoman ?

<sup>3</sup> That is, "the music *pleases* you not," or, "you like not the music"; an old form of speech occurring frequently in Shakespeare, and by no means peculiar to him. In the next line Julia plays upon the word, using it in its ordinary sense.

*Host.* I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he loved her out of all nick.<sup>4</sup>

*Jul.* Where is Launce?

*Host.* Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

*Jul.* Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

*Pro.* Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead,  
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

*Thu.* Where meet we?

*Pro.* At Saint Gregory's well.<sup>5</sup>

*Thu.* Farewell.

[*Exeunt* THURIO and Musicians.]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

*Pro.* Madam, good even to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you for your music, gentlemen.  
Who's that that spake?

*Pro.* One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,  
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

*Sil.* Sir Proteus, as I take it.

*Pro.* Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

*Sil.* What is your will?

*Pro.* That I may compass yours.

*Sil.* You have your wish; my will is even this,—  
That presently you hie you home to bed.

<sup>4</sup> "Out of all *nick*" is beyond all *reckoning*. Accounts were formerly kept by cutting *nicks* or notches in a tally-stick. So in *A Woman never Vexed*: "I have carried these tallies at my girdle seven years together; for I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick*." It is not so very long since this method was laid aside in the English Exchequer; doubtless because the accounts grew to be *out of all nick*.

<sup>5</sup> This was probably one of the "holy wells" to which popular belief ascribed mysterious virtues, and which were visited something as our fashionable watering-places are, though perhaps with different feelings. I hold in memory a very dear and saintly man who used to derive his name from such a well, with a cross to mark the spot,—*Crosse Welle*.

Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man !  
 Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,<sup>6</sup>  
 To be seducèd by thy flattery,  
 That hast deceived so many with thy vows ?  
 Return, return, and make thy love amends.  
 For me, — by this pale Queen of night I swear, —  
 I am so far from granting thy request,  
 That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;  
 And by-and-by intend to chide myself  
 Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

*Pro.* I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;  
 But she is dead.

*Jul.* [Aside.] 'Twere false, if I should speak it ;  
 For I am sure she is not buriéd.

*Sil.* Say that she be ; yet Valentine thy friend  
 Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,  
 I am betroth'd : and art thou not ashamed  
 To wrong him with thy importúnacy ?

*Pro.* I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

*Sil.* And so suppose am I ; for in his grave  
 Assure thyself my love is buriéd.

*Pro.* Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

*Sil.* Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence ;  
 Or, at the least, in hers sepúlchre thine.

*Jul.* [Aside.] He heard not that.

*Pro.* Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,  
 Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,  
 The picture that is hanging in your chamber ;  
 To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep :  
 For, since the substance of your perfect self  
 Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ;  
 And to your shadow will I make true love.

<sup>6</sup> The Poet always uses *conceit* in a good sense, for *conception, thought, understanding, &c.* So that *conceitless* has a bad sense, *void of judgment*.

*Jul.* [Aside.] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

*Sil.* I'm very loth to be your idol, sir ;  
But, since your falsehood shall become you well  
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,  
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it :  
And so, good rest.

*Pro.* As wretches have o'ernight  
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt PROTEUS, and SILVIA above.*

*Jul.* Host, will you go ?

*Host.* By my halidom,<sup>7</sup> I was fast asleep.

*Jul.* Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus ?

*Host.* Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

*Jul.* Not so ; but it hath been the longest night  
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter EGLAMOUR.*

*Egl.* This is the hour that Madam Silvia  
Entreated me to call and know her mind :  
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—  
Madam, madam !

SILVIA *re-appears above, at her window.*

*Sil.* Who calls ?

*Egl.* Your servant and your friend ;  
One that attends your ladyship's command.

*Sil.* Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

*Egl.* As many, worthy lady, to yourself.

<sup>7</sup> *Halidom*, says Minsheu, 1617, is "an old word used by old country-women, by manner of swearing." Nares derives it from *holy* and *dom*, like *kingdom*. So that the oath is much the same as "by my faith."

According to your ladyship's impose,<sup>8</sup>  
 I am thus early come to know what service  
 It is your pleasure to command me in.

*Sil.* O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,—  
 Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—  
 Valiant and wise, remorseful,<sup>9</sup> well-accomplish'd :  
 Thou art not ignorant what dear good-will  
 I bear unto the banish'd Valentine ;  
 Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
 Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.  
 Thyself hast loved ; and I have heard thee say  
 No grief did ever come so near thy heart  
 As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
 Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.  
 Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,  
 To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode ;  
 And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,  
 I do desire thy worthy company,  
 Upon whose faith and honour I repose.  
 Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,  
 But think upon my grief, — a lady's grief, —  
 And on the justice of my flying hence,  
 To keep me from a most unholy match,  
 Which Heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.  
 I do desire thee, even from a heart  
 As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,  
 To bear me company, and go with me :  
 If not, to hide what I have said to thee,  
 That I may venture to depart alone.

<sup>8</sup> *Impose* is merely a shortened form of *imposition*, meaning *command* or *injunction*.

<sup>9</sup> *Remorseful* is *pitiful, compassionate*. The Poet almost always uses *remorse* in the same sense,—a sense now obsolete except in *remorseless*.

*Egl.* Madam, I pity much your grievances ;<sup>10</sup>  
 Which since I know they virtuously are placed,  
 I give consent to go along with you ;  
 Recking<sup>11</sup> as little what betideth me  
 As much I wish all good beforntue you.  
 When will you go ?

*Sil.* This evening coming.

*Egl.* Where shall I meet you ?

*Sil.* At Friar Patrick's cell,  
 Where I intend holy confession.

*Egl.* I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow,  
 Gentle lady.

*Sil.* Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt EGLAMOUR, and SILVIA above.*

*Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog.*

*Launce.* When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard : one that I brought up of a puppy ; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it ! I have taught him — even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master ; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,<sup>12</sup> and steals her capon's leg.

<sup>10</sup> *Grievances for griefs.* So the Poet very often has *griefs* for *grievances*. — In the next line we have a doubling of the subject, *which* and *they*. Shakespeare, in common with other writers of the time, Bacon among them, has many such ; perhaps resulting from an attempt to introduce the Latin idiom of relative clauses where the English does not rightly admit of that idiom.

<sup>11</sup> *Recking* is *caring* or *minding* ; a sense still current in *reckless*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 3 : "And recks not his own *read* ;" that is, *regards* not his own *lesson*.

<sup>12</sup> *Trenchers* were used at the tables of the highest noblemen in Shakespeare's day, and were even thought fitting for the king's dining-room in the reign of Henry VIII.

O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep<sup>13</sup> himself in all companies ! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't ; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't : you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the Duke's table : he had not been there (bless the mark !) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one ; *What cur is that ?* says another ; *Whip him out*, says the third ; *Hang him up*, says the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab ; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs : *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog ? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I ; *'twas I did the thing you wot of*. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant ? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed ; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't. — Thou think'st not of this now ! Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do ? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale ? didst thou ever see me do such a trick ?

*Re-enter PROTEUS, and JULIA in boy's clothes.*

*Pro.* Sebastian is thy name ? I like thee well, And will employ thee in some service presently.

*Jul.* In what you please : I will do what I can.

*Pro.* I hope thou wilt. — [To LAUNCE.] How now, you whoreson peasant !

Where have you been these two days loitering ?

<sup>13</sup> *Keep for contain, hold his water.*

*Launce.* Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

*Pro.* And what says she to my little jewel?

*Launce.* Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

*Pro.* But she received my dog?

*Launce.* No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

*Pro.* What, didst thou offer her this cur from me?

*Launce.* Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys<sup>14</sup> in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own,—who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

*Pro.* Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,  
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that still an end<sup>15</sup> turns me to shame!—

Sebastian, I have entertainèd<sup>16</sup> thee, [Exit LAUNCE.

Partly that I have need of such a youth,

That can with some discretion do my business,

For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;

But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,

Which—if my augury deceive me not—

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

Go presently, and take this ring with thee,

Deliver it to Madam Silvia:

She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

<sup>14</sup> "Hangman boys" is *rascally* boys; the word *hangman* having come to be used as a general term of reproach.

<sup>15</sup> "Still an end" is an old colloquial phrase, meaning *continually* or *perpetually*.

<sup>16</sup> *Entertainèd* here is *employed* or *taken into service*; a frequent usage with the Poet. So in ii. 4, of this play: "Sweet lady, *entertain* him for your servant."

*Jul.* It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.<sup>17</sup>  
She's dead, belike?

*Pro.* Not so ; I think she lives.

*Jul.* Alas !

*Pro.* Why dost thou cry, *Alas* ?

*Jul.* I cannot choose  
But pity her.

*Pro.* Wherefore shouldst thou pity her ?

*Jul.* Because methinks that she loved you as well  
As you do love your lady Silvia :  
She dreams on him that has forgot her love ;  
You dote on her that cares not for your love.  
'Tis pity love should be so contrary ;  
And thinking on it makes me cry, *Alas* !

*Pro.* Well, well, give her that ring, and therewithal  
This letter ; that's her chamber : tell my lady  
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.  
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,  
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [Exit.

*Jul.* How many women would do such a message ?  
Alas, poor Proteus ! thou hast entertain'd  
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs : —  
Alas, poor fool ! why do I pity him,  
That with his very heart despiseth me ?  
Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;  
Because I love him, I must pity him.  
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,  
To bind him to remember my good will :  
And now am I — unhappy messenger —  
To plead for that which I would not obtain ;

<sup>17</sup> That is, "from your *parting with* her token." Another instance of the infinitive used gerundively. So again, further on in this scene: "To think upon her woes I do protest," &c. Here we should naturally say *in thinking*. See, also, page 207, note 12.

To carry that which I would have refused ;  
 To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.  
 I am my master's true confirmèd love ;  
 But cannot be true servant to my master,  
 Unless I prove false traitor to myself.  
 Yet will I woo for him ; but yet so coldly  
 As, Heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.—

*Enter SILVIA below, attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you, be my mean  
 To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be she ?

*Jul.* If you be she, I do entreat your patience  
 To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

*Sil.* From whom ?

*Jul.* From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

*Sil.* O,—he sends you for a picture ?

*Jul.* Ay, madam.

*Sil.* Ursula, bring my picture there.—

[*The picture is brought.*

Go give your master this : tell him, from me,  
 One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,  
 Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

*Jul.* Madam, please you peruse this letter :—

[*Gives a letter.*

Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvised<sup>18</sup>  
 Deliver'd you a paper that I should not :  
 This is the letter to your ladyship.

[*Gives another.*

*Sil.* I pray thee, let me look on that again.

*Jul.* It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

*Sil.* There, hold : [*Gives back the first letter.*  
 I will not look upon your master's lines :

<sup>18</sup> *Unadvised* for *unadvisedly*, and in the sense of *inconsiderately*. See page 203, note 5.

I know they're stuff'd with protestations,  
 And full of new-found oaths ; which he will break  
 As easily as I do tear this paper. [Tears the second letter.]

*Jul.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

*Sil.* The more shame for him that he sends it me ;  
 For I have heard him say a thousand times  
 His Julia gave it him at his departure.  
 Though his false finger have profaned the ring,  
 Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

*Jul.* She thanks you.

*Sil.* What say'st thou ?

*Jul.* I thank you, madam, that you tender her.<sup>19</sup>  
 Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

*Sil.* Dost thou know her ?

*Jul.* Almost as well as I do know myself :  
 To think upon her woes I do protest  
 That I have wept a hundred several times.

*Sil.* Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

*Jul.* I think she doth ; and that's her cause of sorrow.

*Sil.* Is she not passing fair ?

*Jul.* She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :  
 When she did think my master loved her well,  
 She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;  
 But, since she did neglect her looking-glass,  
 And threw her sun-expelling mask away,<sup>20</sup>  
 The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,

<sup>19</sup> That is, "care for her," or "are tender of her." To *tender* was much used in that way ; and Shakespeare has it repeatedly. So in *Hamlet*, i. 3, with a play upon the word : "Tender yourself more dearly, or you'll tender me a fool."

<sup>20</sup> It seems that ladies, when going out, used to veil their beauty, or their want of it, with a mask. So Stubbins, in his *Anatomie of Abuses* : "When they use to ride abroad, they have *masks* or visors made of velvet, where-with they cover their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look."

And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,  
That<sup>21</sup> now she is become as black as I.

*Sil.* How tall was she?

*Jul.* About my stature : for, at Pentecost,  
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,  
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,  
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown ;  
Which servèd me as fit, by all men's judgments,  
As if the garment had been made for me :  
Therefore I know she is about my height.  
And at that time I made her weep a-good,<sup>22</sup>  
For I did play a lamentable part ;  
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning<sup>23</sup>  
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight ;  
Which I so lively acted with my tears,  
That my poor mistress, movèd therewithal,  
Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,  
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

*Sil.* She is beholding<sup>24</sup> to thee, gentle youth : —  
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left ! —

<sup>21</sup> *That*, with the force of *so that*, or *insomuch that*, occurs continually in these plays.

<sup>22</sup> *A-good* is *heartily* or *in good earnest*. So in Drayton's *Dowsabell*, 1593 :

But then the shepherd piped *a-good*,  
That all his sheep forsook their food  
To hear his melody.

<sup>23</sup> To *passion* is to express sorrow or emotion. So in the Poet's *Venus and Adonis* : "Dumbly she *passions*, frantically she doteth."

<sup>24</sup> *Beholding* was continually used in Shakespeare's time where we should use *beholden*; the active form with the passive sense. According to *Butler's Grammar*, 1633, *beholding* "signifieth to respect and behold, or look upon with love and thanks for a benefit received. So that this English phrase, *I am beholding to you*, is as much as, I specially respect you for some special kindness : yet some, now-a-days, had rather write *Beholden*; i.e., obliged, answering to that *teneri et firmiter obligari*." This shows that in 1633 the form *beholden* was growing into use. Shakespeare abounds in similar instances of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms.

I weep myself to think upon thy words.  
 Here, youth, there is my purse : I give thee this  
 For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.  
 Farewell.

*Jul.* And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her. —  
 [Exit SILVIA with Attendants.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful !  
 I hope my master's suit will be but cold,  
 Since she respects his mistress' love so much.  
 Alas, how love can trifle with itself !  
 Here is her picture : let me see ; I think,  
 If I had such a tire, this face of mine  
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers :  
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,  
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.  
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :  
 If that be all the difference in his love,  
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.<sup>25</sup>  
 Her eyes are grey as glass ;<sup>26</sup> and so are mine :  
 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.<sup>27</sup>  
 What should it be that he respects in her,

<sup>25</sup> False hair was much worn by the ladies in Elizabeth's time, probably from a general desire to have hair like the Queen's, who was then taken as the standard of beauty. The fashion is referred to in *The Merchant*, iii. 2:

So are those crisp'd snaky golden locks  
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
 Upon supposed fairness, often known  
 To be the dowry of a second head.

<sup>26</sup> What we call *blue* eyes were always described as *grey* in the Poet's time. And *glass* was not colourless then, as we have it, but of a light-blue tint. So that "eyes grey as glass" were of the soft azure or cerulean, such as usually go with the auburn and yellow hair of Silvia and Julia.

<sup>27</sup> A high forehead or brow was considered eminently beautiful in the Poet's time. Here, again, the Queen's bald brow set the fashion ; for, as White says, "there are fashions even in beauty."

But I can make respective<sup>28</sup> in myself,  
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?  
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,  
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,  
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved, and adored!  
And, were there sense in his idolatry,  
My substance should be statue<sup>29</sup> in thy stead.  
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,  
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,  
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,  
To make my master out of love with thee! [Exit.]

<sup>28</sup> *Respective* for *respectable*. The same usage pointed out just above in note 24 holds in the active and passive forms of adjectives as well as in those of verbs and participles. Shakespeare is full of cases in point; such as *inexpressive* for *inexpressible*, *plausible* for *approvable*, *comfortable* for *comforting*, *disputable* for *disputation*, *incredulous* for *incredible*, and ever so many others.

<sup>29</sup> The words *statue* and *picture* were sometimes used interchangeably. Thus Stowe, speaking of Elizabeth's funeral: "When they beheld her *statue* or *picture* lying upon the coffin, there was a general sighing." So too, in Massinger's *City Madam*, Frugal wants his daughters to "take leave of their late suitors' *statues*"; and Luke answers, "There they *hang*."

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An Abbey.**Enter EGLAMOUR.*

*Egl.* The Sun begins to gild the western sky ;  
 And now it is about the very hour  
 That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.  
 She will not fail ; for lovers break not hours,  
 Unless it be to come before their time ;  
 So much they spur their expedition.  
 See where she comes.—

*Enter SILVIA.*

Lady, a happy evening !

*Sil.* Amen, amen ! Go on, good Eglamour,  
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall :  
 I fear I am attended by some spies.

*Egl.* Fear not : the forest is not three leagues off ;  
 If we recover that, we're sure enough. [ *Exeunt.* ]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.**Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA in boy's clothes.**Thu.* Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit ?*Pro.* O, sir, I find her milder than she was ;  
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.*Thu.* What, that my leg is too long ?*Pro.* No ; that it is too little.*Thu.* I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.*Jul.* [ *Aside.* ] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

*Thu.* What says she to my face?

*Pro.* She says it is a fair one.

*Thu.* Nay, then the wanton lies ; my face is black.

*Pro.* But pearls are fair ; and the old saying is,  
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

*Jul.* [Aside.] 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies'  
eyes ;

For I had rather wink than look on them.

*Thu.* How likes she my discourse ?

*Pro.* Ill, when you talk of war.

*Thu.* But well, when I discourse of love and peace ?

*Jul.* [Aside.] But, indeed, better when you hold your  
peace.

*Thu.* What says she to my valour ?

*Pro.* O, sir, she makes

No doubt of that.

*Jul.* [Aside.] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

*Thu.* What says she to my birth ?

*Pro.* That you are well derived.

*Jul.* [Aside.] True ; from a gentleman to a fool.

*Thu.* Considers she my possessions ?

*Pro.* O, ay ; and pities them.

*Thu.* Wherefore ?

*Jul.* [Aside.] That such an ass should owe<sup>1</sup> them.

*Pro.* That they are out by lease.<sup>2</sup>

*Jul.* Here comes the Duke.

*Enter the DUKE.*

*Duke.* How now, Sir Proteus ! how now, Thurio !  
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late ?

<sup>1</sup> *Owe* for own or possess. See page 104, note 7.

<sup>2</sup> Thurio means his lands ; but Proteus chooses to take him as meaning his mental endowments, which, he says, are *out of his keeping*, or "out by lease" ; so that he, lacking them, is a dunce.

*Thu.* Not I.*Pro.* Nor I.*Duke.* Saw you my daughter?*Pro.* Neither.*Duke.* Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine ;  
And Eglamour is in her company.'Tis true ; for Friar Laurence met them both,  
As he in penance wander'd through the forest :  
Him he knew well ; and guess'd that it was she,  
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it :  
Besides, she did intend confession  
At Patrick's cell this even ; and there she was not :  
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.  
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,  
But mount you presently ; and meet with me  
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot  
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled :  
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[Exit.]

*Thu.* Why, this it is to be a peevish<sup>3</sup> girl,  
That flies her fortune when it follows her.  
I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour .  
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

[Exit.]

*Pro.* And I will follow, more for Silvia's love  
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her.

[Exit.]

*Jul.* And I will follow, more to cross that love  
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The Forest.**Enter Outlaws with SILVIA.**1 Out.* Come, come ;  
Be patient ; we must bring you to our Captain.<sup>3</sup> *Peevish* for *foolish*, the more common meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time.

*Sil.* A thousand more mischances than this one  
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

*2 Out.* Come, bring her away.

*1 Out.* Where is the gentlemen that was with her?

*3 Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,  
But Moses and Valerius follow him.  
Go thou with her to th' west end of the wood ;  
There is our Captain : we'll follow him that's fled ;  
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

[*Exeunt all but the First Outlaw and SILVIA.*

*1 Out.* Come, I must bring you to our Captain's cave :  
Fear not ; he bears an honourable mind,  
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

*Sil.* O Valentine, this I endure for thee !

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man !  
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses and record<sup>1</sup> my woes.  
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leave no memory of what it was !  
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;  
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !—[*Noise within.*

<sup>1</sup> To record was used for to sing. So in Drayton's *Eclogues* : " Fair Philomel, night-music of the Spring, sweetly records her tuneful harmony." And Cotgrave explains *Regasioroller*, "To report, or to record, as birds, one another's warbling."

What halloing and what stir is this to-day?  
 'Tis sure, my mates, that make their wills their law,  
 Have some unhappy passenger in chase :  
 They love me well ; yet I have much to-do<sup>2</sup>  
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.  
 Withdraw thee, Valentine : who's this comes here ? [Retires.]

*Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA in boy's clothes.*

*Pro.* Madam, this service I have done for you,—  
 Though you respect not aught your servant doth,—  
 To hazard life, and rescue you from him  
 That would have forced your honour and your love :  
 Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look ;  
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
 And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

*Val.* [Aside.] How like a dream is this I see and hear !  
 Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

*Sil.* O miserable, unhappy that I am !

*Pro.* Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;  
 But by my coming I have made you happy.

*Sil.* By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.

*Jul.* [Aside.] And me, when he approacheth to your  
 presence.

*Sil.* Had I been seized by a hungry lion,  
 I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
 Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.  
 O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,  
 Whose life's as tender to me as my soul ;  
 And full as much — for more there cannot be —  
 I do detest false perjured Proteus !  
 Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

<sup>2</sup> The Poet uses *to-do* repeatedly with the exact meaning of *ado*. So in *Hamlet*, ii. 2: "Faith, there has been much *to-do* on both sides." Commonly printed *to do*.

*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
 Would I not undergo for one calm look?  
 O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,<sup>3</sup>  
 When women cannot love where they're beloved !

*Sil.* When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.  
 Read over Julia's heart, thy first-best love,  
 For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith  
 Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths  
 Descended into perjury, to love me.<sup>4</sup>  
 Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,  
 And that's far worse than none ; better have none  
 Than plural faith, which is too much by one :  
 Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

*Pro.* In love  
 Who respects friend ?

*Sil.* All men but Proteus.  
*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words  
 Can no way change you to a milder form,  
 I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,  
 And love you 'gainst love's nature, — I will force ye.

*Sil.* O Heaven !  
*Pro.* I'll force thee yield to my desire.  
*Val.* [Coming forward.] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil  
 touch, —  
 Thou friend of an ill fashion !

*Pro.* Valentine !  
*Val.* Thou common friend, that's without faith or love, —  
 For such a friend is now ; — thou treacherous man !  
 Thou hast beguiled my hopes ; nought but mine eye  
 Could have persuaded me : I dare not say  
 I have one friend alive ; thou wouldst disprove me.

<sup>3</sup> Approved is made good, or proved true. The old sense of the word, which occurs very often so in Shakespeare.

<sup>4</sup> That is, "in loving me." See page 207, note 12.

Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand  
 Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,  
 I'm sorry I must never trust thee more,  
 But count the world a stranger for thy sake.  
 The private wound is deep'st: O time most curst,  
 'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

*Pro.* My shame and guilt confound me.—  
 Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow  
 Be a sufficient ransom for offence,  
 I tender't here; I do as truly suffer  
 As e'er I did commit.

*Val.* Then I am paid;  
 And once again I do receive thee honest.  
 Who by repentance is not satisfied  
 Is nor of Heaven nor Earth; for these are pleased;  
 By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased:  
 And, that my love may appear plain and free,  
 All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.<sup>5</sup>

*Jul.* O me unhappy!

[*Faints.*]

*Pro.* Look to the boy.

*Val.* Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter?  
 look up; speak.

*Jul.* O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring  
 to Madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

*Pro.* Where is that ring, boy?

<sup>5</sup> A strange dramatic freak! almost transporting us at once into the theatrical world, or rather no-world, of Beaumont and Fletcher. Some editors have tried very hard to make the passage look reasonable; but there is an extravagance about it that will not yield to editorial skill. Dyce no doubt takes the right view of it: "This 'act of friendship' on the part of Valentine is indeed ridiculously 'over-strained'; nor would Shakespeare probably, if the play had been written in his maturer years, have made Valentine give way to such 'a sudden flight of heroism'; but *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was undoubtedly an early production of the Poet; and in stories popular during his youth he may have found similar instances of romantic generosity."

*Jul.* Here 'tis ; this is it. [Gives a ring.]

*Pro.* How ! let me see : —

Why, 'tis the ring I gave to Julia.

*Jul.* O, cry you mercy,<sup>6</sup> sir, I have mistook :  
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [Shows another ring:]

*Pro.* But how camest thou by this ring ?  
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

*Jul.* And Julia herself did give it me ;  
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

*Pro.* How ! Julia !

*Jul.* Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,  
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart :  
How oft hast thou with perjury clef<sup>t</sup> the root !<sup>7</sup>  
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush !  
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me  
Such an immodest raiment, — if shame live  
In a disguise of love :<sup>8</sup>  
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,  
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

*Pro.* Than men their minds ! 'tis true. O Heaven, were  
man

But constant, he were perfect ! that one error  
Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all sins :  
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.  
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy  
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye ?

*Val.* Come, come, a hand from either :  
Let me be bless'd to make this happy close ;  
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

<sup>6</sup> "Cry you mercy" is exactly the same in sense as "ask your pardon." Often used so by the Poet.

<sup>7</sup> The allusion to archery is continued. To cleave the pin was in archery to hit the mark in the centre, or what is here called the root. So, two lines before, that which gave aim was the mark at which the shafts were aimed.

<sup>8</sup> The meaning appears to be, "If it is any shame to wear a disguise in such a cause."

*Pro.* Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

*Jul.* And I mine.

*Enter Outlaws, with the DUKE and THURIO.*

*Outlaws.* A prize, a prize, a prize !

*Val.* Forbear, forbear, I say ! it is my lord the Duke. —  
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgraced,  
Banishèd Valentine.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine !

*Thu.* Yonder is Silvia ; and Silvia's mine.

*Val.* Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death ;  
Come not within the measure of my wrath :  
Do not name Silvia thine ; if once again,  
Milano shall not hold thee. Here she stands :  
Take but possession of her with a touch ;  
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

*Thu.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I ;  
I hold him but a fool that will endanger  
His body for a girl that loves him not :  
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou,  
To make such means<sup>9</sup> for her as thou hast done,  
And leave her on such slight conditions. —  
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,  
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,  
And think thee worthy of an empress' love :  
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,  
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home<sup>10</sup> again.  
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,  
To which I thus subscribe, — Sir Valentine,

<sup>9</sup> To *make* means for a thing is to *use* means or *take pains* in order to gain it.

<sup>10</sup> To *repeal* one home is elliptical language, meaning to repeal one's sentence of exile, and let him come home.

Thou art a gentleman, and well derived ;  
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

*Val.* I thank your Grace ; the gift hath made me happy.  
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,  
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

*Duke.* I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

*Val.* These banish'd men, that I have kept<sup>11</sup> withal,  
Are men endued with worthy qualities :  
Forgive them what they have committed here,  
And let them be recall'd from their exile :  
They are reformèd, civil, full of good,  
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

*Duke.* Thou hast prevail'd ; I pardon them and thee :  
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.—  
Come, let us go : we will include<sup>12</sup> all jars  
With triumphs,<sup>13</sup> mirth, and rare solemnity.

*Val.* And, as we walk along, I dare be bold  
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.  
What think you of this page, my lord ?

*Duke.* I think the boy hath grace in him ; he blushes.

*Val.* I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

*Duke.* What mean you by that saying ?

*Val.* Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,  
That you will wonder what hath fortunéd.—  
Come, Proteus ; 'tis your penance, but to hear  
The story of your loves discoveréd :  
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours ;  
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.      [*Exeunt.*

<sup>11</sup> The Poet repeatedly uses *kept* in the sense of *dwell* or *lived*. So in *The Merchant*, iii. 3 : "It is the most impenetrable cur that ever *kept* with men."

<sup>12</sup> *Include* in the sense of *conclude* or *put an end to*. So the Latin poets, and also the later prose writers, sometimes use the verb *includo*.

<sup>13</sup> *Triumphs* here means pageants, such as masques and shows. The word was often used thus.



## CRITICAL NOTES.

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### ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 162. *That's a deep story of a deeper love;*  
*For he was more than over boots in love.*

Val. 'Tis true; and you are over boots in love.—In the last of these lines, the original has *for* instead of *and*. The logical unfitness of *for* is evident enough. Collier's second folio substitutes *but*.

P. 162. Val. *No,*  
*I will not, for it boots not.*

Pro.	<i>What?</i>
Val.	To be

*In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks  
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth  
With twenty watchful, &c.* — The original has the verse badly disordered here, printing "No, I will not, for it boots *thee* not" all in one line, running "To be" into the same line with "In love," &c., and setting "coy looks" at the beginning of the next line. The reading and arrangement in the text are Walker's.

P. 163. *At Milan let me hear from thee by letters.* — The original has "To Millaine." The correction is Malone's.

P. 164. *I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.* — The original has *love* instead of *leave*. Corrected by Pope.

P. 164. *Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me;*  
*Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,*  
*War with good counsel, set the world at nought,*  
*Make wit with musing weak, &c.* — The original has "Made wit with musing weake." This implies *thou* to be the subject of the

last clause, — “thou hast made wit,” &c.; whereas the sense intended evidently is, “thou *hast caused me* to make wit,” &c. The change of *made* to *make* was proposed by Johnson. Mr. W. W. Williams justly observes that, “by accepting the ordinary reading, we suppose Julia to affect the wit of Proteus by *her own* musing; whereas her influence was only indirect.”

#### ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 170. *Let's see your song. Why, how now, minion!* — So Hanmer. The original omits *Why*.

#### ACT II., SCENE 1.

P. 177. *And now you are so metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you,* &c. — So Singer and Collier's second folio. The original lacks *so*.

P. 179. *For he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose;*  
*And you, being in love, cannot see to beyond your nose.* — The old text reads “cannot see to *put on* your hose.” Either this is stark nonsense, or else it involves a riddle which nobody has been able to guess. The reading in the text was proposed by the Cambridge Editors.

#### ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 184. *O, that the shoe could speak now like a wood woman!* — The original reads “Oh that *she* could speake now like a *would* woman.” The correction of *she* to *the shoe* is Hanmer's; of *would* to *wood*, Theobald's. Pope changes *would* to *old*, which may be the better reading.

P. 184. *In my tail!* — So Hanmer. The old text has “In *thy* tail.”

#### ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 189. Sil. *That you are welcome?*  
 Pro. No; *that you are worthless.* — So Johnson, and with evident propriety. The original is without *No*.

P. 189. Serv. *Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.* — So Theobald. The original assigns this speech to Thurio. Some modern editors make Thurio go out when Proteus enters, and re-enter here, to do the servant's message; which is hardly consistent with what follows, — "Come, Sir Thurio." Besides, the old copies have many clear instances of speeches wrongly assigned. So, in v. 2, of this play, one of Julia's speeches is assigned to Proteus, and one to Thurio.

P. 189.                   *Come, Sir Thurio,*  
*Go you with me.* — So Capell. The old copies are without  
*you.*

P. 189. *Those high-imperious thoughts have punish'd me*  
*With bitter fasts, &c.* — The original reads "*Whose* high-imperious thoughts"; whereupon Lettsom remarks as follows: "The context imperiously commands us to read *Those* with Johnson. Mr. Staunton confirms Johnson's conjecture while he opposes it."

P. 191. *Why, then let her alone.* — So Hanmer. The old text lacks *Why.*

P. 191. *And then I'll presently attend on you.* — So Capell and Collier's second folio. The original omits *on*. Walker says, "Surely 'attend on you.'"

P. 192. *Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise?* — The original lacks *eye*, and prints "*Valentines* praise." Warburton proposed *eye*, and Theobald inserted it. The form *Valentinus* has occurred before.

#### ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 193. *Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!* — The original has *Padua*. Evidently wrong, as the scene is in Milan.

P. 194. *If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew.* — So the second folio. The first omits *so, after alehouse.*

#### ACT II., SCENE 6.

P. 195. *If I lose them, this find I by their loss.* — So Theobald. The original has *thus instead of this.*

## ACT II., SCENE 7.

P. 197. *And so by many winding nooks he strays,*

*With willing sport, to the wide ocean.*—The original has “*wilde* ocean.” The correction is from Collier’s second folio. The two words were often confounded; and Collier rightly observes that “Julia is referring to the expanse of the sea, and not to its turbulence.”

P. 199. *And instances o’ the infinite of love.*—The original has “*instances of infinite of love*,” which the second folio changes to “*instances as infinite*.” Malone reads “*instances of the infinite*.” See foot-note 7.

## ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 203. *There is a lady in Milano here.*—The original has *Verona*; which cannot be right, as the scene is plainly in Milan. The correction is from Collier’s second folio. “Nothing,” says Dyce, “was more common than for poets to use different forms of the same name, as the metre might require.” So, in this play, we have *Valentinus* for *Valentine*.

P. 207. *I fly not death, to fly this deadly doom.*—So Dyce. The original has “*to fly his deadly doom*.” There appears nothing for *his* to refer to. Singer plausibly reads “*to fly is* deadly doom”; and notes, “*Valentine* has before said ‘*to be banished from Silvia is to die*.’ He now says, *I do not escape death by departing*; if *I fly hence, I fly away from life*.” But Singer appears not to have duly remarked Shakespeare’s gerundial use of the infinitive. See foot-note 12.

P. 209. *And yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of knave: but that’s all one, if he be but one in love.*—The original reads “*if he be but one knave*”; out of which nobody has been able to make any sense. Warburton reads “*but one kind*”; Hanmer, “*but one kind of knave*.” The reading in the text was proposed by Staunton, and, I think, accords very well with the context, and with the speaker’s humour of speech. Repetition of words is one of the commonest of misprints; and it seems most likely that *knave* got repeated here by mistake from the line before.

P. 210. *The long cate-log of her conditions.*—The original has *con-dition*; but what follows shows it should be *conditions*. Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 210. *With my master's ship? Why, it is at sea.* — The original has "With my *Mastership?*" Corrected by Theobold.

P. 211. *She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.* — The original omits *kiss'd*, which was supplied by Rowe. Dyce supports it by an apt quotation from Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, ii. 1: "I would sooner eat a dead pigeon, taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague, than kiss one of you fasting."

#### ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 214. *For thou has shown some sign of good desert.* — Collier's second folio reads "*sure sign*"; which I am apt to think the right lection.

P. 215. *But scy, this wean her love from Valentine.* — The old copies have "*weed her love.*" Rowe made the change, which is also found in Collier's second folio.

P. 216. *When you may temper her.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies read *Where*.

P. 216. *And frame some feeling lines  
That may discover such integrity.* — The original has *line* instead of *lines*, — the reading proposed by Mr. Swynfen Jervis. The old copies abound in singulars and plurals misprinted for each other. — Collier's second folio changes "*such integrity*" to "*strict integrity*." Very plausible at first sight; but misses the right sense. Lettsom suggests "*such idolatry.*" Plausible, again. But see foot-note 6.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 217. *O, sir, we are undone!* — So Capell. The old text omits *O*.

P. 218. *We'll have him:* — Sir, *a word.* — So Walker. The old text has *Sirs.* But it appears that the address is to Valentine only.

P. 220. *Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our cave,  
And show thee all the treasure we have got;  
Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose.* — The original has *creues* for *cave*, and *all* instead of *shall*. The first correction is

from Collier's second folio, and accords with what is said in v. 3: "Come, I must bring you to our Captain's *cave*." The other correction is Pope's.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 222. *How now!* you're sadder than you were before.—So Heath and Walker. The original has "are you sadder," &c.

P. 225. Enter EGLAMOUR.—Here the original and also the most of modern editions mark the beginning of a new scene: "SCENE III. *The Same.*" As there is confessedly no change of place, but only of persons, there is plainly no cause for marking a new scene. The same occurs again a little after, where we have "Enter LAUNCE, with his Dog"; the editions aforesaid print "SCENE IV. *The Same.*" Thus they mark as three distinct scenes what is in fact only a continuation of one and the same scene, with two changes of persons. The arrangement in the text is by Dyce.

P. 226. *Valiant and wise, remorseful, well-accomplish'd.*—So Pope. The original lacks *and*, thus making a bad halt in the verse, and one quite out of place.

P. 228. *How many masters would do this for their servant?*—So Pope. The old text has *his* instead of *their*.

P. 229. *What, didst thou offer her this cur from me?*—So Collier's second folio. The original lacks *cur*. I cannot think the Poet meant such a gap in the verse here.

P. 229. *The other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys.*—So Singer, very happily; and Dyce notes that "the folio—which is so frequently faulty in adding *s* to words—has 'By the Hangmans boyes.'" See foot-note 14.

P. 230. *Well, well, give her that ring, and therewithal  
This letter.*—The second *well* is wanting in the old text. Added by Walker.

P. 232. *As easily as I do tear this paper.*—The original has *his* instead of *this*. The correction is Dyce's.

P. 234. *I hope my master's suit will be but cold,*

*Since she respects his mistress' love so much.*—So Hanmer. The original has “respects my Mistris love.” Doubtless *my* got repeated by mistake from the line before.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 236. Jul. [Aside.] *But love will not be spurr'd, &c.*—The original assigns this speech to Proteus, and Julia's next speech to Thurio. The first was corrected by Boswell, the other by Rowe.

P. 237. *But, indeed, better when you hold your peace.*—The original reads “*But better indeed.*” Corrected by Dyce.

P. 237. *Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?*—So the fourth folio. The earlier editions omit *Sir*.

ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 239. *These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods.*—The original has “*This shadowy desert,*” &c., thus making *desert* a substantive. The correction is made in Collier's second folio; but Dyce says he had changed *This* to *These* long before that volume was known; and he quotes appositely from Peele's *David and Betsabe*: “*To desert woods, and hills with lightning scorch'd.*”

P. 240. *'Tis sure, my mates, that make their wills their law,  
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.*—The original has “*These are my mates*”; which does not connect well with what follows. The correction is Singer's. Collier's second folio reads “*These my rude mates.*”

P. 241. *I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,  
And love you 'gainst love's nature,—I will force ye.*—The old text has the second line thus: “*And love you 'gainst the nature of Love: force ye.*” Walker notes that the metre of this line “is evidently out of joint.” The changes here made rectify the metre without altering the sense. As Proteus says, in the next line, “*I'll force thee yield to my desire,*” Walker observes that “one of these forces must be wrong.” But he suggests no remedy, nor can I.

P. 241. *Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,—*

*For such a friend is now,— thou treacherous man, &c.*—The original reads “*For such is a friend now,*” and lacks *thou*, which was supplied in the second folio. I suspect the true reading to be, “*For such a friend art thou*”; that is, a friend “without faith or love.” But the whole speech evinces either extreme rawness or extreme haste in the writing.

P. 241.

*Nought but mine eye*

*Could have persuaded me: I dare not say*

*I have one friend alive; &c.*—So Pope. The original has “*now I dare not say.*”

P. 242. *Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand*

*Is perjured to the bosom?*—The original omits *own*, and the second folio completes the verse by printing “*Who should be trusted now,*” &c. The correction in the text is Johnson’s.

P. 242. *The private wound is deep'st: O time most curst.*—So Johnson. The original has “*most accurst.*”

P. 243. *Why, 'tis the ring I gave to Julia.*—The original reads “*Why this is the ring*”; which presents such a hitch in the verse, that I can hardly believe Shakespeare to have written it. And we have repeated instances of *this* misprinted for *'tis*. Walker thinks the Poet may have written “*this' the ring,*” as he no doubt sometimes made and marked contractions in that way.

P. 244. *Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,*

*Milano shall not hold thee.*—So Collier’s second folio. The original has *Verona*, which cannot be right. Other changes have been made; but *Milano* best meets the two demands of sense and metre.

P. 245. *What think you of this page, my lord?*—To fill up the verse, Walker suggests “*my worthy lord,*” and Collier’s second folio has “*this stripling page.*” I should prefer “*my noble lord.*”

THE  
COMPLETE WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH  
A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL  
NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

*Harvard Edition.*

BY THE  
REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

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*IN TWENTY VOLUMES.*

VOL. II.

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## LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

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ONE of the plays mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, as an example of Shakespeare's reputed excellence in Comedy. The same year a quarto edition of the play was published, with the following in the title-page: "As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented." No earlier or later issue of the play in quarto is known to have been made; so that we are in the dark as to what the corrections and expansions were. There was also published the same year, 1598, *The Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover*, in which the piece is clearly referred to:

Love's Labour Lost! I once did see a play  
Yclepèd so, so callèd to my pain,  
Which I to hear to my small joy did stay,  
Giving attendance on my foward dame.

Each actor play'd in cunning wise his part,  
But chiefly those entrapp'd in Cupid's snare;  
Yet all was feignèd, 'twas not from the heart;  
They seem'd to grieve, but yet they felt no care:  
'Twas I that grief indeed did bear in breast;  
The others did but make a show in jest.

Beyond the forecited notices, we have no external evidence as to the time either of the original writing or of the revision. But the piece itself abounds in unmistakable marks of the Poet's earliest style. Though not, perhaps, much superior as a whole to *The Two Gentlemen*, yet it has several rare strains of poetry far surpassing any thing in that play. "We find in both," says Staunton, "though in different degrees, the same fluency and sweetness of measure, the same frequency of rhymes, the same laborious addiction to quibbling, repartees, and doggerel

more, and it will be observed that much of characterization is altogether subordinate to elegance and sprightliness of diction.'

No play or tale can come in light that could have contributed anything towards the just or the unfair of *Lover's Labour's Lost*. But Mr. Hunter cites a passage from Glanvill's *Conrad*, which notes that either Chaucer himself or the author from whom he borrowed had something of an historic basis for the story. "Charles King of Navarre, came to Paris to wait on the King. He negotiated so successfully with the King and Party Council that he obtained the gift of the castle of Navarre, with some of its dependent castellanea, which territory was made a fief. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the King the castle of Chetburgh, the county of Hereford, and all other dominions he possessed within the kingdom of France: renouncing all claims or pretensions in them to the King and to his successors, on condition that with the duchy of Normandy the King of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of the King over lord." The play has a passage, in ii. 1, that tances exactly with this:

Madam, you know here doth remayne  
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;  
Being but the one-half of an entire sum  
Inventured by my father in his wars.

The point is not only curious in itself, but enables us to fix the time of the play, or rather of the story on which it may have been founded, to about the year 1425, in which the King of Navarre died.

This play is badly printed in all the old copies, abounding in gross textual corruptions, some of them of such a nature as almost to defy the resources of corrective art. Learned editors and commentators have laboured hard and long to get the text into a satisfactory state; but, apparently, something, perhaps much, still remains to be done. Several corrections, none of them my own however, will here be found, that are not to be met with, so far as I know, in any other edition of the Poet's works.

# LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

---

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.	DULL, a Constable.
BIRON,	COSTARD, a Clown.
LONGAVILLE,	MOTH, Page to Armado.
DOMAIN,	A Forester.
BOYET,	PRINCESS of France.
MERCADE,	ROSALINE,
Princess of France.	MARIA,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a Spaniard.	CATHARINE,
SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate.	JAQUENETTA, a country Wench.
HOLOFERNES, a Schoolmaster.	Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE.—*Navarre.*

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Park, with a Palace in it.*

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*

*King.* Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death ;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,  
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That honour which shall 'bate his scythe's keen edge,  
And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,  
 That war against your own affections,  
 And the huge army of the world's desires,—  
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :  
 Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;  
 Our Court shall be a little Academe,  
 Still and contemplative in living art.<sup>1</sup>  
 You three, Birón,<sup>2</sup> Dumain, and Longaville,  
 Have sworn for three years' term to live with me  
 My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes  
 That are recorded in this schedule here :  
 Your oaths are pass'd ; and now subscribe your names,  
 That his own hand may strike his honour down  
 That violates the smallest branch herein :  
 If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,  
 Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

*Long.* I am resolved ; 'tis but a three years' fast :  
 The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :  
 Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits  
 Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord, Dumain is mortified :  
 The grosser manner of these world's-delights  
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :  
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;  
 With all these<sup>3</sup> living in philosophy.

*Biron.* I can but say their protestation over ;  
 So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
 That is, to live and study here three years.

<sup>1</sup> Art is here used in the classical sense, for *liberal learning*, as in the academical terms "bachelor of arts" and "master of arts."

<sup>2</sup> So this name is constantly pronounced throughout the play, with the accent on the second syllable, Birón, as in the French. In the old editions it is spelt *Beroume*.

<sup>3</sup> All these refers, apparently, to his companions in the proposed life of study and fasting. See Critical Notes.

But there are other strict observances,—  
 As, not to see a woman in that term,  
 Which I hope well is not enrollèd there.;  
 And one day in a week to touch no food,  
 And but one meal on every day besides,  
 The which I hope is not enrollèd there ;  
 And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,  
 And not be seen to wink<sup>4</sup> of all the day,  
 (When I was wont to think no harm all night,  
 And make a dark night too of half the day,)  
 Which I hope well is not enrollèd there.  
 O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep, —  
 Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep !

*King.* Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

*Biron.* Let me say no, my liege, an if<sup>5</sup> you please :  
 I only swore to study with your Grace,

And stay here in your Court for three years' space.

*Long.* You swore to that, Birón, and to the rest.

*Biron.* By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.  
 What is the end of study? let me know.

*King.* Why, that to know which else we should not know.

*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common  
 sense?

*King.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

*Biron.* Come on, then; I will swear to study so,  
 To know the thing I am forbid to know :  
 As thus, — to study where I well may dine,  
 When I to feast expressly am forbid ;  
 Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

<sup>4</sup> To *wink*, as the word is here used, is to *dose*, *snooze*, or *take a nap*. — "Of all the day" is, as we should say, *through* or *during* all the day. *Of* was not unfrequently used thus.

<sup>5</sup> An *if* is an old reduplicative phrase, for *if* or *an*, which two words had the same meaning. So the Poet uses *an*, or *if*, or *an if*, indifferently.

When mistresses from common sense<sup>6</sup> are hid ;  
 Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,  
 Study to break it, and not break my troth.  
 If study's gain be this, and this be so,  
 Study knows that which yet it doth not know :  
 Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
 And train our intellects to vain delight.

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain  
 Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain :  
 As, painfully to pore upon a book  
 To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while  
 Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look :  
 Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile :  
 So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
 Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.  
 Study me<sup>7</sup> how to please the eye indeed,  
 By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;  
 Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,  
 And give him light that it was blinded by.<sup>8</sup>  
 Study is like the heaven's glorious Sun,  
 That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks :  
 Small have continual plodders ever won,  
 Save bare authority, from others' books.  
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

<sup>6</sup> Sense for sight or observation.

<sup>7</sup> Here, as often, *me* is redundant, but with a slight dash of humour. So, in Falstaff's praise of sack, *2 Henry IV*, iv. 3: "It ascends *me* into the brain ; dries *me* there all the foolish and dull and crudyl vapours which environ it ;" &c.

<sup>8</sup> The meaning seems to be, that when he has his eye dazzled or made weak by fixing it upon a fairer eye, this *fairer eye* shall be his heed, that is to say, his *guide* or *lode-star*, and give light to him who was blinded by it. *Dazzling* for *dazzled* ; the active form with the passive sense. This indiscriminate use of the two forms, both in participles and adjectives, is quite frequent.

That give a name to every fixèd star,  
 Have no more profit of their shining nights  
 Than those that walk and wot not what they are.  
 Too much to know, is to know nought but fame ;  
 And every godfather can give a name.<sup>9</sup>

*King.* How well he's read, to reason against reading !

*Dum.* Proceeded<sup>10</sup> well, to stop all good proceeding !

*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

*Biron.* The Spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

*Dum.* How follows that ?

*Biron.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Biron.* Something, then, in rhyme.

*King.* Birón is like an envious-sneaping<sup>11</sup> frost,  
 That bites the first-born infants of the Spring.

*Biron.* Well, say I am ; why should proud Summer boast,  
 Before the birds have any cause to sing ?  
 Why should I joy in an abortive birth ?  
 At Christmas I no more desire a rose  
 Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled earth ;<sup>12</sup>  
 But like of each thing that in season grows.

<sup>9</sup> In the baptismal service of the Church, it is made the special office of the sponsors to give names to the persons baptized. And the meaning here is, that too much knowledge, or learning, only gives *fame*, that is, a *name*, which every godfather can do. Well explained by Heath : " Too eager a pursuit of knowledge is rewarded, not with the real possession of its object, but only with the reputation of having attained it. And this observation is the more pertinent, as the King himself, at the beginning of the play, proposed *fame* as the principal aim and motive of their studies."

<sup>10</sup> *Proceed* was an academical term for *taking a degree* ; as, to *proceed* master of arts.

<sup>11</sup> *Sneaping* is *nipping* or *biting*. So in *The Winter's Tale*, i. 1, we have " *sneaping winds*. " Elsewhere the Poet has *sneap*, a substantive, for *check* or *rebuke*.—*Envy* was continually used for *malice*, and *envious* for *malignious*.

<sup>12</sup> " May's new-fangled earth " is the earth *dressed out* or *decked anew* with the flowers that spring on its bosom in May.

So you — to study now it is too late —  
Climb o'er the house 't unlock the little gate.

*King.* Well, sit you out : <sup>13</sup> go home, Birón : adieu.

*Biron.* No, my good lord ; I've sworn to stay with you :  
And though I have for barbarism spoke more  
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,  
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,  
And bide the penance of each three years' day.  
Give me the paper ; let me read the same ;  
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from shame !

*Biron.* [Reads.] *Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my Court,* — Hath this been proclaimed ?

*Long.* Four days ago.

*Biron.* Let's see the penalty. — [Reads.] *on pain of losing her tongue.* — Who devised this penalty ?

*Long.* Marry, <sup>14</sup> that did I.

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why ?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

*Biron.* A dangerous law, — against gentility ! —

[Reads.] *Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the Court can possibly devise.*

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;  
For well you know here comes in embassy  
The French King's daughter with yourself to speak, —  
A maid of grace and cómplete majesty, —  
About surrender-up of Aquitain  
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father :  
Therefore this article is made in vain,  
Or vainly comes th' admirèd Princess hither.

<sup>13</sup> *Sit you out* is an expression borrowed from the card-table.

<sup>14</sup> *Marry* is an old corruption of *Mary*, and grew into use as a general intensive from a custom of swearing by the Virgin Mother. It means *truly, verily, indeed, or to be sure.*

*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

*Biron.* So study evermore is overshot :  
While it doth study to have what it would,  
It doth forget to do the thing it should ;  
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
'Tis won as towns with fire, — so won, so lost.

*King.* We must of force dispense with this decree ;  
She must lie<sup>15</sup> here on mere necessity.

*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn  
Three thousand times within this three years' space ;  
For every man with his affects<sup>16</sup> is born,  
Not by might master'd, but by special grace :  
If I break faith, this word shall break't for me,  
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—  
So to the laws at large I write my name : [Subscribes.  
And he that breaks them in the least degree  
Stands in attainder of eternal shame :  
Suggestions<sup>17</sup> are to others as to me ;  
But I believe, although I seem so loth,  
I am the one that last will keep his oath.  
But is there no quick<sup>18</sup> recreation granted ?

*King.* Ay, that there is. Our Court, you know, is haunted  
With a refinèd traveller of Spain ;  
A man in all the world's new fashions planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;  
One whom the music of his own vain tongue  
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony ;

<sup>15</sup> To *lie* is, in the ambassadorial sense, to *reside*. So in Sir Henry Wotton's punning definition : "An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country."

<sup>16</sup> *Affects* for *affections* or *passions*. A frequent usage.

<sup>17</sup> *Temptations*; the more common meaning of *suggestion* in Shakespeare's time. So in v. a, of this play : "Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults suggested us to make them."

<sup>18</sup> Quick for lively, spirited, or mirth-moving.

A man of complements,<sup>19</sup> whom right and wrong  
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :  
 This child of fancy, that Armado hight,<sup>20</sup>  
 For interim to our studies, shall relate,  
 In high-born words, the worth of many a knight  
 From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.<sup>21</sup>  
 How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;  
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,  
 And I will use him for my minstrelsy.<sup>22</sup>

*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious wight,  
 A man of fire-new<sup>23</sup> words, fashion's own knight.

*Long.* Costard the swain and he shall be our sport ;  
 And, so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter DULL with a letter, and COSTARD.*

*Dull.* Which is the Duke's own person ?

*Biron.* This, fellow : what wouldest ?

*Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his Grace's tharborough :<sup>24</sup> but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

*Biron.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior Arm—Arm—commends you. There's villainy abroad : this letter will tell you more.

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.

*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

<sup>19</sup> Complements in its old sense, for accomplishments ; whatever serves to complete or finish a man. Repeatedly so.

<sup>20</sup> Hight is an old word for is called. Used several times by Shakespeare.

<sup>21</sup> Debate is quarrel, strife, or contention ; an old use of the word.

<sup>22</sup> To relate fabulous stories was part of a minstrel's occupation.

<sup>23</sup> Fire-new is fresh from the forge ; as in our word brand-new.

<sup>24</sup> Tharborough is a corruption of third-borough ; a peace-officer, constable, or constable's assistant. Reprehend for represent.

*Long.* A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!

*Biron.* To hear? or forbear laughing?

*Long.* To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

*Biron.* Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb<sup>25</sup> in the merriness.

*Cost.* The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.<sup>26</sup>

*Biron.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form,<sup>27</sup> and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

*Biron.* For the following, sir?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear this letter with attention?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*King.* [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's Earth's god and body's fostering patron:—*

*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.

*King.* [Reads.] *So it is,—*

<sup>25</sup> The word *climb* shows that a quibble is intended between *style* and *stile*, which means a set of steps for passing over a fence.

<sup>26</sup> "Taken with the *manner*" is the old phrase for taken *in the act*, or *in the fact*; as when a thief is caught with the stolen goods upon him.

<sup>27</sup> *Form* is *bench*; still used of classes in schools, which were formerly arranged according to the benches on which they sat.

*Cost.* It may be so : but, if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so-so.

*King.* Peace !

*Cost.* — be to me, and every man that dares not fight !

*King.* No words !

*Cost.* — of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

*King.* [Reads.] *So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air ; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when ? About the sixth hour ; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper : so much for the time when. Now for the ground which ; which, I mean, I walked upon : it is ycleped<sup>28</sup> thy park. Then for the place where ; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or see'st : but to the place where, — it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted<sup>29</sup> garden : there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth, —*

*Cost.* Me.

*King.* [Reads.] — that unlettered small-knowing soul, —

*Cost.* Me.

*King.* [Reads.] — that shallow vessel —

*Cost.* Still me.

*King.* [Reads.] — which, as I remember, hight Costard, —

*Cost.* O, me.

*King.* [Reads.] — sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with —

<sup>28</sup> *Ycleped*, or *cleped*, is another old word for *called*.

<sup>29</sup> Gardens were wont to be laid out in *knots* or *figures*, the lines of which intersected each other. Curious devices for these are set forth in old books on gardening.

*with,— O, with—but with this I passion<sup>30</sup> to say where-with,—*

*Cost.* With a wench.

*King.* [Reads.] — *with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I—as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on—have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*

*Dull.* Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

*King.* [Reads.] *For Jaquenetta,— so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,— I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

*Biron.* This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

*King.* Ay, the best for the worst.— But, sirrah, what say you to this?

*Cost.* Sir, I confess the wench.

*King.* Did you hear the proclamation?

*Cost.* I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

*King.* It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

*Cost.* I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damosel.

*King.* Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

*Cost.* This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

*King.* It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

<sup>30</sup> To *passion* is to grieve, to be sorry, or to express grief or sorrow. Repeatedly so. The proper meaning of *passion* is suffering.

*Cost.* If it were, I deny her virginity : I was taken with a maid.

*King.* This *maid* will not serve your turn, sir.

*Cost.* This maid will serve my turn, sir.

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce your sentence : you shall fast a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*King.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—

My Lord Birón, see him deliver'd o'er : —

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt the KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,<sup>31</sup>  
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

*Cost.* I suffer for the truth, sir ; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl ; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity ! Affliction may one day smile again ; and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow !

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Park.*

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

*Arm.* Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy ?

*Moth.* A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the selfsame thing, dear imp.<sup>1</sup>

*Moth.* No, no ; O Lord, sir, no.

<sup>31</sup> "I will stake, or wager, my head against any good man's hat."

<sup>1</sup> *Imp* means literally a *graft*, *scion*, or *shoot* of a tree ; hence formerly used in a good sense for *offspring* or *child*. Now used chiefly of wicked or mischievous boys ; sprouts of the Devil.

*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?

*Moth.* Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little. Wherfore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What, that an eel is ingenious?

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

*Moth.* I am answer'd, sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be cross'd.

*Moth.* [Aside.] He speaks the mere contrary,—crosses love not him.<sup>2</sup>

*Arm.* I have promised to study three years with the Duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, sir.

<sup>2</sup> Moth is punning: some coins were stamped with a *cross* on one side, and hence called *crosses*. So, in *a Henry IV.*, i. 2, Falstaff having asked the Chief Justice for a loan, the latter replies, "Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear *crosses*."

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.<sup>3</sup>

*Moth.* You are a gentlemen and a gamester, sir.

*Arm.* I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar do call three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.<sup>4</sup>

*Arm.* A most fine figure!

*Moth.* [Aside.] To prove you a cipher.

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I

<sup>3</sup> A *tapster* was a tavern menial whose special business it was to serve the guests with ale, wine, or other drink. He also had to keep an account or reckoning of what he drew from the cask, or the *tap*.

<sup>4</sup> The *dancing horse* was a celebrated wonder of the Poet's time. He was the pupil and property of a person named Bankes; thus mentioned in Jonson's *Epigrams*: "Old Banks the juggler, our Pythagoras, grave tutor to the *learned horse*." Sir Kenelm Digby says of the beast, "He would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin newly showed him by his master." Bankes, with his horse, is said to have had a narrow escape in France from the Capuchins, who suspected him of being in league with the Devil.

should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy : what great men have been in love ?

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules ! — More authority, dear boy, name more ; and, sweet my child,<sup>5</sup> let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Samson, master : he was a man of good carriage, great carriage ; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter : and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Samson ! strong-jointed Samson ! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too : — who was Samson's love, my dear Moth ?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion ?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two ; or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion.

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions ?

*Moth.* As I have read, sir ; and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers ;<sup>6</sup> but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, sir ; for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

<sup>5</sup> "Sweet my child" for *my sweet child*. The Poet has many like expressions ; as, "dear my lord," "sweet my sister," "gentle my brother," "gracious my mother," &c.

<sup>6</sup> Referring, probably, to the *willow*, the ancient badge of disappointed lovers. So, in *Much Ado*, ii. 1, when Claudio supposes the Prince has got his Hero, Benedick offers to go with him "to the next *willow*," and asks him, "What fashion will you wear the garland of ?"

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me !

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child ; most pretty and pathetical !

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,  
 Her faults will ne'er be known ;  
 For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,  
 And fears by pale-white shown :  
 Then if she fear, or be to blame,  
 By this you shall not know ;  
 For still her cheeks possess the same,  
 Which native she doth owe.<sup>7</sup>

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?<sup>8</sup>

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since : but, I think, now 'tis not to be found ; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression<sup>9</sup> by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard : she deserves well.

*Moth.* [Aside.] To be whipp'd ; and yet a better love than my master.

*Arm.* Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be past.

<sup>7</sup> That is, "which she owns by nature," or which are naturally her own.

<sup>8</sup> Alluding to the old ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid*, printed in Percy's *Reliques*. It is referred to again in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. i.

<sup>9</sup> *Digression* for the act of straying or diverging from the right,—*transgression*. The Poet uses the verb to *digress* in the same sense.

*Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.*

*Dull.* Sir, the Duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe : and you must let him take no delight nor no penance ; but 'a<sup>10</sup> must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park : she is allow'd for the day-woman.<sup>11</sup> Fare you well.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing. — Maid, —

*Jaq.* Man ?

*Arm.* — I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaq.* That's hereby.

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.<sup>12</sup>

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are !

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face ?<sup>13</sup>

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaq.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so, farewell.

*Jaq.* Fair weather after you !

*Dull.* Come, Jaquenetta, away !

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*]

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

<sup>10</sup> The letter *a*, with the apostrophe before it, occurs very often as an old vulgar, or familiar, colloquialism for *he* or *she*.

<sup>11</sup> Meaning, probably, allow'd to *help* the dairy-woman. It appears that a house for making cheese was sometimes called a *day-house*. And Singer, in a note on the word, says, "A friend informs me that he has a cheese-farm in Cheshire, which has been called *Day-house* Green for centuries."

<sup>12</sup> Armado and Jaquenetta are at cross-purposes : he takes *hereby* in the sense of *close by* ; while she uses it in the sense of *as it may happen* ; such being a provincial use of the word among the common people.

<sup>13</sup> This odd phrase was still used in Fielding's time ; who, putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, apologizes for its lack of sense by saying that it was "taken verbatim from very polite conversation."

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you than your followers, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain ; shut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave ; away !

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, sir : I will fast, being loose.

*Moth.* No, sir ; that were fast and loose : thou shalt to prison.

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see —

*Moth.* What shall some see ?

*Cost.* Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words ; and therefore I will say nothing : I thank God I have as little patience as another man ; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*

*Arm.* I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, — which is a great argument of falsehood, — if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted ? Love is a familiar ;<sup>14</sup> Love is a devil : there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, — and he had an excellent strength ; yet was Solomon so seduced, — and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft<sup>15</sup> is too hard for Hercules' club ; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause<sup>16</sup> will not

<sup>14</sup> A *familiar*, as the term is here used, was a demon attendant on a witch or conjuror.

<sup>15</sup> A *butt-shaft*, according to Nares, was "a kind of arrow, used for shooting at butts ; formed without a barb, so as to stick into the butts, and yet be easily extracted."

<sup>16</sup> "The *first* and *second cause*," and so on up to the *seventh*, were fashionable terms in the science of duelling ; meaning *cause of quarrel*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4, Tybalt is described as "a gentleman of the first and second cause" ; that is, one who will find cause of quarrel in the slightest provocation.

serve my turn ; the passado<sup>17</sup> he respects not, the duello he regards not : his disgrace is to be called boy ; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour ! rust, rapier ! be still, drum ! for your manager<sup>18</sup> is in love ; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnetist.<sup>19</sup> Devise, wit,—write, pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[Exit.]

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Part of the Park: a Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

*Enter the PRINCESS of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.*

*Boyet.* Now, madam, summon up your dearest<sup>1</sup> spirits : Consider who<sup>2</sup> the King your father sends ; To whom he sends ; and what's his embassy : Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,

<sup>17</sup> *Passado* was a term of the fencing-school, for a forward pass or thrust with the rapier.

<sup>18</sup> It appears that *manager* and to *manage* were used, in a way somewhat technical, of one who uses, handles, or practises with, arms and war-like implements. So in *Richard II.*, iii. 2: "Yea, distaff-women *manage* rusty bills." And in *a Henry IV.*, iii. 2: "Come, *manage* me your caliver." Also, in Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*: "If Mars have sovereign power to *manage* arms."

<sup>19</sup> Writing sonnets or ballads was the proverbial resort of love-smitten swains. So in *As You Like It*, ii. 7: "And then the lover, sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow." Later in this play, the King and his companions give an example of the same propensity.

<sup>1</sup> Dearest in the more general sense of best. So in *Othello*, i. 3: "These arms of mine have used their dearest action in the tented field."

<sup>2</sup> This use of *who* where we should use *whom* was not ungrammatical in Shakespeare's time.

To parley with the sole inheritor<sup>3</sup>  
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
 Matchless Navarre ; the plea of no less weight  
 Than Aquitain,— a dowry for a queen.  
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
 As Nature was in making graces dear,  
 When she did starve the general world besides,  
 And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,  
 Needs not the painted flourish of your praise :  
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's<sup>4</sup> tongues :  
 I am less proud to hear you tell my worth  
 Than you much willing to be counted wise  
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
 But now to task the tasker : Good Boyet,  
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
 Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,  
 Till painful study shall outwear three years,  
 No woman may approach his silent Court :  
 Therefore to us seems it a needful course,  
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
 To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,  
 Bold<sup>5</sup> of your worthiness, we single you  
 As our best-moving fair solicitor.  
 Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,  
 On serious business, craving quick dispatch,  
 Impertunes personal conference with his Grace :  
 Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,

<sup>3</sup> Inheritor for possessor or owner. So the verb to inherit often has the sense of to own or possess.

<sup>4</sup> A chapman is, strictly, one who traffics or bargains, whether in buying or selling.

<sup>5</sup> To be bold of a thing is to be confident or assured of it.

Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.

*Boyet.* Proud of employment, willingly I go.

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—

[*Exit BOYET.*

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,

That are vow-fellows with this virtuous Duke?

*1 Lord.* Lord Longaville is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man?

*Mar.* I know him, madam : at a marriage-feast,  
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir

Of Jaques Falconbridge, solémnizéd

In Normandy, saw I this Longaville :

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;

Well-fitted in the arts,<sup>6</sup> glorious in arms :

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss —

If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil —

Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;

Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills

It should none spare that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry-mocking lord, belike ; is't so ?

*Mar.* They say so most that most his humours know.

*Prin.* Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest ?

*Cath.* The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,  
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved :<sup>7</sup>

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.

I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once ;

<sup>6</sup> "Well fitted in the arts" is well furnished with learning and accomplishments.

<sup>7</sup> "On account of his virtue, loved by all that love virtue." The sense is a little obscured by using *of* where *by* would now be used.

And much too little of that good I saw  
Is my report to his great worthiness.<sup>8</sup>

*Ros.* Another of these students at that time  
Was there with him : if I have heard a truth,  
Birón they call him ; but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's<sup>9</sup> talk withal :  
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,  
Which his fair tongue — conceit's<sup>10</sup> expositor —  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That agèd ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravishéd ;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies ! are they all in love,  
That every one her own hath garnishéd  
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

*i Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter BOYET.*

*Prin.*

Now, what admittance, lord ?

*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;  
And he and his competitors<sup>11</sup> in oath  
Were all address'd<sup>12</sup> to meet you, gentle lady,  
Before I came. Marry, thus much I've learnt, —  
He rather means to lodge you in the field,

<sup>8</sup> The meaning is, "And my report of that good which I saw is much too little, *compared to* his great worthiness." The Poet often thus uses *to* with the force of *compared to*, or *in comparison with*.

<sup>9</sup> Here, as often, *hour* is a dissyllable. See vol. i., page 168, note 3.

<sup>10</sup> *Conceit* was always used in a good sense; *conception*, *imagination*, or *thought*; any workings of the mind.

<sup>11</sup> Competitors for partners or confederates. See vol. i., page 196, note 3.

<sup>12</sup> Address'd is prepared or made ready. Often so.

Like one that comes here to besiege his Court,  
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Here comes Navarre.

[*The Ladies mask.*

*Enter the KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.*

*King.* Fair Princess, welcome to the Court of Navarre.

*Prin.* Fair I give you back again ; and *welcome* I have not yet : the roof of this Court is too high to be yours ; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be *welcome*, madam, to my Court.

*Prin.* I will be *welcome*, then : conduct me thither.

*King.* Hear me, dear lady, — I have sworn an oath.

*Prin.* Our Lady help my lord ! he'll be forsown.

*King.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will shall break it ; will, and nothing else.

*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant what 'tis.

*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,  
Where<sup>13</sup> now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear your Grace hath sworn-out house-keeping :

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

Not sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold :

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve<sup>14</sup> me in my suit. [Gives a paper.

*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner, that I were away ;  
For you'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once ?

<sup>13</sup> *Where* and *whereas* were used interchangeably in the Poet's time.

<sup>14</sup> Shakespeare uses *resolve* with great latitude. Here it means *answer*, *satisfy*, or *inform fully*. — *Suddenly* for *quickly* or *speedily*.

*Biron.* I know you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it, then, to ask the question !

*Biron.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis 'long of<sup>15</sup> you that spur me with such questions.

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

*Biron.* What time o' day ?

*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.

*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask !

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers !

*Biron.* And send you many lovers !

*Ros.* Amen, so you be none.

*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate  
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;  
Being but the one-half of an entire sum  
Disbursed by my father in his wars.  
But say that he or we — as neither have —  
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid  
A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,  
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,  
Although not valued to the money's worth.  
If, then, the King your father will restore  
But that one-half which is unsatisfied,  
We will give up our right in Aquitain,  
And hold fair friendship with his Majesty.  
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,  
For here he doth demand to have repaid  
An hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands,  
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,  
To have his title live in Aquitain ;  
Which we much rather had depart<sup>16</sup> withal,

<sup>15</sup> *Along of* is an old phrase, equivalent to *because of*.

<sup>16</sup> To *part* and to *depart* were used indifferently in the Poet's time.

And have the money by our father lent,  
 Than Aquitain so gelded<sup>17</sup> as it is.  
 Dear Princess, were not his requests so far  
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should make  
 A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,  
 And go well satisfied to France again.

*Prin.* You do the King my father too much wrong,  
 And wrong the reputation of your name,  
 In so unseeming to confess receipt  
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

*King.* I do protest I never heard of it ;  
 And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,  
 Or yield up Aquitain.

*Prin.* We arrest your word.—  
 Boyet, you can produce acquittances  
 For such a sum from special officers  
 Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.  
*Boyet.* So please your Grace, the packet is not come,  
 Where that and other specialties are bound :  
 To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

*King.* It shall suffice me : at which interview  
 All liberal reason I will yield unto.  
 Meantime receive such welcome at my hand  
 As honour, without breach of honour, may  
 Make tender of to thy true worthiness :  
 You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates ;  
 But here without you shall be so received  
 As<sup>18</sup> you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,  
 Though so denied fair harbour in my house.  
 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :

<sup>17</sup> *Gelded* is maimed or curtailed. So, in *Richard II.*, we have "Bereft and gelded of his patrimony."

<sup>18</sup> As where we should use *that*. The usage was common.

To-morrow shall<sup>19</sup> we visit you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires consort your Grace !

*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !

[*Exeunt the KING and his Train.*]

*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

*Ros.* Pray you, do my commendations ; I would be glad to see it.

*Biron.* I would you heard it groan.

*Ros.* Is the fool sick ?

*Biron.* Sick at the heart.

*Ros.* Alack, let it blood.

*Biron.* Would that do it good ?

*Ros.* My physic says ay.

*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye ?

*Ros.* No point,<sup>20</sup> with my knife.

*Biron.* Now, God save thy life !

*Ros.* And yours from long living !

*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.]

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word : what lady is that same ?

*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Catharine her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.]

*Long.* I beseech you, a word : what is she in the white ?

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

*Long.* Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself ; to desire that were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter ?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard !

<sup>19</sup> Shall where present usage requires will. The two were often used indiscriminately.

<sup>20</sup> A quibble between the French and English senses of point, which, in French, is an emphatic negative. Florio, in his *Italian Dictionary*, explains punto "never a whit; — no point, as the Frenchman says."

*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended.  
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.  
She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir ; that may be. [Exit LONG.

*Biron.* [Coming forward.] What's her name in the cap ?

*Boyet.* Rosaline, by good hap.

*Biron.* Is she wedded or no ?

*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so :

*Biron.* You are welcome, sir : adieu.

*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.

*Mar.* That last is Birón, the merry madcap lord :  
Not a word with him but a jest.

*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.

*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.

*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.<sup>21</sup>

*Mar.* Two hot sheep, marry.

*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships ?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture : shall that finish the jest ?

*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me. [Offering to kiss her.

*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast :

My lips are no common, though several<sup>22</sup> they be.

<sup>21</sup> Alluding to what sometimes took place in naval fights, where, of two hostile ships, one was fastened to the other with grappling-irons ; and then the crew of the former rushed aboard the latter to capture her. In what follows, a pun is implied between *sheep* and *ship*, which appear to have been sounded much alike. See vol. i., page 164, note 7.

<sup>22</sup> A quibble on the word *several*, which, besides its ordinary meaning of *separate* or *distinct*, also signified an *enclosed* field as distinguished from a *common* one. Halliwell notes upon the text as follows : "Fields that were enclosed were called *severals*, in opposition to *commons*; the former belonging to individuals, the others to the inhabitants generally. When commons were enclosed, portions allotted to owners of freeholds, copyholds, and cottages, were fenced in, and termed *severals*: so Maria says, playing

*Boyet.* Belonging to whom?

*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.

*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling ; but, gentles, agree :  
This civil war of wits were much better used  
On Navarre and his book-men ; for here 'tis abused.

*Boyet.* If my observation, — which very seldom lies, —  
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,  
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

*Prin.* With what ?

*Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle affected.

*Prin.* Your reason ?

*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours did make their retire  
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough<sup>23</sup> desire :  
His heart, like an agate,<sup>24</sup> with your print impress'd,  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd :  
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,<sup>25</sup>  
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be ;

on the word,— my lips are not common, though they are certainly several, once part of the common." The matter seems to have been often drawn upon for illustration. So in Jonson's *Discoveries* : "Truth lies open to all ; it is no man's *several*." And in Bacon's *Apothegms* : "Why, there is no beast, that, if you take him from the *common*, and put him into the *several*, but he will wax fat." — It must be noted, further, that *though* is here used in a sense so uncommon as to be hardly intelligible to us,—the sense of *because*, *since*, or *for*. So that "*though* several they *be*" is equivalent to *since* or *because* they *are*. This use of *though* has caused much perplexity to the editors; but Shakespeare has repeated instances of it. So, in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3, Apemantus asks, "Dost thou hate a medlar ?" and Timon replies, "Ay, *though* it look like thee"; where *though* is clearly put for *since* or *for*. See also notes on *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5.

<sup>23</sup> *Thorough* and *through* are but different forms of the same word, and Shakespeare uses them indifferently, as suits his verse.

<sup>24</sup> Agates were much in use, carved into figures like modern cameos. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4: "An *agate*-stone on the fore-finger of an alderman."

<sup>25</sup> A very odd and obscure passage, but probably meaning, "his tongue impatient of the slow process of speech, and of being unable to see"; or dissatisfied with the function of speaking, and craving the celerity of vision.

All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
 To feel only looking on fairest of fair :<sup>26</sup>  
 Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy ;  
 Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,  
 Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd :  
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes,<sup>27</sup>  
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.  
 I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,  
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

*Prin.* Come to our pavilion : Boyet is disposed.<sup>28</sup>

*Boyet.* But to speak that in words which his eye hath  
 disclosed :

I only have made a mouth of his eye,  
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother ; for her father is  
 but grim.

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches ?

*Mar.* No.

*Boyet.* What then ? do you see ?

*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>26</sup> "That they might have no feeling or exercise but that of looking on the fairest of fair." Obscure again.

<sup>27</sup> Quotations were commonly printed in the margins of books.

<sup>28</sup> "The Princess," says Dyce, "uses *disposed* in the sense of 'inclined to rather loose mirth, somewhat wantonly merry,' — thinking, as she well might, that Boyet was talking a little too freely; though Boyet, choosing to understand the word simply in the sense of *inclined*, immediately adds, 'But to speak,' &c." And he amply sustains this explanation by apt passages from Peele, and from Beaumont and Fletcher.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Part of the Park.*

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

*Arm.* Warble, child ; make passionate my sense of hearing.

*Moth.* [Sings.] *Concolinel*<sup>1</sup> —

*Arm.* Sweet air ! — Go, tenderness of years ; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately<sup>2</sup> hither : I must employ him in a letter to my love.

*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?<sup>3</sup>

*Arm.* How meanest thou ? brawling in French ?

*Moth.* No, my complete master : but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary<sup>4</sup> to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyes ; sigh a note and sing a note, — sometime<sup>5</sup> through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, — sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love ; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the

<sup>1</sup> *Concolinel* was perhaps the corrupted title or beginning of an Italian song ; and songs used on the stage were often omitted in manuscripts and printed copies of plays, and merely referred to or indicated, as being already well known. Whatever may have been used on this occasion, nothing further is now known of it.

<sup>2</sup> *Festinately* is quickly or hastily ; from the Latin *festino*.

<sup>3</sup> *Brawl* was the name of a dance ; from the French *branle*, which indicates a shaking or swinging motion. Whatever it may have been, Jonson gives it a most Heliconian baptism in his *Vision of Delight* :

In curious knots and mazes, so  
The Spring at first was taught to go ;  
And Zephyr, when he came to woo  
His Flora, had their motions too :  
And thence did Venus learn to lead  
Th' Idalian *brawls*.

<sup>4</sup> *Canary* was the name of a sprightly dance ; sometimes accompanied by the castanets.

<sup>5</sup> *Sometime* and *sometimes* were used indifferently in the Poet's time.

shop of your eyes ; with your arms cross'd on your thin-belly doublet,<sup>6</sup> like a rabbit on a spit ; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting ; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements,<sup>7</sup> these are humours ; these betray nice wenches,—that would be betrayed without these ; and make them men of note — do you note me ? — that most are affected to these.

*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this experience ?

*Moth.* By my penny of observation.

*Arm.* But O, — but O, —

*Moth.* — the hobby-horse is forgot.<sup>8</sup>

*Arm.* Callest thou my love hobby-horse ?

*Moth.* No, master ; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love ?

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student ! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, master : all those three I will prove.

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove ?

*Moth.* A man, if I live ; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant : by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her ; in heart you love her, because your

<sup>6</sup> That is, a *thin-bellied* doublet. *Doublet* was the name of a man's upper garment; waistcoat, or vest. A *thin-bellied* seems to have been the opposite of a *great-bellied* doublet. "The doublets," says Staunton, "were made some without stuffing, — thin-bellied, — and some bombasted out." He then quotes the following from Stubbes: "Certain I am, there never was any kind of apparel ever invented, that could more disproportion the body of a man, than these doublets with *great bellies* hanging down, and stuffed," &c.

<sup>7</sup> *Complements* again for *accomplishments*. See page 12, note 19.

<sup>8</sup> The *Hobby-horse* was a personage in the ancient Morris-dance. The opposition of the Puritans to this dance caused the Hobby-horse to be left out of it ; and hence the line or burden of an old song became proverbial : "For O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot." See *Hamlet*, iii. 2.

heart is in love with her ; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more, — and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain : he must carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A message well sympathized ;<sup>9</sup> a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

*Arm.* Ha, ha ! what sayest thou ?

*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short : away !

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious ?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow ?

*Moth.* *Minimè*, honest master ; or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift, sir, to say so :  
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun ?

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric !  
He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he : —  
I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump, then, and I flee. [Exit.

*Arm.* A most acute juvenal ; voluble and free of grace ! —  
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face : —  
Most rude melancholy,<sup>10</sup> valour gives thee place. —  
My herald is return'd.

<sup>9</sup> The meaning probably is, that the absurd love-message is *well matched* by the equally absurd choice of Costard as the bearer of it; that is to say, the message, the sender, and the bearer are all just suited to each other, or "in a concatenation accordingly."

<sup>10</sup> Melancholy *most rude*, because it sighs out its breath impolitely in the face of the welkin, that is, the sky. This use of *welkin* occurs frequently. So in *The Tempest*, i. 2 : "The sea, mounting to th' *welkin's* cheek, dashes the fire out." Also for *sky-coloured* in *The Winter's Tale*, i. 2 : "Look on me with your *welkin* eye."

*Re-enter MOTH with COSTARD.*

*Moth.* A wonder, master ! here's a Costard<sup>11</sup> broken in a shin.

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle : come,—thy *l'envoy*,<sup>12</sup>—begin.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in thy mail,<sup>13</sup> sir : O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain ! no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*; no salve, sir, but a plantain !

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter ; thy silly thought, my spleen : the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling,—O, pardon me, my stars ! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve ?

*Moth.* Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?<sup>14</sup>

*Arm.* No, page : it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.

I will example it :

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral. Now the *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

<sup>11</sup> Costard is an old name for *apple*; from likeness of shape it came to signify *head*, in which sense Moth is here punning upon the name.

<sup>12</sup> *L'envoy* is a technical term in old French, to signify a sort of postscript,—a farewell or a moral at the end of a poem, and sometimes of prose pieces.

<sup>13</sup> *Mail* in its old sense of *wallet*, *budget*, or *bag*. Costard, not understanding Armado's terms, takes for granted that they mean some remedy for his broken shin, and rejects the whole package for the simpler application of a plantain-leaf.

<sup>14</sup> Here Moth is at an equivoque between the English *salve* and the Latin *salutē*, which, like *l'envoy*, means *farewell*.

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds by making four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my  
*l'envoy.*

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Arm.* Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by making four.

*Moth.* A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose : would you  
desire more ?

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain,<sup>15</sup> a goose, that's  
flat.—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—  
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose :  
Let me see — a fat *l'envoy* ; ay, that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither. How did this argument  
begin ?

*Moth.* By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.  
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain : thus came your argu-  
ment in ;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought ;  
And he ended the market.<sup>16</sup>

*Arm.* But tell me ; how was there a Costard broken in a  
shin ?

*Moth.* I will tell you sensibly.

*Cost.* Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth : I will speak that  
*l'envoy* :

I Costard, running out, that was safely within,  
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

<sup>15</sup> So in *The Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1: "It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so *bought and sold*" ; which shows that the phrase now so com-  
mon for *tricked, taken in, or made sport of*, is no recent invention. See vol.  
i., page 106, note 12.

<sup>16</sup> "Three women and a goose make a market," is an old proverb.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*Arm.* Marry, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

*Cost.* O, marry me to one Frances : — I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this —

*Arm.* By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person : thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true ; and now you will be my purgation, and set me loose.

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, let thee from durance ; and, in lieu thereof,<sup>17</sup> impose on thee nothing but this : Bear this significant [*Giving a letter.*] to the country maid Jacquenetta : there is remuneration ; [*Giving money.*] for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. — Moth, follow.

[*Exit.*]

*Moth.* Like the sequel, I. — Signior Costard, adieu. [*Exit.*]

*Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh ! my incony<sup>18</sup> Jew ! — O' my troth, most sweet jests ! most incony vulgar wit ! When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armador o' the one side ; — O, a most dainty man ! —

To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan !

To see him kiss his hand ! and how most sweetly 'a will swear !

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit !

Ah, Heavens, it is a most pathetical nit.<sup>19</sup>

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration ! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings : three farthings —

<sup>17</sup> *In lieu of* was always used, I think, in the sense of *in return for*, or *in consideration of*. It now means *instead of*.

<sup>18</sup> *Incony* is an old word, of uncertain origin, meaning *fine, delicate, pretty*.

<sup>19</sup> *Pathetical* sometimes meant *passionate*, and sometimes *passion-moving* ; but is probably used here in a sense peculiar to Costard, if with any sense at all. — *Nit* refers, of course, to the moth-like smallness of Moth.

remuneration. — *What's the price of this inkle?*<sup>20</sup> — *A penny.* — *No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it. — Remuneration! — why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter BIRON.*

*Biron.* My good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation riband may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration?

*Cost.* Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

*Biron.* Why, then three-farthing-worth of silk.

*Cost.* I thank your Worship: God b' wi' you!<sup>21</sup>

*Biron.* Stay, slave; I must employ thee: As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, sir?

*Biron.* This afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

*Biron.* Thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*Cost.* I will come to your Worship to-morrow morning.

*Biron.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:

The Princess comes to hunt here in the park,  
And in her train there is a gentle lady;  
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,  
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;  
And to her white hand see thou do command

<sup>20</sup> *Inkle* was the name of a kind of *tape*.

<sup>21</sup> "God b' wi' you!" often used by the Poet, is a shortened form of "God be with you!" which has been further shortened into the phrase "good by."

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon ;<sup>22</sup> go.

[*Giving money.*

*Cost.* Gardon, — O sweet gardon ! better than remuneration ; eleven-pence farthing better : most sweet gardon ! — I will do it, sir, in print.<sup>23</sup> — Gardon — remuneration. [Exit.

*Biron.* And I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have been love's whip ;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable ;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy ;

Than whom no mortal so magnificent !

This wimpled,<sup>24</sup> whining, purblind, wayward boy ;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets,<sup>25</sup> king of codpieces,<sup>26</sup>

Sole imperator and great general

Of trotting paritors :<sup>27</sup> — O my little heart ! —

And I to be a corporal of his field,<sup>28</sup>

<sup>22</sup> It may be needful to say that *gurdon* is *recompense* or *reward*.

<sup>23</sup> To do a thing *in print* is to do it with the utmost *exactness*. Shakespeare has the phrase again in *The Two Gentlemen*. See vol. i., page 182.

<sup>24</sup> *Wimpled* is *veiled*, *hooded*, or *blind-folded*. *Wimple* is still in use for *veil*; as in Wordsworth's sonnet on Mary of Scotland: "The Queen drew back the *wimple* that she wore."

<sup>25</sup> *Placket* has been variously explained, — a petticoat, an under-petticoat, a pocket attached to a petticoat, a slit or opening in a petticoat, and a stomacher. Dyce quotes an odd passage from Crowne's *Sir Courtly Nice*, 1685, in which Eve is called "the mother of jilts," who, after playing false with the Serpent, "then pretended to modesty, and fell a-making *plackets* presently."

<sup>26</sup> *Codpiece* was the coarse name for an indelicate part of masculine attire, now out of use. See vol. i., page 198, note 6.

<sup>27</sup> *Apparitors* were officers of courts spiritual, to serve citations.

<sup>28</sup> "A corporal of the field" was employed, as an aide-de-camp is now, in carrying orders from the general or other high officers.

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !<sup>29</sup>  
 What, what ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !  
 A woman, that is like a German clock,<sup>30</sup>  
 Still a-repairing ; ever out of frame ;  
 And never going right, being a watch,  
 But being watch'd that it may still go right !  
 Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all ;  
 And, among three, to love the worst of all ;  
 A wightly<sup>31</sup> wanton with a velvet brow,  
 With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes ;  
 Ay, and, by Heaven, one that will do the deed,  
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard :  
 And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !  
 To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague  
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect  
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.  
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan :  
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.      [Exit.]

<sup>29</sup> It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a lady's colours.—A tumbler's hoop was usually dressed out with coloured ribands.

<sup>30</sup> In Shakespeare's time the English imported most of their clocks from Germany. These were intricate pieces of machinery, and apt to get out of order. Jonson, in his *Silent Woman*, iv. 1, thus describes a fashionable lady : "She takes herself asunder still, when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes ; and about noon the next day is put together again, like a great *German clock*."

<sup>31</sup> *Wightly* is an old word for *nimble, active, quick, or swift*. In this sense, Spenser uses both *wightly* and *wight*. So in *The Shepheards Calender*, March : "He was so wimble and so *wight*, from bough to bough he lepped light." Also, September : "For day, that was, is *wightly* past, and now at earst the dirke night doth hast."

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Part of the Park.*

*Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, CATHARINE, BOYET,  
Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

*Prin.* Was that the King, that spurr'd his horse so hard  
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

*Boyet.* I know not ; but I think it was not he.

*Prin.* Whoe'er 'a was, 'a show'd a mounting mind.  
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch :  
On Saturday we will return to France.—  
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush  
That we must stand and play the murderer in ?

*For.* Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice ;  
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

*Prin.* What, what ? first praise me, and again say no ?  
O short-lived pride ! Not fair ? alack for woe !

*For.* Yes, madam, fair.

*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now :  
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.  
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true :

[*Giving him money.*

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

*Prin.* See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit !  
O heresy in fair,<sup>1</sup> fit for these days !

<sup>1</sup> *Fair* is here used as a substantive and means *beauty*. Often so.

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—  
 But come, the bow : now mercy goes to kill,  
 And shooting well is then accounted ill.  
 Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :  
 Not wounding, pity would not let me do't ;  
 If wounding, then it was to show my skill,  
 That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.  
 And, out of question, so it is sometimes,—  
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,  
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,  
 We bend to that the working of the heart ;  
 As I for praise alone now seek to spill  
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

*Boyet.* Do not curst<sup>2</sup> wives hold that self-sovereignty  
 Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be  
 Lords o'er their lords ?

*Prin.* Only for praise : and praise we may afford  
 To any lady that subdues a lord.

*Boyet.* Here comes a member of the commonwealth.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter COSTARD.*

*Cost.* God dig-you-den<sup>4</sup> all ! Pray you, which is the  
 head lady ?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have  
 no heads.

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

*Prin.* The thickest and the tallest.

*Cost.* The thickest and the tallest ! it is so ; truth is truth.  
 An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,  
 One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.

<sup>2</sup> *Curst* is sharp-tongued, snappish, scolding, or ill-tempered.

<sup>3</sup> Commonwealth here means the new-modelled society of the King and his associates.

<sup>4</sup> *God dig-you-den* is a corruption of *God give you good even*.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

*Prin.* What's your will, sir? what's your will?

*Cost.* I have a letter from Monsieur Birón to one Lady Rosaline.

*Prin.* O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine: Stand aside, good bearer.— Boyet, you can carve; Break up this capon.<sup>5</sup>

*Boyet.* I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here; It is writ to Jaquenetta.

*Prin.* We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

*Boyet.* [Reads.] *By Heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate King Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize<sup>6</sup> in the vulgar,— O base and obscure vulgar!— videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the King: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the King's. The captive is enriched: on whose side?*

<sup>5</sup> To break up is to carve, and was used figuratively of opening a letter; as the French use *poulet* to signify both a young fowl and a love-letter. So Henry the Fourth of France, consulting with Sully about his marriage, said, "My niece of Guise would please me best, notwithstanding the malicious reports that she loves *poulets* in paper better than in a *fricasee*."

<sup>6</sup> To anatomize a thing is to unfold and explain it thoroughly. So in *As You Like It*, i. 1: "I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder."

*the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the King's,—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love! I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.—Thine, in the dearest design of industry,*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

*Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar  
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.  
Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
And he from forage will incline to play:  
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?  
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.*

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

*What vane? what weathercook? did you ever hear better?*

*Boyet.* I am much deceived but<sup>7</sup> I remember the style.

*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.<sup>8</sup>

*Boyet.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in Court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho,<sup>9</sup> and one that makes sport To the Prince and his book-mates.

<sup>7</sup> Here, as in some other places, *but* has the force of *if not*,—“*if I do not remember.*” It is a peculiar use of what is called the exceptive *but*, which is formed from *be out*. “*Be out that I remember*,” or “*but that I remember*,” would express the same sense.

<sup>8</sup> Another quibble on *style*. See page 13, note 25.

<sup>9</sup> Alluding to a half-crazed fantastic who was much noted in London in the Poet's time. Francis Meres refers to him in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598: “Popular applause doth nourish some, neither do they gape after any other thing but vaine praise and glorie; as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the Court.”

*Prin.* Thou fellow, a word :  
 Who gave thee this letter ?  
*Cost.* I told you ; my lord.  
*Prin.* To whom shouldest thou give it ?  
*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.  
*Prin.* From which lord to which lady ?  
*Cost.* From my Lord Birón, a good master of mine,  
 To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.  
*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter. — Come, lords,  
 away. —

Here, sweet, put up this : 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exeunt PRINCESS and Train.*

*Boyet.* Who is the suitor ? who is the suitor ?<sup>10</sup>  
*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know ?  
*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.  
*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow.  
 Finely put off !  
*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns ; but, if thou marry,  
 Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.<sup>11</sup>  
 Finely put on !  
*Ros.* Well, then I am the shooter.  
*Boyet.* And who is your deer ?  
*Ros.* If we choose by the horns, yourself : come not  
 near.  
 Finely put on, indeed !

<sup>10</sup> A quibble between *shooter* and *suitors*, which thus appear to have been sounded much alike.

<sup>11</sup> A punning allusion to the old symbol of a dishonoured husband ; or, as it is expressed in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. i, "the antique memorial of cuckolds." The imputed or ideal horns of such a husband appear to have been a theme of mirth and mockery from time immemorial ; and Shakespeare, in common with the other dramatists of that day, has references to it *ad nauseam*. In the text, the horns of the deer are made to start the allusion ; and Boyet implies that Rosaline's husband, if she have one, will have the ideal horns. In Rosaline's next speech but one, she implies that Boyet is already in that condition.

*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.<sup>12</sup>

*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower : have I hit her now ?

*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it ?

*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

*Ros.* *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,*

*Thou canst not hit it, my good man.*

*Boyet.* *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*  
*An I cannot, another can.*

[*Exeunt Ros. and CATH.*

*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant : how both did fit it !

*Mark.* A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

*Boyet.* A mark ! O, mark but that mark ! A mark, says my lady !

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete<sup>13</sup> at, if it may be.

*Mar.* Wide o' the bow-hand !<sup>14</sup> i'faith, your hand is out.

*Cost.* Indeed, 'a must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.<sup>15</sup>

*Boyet.* An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

*Cost.* Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

*Mar.* Come, come, you talk greasily ; your lips grow foul.

<sup>12</sup> Maria is keeping up the allusion, and means that Rosaline is hitting Boyet in the place where the horns grow.

<sup>13</sup> To *mete* here means, to *measure* with the eye, as an archer does in taking aim. Probably an equivoque is intended on *prick*, which, in one sense, may be the *pin* that fastens the target to the butt.

<sup>14</sup> "Wide of the bow-hand" was a term in archery, meaning *wide of the mark to the left*, the bow being held by the left hand.

<sup>15</sup> The *clout* is the white part of the mark at which the shafts were aimed. This was upheld by a wooden *pin* in the centre; so that to *cleave the pin* was the perfection of shooting.

*Cost.* She's too hard for you at pricks, sir : challenge her to bowl.

*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing.<sup>16</sup> Good night, my good owl. [Exit BOYET and MARIA.

*Cost.* By my soul, a swain ! a most simple clown ! Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down !— Sola, Sola ! [Shouting within.— Exit COSTARD, running.

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Park.*

*Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

*Nath.* Very reverend sport, truly ; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,— blood ;<sup>1</sup> ripe as a pomewater,<sup>2</sup> who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælum*,— the sky, the welkin, the heaven ; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*,— the soil, the land, the earth.

*Nath.* Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least : but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.<sup>3</sup>

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo* ; 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation ! yet a kind of insinua-

<sup>16</sup> *Rub* was a term at bowls, meaning, apparently, any obstruction or unevenness in the floor that hindered or deflected the bowl from its mark.

<sup>1</sup> *In blood* is a term of the chase, for *vigorous*, or *in good condition*. Staunton says the phrase "appears also to have meant an animal with its *blood up*,— ready to turn and attack its pursuers; like a stag at bay."

<sup>2</sup> *Pomewater* is a species or a variety of apple.

<sup>3</sup> A buck of the *first head* is a buck of the *fifth year*. So described in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606: "I caused the keeper to sever the rascal deer from the bucks of the *first head*. Now, sir, a buck is, the first year, a *fawn*; the second year, a *pricket*; the third year, a *sorrel*; the fourth year, a *soare*; the *fifth*, a buck of the *first head*; the sixth year, a complete buck."

tion, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication ; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination, — after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, rathertest, unconfirmed fashion,— to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

*Dull.* I said the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!

O thou monster Ignorance, how deformèd dost thou look!

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be —

Which we of taste and feeling are — for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool, So were there a patch set on learning, to set him in a school :<sup>4</sup>

But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind, —

*Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.*

*Dull.* You two are book-men: can you tell by your wit What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

*Hol.* Dictynna, goodman<sup>5</sup> Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

*Dull.* What is Dictynna!

*Nath.* A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the Moon.

<sup>4</sup> A quibble turning on the word *patch*, which was often put for *fool*, from the motley or *patchwork* dress worn by professional Fools. So that the principal meaning is, "To set Dull in a school were setting a fool to learn," or "on learning." *To set* is here an instance of the infinitive used gerundively, and so is equivalent to *by setting* or *in setting*: "In setting him in a school, a fool would be set to learning."

<sup>5</sup> *Goodman*, as here used, is the same as *master*, or *mister*. So the word occurs repeatedly in the English Bible.

*Hol.* The Moon was a month old when Adam was no more,  
And raught<sup>6</sup> not to five weeks when he came to five-score.  
The allusion holds in the exchange.<sup>7</sup>

*Dull.* 'Tis true indeed ; the collusion holds in the ex-change.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity ! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* And I say, the pollution in the exchange ; for the Moon is never but a month old : and I say, besides, that 'twas a pricket that the Princess kill'd.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer ? and, to humour the ignorant, I will call the deer the Princess kill'd a pricket.

*Nath.* Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge ; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter,<sup>8</sup> for it argues fa-cility.

*The preyful<sup>9</sup> Princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing  
pricket;*

*Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with  
shooting.*

*The dogs did yell : put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket ;  
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel ;<sup>10</sup> the people fall a-hooting.*

*If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores : O sore L !  
Of the sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.*

*Nath.* A rare talent !

<sup>6</sup> Raught is the old preterite of reach. The Poet has it repeatedly.

<sup>7</sup> Here the pedant characteristically uses *allusion* in the strict Latin sense of *play, sport, joke, or jest*. So that the meaning is, "The jest turns on the changing of the Moon." This happy explanation is Mr. A. E. Brae's.

<sup>8</sup> To affect the letter, as the words are here used, is to practise alliteration. The ridicule of this passage is aimed at certain verbal fopperies prevalent at the time.

<sup>9</sup> Preyful means pursuing prey or game.

<sup>10</sup> The terms *pricket, sore* or *sorar*, and *sorel*, are explained in note 3 of this scene.

*Dull.* [Aside.] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.<sup>11</sup>

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple ; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions : these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*,<sup>12</sup> and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion.<sup>13</sup> But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you : and so may my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you : you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol. Mehercle,* if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction ; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them ; but, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.* A soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God give you good Morrow, master person.<sup>14</sup>

*Hol.* Master person,— *quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

*Cost.* Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

*Hol.* Piercing a hogshead ! a good lustre of conceit in a

<sup>11</sup> Honest Dull is quibbling between *talon* and *talent*, which were sometimes written alike. To *flatter* was one of the senses of to *claw*. So in Howell's *Letters*: "Here it is not the style to *claw* and compliment with the King." *Claw-back* occurs in the same sense, both as a noun and a verb.

<sup>12</sup> *Pia mater* is the membrane that covers the brain ; sometimes, as here, put for the brain itself.

<sup>13</sup> "Upon the mellowing of occasion" is, "when time is ripe for it," or, "when the occasion renders it fitting." To *mellow* is to *ripen*.

<sup>14</sup> *Person* is one of the old spellings of *parson*. So in Selden's *Table Talk*: "Though we write *Parson* differently, yet 'tis but *Person* ; that is, the individual Person set apart for the service of the Church ; and 'tis in Latin *Persona*, and *Personatus* is a *Personage*."

turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine : 'tis pretty ; it is well.

*Jaq.* Good master person, be so good as read me this letter : it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado : I beseech you, read it.

*Hol.* *Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat,*<sup>15</sup> — and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan ! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice :

*Venegia, Venegia,  
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*<sup>16</sup>

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan ! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. — *Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.* — Under pardon, sir, what are the contents ? or rather, as Horace says in his — What, my soul, verses ?

*Nath.* Ay, sir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse ; *lege, domine.*

*Nath.* [Reads.] *If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?*

*Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd !  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;  
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.  
Study his bias*<sup>17</sup> *leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,*

<sup>15</sup> The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus, that is, of Baptista Spagnolo, were translated before Shakespeare's time, and the Latin printed on the opposite page, for use in schools. Spagnolo lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century, 1448–1516, and was called Mantuanus from Mantua, the place of his birth. His first *Eclogue*, with Faustus and Fortunatus for interlocutors, begins thus :

*Fauste, precor, gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra  
Ruminat, antiquos paulum recitemus amores, &c.*

<sup>16</sup> The Poet probably found this Italian proverb in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591, where it is given as follows :

*Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia ;  
Ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa.*

<sup>17</sup> *His for its*, the latter not being then an accepted word, though the Poet has it several times, especially in his later plays. The use of *his* where

*Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend :  
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;  
 Well learnèd is that tongue that well can thee command ;  
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder, —  
 Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire :  
 Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,  
 Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.  
 Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,  
 That<sup>18</sup> sings the Heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.*

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophias, and so miss the accent ; let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified ; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man : and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention ? *Imitari* is nothing : so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse<sup>19</sup> his rider. — But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you ?

*Jaq.* Ay, sir.

*Nath.* 'Tis from one Monsieur Biron to one of the strange Queen's ladies.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript : *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto : *Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON.* — Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the King ; and here he hath framed a we should use *its* occurs very often in the Bible. See vol. i., page 90, note 1. — *Bias* is *inclination or preference*.

<sup>18</sup> Here *That* is clearly the relative pronoun, referring to *love* ; and the meaning is, as Dyce remarks, "pardon the wrong that love does in singing," &c.

<sup>19</sup> The Latin word *imitari* is probably used here in the double sense of to *imitate* and to *follow*. "The hound follows his master, the ape imitates his keeper, the tired horse follows his rider;" that is, when the rider dismounts, follows him into the stable, or to the pasture.

letter to a sequent<sup>20</sup> of the stranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.— Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the King: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me.— Sir, God save your life!

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl. [ *Exeunt Cost. and JAQ.*

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours.<sup>21</sup> But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of theforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.— [*To DULL.*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [ *Exeunt.*

<sup>20</sup> *Sequent* appears to be a Holofernian idiom for *sequel*, that is, *follower*.

<sup>21</sup> *Colourable colours* is *specious appearances* or *deceits*. So colour is still used for any sort of *disguise*, or *misleading plausibility*.

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Park.*

*Enter BIRON, with a paper.*

*Biron.* The King he is hunting the deer ; I am coursing myself : they have pitch'd a toil ;<sup>1</sup> I am toiling in a pitch, —pitch that defiles : defile ! a foul word. Well, Sit thee down, sorrow ! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and ay the fool : well proved, wit ! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax : it kills sheep ; it kills me, ay, a sheep : well proved again o' my side ! I will not love : if I do, hang me ; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her ; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By Heaven, I do love : and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy ; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already : the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it : sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady ! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in.—Here comes one with a paper : God give him grace to groan !

[Gets up into a tree.]

*Enter the KING, with a paper.*

*King.* Ah me !

*Biron.* [Aside.] Shot, by Heaven ! — Proceed, sweet Cupid : thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. — In faith, secrets !

<sup>1</sup> That is, have set a trap, or spread a net or snare. The Poet has *toil* repeatedly in that sense. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2: "She looks like sleep, as she would catch another Antony in her strong *toil* of grace." — In what follows, "and so say I, and ay the fool," *ay* is used as a verb, and means *assent* to the fool, or *echo* the fool. Of course Biron is there quibbling between *I* and *ay*, which were formerly sounded and written alike, *I.* The same just after, in "it kills me, *ay*, a sheep."

King. [Reads.] *So sweet a kiss the golden Sun gives not  
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
The night of dew<sup>2</sup> that on my cheeks down flows :  
Nor shines the silver Moon one half so bright  
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light ;  
Thou shonest in every tear that I do weep :  
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee ;  
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.  
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
And they thy glory through my grief will show :  
But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep  
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
O Queen of queens ! how far thou dost excel,  
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell. —  
How shall she know my griefs ? I'll drop the paper : —  
Sweet leaves, shade folly. — Who is he comes here ?  
What, Longaville ! and reading ! listen, ear. [Steps aside.  
Biron. [Aside.] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear !*

*Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.*

*Long.* Ah me, I am forsworn !

*Biron. [Aside.]* Why, he comes in like a perjuror,<sup>3</sup> wearing papers.

<sup>2</sup> "The night of dew" is the night of grief or sorrow. When the night of grief has been dispelled by the eye-beams of his mistress, the tear-drops on the cheeks of the lover are like the morning dew-drops on the rose. The substance of this explanation is from Mr. A. E. Brae.

<sup>3</sup> Perjuror for perjurer ; formerly a common usage. So in the old play of *King John* : "But now black-spotted perjuror as he is, he takes a truce with Elinor's damn'd brat." — Wearing papers refers to the custom of making persons convicted of perjury wear papers setting forth their crime, while they were undergoing punishment. Holinshed says of Wolsey, "he so punished a perjurie with open punishment, an open paper wearing, that in his time it was less used."

*King.* [Aside.] In love, I hope : sweet fellowship in shame !

*Biron.* [Aside.] One drunkard loves another of the name.

*Long.* Am I the first that have been perjured so ?

*Biron.* [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort,—not by two  
that I know :

Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,

The shape of Love's Tyburn<sup>4</sup> that hangs up simplicity.

*Long.* I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move :—  
O sweet Maria, empress of my love !—

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

*Biron.* [Aside.] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's  
hose :

Disfigure not his slop.<sup>5</sup>

*Long.* This same shall go.—

[Reads.] *Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,*

*'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,*

*Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?*

*Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.*

*A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,*

*Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :*

*My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;*

*Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.*

*Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is :*

*Then thou, fair Sun, which on my Earth dost shine,*

*Exhalest this vapour-vow ; in thee it is :*

*If broken then, it is no fault of mine :*

*If by me broke, what fool is not so wise*

*To lose<sup>6</sup> an oath to win a paradise ?*

<sup>4</sup> The old gallows at Tyburn was of a triangular form.

<sup>5</sup> *Slop*, or *slops*, was a name for the large, loose, bagging trousers that were fashionable in the Poet's time. *Hose*, also, was in common use for breeches, or stockings, or both in one. So the Poet often has it.—*Guards* is *facings* or *trimmings*.

<sup>6</sup> *To lose* is another gerundial infinitive, and equivalent to *by losing*. See page 50, note 4. Also vol. i., page 207, note 12.

*Biron.* [Aside.] This is the liver-vein,<sup>7</sup> which makes flesh a deity,  
A green goose a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend ! we are much out o' the way.

*Long.* By whom shall I send this? — Company ! stay.

[*Steps aside.*]

*Biron.* [Aside.] All hid, all hid, an old infant play.  
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,  
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.  
More sacks to the mill!<sup>8</sup> O Heavens, I have my wish !

*Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.*

Dumain transform'd ! four woodcocks<sup>9</sup> in a dish !

*Dum.* O most divine Kate !

*Biron.* [Aside.] O most profane coxcomb !

*Dum.* By Heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye !

*Biron.* [Aside.] By Earth, she is but corporal : there you lie.

*Dum.* Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.<sup>10</sup>

*Biron.* [Aside.] An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.

*Biron.* [Aside.] Stoops, I say ;

Her shoulder is with child.

*Dum.* As fair as day.

*Biron.* [Aside.] Ay, as some days ; but then no Sun must shine.

*Dum.* O, that I had my wish !

<sup>7</sup> The liver was supposed to be the seat of certain passions, especially of love.

<sup>8</sup> More sacks to the mill was the name of a well-known boyish sport.

<sup>9</sup> The wood-cock was thought to have no brains; hence the term came to mean a foolish fellow.

<sup>10</sup> To quote, as the word is here used, is to note or mark ; and the meaning is, "Her amber-coloured hair has noted or marked amber itself as ugly." Quote is used just so again in v. 2, of this play : "We did not quote them so."

*Long.* [Aside.] And I had mine !

*King.* [Aside.] And I mine too, good Lord !

*Biron.* [Aside.] Amen, so I had mine : is not that a good word ?

*Dum.* I would forget her ; but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

*Biron.* [Aside.] A fever in your blood ! why, then incision  
Would let her out in saucers : sweet misprision !<sup>11</sup>

*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

*Biron.* [Aside.] Once more I'll mark how love can vary  
wit.

*Dum.* [Reads.] *On a day — alack the day ! —*

*Love whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair  
Playing in the wanton air :  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;  
Air, would I might triumph so !  
But, alack, my hand is sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn ; —  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,  
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet !  
Do not call it sin in me,  
That I am forsworn for thee ;  
Thou for whom great Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiop were ;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.*

<sup>11</sup> *Misprision* is *mistake*, *misconception*, or *misunderstanding* ; *prising* *amiss*.

This will I send, and something else more plain,  
 That shall express my true love's lasting pain.  
 O, would the King, Birón, and Longaville,  
 Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,  
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note ;  
 For none offend where all alike do dote.

*Long.* [Advancing.] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,  
 That in love's grief desirest society :  
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,  
 To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

*King.* [Advancing.] Come, sir, your blush : as his your  
 case is such ;  
 You chide at him, offending twice as much :  
 You do not love Maria ; Longaville  
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile,  
 Nor never lay his wreathèd arms athwart  
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart !  
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush,  
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush :  
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,  
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :  
 Ah me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ;  
 One's hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :—  
 [To LONG.] You would for paradise break faith and  
 troth ;—  
 [To DUM.] And Jove, for your love, would infringe an  
 oath.  
 What will Birón say when that <sup>12</sup> he shall hear  
 Of faith infringèd, which such zeal did swear ?  
 How will he scorn ! how will he spend his wit !  
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it !

<sup>12</sup> According to present usage, *that* is here redundant. Old English has many like combinations, such as *if that*, *for that*, *since that*, *though that*, *lest that*, &c.

For all the wealth that ever I did see,  
I would not have him know so much by me.<sup>13</sup>

*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—

[*Descends from the tree.*]

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me !  
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove  
These worms for loving, that art most in love ?  
Your eyes do make no coaches ;<sup>14</sup> in your tears  
There is no certain Princess that appears ;  
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing ;  
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting !  
But are you not ashamed ? nay, are you not,  
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershoot ?  
You found his mote ; the King your mote did see ;  
But I a beam do find in each of three.  
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,  
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen !<sup>15</sup>  
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
To see a king transformèd to a gnat !  
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,<sup>16</sup>  
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,<sup>17</sup>  
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,

<sup>13</sup> "By me" for *of* me; a frequent usage in old writers. So in *The Merchant*, i. 2: "How say you *by* the French lord ?"

<sup>14</sup> Referring to the line in the King's sonnet: "No drop but as a *coach* doth carry thee."

<sup>15</sup> *Teen* is an old word for *grief, pain, or suffering*. Used repeatedly by Shakespeare; as in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 3: "I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,— and yet, to my *teen* be't spoken, I have but four," &c.

<sup>16</sup> A *gig* was a kind of *top*. So in Florio's *Dictionary*: "A *top*, a *gigge*, or *twirle*, that children play with."—I do not well see why or in what sense the King is compared to a *gnat*; unless it be to note him as an insignificant insect, as the others are called *worms* a little before; which is Singer's explanation. Some take it as meaning to compare the King's poetry to the singing of a gnat: but do gnats sing ? I never heard one *hum*.

<sup>17</sup> *Jig* is also explained by Florio: "Frattola, a countrie *jigg*, or round, or countrie song, or wanton verses."

And critic<sup>18</sup> Timon laugh at idle toys !—  
 Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain ?—  
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain ?—  
 And where my liege's? all about the breast :—  
 A caudle, ho !<sup>19</sup>

*King.*      Too bitter is thy jest.  
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*Biron.* Not you to me, but I betray'd by you :  
 I, that am honest ; I, that hold it sin  
 To break the vow I am engagèd in ;  
 I am betray'd, by keeping company  
 With men like you, men of inconstancy.  
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ?  
 Or groan for love ? or spend a minute's time  
 In pruning me ?<sup>20</sup> When shall you hear that I  
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,  
 A leg, a limb ?—

*King.*      Soft !<sup>21</sup> whither away so fast ?  
 A true man or a thief that gallops so ?

*Biron.* I post from love : good lover, let me go.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God bless the King !

*King.*      What present hast thou there ?

*Cost.* Some certain treason.

*King.*      What makes treason here ?<sup>22</sup>

<sup>18</sup> *Critic* and *cynic* were sometimes used synonymously.

<sup>19</sup> A *caudle* is a kind of warm drink for sick persons. Biron calls for one, in mockery of his *love-sick* companions.

<sup>20</sup> A bird is said to *prune* himself when he picks and sleeks his feathers ; which is much the same as brushing one's clothes.

<sup>21</sup> *Soft!* is an old exclamative for *stay!* *hold!* or *not too fast!*

<sup>22</sup> "What is treason *doing* here?" Such was the common language of the time. Shakespeare has it repeatedly.

*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

*King.* If it mar nothing neither,  
The treason and you go in peace away together.

*Jaq.* I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read :  
Our person misdoubts it ; it was treason, he said.

*King.* Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*] —  
Where hadst thou it ?

*Jaq.* Of Costard.

*King.* Where hadst thou it ?

*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

[*BIRON tears the letter.*

*King.* How now ! what is in you ? why dost thou tear it ?

*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy : your Grace needs not  
fear it.

*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore let's  
hear it.

*Dum.* It is Birón's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picking up the pieces.*

*Biron.* [*To COSTARD.*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead !  
you were born to do me shame. —

Guilty, my lord, guilty ! I confess, I confess.

*King.* What ?

*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up  
the mess :

He, he, and you, — even you, my liege, — and I,

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

*Dum.* Now the number is even.

*Biron.* True, true ; we are four. —  
Will these turtles be gone ?

*King.* Hence, sirs ; away !

*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.*

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace !

As true we are as flesh and blood can be :  
 The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;  
 Young blood doth but obey an old decree :  
 We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;<sup>23</sup>  
 Therefore of<sup>24</sup> all hands must we be forsborn.

*King.* What, did these rent lines show some love of thine ?

*Biron.* Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the heavenly  
 Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
 At the first opening of the gorgeous East,  
 Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,  
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?  
 What peremptory eagle-sighted eye  
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
 That is not blinded by her majesty ?

*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now ?  
 My love, her mistress, is a gracious Moon ;  
 She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

*Biron.* My eyes are, then, no eyes, nor I Birón :  
 O, but for my love, day would turn to night !  
 Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty  
 Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek ;  
 Where several worthies make one dignity,  
 Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.  
 Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues, —  
 Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not :  
 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs, —  
 She passes praise ; then praise too short doth blot.  
 A wither'd hermit, five-score Winters worn,

<sup>23</sup> "We cannot defeat or thwart the purpose or destiny to which we were born." Or the meaning may be, "We cannot prevent or repress in ourselves the passion from which our birth originated."

<sup>24</sup> *Of* and *on* were used indifferently in such cases. The phrase "on all hands" was often used for *at all events*.

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :  
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy :  
 O, 'tis the Sun that maketh all things shine.

*King.* By Heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

*Biron.* Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?  
 That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,  
 If that she learn not of her eye to look :  
 No face is fair that is not full so black.

*King.* O paradox! Black is the badge of Hell,  
 The hue of dungeons, and the shade of night ;  
 And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.<sup>25</sup>

*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.  
 O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,  
 It mourns that painting and usurping hair<sup>26</sup>  
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;  
 And therefore is she born to make black fair.  
 Her favour turns the fashion of the days,  
 For native blood is counted painting now ;  
 And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,  
 Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

*Dum.* To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

*Long.* And since her time are colliers counted bright.

*King.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.<sup>27</sup>

<sup>25</sup> *Crest* is here properly opposed to *badge*. "Black is the badge of Hell; but that which graces heaven is the crest of beauty." *Crest* is the top, height, or utmost degree, of beauty. So in *King John*, iv. 3: "This is the very top, the height, the crest, or crest unto the crest, of murder's arms."

<sup>26</sup> Shakespeare has many allusions to the custom, then prevalent among the ladies, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs* as they were called.

<sup>27</sup> To *crack* of a thing is the same as our phrase, to *crack it up*, that is, boast of it. So in *Cymbeline*, v. 5: "Our brags were crack'd of kitchen trulls."

*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,  
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

*King.* 'Twere good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell you plain,  
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

*Long.* Look, here's thy love : my foot and her face see.

[*Showing his shoe.*

*Biron.* O, if the streets were pavèd with thine eyes,  
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread !

*Dum.* O vile ! then, as she goes, what upward lies  
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.

*King.* But what of this ? are we not all in love ?

*Biron.* Nothing so sure ; and thereby all forsworn.

*King.* Then leave this chat ; and, good Birón, now prove  
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

*Dum.* Ay, marry, there ; some flattery for this evil.

*Long.* O, some authority how to proceed ;  
Some tricks, some quilletts,<sup>28</sup> how to cheat the Devil.

*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.

*Biron.* 'Tis more than need. —

Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms.

Consider what you first did swear unto, —

To fast, to study, and to see no woman ;

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that <sup>29</sup> you have vow'd to study, lords,

<sup>28</sup> *Quilletts* are sly turns in argument, nice and frivolous distinctions, the staple of casuistry and chicanery.

<sup>29</sup> *Where that* is here exactly equivalent to *whereas*. The Poet has it elsewhere just so.

In that each of you have forsworn his book :<sup>30</sup>  
 Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?  
 Why, universal plodding prisons up  
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,  
 As motion and long-during action tire  
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,  
 And study too, the causer of your vow ;  
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
 In leaden contemplation, have found out  
 Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes  
 Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with ?  
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;  
 And therefore, finding barren practisers,  
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :  
 But love, first learnèd in a lady's eyes,  
 Lives not alone immurèd in the brain ;  
 But, with the motion of all elements,  
 Courses as swift as thought in every power,  
 And gives to every power a double power,  
 Above their functions and their offices.  
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye,—  
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;  
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :<sup>31</sup>  
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails :  
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :  
 For valour, is not Love a Hercules,

<sup>30</sup> Meaning his *true* book ; that from which most is to be learned.

<sup>31</sup> When the *jealous* and *inquisitive hearing* of a *thief* is *dull*. Of course a thief's ear is made sharp by apprehension of being caught.

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?<sup>32</sup>  
 Subtile as sphinx; as sweet and musical  
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;  
 And when Love speaks, the voice<sup>33</sup> of all the gods  
 Make Heaven drowsy with the harmony.<sup>34</sup>  
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write  
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs:  
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
 And plant in tyrants mild humanity.  
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world;  
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.  
 Then fools you were these women to forswear;  
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.  
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;  
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;<sup>35</sup>  
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;  
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;

<sup>32</sup> The *Hesperides* put for the garden of the Hesperides; the *keepers* for the *thing kept*; a not uncommon figure of speech. Gabriel Harvey uses *Hesperides* in the same manner. Greene, also, in his *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*:

Shew the tree, leav'd with refined gold,  
 Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,  
 That watch'd the garden call'd *Hesperides*.

<sup>33</sup> Here *voice* is put for *voices*. The Poet has many plurals formed in the same way; as *corpse* for *corpses*, *house* for *houses*, *horse* for *horses*, &c.

<sup>34</sup> The meaning probably is, that when Love speaks all the gods are moved to such harmonious utterance, that Heaven grows drowsy with the music. The sleep-persuading powers of music have been celebrated by the poets of every age, and are probably well known to all who have been children.

<sup>35</sup> An old form of speech, the same in sense as "that all men *love*," or "that *pleases* all men." A similar phrase, "it *likes* me" for "it *pleases* me," was very common.

Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,  
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.  
 It is religion to be thus forsworn ;  
 For charity itself fulfils the law,—  
 And who can sever love from charity ?

*King.* Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

*Biron.* Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;  
 Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advised,  
 In conflict that you get the Sun of them.<sup>36</sup>

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing ; lay these *glozes*<sup>37</sup> by :  
 Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

*King.* And win them too : therefore let us devise  
 Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*Biron.* First, from the park let us conduct them thither ;  
 Then homeward every man attach the hand  
 Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon  
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
 Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;  
 For revels, dances, masques, and merry hours,  
 Forerun fair Love,<sup>38</sup> strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,  
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

*Biron.* *Allons ! allons !*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn ;<sup>39</sup>  
 And justice always whirls in equal measure :  
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;  
 If so, our copper buys no better treasure.      [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>36</sup> In the days of archery it was a great point to have the Sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the enemy's face. The arrangement was of great advantage to Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt.—“Be *advised*” is *be careful or cautious*; a frequent usage.

<sup>37</sup> *Glozes* are artful *explanations*, or *subterfuges*. To *gloss* is to *explain*, hence *explain away*.

<sup>38</sup> “Fair Love” is Venus. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 1 : “Now, for the love of *Love* and *her soft hours*.”

<sup>39</sup> Apparently a proverb, and meaning, Where cockle is sowed, no corn is reaped.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Part of the Park.*

*Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,<sup>1</sup> audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the King's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,<sup>2</sup> his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Takes out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise<sup>3</sup> companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak *dout*, fine, when he should say *doubt*; *det*, when he should pronounce *debt*, — d, e, b, t, not

<sup>1</sup> *Affection for affectation;* a frequent usage. So in the quarto text of *Hamlet*, ii. 2: "Nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of *affection*." — *Opinion* is used here with the sense of *opinionatedness*. — *Reasons* probably means *arguments*, or *points of discourse*. — Johnson sets down the Curate's speech as "a finished representation of colloquial excellence."

<sup>2</sup> His speech is *polished*, or *over-refined*. — *Thrasonical* is *vainglorious*, *boastful*. — *Picked* is *nice* or *fastidious* in his dress.

<sup>3</sup> *Point-devise* was a common expression for *exact*, *precise*, or *finical*.

d, e, t : he clepeth a *calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebours; neigh* abbreviated *ne*. This is abominable,— which he would call abominable : it insinuateth one of *insanire; ne intelligis, domine?* to wax frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bene intelligo.*

Hol. *Bon,—bon, fort bon,* Priscian ! a little scratch'd, 'twill serve.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gadeo.*

*Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.*

Arm. [To MOTH.] Chirrah !

Hol. Quare chirrah, not sirrah ?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [To COSTARD, aside.] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket<sup>4</sup> of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word ; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus* : thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.<sup>5</sup>

Moth. Peace ! the peal begins.

Arm. [To HOL.] Monsieur, are you not letter'd ?

Moth. Yes, yes ; he teaches boys the horn-book.— What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head ?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn.— You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant ?

<sup>4</sup> The refuse meat of families was put into a *basket*, and distributed to the poor, in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>5</sup> A *flap-dragon* was a small combustible matter set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor ; the toper to use his dexterity in swallowing it without burning his mouth.

*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them ; or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them, — a, e, i, —

*Moth.* The sheep : the other two concludes it, — o, u.

*Arm.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue<sup>6</sup> of wit, — snip, snap, quick and home ! it rejoiceth my intellect : true wit !

*Moth.* Offer'd by a child to an old man ; which is wit-old.<sup>7</sup>

*Hol.* What is the figure ? what is the figure ?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy gig.

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*, — a gig of a cuckold's horn.

*Cost.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread : hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the Heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me ! Go to ; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

*Hol.* O, I smell false Latin ; *dunghill* for *unguem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, *perambulate* ; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Chartreuse on the top of the mountain ?

*Hol.* Or *mons*, the hill.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

*Hol.* I do, sans question.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion in the pos-

<sup>6</sup> A *venue* is a *hit, thrust, or come-on*.

<sup>7</sup> A quibble between *wit-old* and *wittol* ; which latter suggests the subject of *horns* ; a *wittol* being a husband whose wife has played him false, who knows that she has done so, and who tamely puts up with it. So the word is used in *The Merry Wives*, ii. a. See page 47, note xi.

terioris of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

*Hol.* The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon : the word is well cull'd, choice ; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

*Arm.* Sir, the King is a noble gentleman ; and my familiar, I do assure ye, my very good friend : for what is inward<sup>8</sup> between us, let it pass : — I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy, — I beseech thee, apparel thy head :<sup>9</sup> — and among other importunate and most serious designs, — and of great import indeed, too, — but let that pass : — for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio, — but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable : some certain special honours it pleaseth his Greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world, — but let that pass. — The very all of all is, — but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, — that the King would have me present the Princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breakings-out of

<sup>8</sup> Inward is confidential or intimate. The Poet has it as a substantive in the same sense in *Measure for Measure*, iii. 2.

<sup>9</sup> This obscure passage is, I think, rightly explained by Dr. Ingleby in his *Shakespeare Hermeneutics* : "If any one, from ill-breeding or over-politeness, stood uncovered a longer time than was necessary to perform the simple act of courtesy, the person so saluted reminded him of the fact, that the removal of the hat was a courtesy ; and this was expressed by the euphemism, 'Remember thy courtesy,' which thus implied, 'Complete your courtesy, and replace your hat.' " The passage is well illustrated by the following in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, i. 1 : "To me, sir ! What do you mean ? pray you, remember your courtesy.— [Reads.] To his most selected friend, Master Edward Knowell.— What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it ? Nay, pray you, be cover'd."

mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance, at the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the Princess,—I say none so fit to present as the Nine Worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*Hol.* Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass for Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

*Arm.* Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, *Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious,<sup>10</sup> though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the Worthies?—

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge<sup>11</sup> not, an antic.—  
[To DULL.] I beseech you, fellow.

<sup>10</sup> To convert what offends you into a source of dramatic effect, or into an opportunity for winning applause.

<sup>11</sup> *Fadge* is *fitt* or *suit*; formerly a word polite enough.

*Hol.* *Via,*<sup>12</sup> goodman Dull ! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir.

*Hol.* *Allons !* we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so ; or I will play On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.<sup>13</sup>

*Hol.* Most dull, honest Dull ! — to our sport, away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Park. Before the PRINCESS's Pavilion.*

*Enter the PRINCESS, CATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.*

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,  
If fairings come thus plentifully in :  
Look you what I have from the loving King,—  
A lady wall'd about with diamonds !

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing else along with that ?

*Prin.* Nothing but this ! yes, as much love in rhyme  
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,  
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,  
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

*Ros.* That was the way to make his godhead wax,<sup>1</sup>  
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*Cath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows<sup>2</sup> too.

*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him ; he kill'd your sister.

<sup>12</sup> *Via!* was a common exclamation of encouragement ; *come on ! away !*

<sup>13</sup> The *hay* was an old country dance ; thus spoken of in Davies' *Orchestra*, 1622 : " Their violent turning and wild whirling *hayes*." Which infers the dance to have been something lively.

<sup>1</sup> An equivoque on *wax*, as meaning the stuff with which letters were sealed, and in the sense of to *grow* ; as in the familiar verse, " Till moons shall *wax* and *wane* no more."

<sup>2</sup> A *gallows* is a rogue, — one that deserves to be hanged. — *Unhappy* is *mischievous*. Often so used. See vol. i, page 132, note 9.

*Cath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;  
 And so she died : had she been light, like you,  
 Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
 She might ha' been a grandam ere she died :  
 And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouse,<sup>3</sup> of this light word ?

*Cath.* A light condition <sup>4</sup> in a beauty dark.

*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out.

*Cath.* You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

*Ros.* Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

*Cath.* So do not you, for you are a light wench.

*Ros.* Indeed I weigh not you,<sup>6</sup> and therefore light.

*Cath.* You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

*Ros.* Great reason ; for, *Past cure is still past care.*

*Prin.* Well bandied both ; a set<sup>7</sup> of wit well play'd.—  
 But, Rosaline, you have a favour too :  
 Who sent it ? and what is't ?

*Ros.* I would you knew :  
 An if my face were but as fair as yours,  
 My favour<sup>8</sup> were as great ; be witness this.  
 Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón :  
 The numbers true ; and, were the numbering too,  
 I were the fairest goddess on the ground :

<sup>3</sup> *Mouse* was a common term of familiar endearment ; as *puss* is now.

<sup>4</sup> *A light condition* is a *cheerful*, or, perhaps, a *frivolous*, *temper*, or *disposition*. The use of *condition* in that sense is very frequent. A pun is also implied on *light*.

<sup>5</sup> An equivoque on the different senses of *snuff*,—*anger* and the *snuff of a candle*.

<sup>6</sup> Still another equivoque in *weigh* ; one of the *senses* being, “I do not weigh *as much as you*,” the other, “I do not regard or consider you.”

<sup>7</sup> A *set* was a term at tennis for a *game*.

<sup>8</sup> *Favour* in the double sense of *features* and as when we speak of *conferring a favour*. This scene fairly rains quibbles.

I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

*Prin.* Any thing like ?

*Ros.* Much in the letters ; nothing in the praise.

*Prin.* Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

*Cath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

*Ros.* 'Ware pencils,<sup>9</sup> ho ! let me not die your debtor,  
My red dominical, my golden letter :

O, that your face were not so full of O's !

*Cath.* A pox of that jest ! and beshrew all shrows !

*Prin.* But what was sent to you from fair Dumain ?

*Cath.* Madam, this glove.

*Prin.* Did he not send you twain ?

*Cath.* Yes, madam ; and, moreover,  
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,—

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

*Mar.* This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville :  
The letter is too long by half a mile.

*Prin.* I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart  
The chain were longer, and the letter short ?

*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

*Prin.* We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.  
That same Birón I'll torture ere I go :

O, that I knew he were but in by th' week ! <sup>10</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Rosaline cautions Catharine against using pencils, that is, drawing likenesses, lest she (Rosaline) should retaliate; and then, to pay her on the spot, compares her to a red dominical letter, and calls her marks of the small pox O's. It is to be remembered that Rosaline is a brunette beauty, Catharine a fair one. Shakespeare was not alone in using the Dominical Letter for comparisons. So in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1611: "She sweares 'a lookes, for all the world, like the Dominical Letter, in his red coate."

<sup>10</sup> Meaning, apparently, "I wish I were as sure of his service for any set time as if I had hired him." The expression seems to be taken from the hiring of servants or labourers for a fixed term.

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,  
 And wait the season, and observe the times,  
 And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,  
 And shape his service wholly to my hests,  
 And make him proud to make me proud that jests !<sup>11</sup>  
 So portent-like<sup>12</sup> would I o'ersway his state,  
 That he should be my Fool, and I his fate.

*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,  
 As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,  
 Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,  
 And wit's own grace to grace a learnèd fool.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excess  
 As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note  
 As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;  
 Since all the power thereof it doth apply  
 To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Enter BOYET.*

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter !<sup>13</sup> Where's her Grace ?

*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet ?

*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare !—  
 Arm, wenches, arm ! encounters<sup>14</sup> mounted are  
 Against your peace : Love doth approach disguised,  
 Arm'd in arguments ; you'll be surprised :  
 Muster your wits ; stand in your own defence ;

<sup>11</sup> That is, "make him proud of the pride that I take in jesting at him."

<sup>12</sup> Portents, or portentous events, were thought to prognosticate, and so determine, the fortunes of men.

<sup>13</sup> Referring, probably, to the stitch in the side often caused by violent laughter.

<sup>14</sup> Encounters for encounterers. The Poet has many like expressions, such as *ffe* for *fffer*, *reports* for *reporters*, *wrongs* for *wrongers*, &c.

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

*Prin.* Saint Denis to Saint Cupid !<sup>15</sup> What are they  
That charge<sup>16</sup> their breath against us? say, scout, say.

*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore  
I thought to close mine eyes some half-an-hour;  
When, lo, to interrupt my purposed rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold addrest<sup>17</sup>  
The King and his companions! warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
And overhead what you shall overhear,—  
That, by-and-by, disguised they will be here.  
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:  
Action and accent did they teach him there;  
*Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:*  
And ever and anon they made a doubt<sup>18</sup>  
Presence majestical would put him out;  
*For, quoth the King, an angel shalt thou see;*  
*Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.*  
The boy replied, *An angel is not evil;*  
*I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.*  
With that, all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,  
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:  
One rubb'd his elbow, thus, and fleer'd, and swore  
A better speech was never spoke before;

<sup>15</sup> Cupid is regarded as the patron of the King's party; humorously called Saint, probably on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. Saint Denis is the patron saint of France; and the Princess means that she and her companions will stand under his patronage against the suits of Cupid's votaries.

<sup>16</sup> Charge, here, is *aim* or *direct*. So in *Much Ado*, v. i: "Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me."

<sup>17</sup> Addrest is made ready or prepared. So the word was very often used. See page 26, note 12.

<sup>18</sup> Doubt, both noun and verb, was often used with the sense of *fear*, or *suspect*. Such is evidently the force of it here.

Another, with his finger and his thumb,  
Cried, *Via! we will do't, come what will come;*  
The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well;*  
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,  
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.<sup>19</sup>

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit us?

*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,—  
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.  
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;  
And every one his love-suit will advance  
Unto his several mistress, — which they'll know  
By favours several which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—  
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;  
And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—  
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,  
And then the King will court thee for his dear;  
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,  
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—  
And change you favours too; so shall your loves  
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

*Ros.* Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

*Cath.* But in this changing what is your intent?

*Prin.* Th' effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:  
They do it but in mocking merriment;

<sup>19</sup> The *spleen* was thought to be the special seat of all sudden and explosive passions and emotions, whether of anger, grief, or laughter. *Ridiculous* is here used in an active sense, that of *laugh-producing*. And the tears are called *solemn*, because tears are the natural expression of *sorrow* or *suffering*, which latter word is here the meaning of *passion*.

And mock for mock is only my intent.  
 Their several counsels they unbosom shall  
 To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal  
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
 With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

*Prin.* No, to the death, we will not move a foot :  
 Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;  
 But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,  
 And quite divorce his memory from his part.

*Prin.* Therefore I do it ; and I make no doubt  
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.  
 There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown ;  
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own :  
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game,  
 And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds : be mask'd ; the masquers  
 come. [*The Ladies mask.*

*Enter Blackamoors with music ; MOTH ; the KING, BIRON,  
 LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in Russian habits, and masked.*

*Moth.* All hail, the richest beauties on the Earth ! —

*Boyet.* Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.<sup>20</sup>

*Moth.* A holy parcel of the fairest dames

[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*

*That ever turn'd their — backs — to mortal views ! —*

*Biron.* Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

*Moth.* That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views !

*Out —*

*Boyet.* True ; out indeed.

<sup>20</sup> "No richer than rich taffeta," because the ladies are wearing masks made of that material.

Moth. *Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe  
Not to behold—*

Biron. *Once to behold, rogue.*

Moth. *Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,  
— with your sun-beamed—*

*Boyet.* They will not answer to that epithet ;  
You were best call it *daughter-beamed eyes*.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness ? be gone, you rogue !

[Exit Moth.]

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds,  
Boyet :

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will  
That some plain man recount their purposes :  
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princess ?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they ?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have ; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles  
To tread a measure<sup>21</sup> with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measured many a mile  
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches  
Is in one mile : if they have measured many,  
The measure, then, of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measured miles,  
And many miles, the Princess bids you tell  
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

<sup>21</sup> *Measure* was the name of a slow, grave, and stately dance ; described in *Much Ado*, ii. 1, as "full of state and antiquity."

*Boyet.* She hears, herself.

*Ros.* How many weary steps,  
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you :  
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a Moon, and clouded too.

*King.* Blessèd are clouds, to do as such clouds do !  
Vouchsafe, bright Moon, and these thy stars, to shine —  
Those clouds removed — upon our watery eyne.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;  
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

*King.* Then, in our measure vouchsafe but one change.  
Thou bidd'st me beg : this begging is not strange.

*Ros.* Play, music, then ! — Nay, you must do it soon.

[*Music plays.*

Not yet ; — no dance : — thus change I like the Moon.

*King.* Will you not dance ? How come you thus estranged ?

*Ros.* You took the Moon at full, but now she's changed.

*King.* Yet still she is the Moon, and I the man.<sup>22</sup>  
The music plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it.

*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.

*King.* But your legs should do it.

*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,  
We'll not be nice : take hands ; — we will not dance.

*King.* Why take we hands, then ?

*Ros.* Only to part friends : —  
Curtsy, sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends.

<sup>22</sup> A playful allusion to a well-known stage character of the time, *The Man-in-the-Moon*. Mentioned in *The Tempest*, ii. 2.

*King.* More measure of this measure ; be not nice.

*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*King.* Prize you yourselves : what buys your company ?

*Ros.* Your absence only.

*King.* That can never be.

*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought : and so, adieu ;  
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

*Ros.* In private, then.

*King.* I am best pleased with that.

[*They converse apart.*

*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar,—there is three.

*Biron.* Nay, then, two treys,<sup>23</sup>—an if you grow so nice,—  
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey,—well run, dice !—  
There's half-a-dozen sweets.

*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu :  
Since you can cog,<sup>24</sup> I'll play no more with you.

*Biron.* One word in secret.

*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.

*Biron.* Thou grievest my gall.

*Prin.* Gall ! bitter.

*Biron.* Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*

*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word ?

*Mar.* Name it.

*Dum.* Fair lady,—

*Mar.* Say you so ? Fair lord,—  
Take that for your *fair lady*.

*Dum.* Please it you,  
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [*They converse apart.*

<sup>23</sup> *Treys* is *threes*, or *triplets*, referring to the three articles named.

<sup>24</sup> To *cog* dice was to *load* them, so as to *cheat* in the game; hence *cog* came to signify *deceive*, as here.

*Cath.* What, was your visard made without a tongue?

*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

*Cath.* O, for your reason ! quickly, sir ; I long.

*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,  
And would afford my speechless visard half.

*Cath.* Veal,<sup>25</sup> quoth the Dutchman : is not veal a calf ?

*Long.* A calf, fair lady !

*Cath.* No, a fair lord calf.

*Long.* Let's part the word.

*Cath.* No, I'll not be your half :  
Take all, and wean it ; it may prove an ox.

*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks !  
Will you give horns, chaste lady ? do not so.

*Cath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.

*Cath.* Bleat softly, then ; the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*

*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen  
As is the razor's edge invisible,  
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen, —  
Above the sense of sense : so sensible  
Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have wings,  
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids ; break off, break off.

*Biron.* By Heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff !

*King.* Farewell, mad wenches ; you have simple wits.

*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits. —

[*Exeunt KING, Lords, and Blackamoors.*

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at ?

*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

<sup>25</sup> *Veal* is probably meant in ridicule of the way foreigners pronounce *veal*. — The same joke occurs in *The Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll*, 1600 : "Doctor. Hans, my very speciall friend ; fait and trot, me be right glad for see you *veale*. — *Hans.* What, do you make a *calf* of me, M. Doctor ? "

*Ros.* Well-liking<sup>26</sup> wits they have ; gross, gross ; fat, fat.

*Prin.* O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout !<sup>27</sup>

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night ?

Or ever, but in visards, show their faces ?

This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.

*Ros.* O, they were all in lamentable cases !

The King was weeping-ripe<sup>28</sup> for a good word.

*Prin.* Birón did swear himself out of all suit.

*Mar.* Dumain was at my service, and his sword :

*No point,*<sup>29</sup> quoth I ; my servant straight was mute.

*Cath.* Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart ;  
And trow you what he call'd me ?

*Prin.* Qualm,<sup>30</sup> perhaps.

*Cath.* Yes, in good faith.

*Prin.* Go, sickness as thou art !

*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.<sup>31</sup>  
But will you hear ? the King is my love sworn.

*Prin.* And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

*Cath.* And Longaville was for my service born.

<sup>26</sup> *Well-liking* is in good condition or good keeping. So in Job, xxxix. 4 : " Their young ones are in good liking."

<sup>27</sup> A passage hard to explain, and perhaps corrupt. If the text be right, the meaning probably is, a poor flout to be uttered by a king ; referring to the King's lame retort at parting.

<sup>28</sup> *Weeping-ripe* is ripe for weeping, or ready to weep.

<sup>29</sup> Another pun on the French adverb of negation. See page 30, note 20.

<sup>30</sup> A quibble was probably intended between *qualm* and *calm*, which appear to have been sounded alike. Catharine was no doubt unmoved, or *calm*, at his lordship's love-making, and he called her so. We have a similar pun in *a Henry IV*, ii. 4, where Hostess Quickly says of Doll Tearsheet, " Sick of a *calm* ; yea, good faith ;" and Falstaff replies, " So is all her sect ; an they be once in a *calm*, they are sick."

<sup>31</sup> Meaning, probably, that better wits may be found among plain citizens. In 1571, a *statute* was passed, for the benefit of cap-makers, that all persons above the age of six years (except the nobility and some others) should wear woollen caps on Sundays and holidays, upon penalty of ten groats. Hence the phrase *statute-caps* ; called *flat caps* in *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

*Mar.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :  
Immediately they will again be here  
In their own shapes ; for it can never be  
They will digest this harsh indignity.

*Prin.* Will they return ?

*Boyet.* They will, they will, God knows,  
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :  
Therefore change favours ;<sup>32</sup> and, when they repair,  
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

*Prin.* How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

*Boyet.* Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud ;  
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
Are angels vailing clouds,<sup>33</sup> or roses blown.

*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,  
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised :  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear ;  
And wonder what they were, and to what end  
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our tent to us.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw : the gallants are at hand.

*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt PRINCESS, ROSALINE, CATHARINE, and MARIA.*

*Re-enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.*

*King.* Fair sir, God save you ! Where is the Princess ?

<sup>32</sup> That is, change *looks* or *features* ; which would be done either by unmasking or by exchanging the masks.

<sup>33</sup> To *vail* is to *lower*, to *throw down*, or to *let fall*.

*Boyet.* Gone to her tent. Please it your Majesty  
Command me any service to her thither?

*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*Boyet.* I will ; and so will she, I know, my lord. [Exit.]

*Biron.* This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas,  
And utters it again when God doth please :

He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares  
At wakes and wassails,<sup>34</sup> meetings, markets, fairs ;  
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.  
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve,—  
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve :  
He can carve too,<sup>35</sup> and lisp : why, this is he  
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy :  
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,  
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice  
In honourable terms : nay, he can sing  
A mean<sup>36</sup> most meanly ; and, in ushering,  
Mend him who can : the ladies call him sweet ;  
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet :  
This is the flower that smiles on every one,

<sup>34</sup> *Wassails* is *festive meetings or drinking bouts*; from the Saxon *was hæl, be in health*, which was the form of drinking a health.

<sup>35</sup> *Carve*, as Mr. Joseph Hunter has pointed out, does not here mean any thing like what we understand by that term; but "some form of action which indicated the desire that the person to whom it was addressed should be attentive and propitious." And Mr. Grant White sustains this by an apt quotation from Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*: "Her lightnesse gets her to swim at the top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *carving*; her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpose she quencheth her thirst." Here the "form of action," as Hunter terms it, was no doubt a sign of recognition made with the little finger, probably when the glass was raised to her mouth. See also *The Merry Wives*, i. 3.

<sup>36</sup> *Mean* was the name of one of the parts in music; a part something like our tenor. See vol. i., page 171, note 10.

To show his teeth as white as whalēs-bone :<sup>37</sup>  
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
 Pay him the due of *honey-tongued Boyet*.

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,  
 That put Armado's page out of his part !

*Biron.* See where it comes ! — Behaviour, what wert thou  
 Till this man show'd thee ? and what art thou now ?

*Re-enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOVET ; ROSALINE, MARIA,  
 and CATHARINE.*

*King.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day !

*Prin.* Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Prin.* Then wish me better ; I will give you leave.

*King.* We came to visit you ; and purpose now  
 To lead you to our Court : vouchsafe it, then.

*Prin.* This field shall hold me ; and so hold your vow :  
 Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke :  
 The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

*Prin.* You nickname virtue : vice you should have spoke ;  
 For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.  
 Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure  
 As the unsullied lily, I protest,  
 A world of torments though I should endure,  
 I would not yield to be your house's guest ;  
 So much I hate a breaking cause to be  
 Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O, you have lived in desolation here,  
 Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord ; it is not so, I swear ;

<sup>37</sup> This was a standing comparison with the old poets, who seem to have thought that ivory, formerly made from the teeth of the walrus, was part of the bones of the whale.

We have had pastimes here and pleasant game :  
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

*King.* How, madam ! Russians !

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord ;  
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

*Ros.* Madam, speak true. — It is not so, my lord :  
My lady,— to the manner of the days,<sup>38</sup> —  
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.  
We four, indeed, confronted were with four  
In Russian habit : here they stay'd an hour,  
And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,  
They did not bless us with one happy word.  
I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,  
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me. — Fair gentle-sweet,  
Your wit makes wise things foolish : when we greet,  
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,<sup>39</sup>  
By light we lose light : your capacity  
Is of that nature, that to your huge store  
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich ; for in my eye,—  
*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,  
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Biron.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess !  
*Ros.* All the fool mine ?

*Biron.* I cannot give you less.  
*Ros.* Which of the visards was it that you wore ?

*Biron.* Where? when? what visard? why demand you this ?  
*Ros.* There, then, that visard ; that superfluous case

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

<sup>38</sup> "According to the fashion of the times," we should say.

<sup>39</sup> "When we greet heaven's fiery eye" is "when we salute the Sun, whose light then puts out the light in the eye."

*King.* We are descried ; they'll mock us now downright.

*Dum.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

*Prin.* Amazed, my lord ? why looks your Highness sad ?

*Ros.* Help, hold his brows ! he'll swoon !— Why look you pale ?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues <sup>40</sup> for perjury.  
Can any face of brass hold longer out ?—  
Here stand I, lady : dart thy skill at me ;  
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;  
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;  
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;  
And I will wish thee never more to dance,  
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.  
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,  
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue ;  
Nor never come in visard to my friend ;  
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song !  
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,  
Three-piled <sup>41</sup> hyperboles, spruce affectation,  
Figures pedantical ; — these summer-flies  
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation :  
I do forswear them ; and I here protest,  
By this white glove — how white the hand, God knows ! —

<sup>40</sup> In the days of astrology, all sorts of plagues were supposed to be shot down upon men from the stars and planets. So in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3 : "Be as a *planetary plague*, when Jove will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison in the sick air." And Wordsworth, in his *Ruth*, has a like expression, though in a far different sense : "The stars had feelings, which they sent into those favour'd bowers."

<sup>41</sup> A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet. *Three-piled* velvet was velvet of the finest and costliest quality.— In *maggot*, third line below, a pun is implied on the two senses of the word, one of which, now obsolete, is *whimsical, capricious, or full of odd quirks and fancies*. The other sense is that of flies tainting dead flesh by *blowing* it full of maggots, or making it *fly-blown*, as we say.

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd  
 In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes :<sup>42</sup>  
 And, to begin, wench, — so God help me, la ! —  
 My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

*Ros.* Sans *sans*,<sup>43</sup> I pray you.

*Biron.* Yet I have a trick  
 Of the old rage : bear with me, I am sick ;  
 I'll leave it by degrees. Soft ! let us see :  
 Write, *Lord have mercy on us*<sup>44</sup> on those three ;  
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;  
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :  
 These lords are visited ; you are not free,  
 For the Lord's tokens<sup>45</sup> on you do I see.

*Prin.* No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

*Biron.* Our states<sup>46</sup> are forfeit : seek not to undo us.

*Ros.* It is not so ; for how can this be true,  
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?<sup>47</sup>

*Biron.* Peace ! for I will not have to do with you.

*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

*Biron.* Speak for yourselves ; my wit is at an end.

*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude trans-  
 gression

Some fair excuse.

*Prin.* The fairest is confession.

Were you not here but even now, disguised ?

<sup>42</sup> *Russet* and *kersey* were epithets of certain homespun cloths, such as were worn by plain common people. There is both humour and manliness in Biron's proposing to dress his wooing in such an honest, homely fashion.

<sup>43</sup> "Speak without French words," is the meaning.

<sup>44</sup> This was the inscription put upon the doors of houses infected, or *visited*, with the plague, to warn people away.

<sup>45</sup> *The Lord's tokens* was the term for those spots on the skin which marked the infection of the plague. Here used as the turning-point of a quibble.

<sup>46</sup> *State* and *estate* were used interchangeably in the Poet's time.

<sup>47</sup> Punning on the two *senses* of to *sue*, — to *proceed by law*, and to *petition*.

*King.* Madam, I was.

*Prin.* And were you well advised?

*King.* I was, fair madam.

*Prin.* When you then were here,  
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

*King.* That more than all the world I did respect her.

*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

*King.* Upon mine honour, no.

*Prin.* Peace, peace ! forbear :  
Your oath once broke, you force not <sup>48</sup> to forswear.

*King.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

*Prin.* I will : and therefore keep it. — Rosaline,  
What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

*Ros.* Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear  
As precious eyesight, and did value me  
Above this world ; adding thereto, moreover,  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

*Prin.* God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord  
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

*King.* What mean you, madam ? by my life, my troth,  
I never swore this lady such an oath.

*Ros.* By Heaven, you did ; and to confirm it plain,  
You gave me this : but take it, sir, again.

*King.* My faith and this the Princess I did give :  
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

*Prin.* Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear ;  
And Lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear. —  
What, will you have me, or your pearl again ?

*Biron.* Neither of either ; I remit both twain. —  
I see the trick on't : here was a consent,  
Knowing beforehand of our merriment,  
To dash it like a Christmas comedy :

<sup>48</sup> You care not, stick not, scruple not. Force was often so used.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,<sup>49</sup>  
 Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—  
 That smiles his cheek in years,<sup>50</sup> and knows the trick  
 To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,—  
 Told our intents before ; which once disclosed,  
 The ladies did change favours ; and then we,  
 Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.  
 Now, to our perjury to add more terror,  
 We are again forsown,—in will and error.  
 Much upon this it is : — [To BOYET.] and might not you  
 Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?  
 Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squire,<sup>51</sup>  
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?  
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,  
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?  
 You put our page out : go, you are allow'd ;<sup>52</sup>  
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.  
 You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye  
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet.                                  Full merrily  
 Hath this brave manage, this career,<sup>53</sup> been run.  
 Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight ! Peace ! I have done. —

*Enter COSTARD.*

Welcome, pure wit ! thou partest a fair fray.

<sup>49</sup> A *zany* is a *mimic*, *buffoon*, or *merryandrew*. The word, however, seems to have carried the further sense of futile and abortive mimicry, and thence to have drawn a special tinge of contempt.

<sup>50</sup> Meaning, most likely, "one who, by continual grinning, smiles his face *into wrinkles*." *In* was often used for *into*. We have a similar thought in *The Merchant*, i. 1: "With mirth and *laughter* let *old wrinkles* come."

<sup>51</sup> That is, by the *square* or *rule*. Boyet is supposed to be well studied in the whims and fancies of his royal mistress, so that, in proverbial phrase, he may be said to "have got the length of her foot."

<sup>52</sup> A privileged character, like the *allowed Fool*.

<sup>53</sup> Both *manage* and *career* were technical terms of the tilt-yard, signifying a *course* or a *running* in the lists.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, they would know  
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

*Biron.* What, are there but three?

*Cost.* No, sir; but it is vara fine,  
For every one pursents three.

*Biron.* And three times thrice is nine.

*Cost.* Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is  
not so.

You cannot beg us,<sup>54</sup> sir, I can assure you, sir; we know  
what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

*Biron.* Is not nine.

*Cost.* Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth  
amount.

*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living  
by reckoning, sir.

*Biron.* How much is it?

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir,  
will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I  
am, as they say, but to pursent one man,—e'en one poor  
man,—Pompion the Great, sir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the Worthies?

*Cost.* It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompey the  
Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the  
Worthy; but I am to stand for him.

*Biron.* Go, bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some  
care. [Exit.]

<sup>54</sup> Costard's meaning is, "We are not fools." The old common law allowed a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, under which, if a man were legally proved an idiot, the profits of his lands and the custody of his person might be granted by the King to any subject. When this grant was asked for, such a person was said to be *begged for a fool*. The practice is often alluded to in old plays. See vol. i., page 91, note 6.

*King.* Birón, they will shame us : let them not approach.

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord : and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the King's and his company.

*King.* I say they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now :  
That sport best pleases that doth least know how ;  
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Lie in the fail of that which it presents :<sup>55</sup>  
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,  
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter ARMADO.*

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[Converses with the KING, and delivers him a paper.

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God ?

*Biron.* Why ask you ?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's making.

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch ; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical ; too-too vain, too-too vain : but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna de la guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement !

[Exit.

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy ; the swain, Pompey the Great ; the parish curate, Alexander ; Armado's page, Hercules ; the

<sup>55</sup> Meaning, apparently, "where zeal strives to content, and the contentment lies in, or springs from, the very *failure* of that zeal which strives to furnish it." The Princess then goes on to emphasize the thought by varying the language: "The very confusion of forms, when great things are hugely laboured for, and the labour results in an abortive birth, yields mirth in the highest form or degree." The Poet elsewhere has *fail* for *failure*; and the plural, *contents*, is used in order to make a rhyme with *presents*. See Critical Notes.

pedant, Judas Maccabæus :

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,  
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Biron.* There is five in the first show.

*King.* You are deceived ; 'tis not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy : —

Abate throw at Novem,<sup>56</sup> and the whole world again  
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

*Enter COSTARD, for Pompey.*

*Cost.* *I Pompey am,* —

*Boyet.* You lie, you are not he.

*Cost.* *I Pompey am,* —

*Boyet.* With libbard's head on knee.<sup>57</sup>

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker : I must needs be friends  
with thee.

*Cost.* *I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,* —

*Dum.* *The Great.*

*Cost.* It is *Great*, sir : — *Pompey surnamed the Great;*  
*That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to*  
*sweat:*

*And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,*  
*And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.* —  
If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Pompey*, I had done.

*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

<sup>56</sup> *Novem* was a game at dice, played by five or six persons. Its proper name was *Novem quinque*, from the two principal throws being *five* and *nine*. — *Abate* is *except*. *Bating* is still used in the same way. There is a quibble between *nine*, the English equivalent of *novem*, and the *Nine* Worthies: "Except, or leave out, the Nine Worthies, and the world cannot pick out five such," &c.

<sup>57</sup> The knee-caps of old dresses and in plate-armour were often wrought into the figure of a *leopard's* head.

*Cost.* 'Tis not so much worth ; but I hope I was perfect :  
I made a little fault in *Great*.

*Biron.* My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best  
Worthy.

*Enter Sir NATHANIEL, for Alexander.*

*Nath.* When in the world I lived, I was the world's com-  
mander ;  
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering  
might ;  
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not ; for it stands too  
right.<sup>58</sup>

*Biron.* Your nose smells no, in this, most tender-smelling  
knight.<sup>59</sup>

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd. — Proceed, good Alex-  
ander.

*Nath.* When in the world I lived, I was the world's com-  
mander, —

*Boyet.* Most true, 'tis right ; you were so, Alisander.

*Biron.* Pompey the Great, —

*Cost.* Your servant, and Costard.

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

*Cost.* [To Sir NATH.] O, sir, you have overthrown Ali-  
sander the conqueror ! You will be scraped out of the painted  
cloth<sup>60</sup> for this : your lion, that holds his pole-axe sitting on

<sup>58</sup> The joke here turns upon the point, that Alexander's head was set obliquely on his shoulders.

<sup>59</sup> Plutarch, North's translation, says of Alexander, " His body had so sweet a smell of it selfe, that all the apparell he wore next unto his body tooke thereof a passing delightful savour, as if it had been perfumed."

<sup>60</sup> Figures of the Nine Worthies and other famous persons, also representations of various Scripture themes, devices, mottoes, and proverbial sayings, used to be painted, or embroidered, upon the hangings of rooms. Shakespeare and other old writers have frequent allusions to these subjects of painted cloth.

a close-stool, will be given to Ajax :<sup>61</sup> he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak ! run away for shame, Alisander. [Sir NATH. retires.] — There, an't shall please you ; a foolish mild man ; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler : but, for Alisander,— alas, you see how 'tis,— a little o'erparted.<sup>62</sup> — But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*Prin.* Stand aside, good Pompey. [COSTARD retires.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, for Judas; and MOTH, for Hercules.*

Hol. *Great Hercules is presented by this imp,  
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus ;  
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,  
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.  
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,  
Ergo I come with this apology.—*

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.— [MOTH retires.

*Judas I am, —*

Dum. A Judas !

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

*Judas am I, ycliped Maccabæus.*

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor.— How art thou proved Judas ?

Hol. *Judas am I, —*

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir ?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir ; you are my elder.

<sup>61</sup> Alluding to the arms given, in the old history of the Nine Worthies, to Alexander, "the which did bear geules a lion or, seiante in a chayer, holding a battle-axe argent." The quibble between *Ajax* and *a jakes* was somewhat common.

<sup>62</sup> *O'erparted* is having too great a *part* or *character* assigned him in the performance they have undertaken.

*Biron.* Well follow'd : Judas was hang'd on an elder.

*Hol.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Biron.* Because thou hast no face.

*Hol.* What is this ?

*Boyet.* A cittern-head.<sup>63</sup>

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Biron.* A Death's face in a ring.

*Long.* The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

*Boyet.* The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

*Dum.* The carved-bone face on a flask.<sup>64</sup>

*Biron.* Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.<sup>65</sup>

*Dum.* Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

*Biron.* Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.—And now forward ; for we have put thee in countenance.

*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.

*Biron.* False : we have given thee faces.

*Hol.* But you have out-faced them all.

*Biron.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

*Boyet.* Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.—

And so adieu, sweet Jude ! nay, why dost thou stay ?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Biron.* For the ass to the Jude ; give it him :—Jud-as, away !

*Hol.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*Boyet.* A light for Monsieur Judas ! it grows dark, he may stumble.

*Prin.* Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited !<sup>66</sup>

<sup>63</sup> The *cittern*, a musical instrument like the guitar, usually had a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and finger-board. Hence these jests.

<sup>64</sup> *Flask* was the name of a soldier's powder-horn.

<sup>65</sup> A *brooch* was a *clasp* for fastening hat-bands, girdles, mantles, &c. Such clasps often had the faces of distinguished persons carved upon them.

<sup>66</sup> *Baited* is, in general, *worried*, or *barked at*, as in *baiting* a bear; here it has the further sense of *fooled* or *made sport of*.—Walker says, "Pronounce *Maccabæus* with the *a* broad, like the *ai* in *baited*; for no one who knows Shakespeare can doubt that a quibble is intended."

*Enter ARMADO, for Hector.*

*Biron.* Hide thy head, Achilles : here comes Hector in arms.

*Dum.* Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

*King.* Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.<sup>67</sup>

*Boyet.* But is this Hector?

*King.* I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

*Long.* His leg is too big for Hector's.

*Dum.* More calf, certain.

*Boyet.* No ; he is best indued in the small.<sup>68</sup>

*Biron.* This cannot be Hector.

*Dum.* He's a god or a painter ; for he makes faces.

*Arm.* *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*  
*Gave Hector a gift,—*

*Dum.* A gilt nutmeg.

*Biron.* A lemon.

*Long.* Stuck with cloves.

*Dum.* No, cloven.

*Arm.* Peace !—

*The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*  
*Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion ;*  
*A man so breathed,<sup>69</sup> that certain he would fight ye*  
*From morn till night, out of his pavilion.*

*I am that flower,—*

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

<sup>67</sup> *Trojan* was a cant term, used sometimes in reproach, sometimes in commendation.—*In respect of* is *in comparison with*. Repeatedly so.

<sup>68</sup> That is, the slender part of the leg, in distinction from the *calf*. We still say "the *small* of the back."—*Indued* is probably meant in the Latin sense of *put on* or *dressed*. Perhaps Armado has heavy boots on his ankles.

<sup>69</sup> *Breathed* is *exercised*. So the verb *to breathe* was often used.

*Arm.* Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

*Dum.* Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

*Arm.* The sweet war-man is dead and rotten ; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried : when he breathed, he was a man.— But I will forward with my device.— [To the PRINCESS.] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BIRON steps to COSTARD, *whispers him, and then returns to his place.*

*Prin.* Speak, brave Hector : we are much delighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

*Boyet.* Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Arm.* This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

*Cost.* [Suddenly coming from behind.] The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone ; she is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What meanest thou ?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away : she's quick ; the child brags in her belly already 'tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamonize me among potentates ? thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey !

*Boyet.* Renowned Pompey !

*Biron.* Greater than Great, great, great, great Pompey ! Pompey the Huge !

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

*Biron.* Pompey is moved.— More Atés, more Atés !<sup>70</sup> stir them on ! stir them on !

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

<sup>70</sup> More *instigation.* Até was the goddess of discord and mischief.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man : I'll slash ; I'll do it by the sword. — I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed Worthies !

*Cost.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey !

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat ? What mean you ? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me ; I will not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it : Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for't ?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt ; I go woolward for penance.<sup>71</sup>

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen : since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

#### *Enter MERCADER.*

*Mer.* God save you, madam !

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercader ;  
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*Mer.* I'm sorry, madam ; for the news I bring  
Is heavy in my tongue. The King your father —

*Prin.* Dead, for my life !

*Mer.* Even so ; my tale is told.

<sup>71</sup> Wearing woolen, instead of linen, next the skin was often imposed as a penance by father-confessors.

*Biron.* Worthies, away ! the scene begins to cloud.

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion,<sup>72</sup> and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

*King.* How fares your Majesty ?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare ; I will away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not so ; I do beseech you, stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords, For all your fair endeavours ; and entreat, Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide, The liberal<sup>73</sup> opposition of our spirits : If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath, your gentleness Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord ! A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue : Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme dart of time extremely forms All causes to the purpose of his speed ; And often, at his very loose,<sup>74</sup> decides That which long process could not arbitrate : And though the mourning brow of progeny Forbid the smiling courtesy of love The holy suit which fain it would convince ;<sup>75</sup> Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,

<sup>72</sup> "One may see day at a little hole" is an old proverb. Armado probably means it has at length "crept through his hair" that wrong has been done him.

<sup>73</sup> *Liberal* is well explained in the next line; *over-bold* or *too free*.

<sup>74</sup> *Loose* is used here as a term in archery, meaning the *discharge* of the *dart* or *arrow* from the bow. So the verb, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. 1 : "And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow."—*Extreme* is *last*, the Latin sense ; and *extremely* in a different sense, for the sake of a verbal jingle.

<sup>75</sup> *Convince* is *overcome* or *conquer*. Often used so.

Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it  
 From what it purposed ; since to wail friends lost  
 Is not by much so wholesome-profitable  
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I understand you not : my griefs are dull.

*Biron.* Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief ; —  
 And by these badges understand the King.  
 For your fair sakes have we neglected time,  
 Play'd foul play with our oaths : your beauty, ladies,  
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours  
 Even to th' opposèd end of our intents :<sup>76</sup>  
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous, —  
 As love is full of unbefitting strains ;  
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;  
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,  
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,  
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll  
 To every varied object in his glance :  
 Which parti-coated presence of loose love  
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,  
 Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,  
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,  
 Suggested<sup>77</sup> us to make them. Therefore, ladies,  
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
 Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,  
 By being once false for ever to be true  
 To those that make us both, — fair ladies, you :  
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,  
 Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have received your letters full of love ;

<sup>76</sup> "Th' opposèd end of our intents" means "the end just the opposite of that which we intended."

<sup>77</sup> To *tempt* is here, again, the meaning of to *suggest*. See page xi, note 17.

Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;  
 And, in our maiden council, rated them  
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,  
 As bombast,<sup>78</sup> and as lining to the time :  
 But more devout than this in our respects  
 Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves  
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not quote them so.

*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the hour,  
 Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short  
 To make a world-without-end bargain in.  
 No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjured much,  
 Full of dear guiltiness ; and therefore this :  
 If for my love — as there is no such cause —  
 You will do aught, this shall you do for me :  
 Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed  
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,  
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;  
 There stay until the twelve celestial signs  
 Have brought about their annual reckoning.  
 If this austere insociable life  
 Change not your offer made in heat or blood ;  
 If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,  
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
 But that it bear this trial, and last love ;<sup>79</sup>  
 Then, at the expiration of the year,

<sup>78</sup> So in Dekker's *Satiromastix* : " You shall swear not to *bombast* out a new play with the old *linings* of jests." *Bombast* originally signified *cotton*, from the Latin *bombax* ; and this article was commonly used for stuffing or wadding clothes. Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, speaks of doublets being "stuffed with four, five, or six pounds of *bombast* at least."

<sup>79</sup> The final *last* must be a verb : "and *continue* love."

Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,  
 And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,  
 I will be thine ; and, till that instant, shut  
 My woeful self up in a mourning house,  
 Raining the tears of lamentation  
 For the remembrance of my father's death.  
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;  
 Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,  
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,  
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !  
 Hence ever, then, my heart is in thy breast.

*Dum.* But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?  
 A wife ?

*Cath.* A beard, fair health, and honesty ;  
 With threefold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife ?  
*Cath.* Not so, my lord ; a twelvemonth and a day  
 I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say :  
 Come when the King doth to my lady come ;  
 Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.  
*Cath.* Yet swear not, lest ye be forsown again.

*Long.* What says Maria ?

*Mar.* At the twelvemonth's end  
 I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

*Long.* I'll stay with patience ; but the time is long.  
*Mar.* The liker you ; few taller are so young.

*Biron.* Studies my lady ? mistress, look on me ;  
 Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,  
 What humble suit attends thy answer there :  
 Impose some service on me for thy love.

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Birón,  
 Before I saw you ; and the world's large tongue

Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,  
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,  
Which you on all estates<sup>80</sup> will execute  
That lie within the mercy of your wit.  
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,  
And therewithal to win me, if you please,—  
Without the which I am not to be won,—  
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day  
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse  
With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be,  
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit  
T' enforce the painèd impotent to smile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death !  
It cannot be ; it is impossible :  
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace  
Which shallow-laughing hearers give to fools :  
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears,  
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,  
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,  
And I will have you and that fault withal ;  
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,  
And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
Right joyful of your reformation.

*Biron.* A twelvemonth ! well, befall what will befall,  
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

*Prin.* [To the KING.] Ay, sweet my lord ; and so I take  
my leave.

*King.* No, madam ; we will bring you on your way.

<sup>80</sup> *Estates*, here, is *ranks*. So, in England, the Sovereign, the Nobility, the Clergy, and the Commons, were called the *Estates of the realm*.

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;  
 Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy  
 Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.* Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,  
 And then 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Re-enter ARMADO.*

*Arm.* Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me,—

*Prin.* Was not that Hector ?

*Dum.* The worthy knight of Troy.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary ; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed Greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo ? it should have followed in the end of our show.

*King.* Call them forth quickly ; we will do so.

*Arm.* Holla ! approach.

*Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, and others.*

This side is Hiems, Winter,—this Ver, the Spring ; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo.—Ver, begin.

#### SONG.

*Spring.* When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
 And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,<sup>81</sup>  
 Do paint the meadows with delight,  
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,

<sup>81</sup> Gerarde, in his *Herbal*, 1597, says that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c., are called "in English cuckoo flowers, in Norfolk Canterbury bells, and at Namptwich, in Cheshire, *Ladie-smocks*." *Herbe a coqu* was one of the old French names for the *cowslip*, which is probably the flower here meant.

*Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo ;*

*Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear !*

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo ;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear !*

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,<sup>82</sup>  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-who ;  
Tu-whit, tu-who, — a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.<sup>83</sup>*

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,<sup>84</sup>*

<sup>82</sup> This phrase is well explained by a passage in one of South's Sermons : "So that the King, for any thing that he has to do in these matters, may sit and blow his nails ; for use them otherwise he cannot."

<sup>83</sup> To *keel*, or *kele*, is to *cool*. To *keel* the pot is to *cool* it by stirring the contents with a ladle.

<sup>84</sup> *Saw* is, properly, *saying*, of which it is an old corruption, or abbreviation ; here put for *discourse* or *sermon*. Sometimes it means *proverb* or *maxim*, as in the passage, "Full of wise *saws* and modern instances."

*And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs<sup>85</sup> hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-who;  
Tu-whit, tu-who,—a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

*Arm.* The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way, — we this way. [Exeunt.

<sup>85</sup> The *crab-apple*, which used to be roasted, and put hissing-hot into a bowl of ale, previously enriched with toast and spice and sugar. How much this was relished in old times, may be guessed by those who appreciate the virtues of apple-toddy.

## CRITICAL NOTES.

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### ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 6. *Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.* — The old copies have “deep oaths, and keep it too.” It seems clear that *oaths* should be *oath*, or *it* should be *them*. Singulars and plurals are very often misprinted each for the other. Corrected by Steevens.

P. 6. *To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;*  
*With all these living in philosophy.* — Mr. P. A. Daniel would read “With all *three* living,” &c.; *three* referring, of course, to *love, wealth, and pomp*. I suspect he is right. See, however, foot-note 3.

P. 7. *When I to feast expressly am forbid.* — *Fast* instead of *feast*, in the old copies. Hardly worth notice. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 8. *If study's gain be this, and this be so.* — “*Study's gain be thus,*” in the old copies. Corrected by Pope.

P. 8. *Small have continual plodders ever won,*  
*Save bare authority, from others' books.* — The old copies, “*Save base authority.*” Corrected by Walker.

P. 9. *Why should I joy in an abortive birth?*  
*At Christmas I no more desire a rose*  
*Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled earth;*  
*But like of each thing that in season grows.* — In the first of these lines the old copies have “in *any* abortive birth,” to the laming of the metre. Corrected by Pope. As *any* occurs just above in the preceding line, it was probably repeated here by mistake. — At the end of the third line, where a rhyme is obviously needed to *birth*, the

old copies have *shows*. I agree with Dyce in adopting Theobald's reading, "new-fangled *earth*." Walker suggested *mirth*. See foot-note 12.

P. 10. *A dangerous law, —against gentility.*—Collier's and Singer's second folios substitute *garrulity* for *gentility*, and are followed by Dyce. The change was proposed by Theobald in a letter to Warburton. But, as Mr. A. E. Brae observes, "the law is not against speaking, but against coming within the precincts." The speaker means that such a law is opposed to *good manners*, or *good-breeding*, as it certainly is.

P. 11. *But I believe, although I seem so loth,*

*I am the one that last will keep his oath.*—The old copies read "the *last* that will last keepe his oth." The substitution of *one* for *last* is Mr. P. A. Daniel's; who justly remarks that "Berowne is made to say exactly the contrary of that which he intends." The other change is Walker's; who says "Harmony seems to require 'that *last* will keep,' &c."

P. 11. *A man in all the world's new fashions planted.*—The old text has "new fashion."

P. 13. *A high hope for a low having.*—The old editions read "a low heaven." Corrected by Theobald.

P. 13. *To hear? or forbear laughing?*—So Capell. The old copies, "forbear hearing"; which will nowise cohere with the reply, "To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both." Lettsom proposed, and rightly, I suspect, "To hear, *and* forbear laughing?"

P. 14. *If he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so-so.*—The old copies have "but so." Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 14. King. [Reads.] *that shallow vessel.*—So Collier's second folio. The old text, "shallow vassal."

P. 14. *Sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with — with, O, with, &c.*—So Theobald. Instead of the first *with*, the old copies have *which*.

## ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 20. *That country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard.*—“Should perhaps be ‘irrational hind,’ ” says Dyce. For *perhaps* I would substitute *probably*. Hanmer reads *irrational*.

P. 21. Dull. *Come, Jaquenetta, away!*—The old copies assign this speech to Costard. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 22. *I am more bound to you than your followers.*—So Capell. The old copies have *fellowes* instead of *followers*.

P. 23. *Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnetist.*—The old text reads “shall turne sonnet.” The correction is Dyce’s; who quotes from Bishop Hall’s *Satires*: “And is become a new-found sonnetist.”

## ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 24. *In spending your wit in the praise of mine.*—The second folio reads “spending thus your wit in praise of mine.” Rightly, perhaps.

P. 24. *Therefore to us seems it a needful course.*—The old copies read “Therefore *to’s* seemeth it.” Such contractions as *to’s* for *to us* are indeed frequent in Shakespeare; but I submit that here it strains rather too hard against the idiomatic rights of the language. Some editors print “*to us seem’th* it.”

P. 25. i Lord. Lord *Longaville is one.*—So, says Dyce, “in all probability, it should be.” The old copies omit the title, *Lord*. The metre fairly requires it; and in cases of the same word thus occurring twice in immediate succession, one is very apt to escape in the printing or transcribing. Capell supplied *Lord*.

P. 25. *Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms.*—So the second folio; the other old copies, “fitted in arts,” thus leaving a bad gap in the metre.

P. 27. '*Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,*

*Not sin to break it.*—So Hanmer, with evident propriety; the old copies, “*And sinne to breake it.*”

P. 30. *The heir of Alençon, Catharine her name.*—Here the old copies have *Rosaline* instead of *Catharine*; and, a little further on, in “*Rosaline, by good hap,*” they have *Catharine* instead of *Rosaline*. As Dyce remarks, “from what has preceded and from what afterwards takes place, it is plain that in the present speech *Catharine* should be substituted for *Rosaline*, and in Boyet’s speech *Rosaline* for *Catharine*.” We are indebted to a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* for the latter correction: the other was proposed by Capell.

#### ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 34. *Humour it with turning up your eyes.*—Instead of *eyes*, the quarto has *eyelids*, the folio, *eie.* People, I believe, are never said to turn up their eyelids; nor can they well turn up one eye without turning up both, provided they have two. Dyce reads *eyes*.

P. 35. *And make them men of note—do you note me?*—The old copies read “*do you note men?*” Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 37. *No egma, no riddle, no l’envoy; no salve in thy mail, sir:* &c.—The old text has “*in thee male.*” Tyrwhitt proposed to read *them all* instead of *thee male*, and has been followed by several editors. But the change, I think, rather augments than relieves the obscurity of the passage. The reading in the text was proposed by Mr. A. E. Brae. See foot-note 13.

P. 38. *And stay’d the odds by making four.*—In this line, and also in the repetition of it a little after, the old copies have “*by adding four*”; which, it seems to me, is greater looseness of language than Moth could be guilty of. The correction is from Collier’s second folio.

P. 39. *Marry, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.*

Cost. *O, marry me to one Frances.*—The old text reads “*Sirrah Costard.*” This seems to take all the point and pertinency out of Costard’s reply. The correction is made in Knight’s *Stratford Shakespeare*.

P. 39. *And now you will be my purgation, and set me loose.*

Arm. *I give thee thy liberty, let thee from durance.* — In these two speeches, the old text has the words *set* and *let* transposed. Walker proposed “*set thee free* from durance,” and so Dyce prints. But I prefer the simple transposition proposed by Mr. A. E. Brae.

P. 39. *O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!* — In the old text, this and the six following lines are printed at the close of the first scene in Act iv., just after the line, “Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!” Dyce, I believe, was the first to perceive the misplacement of the lines, and Staunton the first to point out where they ought to be. The former observes, “What Costard here says of Armado seems strangely out of place.” Staunton notes upon the matter as follows: “The reference to Armado and the Page is so utterly irrelevant to any thing in the scene, that every one must be struck with its incongruity. I have more than a suspicion that the whole passage, from ‘O’ my troth, most sweet jests!’ or, at least, from ‘Armador o’ the one side,’ down to, ‘Ah, Heavens, it is a most pathetical nit,’ belongs to the previous Act, and in the original manuscript followed Costard’s panegyric on the Page, — ‘My sweet ounce of man’s flesh! my incony Jew!’ It is evidently out of place in the present scene, and quite appropriate in the one indicated.” All this is so clearly just, that I have ventured to make the transfer accordingly; for it seems to me that a thing so palpably wrong cannot be set right too soon. — I must note, further, that the fifth of the lines in question, “To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly ‘a will swear,” has none to rhyme with it. Dyce thinks that a line which rhymed with it “is no doubt wanting.” But, as that line is rather in the way than otherwise, it seems more likely to have been an interpolation, or one which the Poet eliminated in the revisal of the play, but which the transcriber or printer retained through mistake. Something of the sort evidently took place in the last scene of the play. See note on page 122.

P. 42. *What, what! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!* — The second *what* is wanting in the old text; but has been inserted, and, I think, justly, for the metre. See note on “*Lord Longaville*,” page 115.

P. 42. *A wightly wanton with a velvet brow.* — So the Cambridge Editors. The old text has “*A whitely wanton*,” which has put several

editors and commentators to a deal of exercise in conjecture and explanation. But *witely* appears to be only another way of spelling the old word *wightly*, the sense of which just fits the place. See foot-note 31.

P. 42. *Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan.* — So the second folio: the other old copies lack *and* before *groan*. Such a breach in the metre cannot be right there, clearly.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 45. *King Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon.* — The old copies have *Zenelophon*. But *Penelophon*, as Dyce notes, is the name of the fortunate beggar in the ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid* as given by Bishop Percy.

P. 45. *Which to anatomize in the vulgar, &c.* — So the second folio. The other old copies have *annothanize*, which some have taken as an Armadoism for *annotate*. But it seems more likely to be a misprint for *annotheamize*, one of the old ways of spelling *anatomize*. The meaning of *anatomize* just fits the context. See foot-note 6.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 49. *The deer was, as you know, in sanguis, — blood.* — The old copies have “*sanguis in blood*.” But Holofernes was evidently meant to talk as one who, though a pedant, is not wanting in scholarship. So there needs no scruple about putting the words in the right order. Again, a little after, the old copies have *cælo* instead of *calum*. Corrected by Capell.

P. 50. *Which we of taste and feeling are.* — The word *of* is wanting in the old copies. Supplied by Tyrwhitt.

P. 50. *To set him in a school.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *see* instead of *set*. The latter makes good the quibble evidently intended.

P. 50. *Dictynna, goodman Dull;* *Dictynna.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *Dictisima* here, and *Dictima* in the next speech. The Poet had doubtless read Ovid enough to know that *Dictynna* was one of the names of Diana.

P. 51. *And, to humour the ignorant, I will call the deer the Princess killed a pricket.*—The old copies read “the ignorant call’d the Deare.” Rowe printed *I have call’d*, and has been generally followed. Singer prints *I will call*, which accords better with the context.

P. 52. Hol. *This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; &c.*—The old copies have the prefix “*Nath.*” to this speech, and “*Hol.*” to the following speech of the Curate. The prefixes indeed are there strangely disordered throughout this scene. To note all the cases in detail would be a mere waste of labour.

P. 52. Hol. *Piercing a hogshead!*—So the Cambridge Editors. The old editions read “*Of* persing,” &c. Probably, as the correctors remark, the speech had “*Holoſ.*” prefixed to it, and the last syllable of the prefix got printed as a part of the text. In like manner we have several of Biron’s speeches beginning with *O*, where the *O* is clearly out of place, and probably slipped into the text from the prefix “*Bero.*” In the present case, however, Dyce seems to refute the Cambridge Editors by noting that the speech has “*Nath.*” prefixed to it. It has so; but the speech clearly belongs to Holofernes, and so Dyce himself prints it. The great confusion of prefixes in this play was most likely the work of a transcriber, who in this instance may have sophisticated “*Hol.*” into “*Nath.*” and retained *of* as remarked before. At all events *Of* is only in the way, and evidently has no business there.

P. 54. *That sings the Heavens’ praise with such an earthly tongue.*—The old text reads “That sings Heavens’ praise.” “Obviously wrong,” says Walker: “Read, as in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, ‘That sings *the* Heavens’ praise.’” *The Passionate Pilgrim*, one of Shakespeare’s poems, originally included this sonnet, and also two others from this play,—“Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,” and “On a day — alack the day.”

P. 54. Hol. *But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?*

Jaq. *Ay, sir.*

Nath. *'Tis from Monsieur Biron to one of the strange Queen's ladies.*

Hol. *I will overglance the superscript.*—The old text runs the second and third of these speeches into one, and assigns the whole to Jaquenetta, printing it thus: “I sir from one mounſier Berown, one

of the strange Queenes Lords." This makes a perfect muddle of the passage, and has fairly defied explanation. The reading and arrangement in the text are Mr. P. A. Daniel's, and set things right all round. The changes are indeed pretty bold, but I see no way to escape them except by printing stark nonsense. Mr. Daniel notes as follows: "Sir Nathaniel had already overread the letter, and knew by whom it was written, and to whom directed. Holofernes has now the letter in his hand. We must suppose that Jaquenetta and Costard do not hear, or do not understand, the conversation between the Parson and Pedagogue; for when, in the next scene, they present the letter to the King, they still suppose it to be Don Armado's.—'To one of the strange Queen's ladies' is an alteration of Theobald's, who, however, leaves the speech to Jaquenetta."

## ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 57. *O Queen of queens! how far thou dost excel,*

*No thought can think, &c.*—“How far *dost thou excel*,” in the old copies. Another of the sense-defeating inversions. Corrected in Collier's second folio.

P. 58. *Disfigure not his slop.*—Instead of *slop*, the old text has *shop*, which quite defeats the passage of sense. The correction was proposed by Theobald, and has been largely approved. I am not sure but *shape* were a better reading; Collier's correction.

P. 59. *By earth, she is but corporal: there you lie.*—Old copies, “she is *not corporal*”; which flatly contradicts the sense required by the place. The misprint of *not* for *but* is one of the commonest. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 59. *Dum. As upright as the cedar.*

Biron. [Aside.] *Stoops, I say.*—Instead of *Stoops* the old copies have *Stoope*. Corrected by Jervis. Strange it should have waited so long.

P. 60. *Thou for whom great Jove would swear*

*Juno but an Ethiop were.*—So Collier's second folio. The old copies lack *great*, thus defeating the flow of the verse. Pope supplied *en*, and has been followed by some editors.

P. 61. *That shall express my true love's lasting pain.*—So Capell, and Collier's and Singer's second folios. The old copies have "fasting pain."

P. 61. *Come, sir, your blush: as his your case is such.*—The old copies, "Come, sir, *you* blush." Corrected by Walker. The change is slight in form, but important in sense.

P. 61. *One's hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.*—The quarto reads "One her haire," the folio, "On her haire." The common reading is "One, her hairs were gold," &c. The correction is Walker's; whose editor, Lettsom, notes, "The modern received reading has two unfortunate defects: it is against sense and metre. Walker's conjecture satisfies both."

P. 61. *What will Birdn say when that he shall hear*

*Of faith infring'd, which such zeal did swear?*—The quarto and first folio lack *Of* at the beginning of the second line, printing "Faith infringed," which leaves both sense and metre defective; the second folio reads "*A* faith infringed," which does not better the sense. The correction in the text is Walker's, and was proposed by Jervis independently.

P. 62. *O me, with what strict patience have I sat,*

*To see a King transformed to a gnat.*—I do not well understand the sense or application of *gnat* here. It has been proposed to substitute *knot* and *quat*; but either of these would leave me still more in the dark. See foot-note 16.

P. 63. *Not you to me, but I betray'd by you.*—The words *to* and *by* are transposed in the old text. The correction is Mason's, and is required by the context.

P. 63. *I am betray'd, by keeping company*

*With men like you, men of inconstancy.*—The old copies read "With men, like men of inconstancy"; which is admitted on all hands to be wrong. Mason proposed, ingeniously at least, "With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy"; which has been adopted by some. The reading in the text is Walker's. Lettsom, his editor, aptly suggests "men all inconstancy"; "men of inconstancy" being a phrase too weak for the place.

P. 63. *When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?*

*Or groan for love?*—So Collier, from a copy of the quarto in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. The other old copies, so far as known, have *Ione* and *Ioane* instead of love. Of course the change must have been made while the sheets were passing through the press.

P. 64. *He, he, and you,—even you, my liege,—and I,*

*Are pick-purses in love.*—The old copies have *and* instead of *even*. The correction is Lettsom's. .

P. 65. *Young blood doth but obey an old decree.*—The old copies read “*doth not obey*.” Corrected by Collier; whose second folio has “*doth yet obey*,” which is not so good. See note on “*she is but corporal*,” page 120.

P. 66. *Black is the badge of Hell,*

*The hue of dungeons, and the shade of night.*—So Collier's second folio; the old copies, “*and the Schoole of night*.” Several other words have been printed or proposed instead of *school*, such as *stole, scowl, shroud, soil, and suit*.

P. 66. *O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,*

*It mourns that painting and usurping hair*

*Should ravish doters, &c.*—Instead of *brow*, the old copies have *browes*. The change is fairly required by *It* in the next line, which must refer to *brow*. In the second line, *and* was wanting till the second folio, which has *an*.

P. 67. *Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.*—So the second folio; the other old copies, “*O nothing so sure*.” Walker notes upon the passage, — “The *O* is a well-known intruder, and several lines in the neighbourhood begin with it.” The Cambridge Editors note that in this place and many others the superfluous *O* appears to have crept into the text from the last letter of the prefix “*Bero*.” A very sagacious conjecture; and it is quite remarkable how many of Biron's speeches begin with that redundancy in the old copies.

P. 67. *Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms.*—In the old copies, this long speech of Biron presents a remarkable instance of the disorder which I have before noted as marking the text of this play.

It is among the very best things in the piece ; and nothing else bears clearer tokens of the Poet's later and riper hand : yet it is disfigured with some absurd and embarrassing repetitions, which no doubt resulted from the new matter being confounded with the old. I concur with Dyce in giving the speech as it was dressed into order by Capell, and as Dyce says "it assuredly ought to be given by every editor." It seems but right, however, to add in this place the passages omitted. After the line, "Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look," we have these :

For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,  
Have found the Ground of studies excellence,  
Without the beauty of a womans face ;  
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive,  
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems, ,  
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.

Again, after the line, "And study too, the causer of your vow," we have the following :

For where is any Author in the world,  
Teaches such beauty as a womans eye :  
Learning is but an adjunct to our selfe,  
And where we are, our Learning likewise is :  
And when ourselves we see in Ladies eyes  
With our selves  
Doe we not likewise see our learning there ?  
O we have made a vow to studie, Lords,  
And in that vow we have forsorne our Bookes.

**P. 68. Why, universal plodding prisons up**

*The nimble spirits in the arteries.* — The old copies have "poysons up." Corrected by Theobald.

**P. 68. Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes**

*Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with.* — So Hanmer. Instead of beauteous, the old copies have beautis and beauties.

**P. 69. And plant in tyrants mild humanity.** — So Walker and Collier's second folio ; the old copies, *humilitie* instead of *humanity*.

**P. 69. Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;**

*Or for men's sake, the authors of these women.* — In the second of these lines, the old editions have *author* for *authors* ; an error which the context readily corrects. Corrected by Capell. In the first line,

for "that *loves* all men," Hanmer reads "that *moves* all men"; and Heath proposes "that *joys* all men." Perhaps one of these ought to be adopted. See, however, foot-note 35.

## ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 72. *It insinuateth* one of *insanire*; ne intelligis, domine? *to wax frantic, lunatic.* — The old copies read "it insinuateth *me* of *infamie*." The correction of *me* to *one* is from Collier's second folio. Both Walker and Dyce, independently, hit upon *insanire* as a correction of *infamie*. The old copies have *make* instead of *wax*, which is Dyce's happy correction.

P. 72. *Nath.* Laus Deo, *bene intelligo.*

*Hol.* Bon,—bon, fort bon, Priscian! *a little scratch'd, 'twill serve.* — Instead of "Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian!" the old editions have "Bome boon for p̄escian." I adopt the reading and punctuation of the Cambridge Editors, who note upon the passage as follows: "Holofernes patronizingly calls Sir Nathaniel 'Priscian,' but, pedagogue-like, will not admit his perfect accuracy. 'A little scratch'd' is a phrase familiar to the schoolmaster, from his daily task of correcting his pupils' *latines.*"

P. 73. *The third of five vowels.* — The old editions have *last* instead of *third.* Corrected by Theobald.

P. 73. *Do you not educate youth at the Chartreuse on the top of the mountain?* — Instead of *Chartreuse*, the old copies have *Charg-house*, which none of the editors have been able to explain, though Steevens supposed it to mean *free-school*. Why a *free-school* should be called a *charge-house*, is not very apparent. Collier's second folio has "*large house*," which seems to me a very lame conjecture. Theobald conjectured "*Church-house*," which is much better, but still unsatisfactory. I was at one time disposed to think that *grange-house* might be the right word; but it occurred to me that *grange*, though used repeatedly by old writers, was never found in that combination; which is to me a fatal objection. Capell, in his *Glossary*, referring to the passage in the text, has the following: "CHARGE-HOUSE, a corruption of *Charter-house*, and that of *Chartreuse*, a Convent of Monks, call'd Carthusians." Quite independently of Capell, and without any knowledge of the fore-

cited extract, Mr. Joseph Crosby, of Zanesville, Ohio, conjectured the same reading. I subjoin a part of his letter to me on the subject : "It occurred to me that there was in London a '*Charter-house*,' a sort of large charity-school or foundation. Now *Charter-house*, or, correctly, *Chartreuse*, is not so far from *Charg-house* as to make the one unlikely to be a corruption of the other. This set me to investigating all about this '*Charter-house*' ; and I feel almost like saying *eureka* ; at least this solution appears to me preferable to any I have yet discovered. 'The Charter-house' in London was originally a Carthusian monastery, founded in 1371. The name is a corruption of *Chartreuse*, from 'La grande Chartreuse, chief of the monasteries of the Carthusian order, situated among the rugged mountains near Grenoble, in France.' I quote from Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, 1869." Mr. Crosby then justly argues that, from the old Chartreuse in London, the name could not but be familiar to Shakespeare ; and that Navarre, the scene of this play, "was not so far from Grenoble in France but that La grande Chartreuse, on the top of the rugged mountains there, might be well enough known to all the parties."

P. 74. *I do assure ye, my very good friend.*—The old copies omit *my*. Inserted by Rowe.

P. 74. *Good at such eruptions and sudden breakings-out of mirth.*—The old editions have "breaking out." Corrected by Capell.

P. 75. *Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance, at the King's command, &c.*—Instead of *Nathaniel*, the old editions have *Holofernes*. As *Holofernes* is speaking, it is evident that the wrong name slipped in. Corrected by Capell.—The originals also omit *at* before "the King's command," supplied in the second folio. They also have *assistants for assistance*, which is Heath's correction.

P. 75. *I say none so fit to present as the Nine Worthies.*—The old editions read "none so fit as to present," &c.

P. 75. *Joshua, yourself; myself or this gallant gentleman Judas Maccabaeus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass for Pompey the Great.*—The old copies read "myself and this gallant gentleman" ; also, "shall pass Pompey." Both of the corrections are Capell's.

P. 75. *I beseech you, fellow.* — Instead of *fellow*, the old text has *follow*, which seems quite out of place. The correction is Mr. A. E. Brae's.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 76. *Look you what I have from the loving King,* —

*A lady wall'd about with diamonds!* — The old editions have these two lines transposed; which makes the passage unintelligible. Corrected by Walker.

P. 77. *Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.* — The old copies have *cure* and *care* transposed. Thirlby's correction.

P. 78. *'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor.* — So Hanmer. The old editions read "Ware pensals. How? Let me not die," &c. The misprint of *how?* for *ho!* occurs repeatedly.

P. 78. Cath. *A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!* — The old copies prefix "*Prin.*" to this line; they also read "and *I beshrew.*" The latter correction is Capell's. Lettsom observes that "in twenty-nine out of thirty examples, in Shakespeare, *beshrew* is a mere exclamatory imprecation." And he justly adds, "It seems against natural grammar to connect with the copula an imprecation and an affirmation." Theobald made the correction.

P. 78. *But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?* — So Walker. The old copies read "But, *Katharine*, what was sent," &c.; where the name is useless to the sense, and spoils the metre.

P. 79. *And shape his service wholly to my hests,*

*And make him proud to make me proud that jests.* — So Walker. The quarto and first folio have "wholly to my *device*"; the second folio, "*all* to my *behests*." White and Singer print "wholly to my *behests*"; thus taking just enough from the second folio to untune the metre. Dyce prints as in the text.

P. 79. *So portent-like would I o'ersway his state.* — The old editions have "*pertaunt like*" and "*pertaunt like*," out of which nothing can be made. Hanmer printed "*portent-like*," and Collier's second folio has *potently*. "*Potent-like*" was proposed by Singer, and is strongly approved by Walker.

P. 79. *The blood of youth burns not to such excess*

*As gravity's revolt to wantonness.*—So the second folio; the other old copies, “*to wantons be.*”

P. 81. *And every one his love-suit will advance.*—So Walker, and Collier’s second folio. The old copies have *Love-feat*.

P. 82. Boyet. *Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.*—The old copies give this speech to Biron. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 84. King. *Yet still she is the Moon, and I the man.*

*The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.*

Ros. *Our ears vouchsafe it.*—The old editions run the second of these lines in with the third, and assign the two to Rosaline. Corrected by Theobald. This play abounds in misplaced prefixes.

P. 87. *O, they were all in lamentable cases!*—So the second folio; the other old copies lacking *O*.

P. 88. *Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.*—The old copies omit *the*, till the third folio. The same correction is made in Singer’s second folio.

P. 90. *See where it comes!*—*Behaviour, what wert thou*

*Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?*—The old copies read “*Till this madman show'd thee.*” Corrected by Theobald.

P. 91. *This jest is dry to me.*—*Fair gentle-sweet,*

*Your wit makes wise things foolish.*—So the second folio; the other old copies wanting *Fair*. Malone printed “*My gentle sweet,*” which I am apt to think the better reading.

P. 92. *Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation.*—The old copies have *affectation*, which modern editions generally change to *affectation*. As the word was clearly meant to rhyme with *ostentation* in the second line after, there need be no scruple about the change; though *affectation* was often used with the sense of *affectation*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 95. *That smiles his cheek in years.*—So the old copies. Theobald changed *years* to *jeers*, and is followed by Singer. I suspect *jeers* is right. See, however, foot-note 50.

P. 95.

*Full merrily*

*Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.*—Instead of *manage*, the old copies have *manager*, which suits neither sense nor verse. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 96. *I am, as they say, but to pursent one man,—e'en one poor man.*—The old copies read “*to perfect one man in one poor man.*” Walker proposed *pursent*; the other correction is Malone's.

P. 97. *Where zeal strives to content, and the contents*

*Lie in the fail of that which it presents.*—The old copies read “*Dies in the zeale of that,*” &c. The reading in the text is Singer's. I think it brings sense at least out of the passage; which is more than I can say of the various other changes that have been made or proposed. See foot-note 55.

P. 102. *A man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye  
From morn till night.*—The old copies have “*would fight :  
yea,*” &c. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 105.

*Farewell, worthy lord!*

*A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue :  
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks*

*For my great suit so easily obtain'd.*—The old copies read “*bears not a humble tongue.*” Corrected by Theobald and in Collier's second folio. The folio has “*coming so short of thanks*”; the quarto, as in the text. The meaning is the same either way; but the folio reading rather overloads the passage with *so's*.

P. 105. *The extreme dart of time extremely forms*

*All causes to the purpose of his speed.*—The old copies have “*The extreme parts of time extremely formes,*” &c. Dyce changes *parts* to *part*; Singer, to *haste*, which is a great improvement on *part*; but it seems to me that neither of them coheres very well with the image of an *arrow*, which is evidently intended. The correction of *parts* to *dart* is Staunton's, which makes the whole passage coherent. See foot-note 74.

P. 106. *I understand you not: my griefs are dull.*—So Collier's second folio; the old copies, “*my griefs are double.*”

P. 106. *Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms.* — The old copies have "Full of straying shapes," — an erratum hardly calling for notice. Corrected by Capell.

P. 106. *Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,*  
*Suggested us to make them.* — Here *them* is wanting in the old copies. Supplied by Pope, and needful alike to sense and metre.

P. 107. — *But more devout than this in our respects*  
*Have we not been.* — The old copies are without *in*, the folio having *are* instead. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 107. *Then, at the expiration of the year,*  
*Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts.* — The old copies repeat *me*, — "Come challenge me, challenge me."

P. 108. *Hence ever, then, my heart is in thy breast.* — After this line, again, the old copies have a passage which is repeated and amplified into much better shape a little further on. See the long note on page 122. I subjoin the omitted lines :

Ber. And what to me, my Love, and what to me ?  
 Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank.  
 You are attaint with faults and perjurie :  
 Therefore if you my favor meane to get,  
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,  
 And seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.

P. 108. Dum. *But what to me, my love ? but what to me ?*  
*A wife ?*

Cath. *A beard, fair health, and honesty.* — So Dyce and the Cambridge Editors. The old copies make *A wife ?* the beginning of Catharine's speech.

P. 109. *Will hear your idle scorns, continue them.* — So Collier's second folio. The old text has *then* instead of *them*.

P. 110. *And lady-smocks all silver-white,*  
*And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue.* — The old copies have these two lines transposed. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 111. *Then nightly sings the staring owl,*  
*Tu-who.* — So Capell. The old editions omit *Tu-who* both here and in the corresponding part of the next stanza.



## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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NOT mentioned by Meres in 1598, though undoubtedly written before that time; nor ever printed, that we know of, till in the folio of 1623. The date of the writing has not been definitively settled, nor is it likely to be. Malone gave it as his final judgment that this play was one of the Poet's "very early productions, and near, in point of time, to *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labours Lost*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*." This judgment has not, I think, been successfully impugned since Malone's day.

Another play, called *The Taming of a Shrew*, was first printed in 1594, again in 1596, and a third time in 1607. In the title-page of 1594 we have the words, "As it was sundry times acted by the right-honourable the Earl of Pembroke's Servants." This play and Shakespeare's agree in having substantially the same plot, order, and incidents, so far as regards the Lord, the Tinker, Petruchio, Catharine, and the whole taming process. The scene of the former is at Athens, of the latter at Padua, both of which are represented as famous seats of learning. In *The Taming of a Shrew*, Alphonsus, an Athenian merchant, has three daughters, Kate, Emelia, and Phylema. Aurelius, son to the Duke of Sestos, goes in quest of Phylema, Polidor of Emelia: as for Kate, she is such a terrible shrew that nobody seems likely to want her; which puts the father upon taking an oath not to admit any suitors to the younger two till the elder is disposed of. Presently Ferando, hearing of her fame, offers himself as her lover, and proceeds to carry her by storm. The wooing, the marriage, the entertainment of the bride at Ferando's country house, the passages with the Tailor and Haberdasher, the trip to her father's, and Kate's subdued and pliant behaviour, all follow

in much the same style and strain as in Shakespeare's play. The underplot, however, is quite different. Aurelius and Polidor do not carry on their suits in disguise; though the former brings in a merchant to personate his father, who arrives in time to discover the trick, and lets off plenty of indignation thereat. All the parties being at length married, the play winds up with a wager between the three husbands respecting the obedience of their several wives; and the tamed Kate reads her sisters a lecture on the virtue and sweetness of wisely submission.—The persons and proceedings of the Induction, also, are much the same in both plays, save that, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Sly continues his remarks from time to time throughout the performance; and finally, having drunk himself back into insensibility, is left where he was found, and upon awaking regards it all as a glorious dream; whereas in *The Taming of the Shrew* this part is not carried beyond the first Act.

It is commonly supposed that Shakespeare's play was written later than the other, and founded upon it; and in what follows I shall take for granted that such was the case, though it does not seem to me to have been proved. It is certain, indeed, that one of the plays must have been in a great measure borrowed from the other; but I think no slight argument might be made for reversing the alleged order. The common opinion, however, being admitted to be right, the close similarity of title, matter, and interest shows that the Poet had no thought of disguising his obligations: rather it looks as if he meant to turn the popularity of the other play to the advantage of his own company. Nevertheless, except in a very few lines and phrases adopted or imitated, the dialogue, language, and poetry of Shakespeare's play are, for the most part, of quite a different race from those of the other: the characters, even when partly borrowed, are wrought out into a much more distinct and determinate individuality; and the texture and style of the workmanship lift it immeasurably above its model. Still the other play must be owned to have considerable merit; probably few English dramas then in being should take rank much before it: it has occasional blushes of genuine poetry, some force and skill of characterization, and a good deal of sound stage-effect; though, upon the whole, the

style is very stiff, frigid, pedantic, and artificial ; and often, in setting out to be humorous, it runs into flat vulgarity or vapid commonplace.

It is uncertain when or by whom *The Taming of a Shrew* was written. Malone conjectured it to be the work of Robert Greene, who died September 3, 1592. The weight of probability bears strongly in favour of that conjecture. An argument of no mean force has been drawn from the *Orlando Furioso*, which was undoubtedly the work of Greene. Both were anonymous, were issued the same year, and by the same publishers ; and both are called *Histories*. Knight, after stating this point, adds the following : " It is impossible, we think, not to be struck with the resemblance of these performances, in the structure of the verse, the excess of mythological allusion, the laboured finery intermixed with feebleness, and the occasional outpouring of a rich and gorgeous fancy."

This view has been strengthened by an anonymous writer of our own country, who has pointed out a number of passages in *The Taming of a Shrew* that were evidently copied from Marlowe's *Faustus* and *Tamburlaine*. From these the writer himself infers the play to have been by Marlowe. Against this, Dyce gives his verdict as follows : " I find enough in *The Taming of a Shrew* to convince me that it was the work of some one who had closely studied Marlowe's writings, and who frequently could not resist the temptation to adopt the very words of his favourite dramatist. It is quite possible that he was not always conscious of his plagiarisms from Marlowe ; recollections of whose phraseology may have mingled imperceptibly with the current of his thoughts."

Marlowe died June 1, 1593. Of his *Faustus* the earliest known edition was in 1604. All the notices we have of it seem to infer that it had not been printed in 1594, when *The Taming of a Shrew* first came out. So that the author of the latter play, whoever he might be, must have had access to the manuscript of *Faustus*. As this was probably written as early as 1589, there appears no reason but that the forecited plagiarisms from it may have been made several years before *The Taming of a Shrew* came from the press. The question, then, rises, who would be more likely

to have such a freedom with Marlowe's manuscript than his admiring friend and fellow-dramatist, Robert Greene?

The upshot of all this argument, so far as regards the matter in hand, is, that Shakespeare's play *may have been* written before Greene's death. If this be granted, (and the internal evidence makes strongly for as early a date,) then we may fairly presume *The Taming of the Shrew* to have been one of the plays referred to in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance." A part of the passage is quoted in vol. i., page 25, of this edition; but I must here quote it more fully. He is exhorting Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, "those Gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays":

"Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned: for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whom they all have been beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*; supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes Fac-totum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country."

That the "upstart crow" meant Shakespeare, is on all hands admitted. And the general opinion is, that the *Second* and *Third Parts of King Henry the Sixth* are the plays in which Shakespeare more especially drew upon the labours of Greene and his friends. Yet the originals of those plays are not nearly so much in Greene's manner as *The Taming of a Shrew*. It may indeed be urged that Greene is referring to the *Shake-scene* only as an actor, not as a writer, of plays: but the *Johannes Fac-totum* clearly points him out as a *do-all*, one who could turn his hand to any thing, and could beat the others in whatever he undertook: And the "*Tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*" evidently refers to a line in *3 Henry VI.*, i. 4: "O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a *woman's* hide;" thus apparently pointing at the *Shake-scene*.

as a writer of plays. All this, to be sure, does not conclude but that the *Second* and *Third Parts of Henry VI.* may have been among the writings alluded to; for Greene complains of others' grievances as well as his own: but the forecited passage certainly conveys the impression that the writer had himself suffered by the purloining of his plumes; that his own work had been specially invaded.

I have already observed how Shakespeare's play varies from the other in the matter of the underplot. Here he has been traced to *The Supposes*, a play translated from Ariosto's *I Suppositi* by Gascoigne, and acted at Grey's-Inn in 1566. There he probably found the names of Petruchio and Licio, and learnt how to make Lucentio and Tranio pass off the Pedant for Vincentio.

As regards the material of Shakespeare's Induction, all of this that anybody but himself could have written is to be found in *The Taming of a Shrew*. But the main features of this were by no means original in either of the plays: it is one of the old stories that seem to be always on the go, being told of divers persons and at sundry times. If it has not travelled all round the globe, it has been to Arabia, and was perhaps born there, as the earliest known traces of it are met with in *The Sleeper Awakened*, one of the tales contained in *The Arabian Nights*. But the most available version of it had appeared in English as early as 1570, in a collection of stories by Richard Edwards:

Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, taking a walk one night after Supper with some friends, found an artisan lying drunk and fast asleep on the stones. He causes the sleeper to be carried into his palace, and laid in one of the richest beds; a rich nightcap to be given him; his foul shirt to be taken off, and one of fine holland put on. When the artisan awakes, there come about his bed pages and grooms of the Duke's chamber, who draw the curtains, make many obeisances, and ask him if he will rise, and what apparel he will put on. Amazed at such courtesy, and doubting whether he dream or wake, he lets himself be dressed, and led out of the chamber. Then come noblemen, who salute him with all honour, and conduct him to the church, where he is treated with the same marks of respect as are wont to be be-

stowed upon the Duke. Brought back thence to the palace, he washes his hands, and sits down at the table well furnished. After dinner, cards are brought in, with a great sum of money, and he, a duke in his own fancy, plays with the chief of the Court. This done, he is taken out to walk in the garden, and to hunt the hare, and to hawk; then back to the palace, where he sups in state. Candles being lighted, the music strikes up, the tables are removed, and the gentlemen and ladies have a dance. Then they play a pleasant comedy, which is followed by a banquet, with store of Ipocras and choice wine, so that he is soon drunk again, and falls fast asleep.

The critics have been very warm in praise of Shakespeare's Induction, some, however, regretting that he did not keep it up till the end of the play, others suspecting that he did so keep it up, but that the continuation has been lost. I think otherwise decidedly, being convinced that in this as in other things the Poet was wiser than his critics. For the purpose of the Induction was but to start an interest in the play; and he probably knew that such interest, once started, would be rather hindered than furthered by any coming-in of other matter; that there would be no time to think of Sly amidst such a whirlwind of oddities and whimsicalities as he was going to raise. But the regret in question well approves the goodness of the thing; for, the better the thing, the more apt men are to think they have not enough until they have too much.

It is now as good as settled that large portions of this play, amounting to considerably more than half of the whole, were not written by Shakespeare. External evidence to the point we have none; but the internal marks of style, dramatic structure, and characterization, draw irresistibly to that conclusion. Accordingly Farmer, Hallam, and other good critics have, on the strength of this evidence, confidently ruled those portions off from Shakespeare. And the Rev. Frederick G. Fleay, in his *Shakespeare Manual*, 1876, after making a very minute and careful analysis of the metrical and other peculiarities which mark the parts in question, concludes as follows: "All the above peculiarities disappear in certain portions of the play, notably in the last scenes of the fourth and fifth Acts, and in portions of

previous scenes, for example, of iv. 4; ii. 1. But these parts of the play are those in which Catharine and Petruchio are on the stage together: they are just the parts which any critical reader would pick out as far superior to the rest; they are, in fact, the salt of the whole."

Mr. Fleay also finds 2671 lines in the play, and ascribes only 1064 of these to Shakespeare, thus leaving 1607 to the other author or authors. The particular portions which he marks off to Shakespeare are as follows: Act ii., scene 1, the line, "I pray you do: I will attend her here," and what comes after down to the line, "I am your neighbour, and was suitor first"; 158 lines. Also iii. 2, down to the *exit* of Baptista, and again from "*Enter Gremio*" to "*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, and GRUMIO.*" Also iv. 1, 2, 4, and 6. Also v. 2.

I find no reason for dissenting materially from Mr. Fleay's distribution of the matter; and leave the subject with a judicious passage from Mr. Grant White:

"A play in Shakespeare's day was as often written by two, or three, or four persons as by one: each theatre had several poets and playwrights in its pay, if not in its company, ready to write or rewrite, as the spirit moved, or occasion required; and Shakespeare's own company was of course not an exception to the general rule. Our *Taming of the Shrew* is an example of the result of this system. In it three hands at least are traceable; that of the author of the old play, that of Shakespeare himself, and that of a colabourer. The first appears in the structure of the plot, and in the incidents and the dialogue of most of the minor scenes; to the last must be assigned the greater part of the love business between Bianca and her two suitors; while to Shakespeare belong the strong, clear characterization, the delicious humour, and the rich verbal colouring of the recast Induction, and all the scenes in which Catharina and Petruchio and Grumio are prominent figures, together with the general effect produced by scattering lines and words and phrases here and there, and removing others elsewhere, throughout the rest of the play."



# THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A LORD.		
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker. Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants.	Persons in the Induction.	GREMIO, HORTENSIO, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, CURTIS, &c., Pedant.
BAPTISTA, a Gentleman of Padua.		} Suitors to Bianca.
VINCENTIO, a Merchant of Pisa.		} Servants to Lucentio.
LUCENTIO, Son of Vincentio.		} Servants to Petru-
PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona.		chio. Widow.
		CATHARINA, } Daughters to Bap-
		BIANCA,
		tista.
		Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants.

SCENE.—*Sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.*

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## INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

*Enter Hostess and SLY.*

*Sly.* I'll pheeze<sup>1</sup> you, in faith.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue !

<sup>1</sup> In Jonson's *Alchemist*, we have "Come, will you quarrel? I will *feise* you, sirrah." In a note upon this, Gifford, a West-of-England man, says that in that part of the country the word *pheeze* means "to beat, chastise, or humble." Staunton says "it was equivalent exactly to our figurative saying, *I'll tickle you*, and had a meaning, amorous or villainous, according to the circumstances under which it was uttered." Shakespeare has the word again in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3: "An he be proud with me, I'll *pheeze* his pride."

*Sly.* You're a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the Chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;<sup>2</sup> let the world slide: *cessa!*<sup>3</sup>

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?<sup>4</sup>

*Sly.* No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy,<sup>5</sup>—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.<sup>6</sup>

*Host.* I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough.<sup>7</sup> [Exit.]

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.<sup>8</sup> [Lies down on the ground and falls asleep.]

<sup>2</sup> *Paucas pallabris* is a corruption of the Spanish *pocas palabras*, which means *few words*.

<sup>3</sup> "Sessa, or cessa, be quiet," says Staunton, was probably another scrap from Sly's Spanish vocabulary." According to Nares, it is from the French *cessez*, and means about the same as the Latin *cessa, have done*.—"Let the world slide" is an old proverbial saying.

<sup>4</sup> The Poet has *burst* repeatedly for *break*. The two were used synonymously in his time.

<sup>5</sup> Sly, in his alement, seems to have got things somewhat mixed, and it is not very easy to trace out his allusions. Thomas Kyd's play, *The Spanish Tragedy*, became a sort of by-word. It has the line, "Not I:—Hieronimo, beware; go by, go by"; and the phrase *go by, Hieronimo*, is often quoted and sneered at by the wits of Shakespeare's time. From them our tinker seems to have caught the trick, at the same time confounding *Jeronimo* with *Saint Jerome*. Such appears the most likely explanation of the passage.

<sup>6</sup> "Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee," seems to have been another proverbial saying. It occurs again in *King Lear*, iii. 4. It means "Go to thy bed cold, and warm thee."

<sup>7</sup> Ritson, a lawyer, says "The office of *third-borough* is the same with that of *constable* except in places where there are both, in which case the former is little more than the constable's assistant."

<sup>8</sup> *Kindly* seems to be used here very much as in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4: "Thou hast most *kindly* hit it;" that is, *aptly*, or *pertinently*. This use of the word is rare; but Staunton quotes an apposite instance from Middleton's *Mayor of Queenborough*, iii. 3: Hengist having cut the hide into thongs, Vortigern tells him his castle shall be called *Thong Castle*, and he replies, "there your grace quites me *kindly*."

*Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.*

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds :  
 Bathe Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd ;<sup>9</sup>  
 And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.<sup>10</sup>  
 Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good  
 At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault ?<sup>11</sup>  
 I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

*1 Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord ;  
 He cried upon it at the merest loss,<sup>12</sup>

<sup>9</sup> The word *embossed* was much used of any *swelling* or diseased protuberance ; the *boss* being the protuberant or bulging part of a shield. So Shakespeare applies the term to Falstaff on account of his plumpness ; and he has the phrases "*embossed sores*" and "*embossed carbuncle*." *Embossed* was also a term of the chase, and was used of a deer, boar, or other animal, when foaming at the mouth from fatigue. Some editors so understand the word here ; but Keightley observes that "any one who has been out with hounds knows that when fatigued they pant and put out their tongues, but *never foam*." On the whole, the probable meaning in the text is, that the dog Merriman has got a hurt which causes swelling, and needs to be dressed and cared for. See Critical Notes.

<sup>10</sup> *Brach*, from the French *brac* or *braque*, or from the German *bract*, properly means a dog that hunts by the scent ; according to Spelman, "a lurcher, or beagle ; or any *fine-nosed* hound." The word was also used as "a manly name for all hound-bitches" ; probably from similarity of sound.

<sup>11</sup> *Fault*, in the language of the chase, was used, very much as it is in Geology, for a *breach in the continuity of the trail*. Such a breach might be caused either by a long leap of the animal or by the scent growing cold.

<sup>12</sup> The Poet often uses *mere* in the sense of *entire* or *absolute*. So that "the *merest loss*" means the same here as "the *coldest fault*" just before ; that is, the *most complete interruption* of the trail. The Huntsman means that Belman is such a very fine-nosed hound, that even the *worst fault*, or "the *coldest scent*," did not put him from the trail. Keen-scented hounds, while pursuing the trail of the game, "cry upon it," that is, keep up a joyous barking : if they lose the trail, they stop barking till they recover it, and then cry upon it again. So in *Venus and Adonis* :

The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,  
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled  
 With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;  
 Then do they spend their mouths : &c.

And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent :  
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool : if Echo were as fleet,  
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
But sup them well, and look unto them all :  
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

*1 Hun.* I will, my lord.

*Lord.* What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he  
breathe?

*2 Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd  
with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* O monstrous beast ! how like a swine he lies !—  
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image !—  
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.  
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,  
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,  
A most delicious banquet by his bed,  
And brave <sup>13</sup> attendants near him when he wakes,—  
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

*1 Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

*2 Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.  
Then take him up, and manage well the jest :  
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,  
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures :  
Balm his foul head in warm distillèd waters,  
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet :  
Procure me music ready, when he wakes,  
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;

<sup>13</sup> *Brave*, here, is *finely, richly, or showily dressed*. The Poet has *bravery* in the same sense. So Jaques, in *As You Like It*, ii. 7, having a tailor in view, asks, "Or what is he of basest function, that says his *bravery* is not on my cost," &c.

And, if he chance to speak, be ready straight,  
 And, with a low submissive reverence,  
 Say, *What is it your Honour will command?*  
 Let one attend him with a silver basin  
 Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers ;  
 Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,  
 And say, *Will't please your lordship cool your hands?*  
 Some one be ready with a costly suit,  
 And ask him what apparel he will wear ;  
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,  
 And that his lady mourns at his disease :  
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic ;  
 And, when he says he is —,<sup>14</sup> say that he dreams,  
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.  
 This do, and do it kindly,<sup>15</sup> gentle sirs :  
 It will be pastime passing excellent,  
 If it be husbanded with modesty.<sup>16</sup>

*I Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,  
 As he shall think,<sup>17</sup> by our true diligence,  
 He is no less than what we say he is.

*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him ;  
 And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[*SLY is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*]

<sup>14</sup> The dash here stands for the tinker's name, which his lordship is not supposed to know.

<sup>15</sup> *Kindly* bears a different sense here from that noted a little before,—appropriately, or *to the life*; that is, *naturally*. The primitive meaning of *kind* is *nature*; and so the Poet often has it. So too in the *Litanie*: "That it may please Thee to give and preserve to our use the *kindly* fruits of the earth."

<sup>16</sup> To *husband* a thing with *modesty* is to use *economy* in dealing with it; here, to act with *temperance* and *moderation*; not to *overact*.

<sup>17</sup> "So that he will think," is the language we should use. *Shall* and *will* were often used indiscriminately. And the Poet has other like instances of *as*. So in *Love's Labours*, ii. 1: "You shall be so received as you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart." See also vol. i., page 81, note 7.

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds :— [*Exit Servant.*  
 Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,  
 Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

*Re-enter Servant.*

How now ! who is it?

*Serv.* An it please your Honour,  
 Players that offer service to your lordship.<sup>18</sup>

*Lord.* Bid them come near.—

*Enter Players.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

*Players.* We thank your Honour.

*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

*2 Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

*Lord.* With all my heart.— This fellow I remember,  
 Since<sup>19</sup> once he play'd a farmer's eldest son :—  
 'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :  
 I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part  
 Was aptly fit,<sup>20</sup> and naturally perform'd.

*1 Play.* I think 'twas Soto that your Honour means.

*Lord.* 'Tis very true : thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time ;  
 The rather for I have some sport in hand,  
 Wherein your cunning can assist me much.  
 There is a lord will hear you play to-night :  
 But I am doubtful of your modesties ;<sup>21</sup>

<sup>18</sup> Companies of players were wont to travel about the country, and offer their services at great houses. See *Hamlet*, ii. 2.

<sup>19</sup> *Since* with the force of *when*. Repeatedly so.

<sup>20</sup> *Fit* for *fitted*. The Poet has it several times thus: also many other words; as, *hoist* for *hoisted*, *quit* for *quitted*, &c.

<sup>21</sup> *Modesties*, as the context points out, has the classical sense of *self-restraint*, of *keeping within due bounds* or *observing proper measure*. Without such moderation, the Players will be touched into an *explosion of mirth*, or "break into some *merry passion*."

Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,—  
 For yet his Honour never heard a play,—  
 You break into some merry passion,  
 And so offend him ; for, I tell you, sirs,  
 If you should smile, he grows impatient.

*i Play.* Fear not, my lord : we can contain ourselves,  
 Were he the veriest antic <sup>22</sup> in the world.

*Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,  
 And give them friendly welcome every one :  
 Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,  
 And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :  
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber ;  
 And call him *madam*, do him all obeisance.  
 Tell him from me, — as he will win my love, —  
 He bear himself with honourable action,  
 Such as he hath observed in noble ladies  
 Unto their lords by them accomplished :  
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,  
 With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy ;  
 And say, *What is't your Honour will command,*  
*Wherein your lady and your humble wife*  
*May show her duty and make known her love ?*  
 And then, — with kind embracements, tempting kisses,  
 And with declining head <sup>23</sup> into his bosom, —  
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd  
 To see her noble lord restored to health,  
 Who for this seven years hath esteemèd him <sup>24</sup>

<sup>22</sup> *Antic* was sometimes used for *buffoon* or *merryandrew*; any one who might be said to *caricature* humanity.

<sup>23</sup> That is, with *head declining*; the words being transposed for metre's sake.

<sup>24</sup> *Him for himself.* The Poet has many instances of such usage. So in i. 1, of this play: "We could at once put us in readiness."

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :  
 And, if the boy have not a woman's gift  
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
 An onion will do well for such a shift ;  
 Which, in a napkin being close <sup>25</sup> convey'd,  
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst :

Anon I'll give thee more instructions.— [Exit Servant.]  
 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,  
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :  
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband ;  
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter  
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.  
 I'll in to counsel them ; haply my presence  
 May well abate their over-merry spleen,  
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

*SLY is discovered in a rich nightgown, with Attendants ; some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.*

*Sly.* For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

*1 Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

*2 Serv.* Will't please your Honour taste of these conserves ?

*3 Serv.* What raiment will your Honour wear to-day ?

*Sly.* I am Christopher Sly ; call not me Honour nor lordship : I ne'er drank sack in my life ; and, if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef : ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear ; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet, —

<sup>25</sup> The Poet often uses *close* for *secret*. Here used adverbially.

nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

*Lord.* Heaven cease this idle humour in your Honour !  
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit !

*Sly.* What would you make me mad ? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath ;<sup>1</sup> by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd,<sup>2</sup> and now by present profession a tinker ? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,<sup>3</sup> if she know me not : if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale,<sup>4</sup> score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What ! I am not bestraught :<sup>5</sup> here's —

*1 Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn !  
*2 Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop !  
*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house, As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.  
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth ; Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment, And banish hence these abject lowly dreams. Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

<sup>1</sup> *Burton-on-the-heath* was the name of a village in Warwickshire.

<sup>2</sup> A *bear-herd* was one who *kept* bears for baiting or other purposes.

<sup>3</sup> Probably meaning *Wilmecole*, another village in Warwickshire, and near Stratford. The name of *Sly* appears, in fact, to have been somewhat frequent in that county ; which perhaps furnished the William Sly who belonged to the same theatrical company with Shakespeare.

<sup>4</sup> "For *sheer ale*" probably means "for ale *merely*" ; that is, ale *alone*, or *nothing but* ale. Some explain it "*pure, unmixed ale*" ; as *sheer* was used for *pure*. But the two senses are closely allied ; as we often use *purely* for *merely*.

<sup>5</sup> *Bestraught* is an old word, like *distracted*, for *distracted* or *mad*. So in Holland's *Ammianus* : "Some among them, of the baser sort, having their wits and sences dulled by continuall drunkennesse, are ravished and *bestraught* with wild and wandering cogitations."

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,

[*Music.*]

And twenty cagèd nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

*1 Serv.* Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathèd stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

*2 Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,

And how she was beguilièd and surprised,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

*3 Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,

Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

Than any woman in this waning age.

*1 Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world ;  
And yet she is inferior to none.

*Sly.* Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?  
Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?  
I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;  
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things :  
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed ;  
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—  
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;  
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

*2 Serv.* Will't please your Mightiness to wash your hands ?  
[Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin.  
O, how we joy to see your wits restored !  
O, that once more you knew but what you are !  
These fifteen years<sup>6</sup> you have been in a dream ;  
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

*Sly.* These fifteen years ! by my fay,<sup>7</sup> a goodly nap.  
But did I never speak of all that time ?

*1 Serv.* O, yes, my lord ; but very idle words :  
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door ;  
And rail upon the hostess of the house ;  
And say, you would present her at the leet,<sup>8</sup>  
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts :<sup>9</sup>  
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

*3 Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid ;

<sup>6</sup> The Lord has directed the servant to say "this *seven* years." Was this an oversight of the Poet's ? or has the servant purposely stretched the time ?

<sup>7</sup> *By my fay* is a diminutive of *by my faith* ; rather a slender oath. But perhaps Sly is trying to swear suitably to his new character.

<sup>8</sup> That is, at the *Court-leet*, where the using of false weights and measures was tried and punished.

<sup>9</sup> *Seal'd quarts* were quart measures certified by public stamp to be truly such.

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—  
 As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps o' the Green,  
 And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell ;  
 And twenty more such names and men as these,  
 Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

*Sly.* Now, Lord be thankèd for my good amends !

*All.* Amen. [One of the Servants presents SLY with a cup of liquor, which he drinks.

*Sly.* I thank thee : thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the Page as a Lady, with Attendants.*

*Page.* How fares my noble lord ?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife ?

*Page.* Here, noble lord : what is thy will with her ?

*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me husband ?

My men should call me lord : I am your goodman.

*Page.* My husband and my lord, my lord and husband ;  
 I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well.—What must I call her ?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* Al'ce madam, or Joan madam ?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else : so lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,  
 And slept about some fifteen year or more.

*Page.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,  
 Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—  
 Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

*Page.* Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you  
 To pardon me yet for a night or two ;  
 Or, if not so, until the Sun be set :  
 For your physicians have expressly charged,  
 In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed :  
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.  
But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again : I will  
therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Your Honour's players, hearing your amendment,  
Are come to play a pleasant comedy ;  
For so your doctors hold it very meet,  
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy :  
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,  
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry, I will ; let them play it. Is not a commonty  
a Christmas gambol or a tumbling-trick ?

*Page.* No, my good lord ; it is more pleasing stuff.

*Sly.* What, household stuff ?

*Page.* It is a kind of history.

*Sly.* Well, we'll see't. —

Come, madam wife, sit by my side,  
And let the world slip : we shall ne'er be younger.

[*They sit down.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Padua. A public place.*

*Enter LUENTIO and TRANIO.*

*Luc.* Tranio, since, for the great desire I had  
 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,  
 I am arrived in fruitful Lombardy,  
 The pleasant garden of great Italy ;  
 And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd  
 With his good will, and thy good company,  
 My trusty servant, well approved in all ;  
 Here let us breathe, and haply institute  
 A course of learning and ingenious<sup>1</sup> studies.  
 Pisa, renownèd for grave citizens,  
 Gave me my being, and my father first,  
 A merchant of great traffic through the world,  
 Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.  
 Lucentio his son, brought up in Florence,  
 It shall<sup>2</sup> become — to serve all hopes conceived<sup>3</sup> —  
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :  
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,  
 Virtue, and that part of philosophy  
 Will I apply,<sup>4</sup> that treats of happiness  
 By virtue specially to be achieved.

<sup>1</sup> *Ingenious* for *ingenuous*, and in the sense of *liberal*. The two words appear to have been confounded in the Poet's time.

<sup>2</sup> *Shall* for *will* again. See page 143, note 17. Also in the scene before this: "Scratching her legs, that one *shall* swear she bleeds."

<sup>3</sup> That is, to fulfil the expectations of his friends.

<sup>4</sup> *Apply* here means *ply*. So in Gascoigne's *Supposes*, 1566: "I feare he *applyes* his study so, that he will not leave the minute of an houre from his booke."

Tell me thy mind ; for I have Pisa left,  
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves  
A shallow splash, to plunge him in the deep,  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*,<sup>5</sup> gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected as yourself ;  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray ;  
Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,  
As<sup>6</sup> Ovid be an outcast quite abjured :  
Balk logic<sup>7</sup> with acquaintance that you have,  
And practice rhetoric in your common talk ;  
Music and poesy use, to quicken you ;  
The mathematics and the metaphysics,  
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you :  
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en :  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies,<sup>8</sup> Tranio, well dost thou advise.

<sup>5</sup> *Mi perdonate* is Italian for *pardon me*.

<sup>6</sup> The use of *as* for *that* in such clauses was very common. It occurs continually in Bacon's Essays. See, also, page 143, note 17.

<sup>7</sup> This phrase has exercised the commentators prodigiously; and some have supposed *balk* to be a misprint. A writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, July, 1869, vindicates the text, conclusively, I think, as follows: "The primary signification of the noun *balk* is *separation*; from the Anglo-Saxon *balca*, a division-ridge or furrow. From the noun comes the verb to *balk*, to divide, to separate into ridges and furrows. *Balk* logic is therefore exactly equivalent to *chop* logic, meaning *divide*, *separate*, *distinguish*, in a logical matter, according to the forms and rules of logic. Both words, *chop* and *balk*, signalize the processes of definition and division, of sharp analytic distinction, in which the essence of logic consists; and the mental value of which is represented in the saying of Socrates, that if he could find a man able skilfully to divide, he would follow his steps, and admire him as a god."

<sup>8</sup> *Gramercies* is great thanks; from the French *grand merci*.

If Biondello now were come ashore,  
 We could at once put us in readiness ;  
 And take a lodging, fit to entertain  
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.  
 But stay awhile : what company is this ?

*Tra.* Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter* BAPTISTA, CATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. LUENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.

*Bap.* Gentlemen, impótune me no further,  
 For how I firmly am resolved you know ;  
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter  
 Before I have a husband for the elder :  
 If either of you both love Catharina,  
 Because I know you well, and love you well,  
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

*Gre.* To cart her rather : she's too rough for me.—  
 There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

*Cath.* [To BAP.] I pray you, sir, is it your will  
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?<sup>9</sup>

*Hor.* Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates for you,  
 Unless you were of gentler, milder mood.

*Cath.* I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear :  
 I wis<sup>10</sup> it is not half way to her heart ;  
 But, if it were, doubt not her care should be

<sup>9</sup> "Do you mean to make a *mockery* or a *laughing-stock* of me among these *fellows*?" The Poet several times uses *stale* thus for *jest* or *butt*; as in *3 Henry VI.*, iii. 3: "Had he none else to make a *stale* but me? Then none but I shall turn his *jest* to sorrow." But Catharina probably has withal a quibbling allusion to the chess-term *stale-mate*. So in Bacon's essay *Of Boldness*: "Like a *stale* at chess, where it is no *mate*, but yet the game cannot stir."

<sup>10</sup> It is beyond question that *I wis* was originally one word, *i-wis*, the Saxon genitive *gewis* used adverbially, and meaning *truly* or *certainly*. It is also beyond question that Shakespeare, and other writers of his time, used it as a pronoun and a verb, and as equivalent to *I ween*, or, in Yankee

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,  
And paint your face, and use you like a Fool.

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord !

*Tra.* [Aside to *Luc.*] Hush, master ! here is some good  
pastime toward :

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful foward.

*Luc.* [Aside to *Tra.*] But in the other's silence do I see  
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio !

*Tra.* [Aside to *Luc.*] Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze  
your fill.

*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in :  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca ;  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Cath.* A pretty peat !<sup>11</sup> it is best put finger in the eye,—  
an she knew why.

*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.—  
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :  
My books and instruments shall be my company,  
On them to look, and practise by myself.

*Luc.* [Aside to *Tra.*] Hark, Tranio ! thou mayst hear  
Minerva speak.

*Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?<sup>12</sup>  
Sorry am I that our good will effects  
Bianca's grief.

*Gre.* Why, will you mew her up,<sup>13</sup>

phrase, *I guess*; perhaps from ignorance of its original meaning.—In the next line, *could* where present usage requires *would*. The auxiliaries *could*, *should*, and *would*, like *shall* and *will*, were used indiscriminately.

<sup>11</sup> Peat is *pet*, darling; probably from the French *petite*.

<sup>12</sup> "Will you be so odd, so unlike others, in your course of action?"

<sup>13</sup> To *mew up* was a technical term for *confining* or *shutting up* hawks  
during the season of moulting.

Signior Baptista, for this fiend of Hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Bap.* Content ye, gentlemen; I am resolved: —  
Go in, Bianca: — [Exit BIANCA.]  
And, for<sup>14</sup> I know she taketh most delight  
In music, instruments, and poetry,  
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,  
Fit to instruct her youth. — If you, Hortensio, —  
Or, Signior Gremio, you, — know any such,  
Prefer<sup>15</sup> them hither; for to cunning<sup>16</sup> men  
I will be very kind, and liberal  
To mine own children in good bringing-up:  
And so, farewell. — Catharina, you may stay;  
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.]

*Cath.* Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?  
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,  
I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha? [Exit.]

*Gre.* You may go to the Devil's dam: your gifts are so  
good, here's none will hold you. — Our love is not so great,  
Hortensio, but we may blow our nails<sup>17</sup> together, and fast it  
fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell: yet,  
for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means  
light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I  
will wish<sup>18</sup> him to her father.

*Hor.* So will I, Signior Gremio: but, a word, I pray.  
Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle,  
know now, upon advice,<sup>19</sup> it toucheth us both, — that we

<sup>14</sup> For in the sense of because or inasmuch as. A very frequent usage.

<sup>15</sup> Prefer is the old term for recommend. The Poet has it repeatedly so.

<sup>16</sup> Cunning in its original sense of able, skilful, or knowing. So in Isaiah, iii. 3: "The counsellor, and the cunning artificer, and the eloquent orator."

<sup>17</sup> Blowing the nails is an old phrase for spending the time in idleness. See page 111, note 82.

<sup>18</sup> "I will wish him" is I will recommend him.

<sup>19</sup> Advice in its old sense of reflection or consideration. Often so. — Parle is parley, that is, talk. See vol. i., page 167, note 1.

may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

*Gre.* What's that, I pray?

*Hor.* Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

*Gre.* A husband! a devil.

*Hor.* I say, a husband.

*Gre.* I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to Hell?

*Hor.* Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults and money enough.

*Gre.* I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high-cross every morning.

*Hor.* Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, till, by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca! — Happy man be his dole!<sup>20</sup> He that runs fastest gets the ring.<sup>21</sup> How say you, Signior Gremio?

*Gre.* I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on. [Exit GREMIO and HORTENSIO.

*Tra.* I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible  
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

*Luc.* O Tranio, till I found it to be true,

<sup>20</sup> An old proverbial phrase of encouragement or good wishes, meaning,  
“ May the lot or portion *doled* or *dealt* to him be happiness! ”

<sup>21</sup> A ring was one of the prizes given at matches of running and wrestling.

I never thought it possible or likely ;  
 But, see ! while idly I stood looking on,  
 I found th' effect of love in idleness :  
 And now in plainness do confess to thee, —  
 That art to me as secret and as dear  
 As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was, —  
 Tranio, I burn, I pine ; I perish, Tranio,  
 If I achieve not this young modest girl.  
 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst ;  
 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now ;  
 Affection is not rated <sup>22</sup> from the heart :  
 If love has touch'd you, nought remains but so, —  
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*<sup>23</sup>

*Luc.* Gramercies, lad ; go forward ; this contents :  
 The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

*Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly <sup>24</sup> on the maid,  
 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

*Luc.* O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
 Such as the daughter of Agenor <sup>25</sup> had,  
 That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,  
 When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

*Tra.* Saw you no more ? mark'd you not how her sister —  
 Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,  
 That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

*Luc.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,  
 And with her breath she did perfume the air :

<sup>22</sup> Is not *expelled* by *chiding* or *scolding*.

<sup>23</sup> The Poet quoted these words of Terence from Lily's *Grammar*. The original has it thus : "Quid agas ? nisi ut te redimas captum quam queas minimo."

<sup>24</sup> *Longly* for *longingly*.

<sup>25</sup> Agenor's daughter was the famous Europa, whom Jupiter was so smitten with, that he transformed himself into a bull, and carried her off on his back.

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

*Tra.* Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—  
I pray, awake, sir : if you love the maid,  
Bend thoughts and wits t' achieve her. Thus it stands :  
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,<sup>26</sup>  
That, till the father rid his hands of her,  
Master, your love must live a maid at home ;  
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,  
Because he will not be annoy'd with suitors.

*Luc.* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he !  
But art thou not advised, he took some care  
To get her cunning schoolmasters t' instruct her ?

*Tra.* Ay, marry, am I, sir ; and now 'tis plotted :

*Luc.* I have it, Tranio.

*Tra.* Master, for my hand,  
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

*Luc.* Tell me thine first.

*Tra.* You will be schoolmaster,  
And undertake the teaching of the maid :  
That's your device.

*Luc.* It is : may it be done ?

*Tra.* Not possible ; for who shall bear your part,  
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son ;  
Keep house, and ply his book ; welcome his friends ;  
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

*Luc.* Basta ;<sup>27</sup> content thee ; for I have it full.  
We have not yet been seen in any house ;  
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces  
For man or master : then it follows thus :  
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,

<sup>26</sup> *Curst* is cross, snappish, ill-tempered ; and *shrewd* is sharp or biting ; used of a scold, or one of stinging speech.

<sup>27</sup> *Basta* is enough ; Italian and Spanish.

Keep house, and port,<sup>28</sup> and servants, as I should :  
 I will some other be ; some Florentine,  
 Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.  
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so : Tranio, at once  
 Uncase thee ; take my colour'd hat and cloak :  
 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;  
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you need. [They exchange habits.]  
 In brief, then, sir, sith<sup>29</sup> it your pleasure is,  
 And I am tied to be obedient, —  
 For so your father charged me at our parting ;  
*Be serviceable to my son*, quoth he,  
 Although I think 'twas in another sense, —  
 I am content to be Lucentio,  
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :  
 And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid  
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.  
 Here comes the rogue. —

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

Sirrah, where have you been ?

*Bion.* Where have I been ! Nay, how now ! where are  
 you ?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes ?  
 Or you stol'n his ? or both ? pray, what's the news ?

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither : 'tis no time to jest,  
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
 Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
 Puts my apparel and my countenance on,

<sup>28</sup> Port here means *display, magnificence, or pomp*. So in *The Merchant*, iii. 2: "The Duke himself, and the magnificoes of greatest port have all persuaded with him."

<sup>29</sup> Sith and *sithence*, both much used in the Poet's time, and in the same sense, have now given place entirely to *since*.

And I for my escape have put on his ;  
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,  
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried :  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,  
While I make way from hence to save my life :  
You understand me ?

*Bion.* Ay, sir. — [Aside.] Ne'er a whit.

*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth :  
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

*Bion.* The better for him : would I were so too !

*Tra.* So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,  
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.  
But, sirrah, — not for my sake, but your master's, — I advise  
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies :  
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;  
But, in all places else, your master Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, let's go :  
One thing more rests, that thyself execute, —  
To make one among these wooers : if thou ask me why,  
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [Exeunt.

<sup>1</sup> Serv. *My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely : comes there any more of it ?*

Page. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

Sly. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady : would 'twere done !*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before HORTENSIO'S House.*

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*

*Pet.* Verona, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in Padua ; but, of all,  
My best-belovèd and approvèd friend,

Hortensio ; and I trow this is his house.—  
Here, sirrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

*Gru.* Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there any man has rebused your Worship ?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me<sup>1</sup> here soundly.

*Gru.* Knock you here, sir ! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir ?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,  
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

*Gru.* My master has grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be ?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it ;  
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[Wrings GRUMIO by the ears; who falls.

*Gru.* Help, masters, help ! my master is mad.

*Pet.* Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain !

*Enter HORTENSIO.*

*Hor.* How now ! what's the matter ?—My old friend Grumio ! and my good friend Petruchio !<sup>2</sup>—How do you all at Verona ?

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray ?  
*Con tutto il core bene trovato*, may I say.

*Hor.* *Alla nostra casa bene venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.*—

Rise, Grumio, rise : we will compound this quarrel.

*Gru.* [Rising.] Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what be *leges* in

<sup>1</sup> This redundant use of *me* is an old idiom occurring continually in these plays. Of course Grumio chooses to take his master literally for the humour of it.

<sup>2</sup> The Poet anglicised the spelling of the Italian name *Petrucio*, perhaps to secure a right pronunciation of it on the stage.

Latin, if this be not a lawful cause<sup>3</sup> for me to leave his service. Look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir : well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so ; being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, — a pip out?<sup>4</sup> Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

*Pet.* A senseless villain ! — Good Hortensio,  
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,  
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate ! O Heavens ! Spake you not these words plain, *Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly ?* And come you now with — knocking at the gate ?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.  
*Hor.* Petruchio, patience ; I am Grumio's pledge :  
Why, 'tis a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,  
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.  
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale  
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona ?

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the world,  
To seek their fortunes further than at home,  
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,<sup>5</sup>  
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :

<sup>3</sup> Meaning, simply, " 'Tis no matter what is *law*, if this be not a lawful cause," &c.

<sup>4</sup> Halliwell says that "*to be two-and-thirty, a pip out*, was an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated." *Pip* is a spot on a card ; and the phrase is said to be derived from the game of *Bone-ace*, or *One-and-thirty*, — now obsolete, both name and thing. Massinger, in *The Fatal Dowry*, ii. 2, has a passage that does not seem to accord well with Halliwell's explanation : " I wonder whether be elder, thou or thy hood. You think, because you served my lady's mother, are *thirty-two years old*, — which is a *pip out*, you know, — out of these prerogatives, you think to be mother of the maids here, and mortify them with proverbs : go, go, govern the sweetmeats, and weigh the sugar," &c.

<sup>5</sup> *In a few* means *in a few words*, or *in short*.

Antonio, my father, is deceased ;  
 And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
 Haply to wive and thrive as best I may :  
 Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  
 And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* Petruchio, shall I, then, come roundly to thee,<sup>6</sup>  
 And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd <sup>7</sup> wife ?  
 Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel :  
 And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,  
 And very rich. But thou'rt too much my friend,  
 And I'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we  
 Few words suffice ; and therefore, if thou know  
 One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,—  
 As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,—  
 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,<sup>8</sup>  
 As old as Sibyl,<sup>9</sup> and as curst and shrewd  
 As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse ;  
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least,  
 Affection's edge in me, were she as rough  
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas :<sup>10</sup>  
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;  
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

<sup>6</sup> To come roundly to a man is to be *out-spoken* or *downright* with him.

<sup>7</sup> Perhaps *ill-favour'd* here refers to inward or moral qualities; for in his next speech Hortensio describes Catharina as "young and beateous."

<sup>8</sup> The allusion is to a story told by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended.

<sup>9</sup> The word *sibyl* is here made a proper name. For some account of the ancient lady referred to, see *The Merchant*, i. 2.

<sup>10</sup> The Adriatic, though often as still and placid as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall that protects Venice is of vast width and height, yet is sometimes drowned in Winter by "the swelling Adriatic seas" which pour over it into the lagunes.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is : why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby ;<sup>11</sup> or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses :<sup>12</sup> why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*Hor.* Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,  
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous ;  
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman :  
Her only fault — and that is faults enough —  
Is, that she is intolerable curst,  
And shrewd, and foward ; so beyond all measure,  
That, were my state far worser than it is,  
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortensio, peace ! thou know'st not gold's effect :  
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough ;  
For I will board her,<sup>13</sup> though she chide as loud  
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola,  
An affable and courteous gentleman :  
Her name is Catharina Minola,  
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not her ;  
And he knew my deceased father well.  
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;  
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,  
To give you over at this first encounter,

<sup>11</sup> *Aglets* were the tags to the strings used to fasten the dress, and sometimes represented small images. *Aglet* also signified a brooch or jewel in one's cap : so that *Aglet-baby* might mean a diminutive figure on the tags aforesaid, or one carved on a jewel.

<sup>12</sup> "The fifty diseases of a horse" seems to have been a proverbial saying. Grumio varies and slightly stretches the proverb.

<sup>13</sup> *Board her* is, in modern phrase, *lay siege to her*.

Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him : she may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so : why, that's nothing ; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.<sup>14</sup> I'll tell you what, sir, — an she stand him<sup>15</sup> but a little, he will throw a figure<sup>16</sup> in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee ;  
 For in Baptista's keep<sup>17</sup> my treasure is :  
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;  
 And her withholds from me, and other more,  
 Suitors to her and rivals in my love ;  
 Supposing it a thing impossible, —  
 For thosé defects I have before rehearsed, —  
 That ever Catharina will be woo'd :  
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,<sup>18</sup>  
 That none shall have access unto Bianca  
 Till Catharine the curst have got a husband.

*Gru.* Catharine the curst !  
 A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

*Hor.* Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace ;  
 And offer me, disguised in sober robes,

<sup>14</sup> *Rope-tricks* is said to mean *roguey*, or such tricks as deserve the *rope*. Malone says that "ropery or rope-tricks originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea." Grumio seems withal to be playing tricks of speech on the resemblance of *rope-tricks* and *rhetoric*.

<sup>15</sup> *Stand him* is *withstand, resist, or make an issue with him*.

<sup>16</sup> A figure of *rhetoric*. Grumio is quibbling still; as he does again between *Kate* and *cat*.

<sup>17</sup> *Keep* for care, keeping, or custody.

<sup>18</sup> To take order is to use means, or adopt measures.

To old Baptista as a schoolmaster  
 Well seen in music,<sup>19</sup> to instruct Bianca ;  
 That so I may, by this device, at least  
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,  
 And unsuspected court her by herself.

*Gru.* [Aside.] Here's no knavery ! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together ! —

*Enter GREMIO; and LUENTIO disguised, with books under his arm.*

Master, master, look about you : who goes there, ha ?

*Hor.* Peace, Grumio ! 'tis the rival of my love. —  
 Petruchio, stand by awhile.

*Gru.* A proper stripling and an amorous ! [They retire.

*Gre.* O, very well ; I have perused the note.

Hark, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :

All books of love, see that at any hand ;  
 And see you read no other lectures to her :  
 You understand me : — over and beside  
 Signior Baptista's liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess : — take your paper too ;<sup>20</sup>  
 And let me have them very well perfumed ;  
 For she is sweeter than perfume itself,  
 To whom they go. What will you read to her ?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you  
 As for my patron, — stand you so assured, —  
 As firmly as yourself were still in place :  
 Yea, and perhaps with more successful words  
 Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

*Gre.* O this learning ! what a thing it is !

<sup>19</sup> *Well seen* is an old phrase for *well versed* or *well skilled*. Much used in the Poet's time. So in *The Faerie Queene*, iv. 2: "Well seene in every science that mote be."

<sup>20</sup> *Paper* refers to *note*; and *them*, in the next line, to *books*.

*Gru.* O this woodcock ! what an ass it is !

*Pet.* Peace, sirrah !

*Hor.* Grumio, mum !—[*Coming forward.*] God save you,  
Signior Gremio !

*Gre.* And you're well met, Signior Hortensio.

Trow you whither I'm going ? To Baptista Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca :

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well  
On this young man ; for learning and behaviour  
Fit for her turn ; well read in poetry,  
And other books, — good ones, I warrant ye.

*Hor.* 'Tis well : and I have met a gentleman  
Hath promised me to help me to another,  
A fine musician to instruct our mistress ;  
So shall I no whit be behind in duty  
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

*Gre.* Beloved of me ; and that my deeds shall prove.

*Gru.* [*Aside.*] And that his bags shall prove.

*Hor.* Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love :  
Listen to me ; and, if you speak me fair,  
I'll tell you news indifferent good<sup>21</sup> for either.  
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,  
Upon agreement from us to his liking,  
Will undertake to woo curst Catharine,  
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

*Gre.* So said, so done, is well :  
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

*Pet.* I know she is an irksome brawling scold :  
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

<sup>21</sup> "Indifferent good" is not differently, that is, *equally*, good. Elsewhere *indifferent* is tolerably or reasonably. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 1 : "I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me."

*Gre.* No? sayest me so, friend? What countryman?

*Pet.* Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:  
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;  
And I do hope good days and long to see.

*Gre.* O, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!  
But if you have a stomach, to't o' God's name:  
You shall have me assisting you in all.  
But will you woo this wild-cat?

*Pet.* Will I live?

*Gru.* [Aside.] Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

*Pet.* Why came I hither but to that intent?  
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,  
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?  
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?  
Have I not in a pitch'd battle heard  
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?  
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;  
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear  
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?  
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.<sup>22</sup>

*Gru.* [Aside.] For he fears none.

*Gre.* Hortensio, hark:  
This gentlemen is happily arrived,  
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

*Hor.* I promised we would be contributors,  
And bear his charge of wooing, whatso'er.

*Gre.* And so we will, provided that he win her.

<sup>22</sup> That is, *frighten* boys with *bugbears*. The Poet uses *fear* repeatedly thus, as a transitive verb. So in *3 Henry VI.*, v. 2: "Warwick was a *bug* that *fear'd* us all." The word *bug* originally meant a *goblin*, *sprite*, or *ghost*, such things as used to "make night hideous."

*Gru.* [Aside.] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

*Enter TRANIO bravely apparelled, and BIONDELLO.*

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God save you? If I may be bold, tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way to the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

*Gre.* He that has the two fair daughters,—is't he you mean?

*Tra.* Even he.—Biondello,—

*Gre.* Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—<sup>23</sup>

*Tra.* Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?

*Pet.* Not her that chides, sir, at any hand,<sup>24</sup> I pray.

*Tra.* I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

*Luc.* [Aside.] Well begun, Tranio.

*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

*Tra.* An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

*Gre.* No; if without more words you will get you hence.

*Tra.* Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free  
For me as for you?

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you?

*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know,—

That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

*Hor.* That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

*Tra.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,  
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.  
Baptista is a noble gentleman,  
To whom my father is not all unknown;  
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

<sup>23</sup> Of course Gremio has *woo* on his tongue: why he is not permitted to speak it, is not very apparent.

<sup>24</sup> *At any hand* has occurred a little before, in the same sense, *at any rate*.

She may more suitors have, and me for one.  
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;  
Then well one more may fair Bianca have :  
And so she shall ; Lucentio shall make one,  
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What, what, this gentleman will out-talk us all !

*Luc.* Sir, give him head : I know he'll prove a jade.<sup>25</sup>

*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as ask you this,  
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

*Tra.* No, sir ; but hear I do that he hath two ;  
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,  
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

*Pet.* Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules ;  
And let it be more than Alcides' <sup>26</sup> twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth :  
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,  
Her father keeps from all access of suitors ;  
And will not promise her to any man  
Until the elder sister first be wed :  
The younger then is free, and not before.

*Tra.* If it be so, sir, that you are the man  
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest ;  
And if you break the ice, and do this feat, —  
Achieve the elder, set the younger free  
For our access, — whose hap shall be to have her  
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

<sup>25</sup> Jade was used for an *unreliable horse*. So in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 2 : "Hollow men, like horses hot at hand, make gallant show and promise of their mettle; but, when they should endure the bloody spur, they fall their crests, and, like *deceitful jades*, sink in the trial."

<sup>26</sup> Hercules was a descendant of *Alceus*, hence in the Greek idiom called *Alcides*.

*Hor.* Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;  
 And, since you do profess to be a suitor,  
 You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,  
 To whom we all rest generally beholding.<sup>27</sup>

*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack : in sign whereof,  
 Please ye we may contrive <sup>28</sup> this afternoon,  
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;  
 And do as adversaries <sup>29</sup> do in law, —  
 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*Gru.* } O excellent motion ! Fellows,<sup>30</sup> let's be gone.  
*Bion.* }

*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be it so : —  
 Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Padua. A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.*

*Enter CATHARINA, and BIANCA with her hands bound.*

*Bian.* Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,  
 To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;  
 That I disdain : but, for these other gauds,  
 Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,  
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;

<sup>27</sup> Shakespeare always uses *beholding* where we should use *beholden* ; the active form with the passive sense. See vol. i., page 233, note 24.

<sup>28</sup> *Contrive* here means *wear out, pass away, or spend* ; from *contrivi*, the preterite of the Latin *contereo*. So in *Damon and Pithias*, 1571 : "In travelling countries, we three have *contriv'd* full many a year."

<sup>29</sup> *Adversaries* for *opposing counsel* in a law-suit.

<sup>30</sup> Grumio and Biondello probably address each other here, and also Lucentio, as *fellow-servants*. They would hardly use *fellows* in speaking to the others present.

Or, what you will command me, will I do,  
So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Cath.* Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell  
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.

*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all men alive,  
I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other.

*Cath.* Minion, thou liest: is't not Hortensio?

*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear  
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

*Cath.* O, then belike you fancy riches more:  
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

*Bian.* Is it for him you do envy me so?  
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive  
You have but jested with me all this while:  
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

*Cath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [Strikes her.

*Enter BAPTISTA.*

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence? —

Bianca, stand aside: — poor girl! she weeps: —  
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her. —  
For shame, thou hilding<sup>1</sup> of a devilish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?  
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

*Cath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.

[Flies after BIANCA.

<sup>1</sup> *Hilding* is from the Saxon *healdan*, which properly means to hold, keep, or rule, as in a state of servitude or thraldom. So that the radical sense of *hilding* seems to be slave or thrall; hence the word grew to be a general term of reproach. It was applied to both sexes, but with somewhat different shades of meaning. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5, old Capulet applies it to his daughter as an opprobrious term serving merely to vent his wrath.

*Bap.* [Holding her back.] What, in my sight?—Bianca,  
get thee in. [Exit BIANCA.]

*Cath.* Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see  
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;  
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,  
And, for your love to her, lead apes in Hell.<sup>2</sup>  
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,  
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit.]

*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?  
But who comes here?

*Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of a mean Man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a Musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.*

*Gre.* Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

*Bap.* Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.—God save you, gentlemen!

*Pet.* And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter  
Call'd Catharina, fair and virtuous?

*Bap.* I have a daughter, sir, call'd Catharina.

*Gre.* You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

*Pet.* You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.—  
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
That,—hearing of her beauty and her wit,  
Her affability and bashful modesty,  
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,—  
Am bold to show myself a forward guest

<sup>2</sup> "Leading apes in Hell" is no doubt part of an ancient proverb. As Steevens explains, it seems to have been thought, in the olden time, that women who refused to be *mothers* were condemned to have the care of apes in leading-strings after death. So, in *Much Ado*, Beatrice, after jesting off all sorts of men from her hand, adds, "Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into Hell."—To *dance barefoot* was another proverbial phrase for *being an old maid*. So says Halliwell.

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
 Of that report which I so oft have heard.  
 And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
 I do present you with a man of mine, [Presenting HORTEN.  
 Cunning in music and the mathematics,  
 T' instruct her fully in those sciences,  
 Whereof I know she is not ignorant :  
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong :  
 His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

*Bap.* You're welcome, sir ; and he, for your good sake.  
 But for my daughter Catharine,—this I know,  
 She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

*Pet.* I see you do not mean to part with her ;  
 Or else you like not of my company.

*Bap.* Mistake me not ; I speak but as I find.  
 Whence are you, sir ? what may I call your name ?

*Pet.* Petruchio is my name ; Antonio's son,  
 A man well known throughout all Italy.

*Bap.* I knew him well : you're welcome for his sake.

*Gre.* Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
 Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :  
 Baccare !<sup>3</sup> you are marvellous forward.

*Pet.* O, pardon me, Signior Gremio ; I would fain be doing.

*Gre.* I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your wooing.  
 — Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful,<sup>4</sup> I am sure of it.  
 To express the like kindness myself, that have been more  
 kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this  
 young scholar, [Presenting LUCENTIO.] that hath been long

<sup>3</sup> "A cant exclamation," says Dyce, "of doubtful etymology, signifying *Go back.*" And he quotes from one of John Heywood's epigrams on the word, —

*Backare,* quoth Mortimer to his sow :  
 Went that sow backe at that bidding, trow you ?

<sup>4</sup> *Grateful* here is *pleasant* or *acceptable*. Sometimes still used so.

studying at Rheims ; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics : his name is Cambio ; pray, accept his service.

*Bap.* A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.—Welcome, good Cambio.—[*To TRanio.*] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger : may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming ?

*Tra.* Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own ; That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister. This liberty is all that I request,— That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo, And free access and favour as the rest : And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books : If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*Bap.* Lucentio is your name,—of whence, I pray ?

*Tra.* Of Pisa, sir ; son to Vicentio.

*Bap.* A mighty man of Pisa ; by report I know him well : you're very welcome, sir.— [*To Hor.*] Take you the lute,—[*To Luc.*] and you the set of books : You shall go see your pupils presently.— Holla, within !—

*Enter a Servant.*

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen To my two daughters ; and then tell them both, These are their tutors : bid them use them well.—

[*Exit Servant, with HOR., LUC., and BION.*

We will go walk a little in the orchard,  
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,  
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,  
And every day I cannot come to woo.  
You knew my father well ; and, in him, me,  
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
Which I have better'd rather than decreased :  
Then tell me,— if I get your daughter's love,  
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

*Bap.* After my death, the one half of my lands ;  
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of  
Her widowhood,<sup>5</sup>— be it that she survive me,—  
In all my lands and leases whatsoever :  
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us.  
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
That is, her love ; for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,  
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;  
And where two raging fires meet together,  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :  
Though little fire grows great with little wind,  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :  
So I to her, and so she yields to me ;  
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed !  
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds,  
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.*

\* That is, her dower or jointure as a widow.

*Bap.* How now, my friend ! why dost thou look so pale ?

*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale. —

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician ?

*Hor.* I think she'll sooner prove a soldier :

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

*Hor.* Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,<sup>6</sup>

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

*Frets call you these ?* quoth she ; *I'll fume with them :*

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way ;

And there I stood amazed for a while,

As on a pillory, looking through the lute ;

While she did call me rascal fiddler

And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;

I love her ten times more than e'er I did :

O, how I long to have some chat with her !

*Bap.* Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited :

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns. —

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

*Pet.* I pray you do ; I will attend her here, —

[*Exeunt BAP., GRE., TRA., and HOR.*

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say that she rail ; why, then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :

Say that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear

<sup>6</sup> *Frets* are small ridges on the finger-board of a lute or guitar, where the strings are pressed down.

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :  
Say she be mute and will not speak a word ;  
Then I'll commend her volubility,  
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence :  
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
As though she bid me stay by her a week :  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.  
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.—

*Enter CATHARINA.*

Good morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

*Cath.* Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing :  
They call me Catharine that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,  
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;  
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,  
For dainties are all cates ; and therefore, Kate,  
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation :  
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded, —  
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs, —  
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

*Cath.* Moved ! in good time : let him that moved you  
hither  
Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,  
You were a movable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a movable ?

*Cath.* A joint-stool.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

*Cath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Cath.* But no such load as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee !  
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

*Cath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;  
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

*Pet.* Should be ! should buzz.<sup>7</sup>

*Cath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* O slow-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard take thee ?

*Cath.* Ay, for a turtle, — as he takes a buzzard.<sup>8</sup>

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp ; i' faith, you are too angry.

*Cath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

*Cath.* Ay, if the fool could find out where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting ?  
In his tail.

*Cath.* In his tongue.

*Pet.* Whose tongue ?

*Cath.* Yours, if you talk of tails : and so farewell.

*Pet.* What, with my tongue in your tail ? nay, come again,  
Good Kate ; I am a gentleman. [Detaining her.]

*Cath.* That I'll try. [Striking him.]

*Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

*Cath.* So may you lose your arms :  
If you strike me, you are no gentleman ;  
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

*Pet.* A herald, Kate ? O, put me in thy books !

*Cath.* What is your crest ? a coxcomb ?

*Pet.* A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

<sup>7</sup> Of course a quibble was intended between *be* and *bee*, and also between the *buzzing* of a bee and a *buzz* of words.

<sup>8</sup> The *beetle*, on account of its humming or buzzing, was called *buzzard*. But this latter word is here used in different senses ; meaning, at first, a common and inferior kind of hawk ; one that had only spirit enough to pounce upon a turtle-dove. And the buzzard, I suppose, only takes the beetle as a morsel of food.

*Cath.* No cock of mine ; you crow too like a craven.<sup>9</sup>

*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come ; you must not look so sour.

*Cath.* It is my fashion when I see a crab.

*Pet.* Why, here's no crab ; and therefore look not sour.

*Cath.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then show it me.

*Cath.* Had I a glass, I would.

*Pet.* What, you mean my face ?

*Cath.* Well aim'd<sup>10</sup> of such a young one.

*Pet.* Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

*Cath.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* "Tis with cares.

*Cath.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth, you 'scape not so.

*Cath.* I chafe you, if I tarry : let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit : I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous ;

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers :

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp ?

O slanderous world ! Kate, like the hazel-twigs,

<sup>9</sup> *Craven* was a term for a *cowardly degenerate cock*. When Catharine asks, "What is your crest ? a coxcomb ?" she implies that Petruchio is a *Fool*; an imitation of a cock's comb being one of the badges of professional *Fools*. See *King Lear*, i. 4.

<sup>10</sup> "Well aim'd" is well *guessed*; a frequent usage of *aim*. In the next line Petruchio plays on the word *young*, meaning, as Walker says, "I am too much for you, I am an overmatch for you." So in *Much Ado*, v. 1: "Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too *young* for them."

Is straight and slender ; and as brown in hue  
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.  
O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

*Cath.* Go, Fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

*Pet.* Did ever Dian so become a grove,  
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?  
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;  
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful !

*Cath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech ?

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

*Cath.* A witty mother ! witless else her son.

*Pet.* Am I not wise ?

*Cath.* Yes ; keep you warm.<sup>11</sup>

*Pet.* Marry, so I mean, sweet Catharine, in thy bed :  
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,  
Thus in plain terms : Your father hath consented  
That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;  
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.  
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;  
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, —  
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well, —  
Thou must be married to no man but me ;  
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,  
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate<sup>12</sup>  
Comformable, as other household Kates.  
Here comes your father : never make denial ;  
I must and will have Catharine to my wife.

<sup>11</sup> Alluding, most likely, to an old proverbial saying now lost, and the meaning of which has not been fully traced : perhaps something like the one now in use, "He don't know enough to go in when it rains." Beatrice, in *Much Ado*, i. 1, refers, apparently, to the same proverb, when, speaking of Benedict, she says, "If he have *wit* enough to *keep himself warm*, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse."

<sup>12</sup> A quibble is doubtless intended here ; and it seems likely that *Kate* and *cat* were sounded alike in Shakespeare's time.

*Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.*

*Bap.* Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with  
My daughter?

*Pet.* How but well, sir? how but well?  
It were impossible I should speed amiss.  
*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Catharine! in your  
dumps?

*Cath.* Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,  
You've show'd a tender fatherly regard,  
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;  
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus: Yourself and all the world,  
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:  
If she be curst, it is for policy;  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;  
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,<sup>13</sup>  
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:  
And, to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,  
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

*Cath.* I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

*Gre.* Hark, Petruchio; she says, she'll see thee hang'd  
first.

*Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay, then good night our  
pact!<sup>14</sup>

*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:  
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?  
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curst in company.  
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

<sup>13</sup> The patience of Griselda had been made proverbial in England by Chaucer; if indeed it were not so before Chaucer clothed it with his beauty.

<sup>14</sup> Pact is bargain or compact; so used repeatedly by Burke.

How much she loves me : O, the kindest Kate !  
 She hung about my neck ; and kiss on kiss  
 She vied so fast,<sup>15</sup> protesting oath on oath,  
 That in a twink she won me to her love.  
 O, you are novices ! 'tis a world to see,<sup>16</sup>  
 How tame, when men and women are alone,  
 A meacock<sup>17</sup> wretch can make the curtest shrew.—  
 Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,  
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—  
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;  
 I will be sure my Catharine shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say : but give me your hands ;  
 God send you joy, Petruchio ! 'tis a match.

*Gre.* } Amen, say we : we will be witnesses.  
*Tra.* }

*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu ;  
 I will to Venice ; Sunday comes apace : —  
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;  
 And kiss me, Kate ; we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and CATHARINA severally.*

*Gre.* Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly ?

*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,  
 And venture madly on a desperate mart.

*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you :  
 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

<sup>15</sup> This means "she drove on so *swift* a competition with me in *kissing*." To *vie*, as Gifford well explains it, was to stake or bet a certain sum at a game ; to *revie* was to cover it with a larger sum, whereupon the challenged party became the challenger, and was to be *revied* in turn. This vying and revying was kept up till one of the parties lost courage and gave up the whole.

<sup>16</sup> An old phrase, meaning the same as "It is a *wonder* to see."

<sup>17</sup> Meacock meant about the same as our word *flunkey*. So in Junius's *Nomenclator*, 1585 : "A *mecocke* or pezzant, that hath his head under his wives girdle, or that lets his wife be his maister."

*Bap.* The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

*Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter :

Now is the day we long have lookèd for :

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

*Tra.* And I am one that love Bianca more  
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

*Gre.* Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

*Tra.* Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.

*Gre.* But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back : 'tis age that nourisheth.

*Tra.* But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen : I'll compound this strife :  
'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he, of both,  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower  
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city  
Is richly furnishèd with plate and gold ;  
Basins and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;  
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;  
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;  
In cyprus chests my arras-counterpoints,<sup>18</sup>  
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,<sup>19</sup>  
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd<sup>20</sup> with pearl,  
Valance of Venice gold in needlework ;  
Pewter<sup>21</sup> and brass, and all things that belong

<sup>18</sup> *Arras-counterpoints* are simply counterpoints, or what we call *counterpanes*, made of arras ; and the latter was a general term for tapestries and hangings.

<sup>19</sup> "A canopy properly that hangeth aboute beddes to keepe away gnattes." So says Baret.—*Tents* were *hangings*; probably so named from the *tenters* upon which they were hung.

<sup>20</sup> *Boss'd* is studded. *Valance* is fringe.

<sup>21</sup> *Pewter* was so costly, that vessels made of it were hired by the year.

To house or housekeeping : then, at my farm  
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
 Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls ;  
 And all things answerable to this portion.  
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;  
 And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,  
 If whilst I live she will be only mine.

*Tra.* That *only* came well in.—Sir, list to me :  
 I am my father's heir and only son :  
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
 Old Signior Gremio has in Padua ;  
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure. —  
 What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio ?

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land !  
 My land amounts but to so much in all :  
 That she shall have ; besides an argosy <sup>22</sup>  
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road. —  
 What, have I choked you with an argosy ?

*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less  
 Than three great argosies ; besides two galliasses,<sup>23</sup>  
 And twelve tight galleys : these I will assure her,  
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all,—I have no more ;  
 And she can have no more than all I have :—  
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,  
 By your firm promise : Gremio is out-vied.

*Bap.* I must confess your offer is the best ;

<sup>22</sup> An *argosy* was a large vessel, man-of-war or merchant-man.

<sup>23</sup> A *galliass* was a great double galley, with three masts, and thirty-two seats for rowers.

And, let your father make her the assurance,  
 She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :  
 If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

*Tra.* That's but a cavil : he is old, I young.

*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as old ?

*Bap.* Well, gentlemen,

I'm thus resolved : On Sunday next you know  
 My daughter Catharine is to be married :  
 Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;  
 If not, to Signior Gremio :  
 And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour.— [Exit BAPTISTA.]

Now I fear thee not :

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool  
 To give thee all, and in his waning age  
 Set foot under thy table : tut, a toy !  
 An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

[Exit.]

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !  
 Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.<sup>24</sup>  
 'Tis in my head to do my master good :  
 I see no reason but supposed Lucentio  
 Must get a father, call'd — supposed Vincentio ;  
 And that's a wonder : fathers commonly  
 Do get their children ; but, in this case of wooing,  
 A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[Exit.]

<sup>24</sup> A phrase from some game at cards, where the standing boldly upon a ten-spot was often successful. Nares explains, "I conceive the force of the phrase to have expressed, originally, the confidence or impudence of one who, with a ten, as at brag, *faced* or *outfaced* one who really had a faced card against him. To face meant, as it still does, to bully, to attack by impudence of face."

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Padua. A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.*

*Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.*

*Luc.* Fiddler, forbear ; you grow too forward, sir :  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Catharine welcomed you withal ?

*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony :  
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;  
And when in music we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous <sup>1</sup> ass, that never read so far  
To know the cause why music was ordain'd !  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
After his studies or his usual pain ?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice :  
I am no breeching scholar <sup>2</sup> in the schools ;  
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself.  
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :—  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;

<sup>1</sup> *Preposterous* is here used in its proper classical sense of *putting the last first, or hind-side-before.*

<sup>2</sup> A *breeching scholar* is a scholar liable to be *breeched* or *flogged*. So, in *The Merry Wives*, iv. i, Sir Hugh Evans says to the boy, William Page, "if you forget your *quies*, your *ques*, and your *quods*, you must be *preeches*."

His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

*Hor.* [To BIANCA.] You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?  
[HORTENSIO retires.]

*Luc.* That will be never:—tune your instrument.

*Bian.* Where left we last?

*Luc.* Here, madam:

[Reads.] *Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;*  
*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*<sup>3</sup>

*Bian.* Construe them.

*Luc.* *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.<sup>4</sup>

*Hor.* [Coming forward.] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

*Bian.* Let's hear. [HORTENSIO plays.]

O, fie! the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man,  
And tune again.

*Bian.* Now let me see if I can construe it:  
*Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not,—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not,—*regia*, presume not,—*celsa senis*, despair not.

*Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.

*Luc.* All but the base.

*Hor.* The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.—

[Aside.] How fiery and forward is our pedant!

<sup>3</sup> These verses are from Ovid's *Epistolaæ Heroïdum*, *Penelope Ulyssi*, 33.

<sup>4</sup> *Pantaloön* was the name of a character that figured on the Italian stage.—The humour of translating Latin into English of a totally different sense was not uncommon.

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :  
*Pedascule*,<sup>5</sup> I'll watch you better yet.

*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

*Luc.* Mistrust it not ; for, sure, Æacides  
 Was Ajax, — call'd so from his grandfather.

*Bian.* I must believe my master ; else, I promise you,  
 I should be arguing still upon that doubt :  
 But let it rest. — Now, Licio, to you : —  
 Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,  
 That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Hor.* [To LUENTIO.] You may go walk, and give me leave  
 awhile :

My lessons make no music in three parts.

*Luc.* [Aside.] Are you so formal, sir ? well, I must wait,  
 And watch withal ; for, but<sup>6</sup> I be deceived,  
 Our fine musician groweth amorous.

*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
 To learn the order of my fingering,  
 I must begin with rudiments of art ;  
 To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,  
 More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,  
 Than hath been taught by any of my trade :  
 And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

*Bian.* [Reads.] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*  
 A re, to plead Hortensio's passion ;  
 B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,  
 C fa ut, that loves with all affection :  
 D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I :  
 E la mi, show pity, or I die. —

Call you this gamut ? tut, I like it not :

<sup>5</sup> *Pedascule* is Italian for *pedant*.

<sup>6</sup> But in the exceptive sense, — *be out that*.

Old fashions please me best ; I'm not so nice,<sup>7</sup>  
To change true rules for odd inventions.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,  
And help to dress your sister's chamber up :  
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

*Bian.* Farewell, sweet masters, both ; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant.*

*Luc.* Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant :  
Methinks he looks as though he were in love :—  
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble, . . .  
To cast thy wondering eyes on every stale,<sup>8</sup>  
Seize thee that list : if once I find thee ranging,  
Hortensio will be quit with thee<sup>9</sup> by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before BAPTISTA'S House.*

*Enter BAPTISTA, TRANIO, CATHARINA, BIANCA, LUENTIO, and others, with Attendants.*

*Bap.* [To TRANIO.] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day  
That Catharine and Petruchio should be married,  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.  
What will be said? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage !  
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

<sup>7</sup> It is not always easy to keep up with *nice* as used by old writers. Here it has the sense, apparently, of *simple, weak, or foolish*. So in Gower: "A tale of them that be so *nice*, and feignen them selfe to be wise."

<sup>8</sup> *Stale* was applied to any person or thing made stale by too much or too free use; hence meaning a *common woman or man*.

<sup>9</sup> To be *quit with* a person is to *requite him*, or to *retort upon him*.

*Cath.* No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be forced  
 To give my hand, opposed against my heart,  
 Unto a mad-brain'd rudesby, full of spleen ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.  
 I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,  
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour :  
 And, to be noted for a merry man,  
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,  
 Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns ;  
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.  
 Now must the world point at poor Catharine,  
 And say, *Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*  
*If it would please him come and marry her !*

*Tra.* Patience, good Catharine, and Baptista too.  
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word :  
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;  
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

*Cath.* Would Catharine had never seen him though !

[Exit weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.]

*Bap.* Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep ;  
 For such an injury would vex a saint,  
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Bion.* Master, master ! news, and such old<sup>2</sup> news as you  
 never heard of !

*Bap.* Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming ?

<sup>1</sup> Full of spleen is capricious, whimsical, or freakish ; as the spleen was supposed to be the cause of sudden changes in feeling and conduct.—Rudesby means rude fellow.

<sup>2</sup> Old as here used is aptly explained by Staunton : "By old news the speaker obviously intends a reference to the 'old jerkin,' 'old breeches,' 'old rusty sword,' &c., which form part of Petruchio's grotesque equipment."

*Bap.* Is he come?

*Bion.* Why, no, sir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

*Tra.* But, say, what is thine old news?

*Bion.* Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless;<sup>3</sup> with two broken points:<sup>4</sup> his horse hipp'd with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mourn in the chine;<sup>5</sup> troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions,<sup>6</sup> full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows,<sup>7</sup> past cure of the fives,<sup>8</sup> stark spoil'd with the stag-

<sup>3</sup> *Chapeless* is without *chape*, that is, the metallic part at the lower end of the scabbard, which covered the point of the sword.

<sup>4</sup> *Points* were tagged laces used in fastening the outer dress; something like what we call *braces* or *suspenders*. So that two broken points would add much to Petruchio's odd appearance.

<sup>5</sup> *Mourning in the chine* appears to have been the term for a disease in horses something like the *mumps*. So in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*: "Les oreillons. The Mumpes, or mourning in the Chine." And in Urquart's translation of Rabelais, quoted by White: "In our abbey we never study for fear of the *mumps*, which disease in horses is called the *mourning in the chine*." Nares quotes from Markham the heading of a chapter, "Of the running Glaunders, or Mourning in the Chine"; which seems to imply that both were considered the same disorder.

<sup>6</sup> *Fashions* is the disease in horses called *farcy* or *farcin*. So in *Gull's Hornbook*, by Dekker, 1609: "*Fashions* was then counted a disease, and horses died of it."

<sup>7</sup> The *yellows* is a disease in horses corresponding to jaundice. *Rayed* probably means *afflicted*; as Hormann's *Vulgaria*, 1530, has the passage: "He was sore arayed with sycknesse. Morbo atrociter *conflictus est*."

<sup>8</sup> The *fives* is the distemper known in farriery as *vives*, affecting the glands under the ear.

gers, begnawn with the bots ; sway'd in the back,<sup>9</sup> and shoulder-shotten ; near-legg'd before,<sup>10</sup> and with a half-check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather, which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst,<sup>11</sup> and new-repaired with knots ; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,<sup>12</sup> which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him ?

*Bion.* O, sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse ; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list ; an old hat, and *The Humour of Forty Fancies*<sup>13</sup> prick'd in't for a feather : a monster, a very monster in apparel ; and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lacquey.

*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion ; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he's come, howso'er he comes.

*Bion.* Why, sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say he comes ?

*Bion.* Who ? that Petruchio came ?

*Bap.* Ay, that Petruchio came.

*Bion.* No, sir ; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

<sup>9</sup> In explanation of this, Halliwell quotes from Blundevile's *Order of Curing Horses Diseases*, 1609: " *Of the swayinge of the backe.* This is called of the Italians *mal feruto*, and commeth either by some great straine, or else by heavie burthens : you shall perceive it by the reeling and rolling of the horses hinder parts in his going." — *Shoulder-shotten* means with a dislocated shoulder.

<sup>10</sup> Mr. Joseph Crosby thinks, and, I believe, rightly, that *near-legg'd before* means, simply, what we should call " interfering with the fore feet."

<sup>11</sup> Burst again for broken. See page 140, note 4.

<sup>12</sup> Velure was sometimes used for velvet.

<sup>13</sup> This is commonly thought to mean some popular ballad of the time, or collection of ballads, which Petruchio had stuck in his lacquey's hat in place of a feather. But see Critical Notes.

*Bap.* Why, that's all one.

*Bion.* Nay, by Saint Jamy,  
I hold you a penny,  
A horse and a man  
Is more than one,  
And yet not many.<sup>14</sup>

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO, both of them meanly and fantastically dressed.*

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

*Bap.* You're welcome, sir.

*Pet.* And yet I come not well.

*Bap.* And yet you halt not.

*Tra.* Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

*Pet.* Were it better, I should rush in thus.  
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—  
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:  
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

*Bap.* Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:  
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;  
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.  
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eye-sore to our solemn<sup>15</sup> festival!

*Tra.* And tell us, what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:  
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

<sup>14</sup> This is most likely a scrap of some ballad.

<sup>15</sup> Solemn appears to be used here in its Latin sense of *regular, customary, or established*.

Though in some part enforcèd to digress ;  
 Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse,  
 As you shall well be satisfied withal.  
 But where is Kate ? I stay too long from her :  
 The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes :  
 Go to my chamber ; put on clothes of mine.

*Pet.* Not I, believe me : thus I'll visit her.  
*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.  
*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus ; therefore ha' done with words :  
 To me she's married, not unto my clothes :  
 Could I repair what she will wear in me,  
 As I can change these poor accoutrements,  
 'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.  
 But what a fool am I to chat with you,  
 When I should bid good Morrow to my bride,  
 And seal the title with a lovely kiss !<sup>16</sup>

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*]

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire :  
 We will persuade him, be it possible,  
 To put on better ere he go to church.

*Bap.* I'l after him, and see th' event of this. [Exit.  
*Tra.* But to her love concerneth us to add  
 Her father's liking : which to bring to pass,  
 As I before imparted to your Worship,  
 I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,  
 It skills not much,<sup>17</sup> we'll fit him to our turn,—  
 And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa ;  
 And make assurance, here in Padua,  
 Of greater sums than I have promiséd.  
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,

<sup>16</sup> *Lovely* is evidently used here in an active sense, for *loving*.

<sup>17</sup> It "skills not" is an old phrase for "it *matters not*," or *it makes no difference*. The Poet has it several times thus.

And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster  
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,  
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,  
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,  
And watch our vantage in this business :  
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,  
The narrow-prying father, Minola,  
The quaint <sup>18</sup> musician, amorous Licio ;  
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

*Enter GREMIO.*

Signior Gremio, came you from the church ?

*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.

*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home ?

*Gre.* A bridegroom say you ? 'tis a groom indeed,  
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*Tra.* Curster than she ? why, 'tis impossible.

*Gre.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

*Tra.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the Devil's dam.

*Gre.* Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.  
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio : When the priest  
Should ask, if Catharine should be his wife,

*Ay, by gogs-wouns*, quoth he ; and swore so loud,  
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book ;  
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,  
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest :  
*Now take them up*, quoth he, *if any list*.

<sup>18</sup> Quaint is ingenious, artful, or adroit. Commonly so in Shakespeare.  
See vol. i., page 180, note 9.

*Tra.* What said the wench when he arose again?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why<sup>19</sup> he stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But, after marriage ceremonies done,

He calls for wine: *A health!* quoth he; as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;<sup>20</sup>

Having no other reason

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo:

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout<sup>21</sup> is coming.

Such a mad marriage never was before: —

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

[*Music.*]

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, GRUMIO;*  
*with HORTENSIO and Train.*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:

<sup>19</sup> For why is because, or for the reason that. See vol. i., page 112, note 33, and page 204, note 8.

<sup>20</sup> The custom of taking wine and sops in church at the close of a marriage is very ancient, and was almost universal in England in Shakespeare's time. Muscadel or muscadine, or a drink called hippocras was commonly used. For the marriage of a princess it was ordered, "Then pottes of Ipocrice to be ready, and to bee put into cupps with soppe, and to be borne to the estates, and to take a soppe and drinke." So at the marriage of Philip and Mary in Winchester Cathedral, 1554: "The trumpets sounded, and they returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done; at which tyme wyne and sopes were hallowed and deleyvered to them both."

<sup>21</sup> Rout was used simply for a company, or what we call a crowd.

I know you think to dine with me to-day,  
And have prepared great store of wedding-cheer ;  
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,  
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

*Bap.* Is't possible you will away to-night?

*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night come :  
Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,  
You would entreat me rather go than stay. —  
And, honest company, I thank you all,  
That have beheld me give away myself  
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :  
Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;  
For I must hence ; and farewell to you all.

*Tra.* Let us entreat you stay till after dinner,

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Cath.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* I am content.

*Cath.* Are you content to stay ?

*Pet.* I am content you shall entreat me stay ;  
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

*Cath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* Grumio, my horse'.<sup>22</sup>

*Gru.* Ay, sir, they be ready : the oats have eaten the horses.

*Cath.* Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;  
No, nor to-morrow, nor till please myself.  
The door is open, sir ; their lies your way ;  
You may be jogging whilsts your boots are green ;<sup>23</sup>

<sup>22</sup> *Horse'* for *horses*. So the Poet has many plurals, such as *corpse'* for *corpses*, *house'* for *houses*, &c.

<sup>23</sup> A similar phrase is said to be still common in England. " Be off while your shoes are good."

For me, I'll not be gone till please myself :  
 Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,  
 That take it on you at the first so roundly.

*Pet.* O, Kate, content thee ; pr'ythee, be not angry.

*Cath.* I will be angry : what hast thou to do ? —

Father, be quiet : he shall stay my leisure.

*Gre.* Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

*Cath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :  
 I see a woman may be made a fool,  
 If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command. —  
 Obey the bride, you that attend on her ;  
 Go to the feast, revel and domineer,<sup>24</sup>  
 Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,  
 Be mad and merry, — or go hang yourselves :  
 But for my bonny Kate, she must with me. —  
 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;  
 I will be master of what is mine own : —  
 She is my goods, my chattels ; she's my house,  
 My household-stuff, my field, my barn,  
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything :  
 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;  
 I'll bring mine action on the proudest he  
 That stops my way in Padua. — Grumio,  
 Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves ;  
 Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man. —  
 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate :  
 I'll buckler<sup>25</sup> thee against a million.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, and GRUMIO.*

<sup>24</sup> *Domineer* seems to have been used sometimes for *bluster* or *swagger*. So in Tarleton's *Fests* : " Domineering very late at night with two of his friends."

<sup>25</sup> *Buckler* was a kind of *shield* : so that to *buckler* is to *shield*, to *defend*, or *protect*.

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches never was the like.

*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

*Bian.* That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom want

For to supply<sup>26</sup> the places at the table,

You know there want no junkets<sup>27</sup> at the feast.—

Lucentio, you'll supply the bridegroom's place ;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bide it?

*Bap.* She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in PETRUCHIO'S country House.*

*Enter GRUMIO.*

*Gru.* Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways ! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd?<sup>1</sup> was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were

<sup>26</sup> That is, "though bride and bridegroom *are wanting* to supply." The use of *for* before the infinitive is very rare in Shakespeare. Some playwrights of that age use it a good deal.

<sup>27</sup> *Junkets* are *sweetmeats, dainties, or delicacies.*

<sup>1</sup> The meaning of *ray'd* is in doubt. The common explanation is *befouled or bemired*: Staunton thinks it rather means *chased*; from the French *rayer*.

not I a little pot, and soon hot,<sup>2</sup> my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me : but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself ; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold.— Holla, ho ! Curtis !

*Enter CURTIS.*

*Curt.* Who is that calls so coldly ?

*Gru.* A piece of ice : if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but<sup>3</sup> my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio ?

*Gru.* O, ay, Curtis, ay : and therefore fire, fire ; cast on no water.<sup>4</sup>

*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported ?

*Gru.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost : but, thou know'st, Winter tames man, woman, and beast ;<sup>5</sup> for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch fool ! I am no beast.<sup>6</sup>

*Gru.* Am I but three inches ? why, thy horn is a foot ; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand — she being now at hand — thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office ?

<sup>2</sup> "A little pot soon hot" was a proverbial saying.

<sup>3</sup> This use of *but* after comparatives for *than* occurs quite often in Shakespeare. So in *Measure for Measure*, iv. 2: "A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully *but* as a drunken sleep."

<sup>4</sup> It seems by this that the round, "Scotland's burning," &c., is as old at least as Shakespeare's time.

<sup>5</sup> Grumio has in mind the proverbial saying, "Wedding and ill-wintering tame both man and beast."

<sup>6</sup> If the text is right, Grumio calls himself *a beast*, and Curtis one also by inference in calling him *fellow*. See Critical Notes.

*Curt.* I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

*Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine ; and therefore fire : do thy duty, and have thy duty ; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Curt.* There's fire ready ; and therefore, good Grumio, the news ?

*Gru.* Why, *Jack, boy ! ho, boy !*<sup>7</sup> and as much news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of cony-catching !<sup>8</sup> —

*Gru.* Why, therefore fire ; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook ? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd,<sup>9</sup> cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on ? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,<sup>10</sup> the carpets laid, and every thing in order !

*Curt.* All ready ; and therefore, I pray thee, news ?

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

*Curt.* How ?

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

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

*Gru.* Lend thine ear.

*Curt.* Here.

<sup>7</sup> Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609, has a drinking-round in three parts, beginning with these words ; *jack* being the name of a drinking-vessel.

<sup>8</sup> To *cony-catch* is to *deceive, cheat, or play tricks upon* ; the *cony* or rabbit being easily gulled. The word is used jocularly here.

<sup>9</sup> *Rushes* were used for carpeting floors in the best houses. The *carpets* mentioned a little after were what we call *table-cloths*.

<sup>10</sup> Grumio is quibbling : *jack* and *jill* were the names of two drinking-cups, and also applied to men-servants and women-servants ; as in the old nursery rhyme that I used to hear :

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water;

Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after.

*Gru.* There.

[*Striking him.*

*Curt.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

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

*Curt.* Both of one horse?<sup>11</sup>

*Gru.* What's that to thee?

*Curt.* Why, a horse.

*Gru.* Tell thou the tale: but, hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoil'd;<sup>12</sup> how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd,—that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper: with many things of worthy memory,<sup>13</sup> which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

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

*Gru.* Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue<sup>14</sup> coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit:<sup>15</sup> let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume

<sup>11</sup> "Both *on* one horse," of course. So the Poet often uses *of* and *on* indiscriminately. So in *Much Ado*, iii. 5: "An two men ride *of* a horse, one must ride behind."

<sup>12</sup> *Bemoil'd* means the same as *bemired*.

<sup>13</sup> Old phraseology for *worthy of memory*.

<sup>14</sup> *Blue* was the common livery-colour for servants.

<sup>15</sup> That is, of a *medium quality*, or *tolerably fine*; *knit* having reference to the fineness of the thread. See page 168, note 21.

to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

*Curt.* They are.

*Gru.* Call them forth.

*Curt.* Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance<sup>16</sup> my mistress!

*Gru.* Why, she hath a face of her own.

*Curt.* Who knows not that?

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

*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.

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

*Enter NATHANIEL, PHILIP, JOSEPH, NICHOLAS, and other Servants.*

*Nath.* Welcome home, Grumio!

*Phil.* How now, Grumio!

*Jos.* What, Grumio!

*Nich.* Fellow Grumio!

*Nath.* How now, old lad!

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

*Nath.* All things is ready. How near is our master?

*Gru.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not — Cock's<sup>17</sup> passion, silence! I hear my master.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and CATHARINA.*

*Pet.* Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!

<sup>16</sup> To countenance here means to receive or entertain. So, in *As You Like It*, i. i., we have the substantive in the sense of entertainment or treatment: "The something that Nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me." Of course Grumio snatches the occasion for a pun.

<sup>17</sup> Cock is an old corruption, or disguise, of the sacred name.

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip? —

*All Serv.* Here, here, sir; here, sir.

*Pet.* *Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!*

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

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

*Pet.* You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,  
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

*Gru.* Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,  
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd<sup>18</sup> i' the heel;  
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,<sup>19</sup>  
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:  
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;  
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;  
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.<sup>20</sup>

*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

[Sings.] *Where is the life that late I led<sup>21</sup> —*  
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—  
Soud, soud, soud, soud!<sup>22</sup>

<sup>18</sup> It was the fashion to have the pumps *pinked*, that is, *punched* with holes in figures, and sometimes into a sort of resemblance to *pinks* or other flowers.

<sup>19</sup> To *black over* the hat, and make it look new. It appears that links, that is, *torches*, of pitch were put to that use. So in *Mihil Mumchance*, formerly attributed to Greene: "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dunghills, instead of newe, *blactt over* with the *smoake of an old linke*."

<sup>20</sup> Grumio is no doubt acting here in persuance of a secret understanding with his master, or "according to the trick."

<sup>21</sup> This is a scrap of some ballad now lost; as are also the two lines a little after.

<sup>22</sup> Probably a word coined by the Poet, to express the noise of one panting with heat and fatigue.

*Re-enter Servants with supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—  
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when!<sup>23</sup>

[Sings.] *It was the friar of orders grey,  
As he forth walkèd on his way:—*

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:  
Take that, and mend the plucking-off the other.—

[Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!—  
Where is my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,  
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—[Exit Servant.  
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—  
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?—

*Enter a Servant with a basin and ewer.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

[Servant lets the ewer fall.]

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [Strikes him.]

*Cath.* Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

*Pet.* A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!—  
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.  
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—  
What's this? mutton?

*1 Serv.*

Ay.

*Pet.*

Who brought it?

*1 Serv.*

I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.  
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?  
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,  
And serve it thus to me that love it not?  
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[Throws the meat, &c., at them.]

<sup>23</sup> *When!* was much used as an exclamation of impatience.

You heedless jolheads and unmanner'd slaves !  
What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

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

*Pet.* I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away ;  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,  
For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;  
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,—  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—  
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.  
Be patient ; to-morrow 't shall be mended,  
And, for this night, we'll fast for company :  
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Same.*

*Enter, severally, NATHANIEL, PETER, and GRUMIO.*

*Nath.* Peter, didst ever see the like ?

*Peter.* He kills her

In her own humour.

*Enter CURTIS.*

*Gru.* Where is he ?

*Curt.* In her chamber,

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

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter PETRUCHIO.*

*Pet.* Thus have I politicly begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.  
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty ;

And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,  
 For then she never looks upon her lure.<sup>1</sup>  
 Another way I have to man my haggard,<sup>2</sup>  
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call,  
 That is, to watch her, as we watch those kites  
 That bate,<sup>3</sup> and beat, and will not be obedient.  
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;  
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;  
 As with the meat, some undeservèd fault  
 I'll find about the making of the bed ;  
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :  
 Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend<sup>4</sup>  
 That all is done in reverent care of her ;  
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :  
 And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,  
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;  
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.  
 He that knows better how to tame a shrow,<sup>5</sup>  
 Now let him speak : 'tis charity to show.

[Exit.]

<sup>1</sup> Petruchio is spinning an allegory to himself from falconry. A hawk full-fed was untractable, and refused the lure. So in Watson's *Sonnets* : "No lure will cause her stoop, she bears full gorge." — The lure was something stuffed so as to look like the game the hawk was to pursue; and its use was to tempt or allure her back from flight. — *Stoop* is another term in falconry; thus explained by Randle Holme: "Stoup, or stouping on the wing, is when a hawk is aloft upon her wings, and then descends to strike her Prey."

<sup>2</sup> A *haggard* is a wild hawk; to *man* her is to *tame* her. To *watch* or *wake* a hawk was part of the process of taming.

<sup>3</sup> To *bate* is to *flutter*, to *flap the wings*, as preparing for flight.

<sup>4</sup> *Intend* for *pretend*; the two being used interchangeably in the Poet's time. So in *Much Ado*, ii. 2: "Intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio."

<sup>5</sup> *Shrow* and *shrew* are but different forms of the same word, and *shrow* is used here simply for the rhyme.

SCENE III.—*Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.**Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.*

*Tra.* Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca  
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?  
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.<sup>1</sup>

*Hor.* To satisfy you, sir, in what I've said,  
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[They stand aside.]

*Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.*

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?  
*Bian.* What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

*Luc.* I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

*Bian.* And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!

[They retire.]

*Hor.* Quick proceeders,<sup>2</sup> marry! Now, tell me, I pray, you that durst swear that your mistress Bianca loved none in the world so well as Lucentio,—

*Tra.* O spiteful love! unconstant womankind!—  
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

*Hor.* Mistake no more: I am not Licio,  
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;  
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a god of such a cullion:<sup>3</sup>  
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

*Tra.* Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

<sup>1</sup> To bear in hand is to encourage or lead along with false hopes or expectations; to amuse or gull with false pretences.

<sup>2</sup> Quick proceeders, because they have advanced so quickly to the degree of Master of Arts. See page 9, note 10.

<sup>3</sup> A cullion is not far from what we call a great booby; a lout.

Of your entire affection to Bianca ;  
And, since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,  
I will with you—if you be so contented—  
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

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

*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeignèd oath,  
Never to marry with her though she would<sup>4</sup> entreat :  
Fie on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him !

*Hor.* Would all the world but he had quite forsworn her !  
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow,  
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me  
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.<sup>5</sup>  
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.—  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love : and so, I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HORTENSIO.* LUCENTIO and BIANCA advance.]

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

*Bian.* Tranio, you jest : but have you both forsworn me ?

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.

<sup>4</sup> *Would* for *should*. The Poet has a great many instances of *could*, *should*, and *would* used indiscriminately.

<sup>5</sup> *Haggard* was sometimes used of a wild, wanton, unchaste woman. So in *Othello*, iii. 3 : "If I do prove her *haggard*, though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings, I'd whistle her off," &c.

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

*Bian.* God give him joy !

*Tra.* Ay, and he'll tame her.

*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.

*Tra.* Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

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

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

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Bion.* O master, master, I have watch'd so long  
That I'm dog-weary ! but at last I spied  
An ancient angel<sup>6</sup> coming down the hill,  
Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, Biondello ?

*Bion.* Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,<sup>7</sup>  
I know not what ; but formal in apparel,  
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio ?

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

[*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

<sup>6</sup> The word *angel* here has occasioned some controversy. In the corresponding part of Gascoigne's *Supposes*, Dulippo, who answers to Lucentio, on seeing the old man coming says, "By my troth, he looks like a *good soul* ; he that fisheth for him might be sure to catch a codshead." Singer, starting from this passage, gives the following commentary on the text : "An *ancient angel*, then, was neither more nor less than the *good soul* of Gascoigne ; or, as Cotgrave explains it, '*An old angel*, by metaphor, a fellow of th' old sound honest worthy stamp' ; one who, being honest himself, suspects no guile in others, and is therefore easily duped."

<sup>7</sup> A merchant, or a schoolmaster.

*Enter a Pedant.*

*Ped.* God save you, sir !

*Tra.* And you, sir ! you are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest ?

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

*Tra.* What countryman, I pray ?

*Ped.* Of Mantua.

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

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

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

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

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

*Ped.* Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been ;  
Pisa renown'd for grave citizens.

*Tra.* Among them know you one Vincentio ?

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

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

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

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

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

*Tra.* Then go with me, to make the matter good.  
 This, by the way, I let you understand,—  
 My father is here look'd for every day,  
 • To pass assurance of a dower<sup>8</sup> in marriage  
 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here :  
 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you :  
 Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.      [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in PETRUCHIO'S House.*

*Enter CATHARINA and GRUMIO.*

*Gru.* No, no, forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.  
*Cath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :  
 What, did he marry me to famish me ?  
 Beggars, that come unto my father's door,  
 Upon entreaty have a present alms ;  
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :  
 But I, who never knew how to entreat,

<sup>8</sup> To pass assurance of a dower is to agree upon a settlement of a dower. Deeds are called common assurances, because thereby each man's property is assured to him.

Nor never needed that I should entreat,  
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;  
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :  
And, that which spites me more than all these wants,  
He does it under name of perfect love ; .  
As who should say,<sup>1</sup> if I should sleep or eat,  
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.  
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast ;  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

*Gru.* What say you to a neat's foot?<sup>2</sup>

*Cath.* 'Tis passing good : I pr'ythee let me have it.

*Gru.* I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ?

*Cath.* I like it well : good Grumio, fetch it me.

*Gru.* I cannot tell ; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

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

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

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

*Gru.* Nay, then I will not : you shall have the mustard,  
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

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

*Gru.* Why, then the mustard without the beef.

*Cath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[Beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very<sup>3</sup> name of meat :  
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,  
That triumph thus upon my misery !

<sup>1</sup> This phrase occurs repeatedly, and means "As if he were saying," or "As if any one should say."

<sup>2</sup> *Neat* was a common epithet of beasts of the bovine *genus*, cows, calves, oxen, steers, &c.

<sup>3</sup> *Very* in the sense of *mere* ; a frequent usage. So in *Hamlet*, iv. 4 : "A very riband in the cap of youth, yet needful too."

Go, get thee gone, I say.

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

*Pet.* How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?<sup>4</sup>

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer?

*Cath.* Faith, as cold as can be.

*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[*Sets the dish on a table.*

I'm sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no 'proof.<sup>5</sup>—

Here, take away this dish.

*Cath.* I pray you, let it stand.

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

*Cath.* I thank you, sir.

*Hor.* Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.—  
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

*Pet.* [Aside to HOR.] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou  
lovest me.—

[To CATH.] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,

<sup>4</sup> *Amort* is *downcast* or *dispirited*; from *& la mort*, French.

<sup>5</sup> "All my labour is to no purpose; has no *approval allotted* to it;" '*proof* being used for *approof*. The Poet often has *sort* in this sense.

To deck thy body with his ruffling<sup>6</sup> treasure.—

*'Enter Tailor.'*

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;  
Lay forth the gown.—

*'Enter Haberdasher.'*

What news with you, sir?

*Hab.* Here is the cap your Worship did bespeak.

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

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

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

*Hor. [Aside.]* That will not be in haste.

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

*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap,  
A custard-coffin,<sup>7</sup> a bauble, a silken pie :  
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

<sup>6</sup> *Ruffing* refers to the *flaunting* finery that Petruchio has just spoken of. To *ruffle* is to *strut* or to *cut a big dash*.—Women's dresses were commonly made by men in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>7</sup> *Coffe* was the culinary term for the raised crust of a custard.

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

*Pet.* Thy gown? why, ay : — come, tailor, let us see't. —  
O, mercy, God ! what masquing stuff is here ?  
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon :  
What, up and down,<sup>8</sup> carved like an apple-tart !  
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,  
Like to a censer<sup>9</sup> in a barber's shop : —  
Why, what, o' Devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

*Hor. [Aside.]* I see she's like t' have neither cap nor gown.

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

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

*Cath.* I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,  
More quaint,<sup>10</sup> more pleasing, nor more commendable :  
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

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

*Tai.* She says your Worship means to make a puppet of  
her.

*Pet.* O monstrous arrogance ! Thou liest, thou thimble,  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail !  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou !  
Braved<sup>11</sup> in mine own house with a skein of thread ?  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant ;  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,

<sup>8</sup> *Up and down*, as here used, means about the same as our phrase *out and out*; that is, *exactly*. See vol. i., page 184, note 41.

<sup>9</sup> A *censer* was a fire-pan with a perforated cover, for burning perfumes to sweeten rooms.

<sup>10</sup> *Quaint*, again, for *ingenious* or *elegant*. See page 197, note 18.

<sup>11</sup> To *brave* one is to treat him with *bravado*, to *defy* him.

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest !  
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*Tai.* Your Worship is deceived ; the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction :  
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gave him no order ; I gave him the stuff.

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

*Gru.* Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

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

*Gru.* Thou hast faced many things ;<sup>12</sup> —

*Tai.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me : thou hast braved many men ;<sup>13</sup>  
brave not me : I will neither be faced nor braved. I say  
unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown ; but I did not  
bid him cut it to pieces : *ergo*, thou liest.

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

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

*Tai.* [Reads.] *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown :* —

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,<sup>14</sup> sew me  
in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom<sup>15</sup> of  
brown thread : I said a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tai.* [Reads.] *With a small-compass'd cape :* —

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tai.* [Reads.] *With a trunk sleeve :* —

<sup>12</sup> That is, turned up many garments with facings.

<sup>13</sup> To make fine or splendid was one of the senses of to brave. So in *King Richard III.*, v. 3 : "He [the Sun] should have braved the East an hour ago." See, also, page 142, note 13.

<sup>14</sup> Grumio appears to be quibbling on *loose-bodied*, taking it in the sense of *loose body*, that is, a *loose woman*. Or it may have been customary for such women to wear loose-bodied gowns.

<sup>15</sup> Bottom for ball; bottom being the name for the centre upon which thread or yarn was wound.

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tai.* [Reads.] *The sleeves curiously cut.*

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villainy.

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

*Tai.* This is true that I say ; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldest know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight : take thou the bill,<sup>16</sup> give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercy, Grumio ! then he shall have no odds.<sup>17</sup>

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

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

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

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

*Pet.* Why, sir, what's your conceit<sup>18</sup> in that ?

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

*Pet.* [Aside to Hor.] Hortensio, say thou'l see the tailor paid.—

[To Tai.] Go take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow : Take no unkindness of his hasty words :

Away ! I say ; commend me to thy master.

[*Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.*]

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's, Even in these honest mean habiliments :

<sup>16</sup> A quibble upon *bill*, which was the name for a foot-soldier's weapon.—*Straight*, as usual, for *straightway*, or *immediately*.

<sup>17</sup> Another quibble ; *odds* in the double sense of *difference* and of *quarrel*. The two men are weaponed *equally*.

<sup>18</sup> *Conceit* is *conception*, *thought*, or *design*. Continually so used in old English.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;  
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;  
And as the Sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,  
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?  
Or is the adder better than the eel,  
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?  
O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse  
For this poor furniture and mean array.  
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me ;  
And therefore frolic : we will hence forthwith,  
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—  
Go call my men, and let us straight to him ;  
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end ;  
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—  
Let's see ; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,  
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

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

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

*Hor.* Why, so ! this gallant will command the Sun !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.*

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

*Tra.* Sir, this is the house : please it you that I call ?

*Ped.* Ay, ay, what else ? and, but<sup>1</sup> I be deceived,

<sup>1</sup> *But*, again, in the exceptive sense. See page 190, note 6.

Signior Baptista may remember me,  
 Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,  
 Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.<sup>2</sup>

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

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

*Enter BIONDELLO.*

*Tra.* Fear you not him.—Sirrah Biondello,  
 Now do your duty throughly,<sup>3</sup> I advise you :  
 Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

*Bion.* Tut, fear not me.

*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

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

*Tra.* Thou'rt a tall fellow :<sup>4</sup> hold thee that to drink.—  
 Here comes Baptista : set your countenance, sir.—

*Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.*

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—

[*To the Pedant.*] Sir,  
 This is the gentleman I told you of :  
 I pray you, stand good father to me now,  
 Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

*Ped.* Soft, son !—  
 Sir, by your leave : having come to Padua  
 To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

<sup>2</sup> *Pegasus* is supposed to be the name of an inn ; so called because it had a figure of Pegasus painted on its sign.

<sup>3</sup> *Throughly* and *thoroughly*, as also *through* and *thorough*, are but different forms of the same word, and so were used interchangeably.

<sup>4</sup> Equivalent, perhaps, to "*fine* fellow." *Tall* was used for *bold*, *stout*, and sometimes to convey the idea of a good figure. So in Hormann's *Vulgaria*, 1530 : "A goodly and a comely man, or a *tall* man. *Homo eleganti forma.*"

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself :  
And, — for the good report I hear of you ;  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,  
And she to him, — to stay him not too long,  
I am content, in a good father's care,  
To have him match'd ; and, — if you please to like  
No worse than I, sir, — upon some agreement,  
Me shall you find most ready and most willing  
With one consent to have her so bestow'd ;  
For curious<sup>5</sup> I cannot be with you,  
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

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

*Tra.* I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you hold best  
We be affied,<sup>6</sup> and such assurance ta'en  
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,  
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants :  
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still ;  
And happily<sup>7</sup> we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir :  
There doth my father lie ; and there, this night,

<sup>5</sup> Curious, for scrupulous, punctilious, or exacting.

<sup>6</sup> Affied is betrothed, or formally engaged.

<sup>7</sup> Happily for haply, peradventure ; used in that form for the metre.

We'll pass the business privately and well.  
 Send for your daughter by your servant here ;  
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
 The worst is this, — that, at so slender warning,  
 You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

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

*Luc.* I pray the gods she may, with all my heart !  
*Tra.* Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone. —  
 Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ? [LUCENTIO *retires*.  
 Welcome ! one mess is like to be your cheer :  
 Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

*Bap.* I follow you. [Exeunt TRA., Pedant, and BAP.

*Bion.* Cambio, —

*Luc.* What say'st thou, Biondello ?

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

*Luc.* Biondello, what of that ?

*Bion.* Faith, nothing ; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral<sup>8</sup> of his signs and tokens.

*Luc.* I pray thee, moralize them.

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

*Luc.* And what of him ?

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

*Luc.* And then ? —

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

*Luc.* And what of all this ?

*Bion.* I cannot tell, except, while they are busied about a

<sup>8</sup> Moral is used here as when we speak of the moral of a fable.

counterfeit assurance, you take assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*.<sup>9</sup> To the church ; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient-honest witnesses : If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [Going.

*Luc.* Hear'st thou, Biondello ?

*Bion.* I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit ; and so may you, sir : and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready against you come with your appendix. [Exit.

*Luc.* I may, and will, if she be so contented : She will be pleased ; then wherefore should I doubt ? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly<sup>10</sup> go about her : It shall go hard<sup>11</sup> if Cambio go without her. [Exit.

#### SCENE VI.—A public Road.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.*

*Pet.* Come on, o' God's name ; once more toward our father's. Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the Moon ! *Cath.* The Moon ! the Sun : it is not moonlight now. *Pet.* I say it is the Moon that shines so bright. *Cath.* I know it is the Sun that shines so bright. *Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself, It shall be Moon, or star, or what I list, Or e'er I journey to your father's house.— Go one, and fetch our horses back again.—

<sup>9</sup> These are the words of the old exclusive privilege of printing a book. A quibble is evidently intended in *imprimendum*.

<sup>10</sup> Roundly the same as before explained. See page 164, note 6.

<sup>11</sup> This phrase occurs repeatedly ; the sense being, "The undertaking must be hard indeed, if I do not carry it through."

Evermore cross'd and cross'd ; nothing but cross'd !

*Hor.* [Aside to CATHARINE.] Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Cath.* Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you please :  
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say it is the Moon.

*Cath.* I know it is the Moon.

*Pet.* Nay, then, you lie : it is the blessed Sun.

*Cath.* Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed Sun :  
But Sun it is not, when you say it is not ;  
And the Moon changes, even as your mind.  
What you will have it named, even that it is ;  
And so it shall be still for Catharine.

*Hor.* [Aside.] Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward ! thus the bowl should run,  
And not unluckily against the bias.<sup>1</sup> —  
But, soft ! what company is coming here ? —

*Enter VINCENTIO.*

[To VINCENTIO.] Good Morrow, gentle mistress : where away ? —

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

<sup>1</sup> A *bias* was a weight, of lead or iron, so placed in a bowl as to prevent its rolling straight to the aim : hence the word acquired the general sense of *inclination*, *prejudice*, or *prepossession* ; and *against the bias* was much the same as making head against wind and tide.

*Hor. [Aside.]* 'A will make the man mad, to make<sup>2</sup> a woman of him.

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

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

*Cath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,  
That have been so bedazzled with the Sun,  
That every thing I look on seemeth green :<sup>3</sup>  
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father ;  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

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

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

*Pet.* What is his name ?

*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle sir.

*Pet.* Happily met ; the happier for thy son.  
And now by law, as well as reverend age,  
I may entitle thee my loving father :  
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

<sup>2</sup> *To make* is here the gerundial infinitive, as it is called, and so is equivalent to *by making*. See vol i., page 207, note 12.

<sup>3</sup> When one has been long in the sunshine, surrounding objects do in fact often seem tinged with green. Writers on Optics explain the reason of it.

Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,  
 Nor be not grieved : she is of good esteem,  
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;  
 Besides, so qualified as may beseem  
 The spouse of any noble gentleman.  
 Let me embrace with old Vincentio :  
 And wander we to see thy honest son,  
 Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, and VINCENTIO.*

*Hor.* Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.  
 Have to my widow ! and if she be foward,  
 Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [Exit.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Padua. Before LUENTIO'S House.*

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt LUENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.*

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

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

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

*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before you go :  
I think I shall command your welcome here,  
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.<sup>1</sup> [Knocks.]

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

*Enter the Pedant above, at a window.*

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

*Vin.* Is Signior Lucentio within, sir ?

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

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

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

*Pet.* Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest : his father is come from Pisa, and is here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father ?

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> To be *toward* is to be *at hand* or *forthcoming*. Often so.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

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

*Vin.* Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing BIONDELLO.*]

*Bion.* I hope I may choose, sir.

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

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

*Vin.* What, you notorious<sup>2</sup> villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio ?

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

*Vin.* Is't so, indeed ? [*Beats BIONDELLO.*]

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

[*Exit.*]

*Ped.* Help, son ! help, Signior Baptista !

[*Exit from the window.*]

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

*Enter the Pedant below ; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.*

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

*Vin.* What am I, sir ! nay, what are you, sir ? — O immortal gods ! O fine villain ! A silken doublet ! a velvet hose ! a scarlet cloak ! and a copatain hat !<sup>3</sup> — O, I am undone ! I am undone ! while I play the good husband<sup>4</sup> at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

<sup>2</sup> Shakespeare has *notorious* for *egregious or outrageous* repeatedly.

<sup>3</sup> A *copatain* hat was a high-crowned hat shaped like a sugar-loaf. So in Danet's translation of Comines : "Upon their heads they ware felt hats *coppole-tanked*, a quarter of an ell high or more." And Gascoigne has "A *coptankt* hat made on a Flemish block."

<sup>4</sup> To *play the husband*, as the phrase is here used, is to practice *economy* or *frugality*. See page 143, note 16.

*Tra.* How now! what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is the man lunatic?

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

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

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

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

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

*Vin.* Lucentio! O, he hath murder'd his master! — Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. — O, my son, my son! — Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer. —

Servant *brings in an Officer.*

Carry this mad knave to the jail. — Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the jail!

*Gre.* Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd<sup>5</sup> in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou darest.

<sup>5</sup> Cony-catch as already explained. See page 203, note 8.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

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

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

*Bap.* Away with the dotard ! to the jail with him !

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be halèd and abused :

O monstrous villainy !

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUENTIO and BLANCA.*

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

*Luc.* Pardon, sweet father.

[*Kneeling.*

*Vin.* Lives my sweet son ?

[*BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and the Pedant run out.*

*Bian.* Pardon, dear father.

[*Kneeling.*

*Bap.* How hast thou offended ? —

Where is Lucentio ?

*Luc.* Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio ;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd<sup>6</sup> thine eyne.

*Gre.* Here's packing,<sup>7</sup> with a witness, to deceive us all !

*Vin.* Where is that damnèd villain Tranio,

That faced and braved me in this matter so ?

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

*Bian.* Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love  
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

<sup>6</sup> To *blear* is to *blind*, and so was used for to *cheat* or *deceive*. Milton, in *Comus*, 155, has "spells, of power to *cheat* the eye with *blear* illusion." — The word *supposes* is no doubt a relic of the older comedy from which the underplot of this play was partly borrowed. It was much used in the same sense as here. For instance, Drayton has the line, "And tell me those are shadows and *supposes*." At the end of Act ii., Tranio says, "I see no reason but *supposed* Lucentio must get a father call'd — *supposed* Vincentio."

<sup>7</sup> *Packing* is *plotting*, working with *underhand contrivance*.

While he did bear my countenance in the town ;  
 And happily I have arrived at last  
 Unto the wished haven of my bliss.  
 What Tranio did, myself enforced him to ;  
 Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

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

*Bap.* [To LUENTIO.] But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

*Vin.* Fear not, Baptista ; we will content you, go to : but I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [Exit.]

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

*Luc.* Look not pale, Bianca ; thy father will not frown.

[*Exeunt LUENTIO and BIANCA.*]

*Gre.* My cake is dough :<sup>8</sup> but I'll in among the rest ; Out of hope of all but my share of the feast. [Exit.]

PETRUCHIO and CATHARINA come forward.

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

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

*Cath.* What, in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What, art thou ashamed of me?

*Cath.* No, sir, God forbid ; but ashamed to kiss.

*Pet.* Why, then let's home again : come, sirrah,<sup>9</sup> let's away.

*Cath.* Nay, I will give thee a kiss : [*Kisses him.*] now, pray thee, love, stay.

*Pet.* Is not this well ? — Come, my sweet Kate : Better once than never, for never's too late. [Exit.]

<sup>8</sup> English editors of Shakespeare find it necessary to explain this old phrase. "An obsolete proverb," says Singer : it may be so in England ; but it is far from obsolete here. I have been hearing it ever since I began to hear.

<sup>9</sup> Petruchio is evidently addressing Catharine here. The Poet has other passages showing that *sirrah* was sometimes used playfully in addressing women.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lucentio's House.*

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

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

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

*Bap.* Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

*Pet.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

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

*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

*Wid.* Then never trust me, if I be afeared.<sup>2</sup>

*Pet.* You're sensible, and yet you miss my sense :  
 I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

<sup>1</sup> *Banquet* was sometimes used for a *dessert*, that is, a refection consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, fruits, &c. So Baret: "Bancketting dishes brought at the end of meales were junketts, tartes, marchpanes." The *banquet* was sometimes set out elsewhere than in the dining-room. So in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, iii. i: "We'll dine in the great room, but let the music and *banquet* be prepared here." Shakespeare, however, in most cases uses *banquet* for a *feast*, or *full meal*.

<sup>2</sup> The Widow understands Petruchio as using *fears* in the active sense for *frightens*. See page 169, note 22.

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

*Pet.* Roundly replied.

*Cath.* Mistress, how mean you that?

*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.<sup>3</sup>

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

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

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

*Cath.* *He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:*

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

*Wid.* Your husband, being troubled with a shrow,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :

And now you know my meaning.

*Kath.* A very mean meaning.

*Wid.* Right, I mean you.

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

*Pet.* To her, Kate!

*Hor.* To her, widow!

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

*Hor.* That's my office.

*Pet.* Spoke like an officer: — ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*

*Bap.* How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

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

*Bian.* Head and butt! a hasty-witted body

Would say your head and butt were head and horn.<sup>4</sup>

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

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

*Pet.* Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,  
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

<sup>3</sup> "Thus I conceive of him," or, "Such is my conception of him." — So the Poet repeatedly has *by* for *of*. The usage was common.

<sup>4</sup> A slurring allusion to the old ideal horns of a dishonoured husband. Bianca implies that Gremio's wife is or will be false to him. See page 47, notes 11 and 12.

*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;  
 And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—  
 You are welcome all. [Exeunt BIAN., CATH., and Widow.

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

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

*Pet.* A good swift<sup>5</sup> simile, but something currish.

*Tra.* 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:  
 'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.<sup>6</sup>

*Bap.* O, ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird,<sup>7</sup> good Tranio.

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

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

*Bap.* Now, in good sadness,<sup>8</sup> son Petruchio,  
 I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

*Pet.* Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,  
 Let's each one send unto his wife;  
 And he who's wife is most obedient  
 To come at first when he doth send for her,  
 Shall win the wager which we will propose.

*Hor.* Content. What is the wager?

*Luc.*

Twenty crowns.

*Pet.* Twenty crowns!

<sup>5</sup> *Swift* here means witty or quick-witted. So in *As You Like It*, v. 4: "He is very swift and sententious." Said of Touchstone.

<sup>6</sup> A term of the chase, used when a deer turns upon its pursuers, and holds them at bay; that is, fights with them.

<sup>7</sup> A *gird* is a cut, taunt, or stroke of satire. Often so used.

<sup>8</sup> That is, seriously or in good earnest. The Poet has many instances of sad and sadness in that sense.

I'll venture so much of<sup>9</sup> my hawk or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

*Luc.* A hundred, then.

*Hor.* Content.

*Pet.* A match ! 'tis done.

*Hor.* Who shall begin ?

*Luc.* That will I. —

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

*Bion.* I go.

[*Exit.*]

*Bap.* Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

*Luc.* I'll have no halves ; I'll bear it all myself. —

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

How now ! what news ?

*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word  
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

*Pet.* How ! she is busy, and she cannot come !  
Is that an answer ?

*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too :  
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

*Pet.* I hope, a better.

*Hor.* Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife  
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO.*]

*Pet.* O, ho ! entreat her !  
Nay, then she must needs come.

*Hor.* I am afraid, sir,  
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated. —

*Re-enter BIONDELLO.*

Now, where's my wife ?

*Bion.* She says you have some goodly jest in hand :  
She will not come ; she bids you come to her.

*Pet.* Worse and worse ; she will not come ! O vile,

<sup>9</sup> Of again where we should use on. See page 204, note 11.

Intolerable, not to be endured ! —

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress ;

Say, I command her come to me.

[*Exit GRUMIO.*

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What ?

*Hor.*

She will not.

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

*Bap.* Now, by my halidom,<sup>10</sup> here comes Catharina !

*Re-enter CATHARINA.*

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

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

*Cath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

*Pet.* Go fetch them hither : if they deny to come,  
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands :

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [*Exit CATH.*

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

*Hor.* And so it is : I wonder what it bodes.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,  
An awful rule, and right supremacy ;

And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy ?

*Bap.* Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio !

The wager thou hast won ; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns ;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is changed, as she had never been.

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

See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. —

<sup>10</sup> Equivalent to "By my faith." *Halidom* is literally something *holy* or *sacred*. So in Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, iv. 5: "Now, on my faith and *halidom*, we are beholden to your Worship."

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

Catharine, that cap of yours becomes you not :  
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[CATHARINA pulls off her cap and throws it down.]

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

*Bian.* Fie, what a foolish duty call you this ?

*Luc.* I would your duty were as foolish too :  
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.

*Bian.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

*Pet.* Catharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong wo-  
men

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking : we will have no tell-  
ing.

*Pet.* Come on, I say ; and first begin with her.

*Wid.* She shall not.

*Pet.* I say she shall : — and first begin with her.

*Cath.* Fie, fie ! unknit that threatening unkind brow ;  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :  
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads ;  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;  
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;  
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee  
And for thy maintenance ; commits his body  
To painful labour both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
 Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;  
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands  
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience, —  
 Too little payment for so great a debt.  
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;  
 And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
 And not obedient to his honest will,  
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?  
 I am ashamed that women are so simple  
 To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;  
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
 Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,  
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
 But that our soft conditions<sup>11</sup> and our hearts  
 Should well agree with our external parts ?  
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms !  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
 My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,  
 To bandy word for word and frown for frown :  
 But now I see our lances are but straws ;  
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare, —  
 That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.  
 Then vail your stomachs,<sup>12</sup> for it is no boot,<sup>13</sup>  
 And place your hands below your husband's foot :

<sup>11</sup> Soft conditions are mild, sweet, gentle tempers or dispositions. So condition was very often used. Ill-conditioned for bad-tempered is still in use.

<sup>12</sup> Vail your stomachs is let fall your pride, or take down your high thoughts. The Poet has stomach in that sense again in *Henry VIII.*, iv. 2, where Catharine describes Wolsey as "a man of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking himself with princes." See page 88, note 33.

<sup>13</sup> Boot is profit or advantage.

In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

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

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

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

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing when women are foward.

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are sped.<sup>14</sup>—

[*To LUCENTIO.*] 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the  
white;<sup>15</sup>

And, being the winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and CATHARINA.*]

*Hor.* Now go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrow.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>14</sup> Meaning much the same as the phrase of our time, "you are *done for*"; in more dignified language, "your fate is decided."

<sup>15</sup> The *white* was the central part of the mark in archery. There is also a play upon the name Bianca, which is Italian for *white*.



## CRITICAL NOTES.

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### INDUCTION, SCENE I.

P. 139. *Go by, Saint Jeronimy,—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*—In the original, “*go by S. Jeronimie.*” *S.* was then the common abbreviation of *saint*. Some difficulty has been raised about the text on the ground that there was no *Saint Jeronimy*; and Dyce omits the *S.* altogether, though he still thinks “*Saint Jeronimy*” may be right. The allusion to Kyd’s play is, I believe, admitted on all hands; and Sly, as I take it, has caught up the cant phrase of the time, and, from the resemblance of sound in *Jeronimy* and *Jerome*, oddly misplaces the title of *Saint*. See foot-note 5.

P. 140. *I must go fetch the thirdborough.*

Sly. *Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law.*—The original has “*fetch the headborough.*”

P. 141. *Bathe Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd.*—The original has “*Brach Meriman*”; which is clearly wrong, an imperative being required. Hanmer reads *Leech*, which means about the same as to *doctor*. Dyce reads *Trash*, which is to *fasten a clog upon*, something to prevent speed; and he takes *emboss'd* to mean *foaming at the mouth*, which is probably wrong. The reading in the text was proposed by Johnson. See foot-note 9.

P. 144. *But, sure, that part*

*Was aptly fit, and naturally perform'd.*—The old text reads “*aptly fitted.*” As Walker notes, “the metre requires us to read *fit*, whether we consider it as the past participle of the verb to *fit* or not.” The Poet uses *fit* thus in *Cymbeline*, iii. 4: “Forethinking this, I have already *fit*—’tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose,” &c.

P. 145. *And call him madam, do him all obeisance.*—Here *all* is wanting in the old copy. Supplied by Pope.

P. 146. *I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence*

*May well abate their over-merry spleen.*—So Collier's second folio. The original has “abate the over-merry spleen.”

#### INDUCTION, SCENE 2.

P. 149. *O, how we joy to see your wits restored!*—The original has *wit* instead of *wits*. Corrected in the third folio.

P. 150. *As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps o' the Green.*—So Hanmer and Sir William Blackstone. The old text reads “John Naps of Greece,” which seems to me a very unlikely designation. In *2 Henry IV*, iii. 2, we have “Peter Bullcalf of the Green.”

P. 150. Sly. *Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!*

All. *Amen.* [One of the Servants presents SLY with a cup of liquor, which he drinks.

Sly. *I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.*—I have ventured to insert the stage-direction here, because I think Sly's second speech clearly requires something of the kind. Dyce notes thus upon it: “Something is evidently omitted before this speech. Pope attempted to supply the deficiency by inserting a small portion of the corresponding dialogue from the old *Taming of a Shrew*; and it certainly would seem that in the present speech Sly is returning thanks for liquor.”

P. 150. *Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,*

*And slept about some fifteen year or more.*—So Capell and Collier's second folio. The old text has *above* instead of *about*.—In the first line, Walker proposes to read “Madam, *my wife*”; and adds, “He hesitates between the two modes of address, *madam*, and *my wife*, and jumbles both together.” I suspect Walker is right, as he is apt to be: for this Induction is most assuredly Shakespeare's; and I can hardly think *he* would have allowed a gap in the metre here.

P. 151. *Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a comonyt, &c.*—Such is Dyce's punctuation of the passage; and it is clearly right. The original has “Marrie I will let them play, it is not a comontie,” &c.

P. 151. Sly. *Well, we'll see't.* —

*Come, madam wife, sit by my side,*

*And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.* — Collier's second folio has *slide* instead of *slip*. "Let the world slide" was a proverbial saying, which Sly uses at the opening of the play; and it certainly seems quite in keeping that he should use it again here. In fact, I find it not easy to reject the reading and arrangement proposed by Lettsom:

*Well, well, well, we'll see't, we'll see't.* — Come, madam wife,

[Sings.] Sit by my side,

And let the world *slide*;

We shall ne'er be younger.

#### ACT I., SCENE I.

P. 152. *I am arrived in fruitful Lombardy.* — The original has *for* instead of *in*; probably repeated by mistake from the second line before. Corrected by Capell.

P. 152. *Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.*

*Lucentio his son, brought up in Florence.* — So Hanmer and Walker. The original has "Vincentio's come," and then "Vincentio's sonne" instead of "Lucentio his son."

P. 153. *Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics.* — So Blackstone and Collier's second folio; the old text, "Aristotle's *checkes*."

P. 153. *Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.*

*If Biondello now were come ashore,*

*We could at once put us in readiness.* — So Collier's second folio. The original reads "If Biondello thou wert come." Doubtless the *thou* slipped in from the line before, and that drew on a change of *were* into *wert*.

P. 154. *Unless you were of gentler, milder mood.* — So Collier's second folio; the old text, *mould* instead of *mood*. A somewhat doubtful change perhaps, though adopted by Dyce.

P. 156. *Content ye, gentlemen; I am resolved.* — The original reads "Gentlemen, content ye." The reason of the change is obvious.

P. 156. *Our love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together.* — The old text is "Their love is not so great"; which is palpably wrong. Corrected in the third folio.

P. 159. *And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,*  
*Because he will not be annoy'd with suitors.*—In the old copies, “Because she will not,” &c. Corrected by Singer.

P. 160. *I will some other be; some Florentine,*  
*Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.*—The original reads “or meaner man,” to the damage of both sense and metre. Corrected by Capell.

P. 160. *In brief, then, sir, sith it your pleasure is.*—In the old text, *then* is wanting, thus leaving a gap in the verse. Supplied by Malone. Dyce completes the verse by changing *sith* to *sithence*, a word which the Poet uses in but two other places.

#### ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 162. *Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what be leges in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service. Look you, sir, he bid me knock him, &c.*—The old copies read “what he leges in Latine.” This is commonly printed “what he ‘leges,” taking the last word as an elision of *alleges*. The Poet has the word *allege* in but three other places of his plays, and in all these the folio spells it *alledge*, which was indeed the common spelling at that time. In adopting Tyrwhitt’s reading, I lay no stress on the circumstance that the common reading “makes Grumio, though an Italian, mistake his native language for Latin; for his humour delights in such blunders”; but it seems to me that the whole sense and logic of the passage stand up for “what be leges.”

P. 164. *She moves me not, or not removes, at least,*  
*Affection's edge in me, were she as rough, &c.*—The first folio has, absurdly enough, “were she is as rough.” Corrected in the quarto of 1631.

P. 166. *And her withdraws from me, and other more.*—The old copies read “from me. Other more.” Corrected by Capell on the suggestion of Thirlby.

P. 167. *Hark, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound.*—So Walker. The original has “Hark you, sir,” thus over-filling the verse. Hanmer omitted *sir*.

P. 167. *Take your paper too.* So the original. Hanmer reads *papers*, to agree with them in the next line. But see foot-note 20.

P. 167. *For she is sweeter than perfume itself,*

*To whom they go. What will you read to her?*—The old copies have “To whom they go to.” It is true, the Poet sometimes doubles the preposition in such cases; but here it founders the prosody.

P. 168. *About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca.*—“For the fair Bianca,” in the original; where *the* is obviously redundant. In the next speech we have “To fair Bianca.”

P. 168. *Hath promised me to help me to another.*—The old text has *one* instead of the second *me*.

P. 169. *O, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!*—So Hanmer; the old copies, “O, sir, such a life.” Capell omitted the *O*, and Walker would read “O, sir, such life.”

P. 169. *That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear*

*As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire.*—In the old copies, “blow to heare.” Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 169. *My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.*—In the old text, *yours*, instead of *ours*, which the drift of the dialogue fairly requires.

P. 170. Gre. *He that has two fair daughters,—is't he you mean?*—The original assigns this speech to Biondello. Heath notes upon the point thus: “It is evident from what immediately precedes, that Tranio's inquiry was addressed to the gentlemen he met, not to his own servant; nor are the questions asked in reply suitable to the servant's mouth. It is plain, therefore, that Biondello's speech must be given either to Hortensio or to Gremio.” In the next speech, Tranio must be supposed to call his servant for some purpose, which he is prevented from expressing by Gremio's interruption.

P. 171. *What, what, this gentleman will out-talk us all!*—So Capell. The second *what* is wanting in the original.

P. 171. *Sir, let me be so bold as ask you this.*—The original lacks *this*, which was added by Capell.

P. 171. *And if you break the ice, and do thisfeat.*—So Rowe and Collier's second folio. Instead of *feat*, the old text has *seeke*, very absurdly.

#### ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 172. *But, for these other gauds,  
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself.*—The old copies have *goods* instead of *gauds*. Theobald's correction.

P. 173. *Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell  
Whom thou lovest best.*—The first folio omits *thee*, which was added in the second.

P. 173. *Believe me, sister, of all men alive.*—In the original, “*of all the men alive*,” over-filling the verse.

P. 174. Bap. *What, in my sight?*—Bianca, get thee in.  
Cath. *Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see  
She is your treasure, &c.*—Here the original repeats *What* at the beginning of Catharina's speech; doubtless, as Malone thought, by mistake.

P. 175. *I knew him well: you're welcome for his sake.*—“*I know him well*,” in the old copies. But Petruchio's father is dead, and a little further on Petruchio says to Baptista, “*You knew my father well.*”

P. 175. Neighbour, *this is a gift very grateful.*—*Neighbours* instead of *Neighbour* in the original.

P. 175. *I freely give unto you this young scholar.*—Both *I* and *you* are wanting in the old text. Tyrwhitt's correction.

P. 176. *Sirrah, lead these gentlemen  
To my two daughters; and then tell them both,  
These are their tutors.*—So the second folio, the first lacks both *two* and *then*.

P. 179. Pet. *Women are made to bear, and so are you.*

Cath. But *no such load as you, if me you mean.*—In the original the second line reads “No such *Jade* as you, if me you meane.” To stop the gap in the verse, the second folio inserted *sir* after *Jade*. The correction of *Jade* to *load* is Singer’s, and it seems to me just the thing. Dyce finds fault with “its violence,” yet he prints “No such jade as *bear* you”! Perhaps the true reading is, “No jade for *such* as you, if me you mean.”

P. 180. *Ay, if the fool could find out where it lies.*—The old text reads “could find *it* where it lies.” Corrected in Collier’s second folio.

P. 183. *Is this your speeding? nay, then good night our pact.*—So Collier’s second folio; in the old copies, *part* instead of *pact*.

P. 185. *The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.*—The old text has “quiet *me* the match.”

P. 185. *That can assure my daughter greatest dower  
Shall have Bianca’s love.*—The original repeats *my* in the second line,—“have *my* Biancas love.”

P. 186. *My land amounts but to so much in all:  
That she shall have.*—“Amounts *not* to so much,” in the old copies. Corrected by Warburton.

### ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 188. *But, wrangling pedant, this is*

*The patroness of heavenly harmony.*—Here we have a shockingly mutilated line, which has been mended in various ways. Hanmer reads “But, wrangling pedant, *know* this *lady* is”; and Collier’s second folio, “*Tut, wrangling pedant, I avouch* this is.” Lettsom conjectures “But, wrangling pedant, this is *a Cecilia*.” All very good, I think, especially the last; but perhaps neither of them is fairly admissible.

P. 189. *How fiery and forward is our pedant!*—The original assigns this and the three following lines to Lucentio. And through much of the scene the prefixes are tangled into most admirable dis-

order ; some of Hortensio's speeches having “*Bian.*” set before them, and some of Bianca's, “*Hort.*”—The original also reads “forward our pedant *is.*” The change is Pope's.

P. 191. *Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice,*

*To change true rules for odd inventions.*—The original reads “To *charge* true rules for *old* inventions.” The first correction was made in the second folio, the other by Theobald. Rowe and Collier's second folio read “To change true rules for *new* inventions”; which, I suspect, is the right text.

### ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 192. *Unto a mad-brain'd rudesby, full of spleen.*—Instead of *mad-brain'd*, the old copies have *mad-braine*; one of the many instances in which *d* and *e* final were confounded. Further on in the scene Petruchio is spoken of as “The *mad-brain'd* bridegroom.”

P. 192. *Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns.*—So Dyce. The original has “*Make friends*, invite, and proclame the banes.” To fill up the verse, the second folio inserts *yes* after *invite*. Malone inserted *them* instead of *yes*. White prints “*Make friends invited*,” rather oddly, I think; though he explains it “Cause friends to be invited.” In ii. 1, we have Petruchio saying, “Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests.”

P. 192. *For such an injury would vex a saint,*

*Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.*—The old text has “would vexe a *very* saint”; which Walker sets down among the instances of “*very* interpolated.”—The original also lacks *thy* in the second line. Supplied in the second folio.

P. 192. *News, and such old news as you never heard of!*

Bap. *Is it new and old too?*—So Capell. The original lacks *old* in the first line.

P. 193. *But, say, what is thine old news?*—In the old copies, “*what to thine old news?*” Corrected in Collier's second folio.

P. 193. *Possess'd with the glanders, and like to mourn in the chine.* — The original has “like to *mose* in the chine.” No other instance of *mose* has been produced, yet it has on all hands been treated as the Poet’s genuine word. Nares quotes the passage in the text, and presumes that it means the same disease which others call “mourning in the chine.” But *mose* is no doubt a misprint for *mourn*. The correction is Hanmer’s. See foot-note 5.

P. 194. *Sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten ; near-legg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit.* — The original has *waid* instead of *sway'd*. The explanations given of *near-legg'd before* are not very satisfactory, and I suspect there is something wrong in the text. The original has “*neere leg'd before.*” Lord Chadworth gives the following comment: “I believe *near-legg'd* is right: the near leg of a horse is the left, and to set off with that leg first is an imperfection. This horse had, as Dryden describes old Jacob Tonson, two left legs; that is, he was awkward in the use of them; he used his right leg like the left.” But this explanation seems to make *near-legg'd* mean too little for the place. White takes it to mean *knock-kneed*; but how he gets that sense out of *near-legg'd*, I cannot imagine. — Both Dyce and Singer print “*half-cheeked bit.*” The original has “*halfe-checkt Bitte.*” I think I understand “*half-check'd bit*” tolerably well; but “*half-cheeked bit*” not a whit.

P. 194. *And new-repaired with knots.* — The old copies have “*and now repaired.*” Corrected by Walker.

P. 194. *An old hat, and The Humour of Forty Fancies prick'd in't for a feather.* — So the passage is usually printed in modern editions. The original prints *The Humour of Forty Fancies* in the same type as the context. I give in foot-note 13 the explanation commonly received, but am not satisfied either about the mode of printing or the explanation. It rather seems to me that the words in question were simply meant to describe some fantastical contrivance got up for the occasion. Such a mad-cap humourist as Petruchio might easily enough muster forty fancies into the place of a feather, for a comical display. It is to be noted withal, that throughout this description Biondello speaks very much for the humour of the thing, and so fun has somewhat the upper hand of fact in his language.

P. 196. *But to her love concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking : which to bring to pass,*

*As I before imparted to your Worship, &c.* — The original has the first line thus: “*But sir, Love concerneth us to adde.*” Tyrwhitt proposed, and Malone printed, the insertion of *to her*, but still retained the *sir*, which was no doubt a misprint for *her*. White and Dyce print as in the text. — In the third line the first folio omits the *I*, which was added in the second, though in the wrong place, — after *before*.

P. 198. *But, after marriage ceremonies done,*

*He calls for wine.* — The old text has *many* instead of *marriage*. The word *many* clearly has no business there. Corrected by Mr. P. A. Daniel.

P. 199. *No, nor to-morrow, nor till please myself.* —

*For me, I'll not be gone till please myself.* — In both these lines the original has “*till I please myself.*” Probably a transcriber’s or a printer’s sophistication, who did not understand the use of *please* as an impersonal verb without *it*. Walker points out other places where the Poet uses it thus; as in *Richard III.*, ii. 2: “*And may direct his course as please himself.*”

#### ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 202. *For it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress,  
and myself, fellow Curtis.* — Warburton changed *myself* to *thyself*, and rightly, I suspect; for the explanation required by the old text seems rather too fine. See foot-note 6.

P. 203. *The serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings,  
&c.* — The original has *the* instead of the second *their*.

P. 204. *This is to feel a tale, not hear a tale.* — The old text reads “*This 'tis to feel a tale.*”

P. 205. *Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door  
To hold my stirrup, &c.* — The old copies omit *the* before *door*. The Poet elsewhere has the phrase *at door*; but he also has “*at the door*,” and here the metre requires it.

P. 207. *Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.*—The second *out* is wanting in the old copies. Both sense and prosody call for it. Inserted by Pope.

## ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 209. *That is, to watch her, as we watch those kites  
That bate, and beat, &c.*—In the old text, *these* instead of *those*. A very easy misprint.

## ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 210. *To satisfy you, sir, in what I've said.*—In the old text, “*Sir, to satisfy you.*” A most needless sin against rhythm. Corrected by Pope.

P. 210. *Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.*—The original has “*lov'd me.*”—I print this speech as prose; for it cannot possibly be read as verse; and the trying to do so makes both the sense and the English hobble to no purpose.

P. 210. *O spiteful love! injurious womankind.*—So Walker. The old text has “*Oh despightful Love.*”

P. 211. *That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.*—The original has *them* instead of *her*. Corrected in the third folio.

P. 211. *Would all the world but he had quite forsworn her!*—The old copies omit *her*, which is necessary to the sense. Added by Rowe.

P. 212. *Take in your love.*—The original has “*Take me.*” Hardly worth noting. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 214. *Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.*—So the second folio; the others omit *sir*.

## ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 218. *O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thimble,  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!*—The original has “*Oh monstrous arrogance: Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble, Thou yard,*” &c. The reading in the text is Ritson's, who

observes that Petruchio calls the Tailor "a skein of thread" a little after. Probably *thread* was written at first, then *thimble* substituted, and both words got printed together.

## ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 221. *Ay, ay, what else?* — So Hanmer and Walker. The original has merely "*I* what else." The affirmative particle *ay* is commonly printed *I* in the old copies.

P. 222. *Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.* — So Theobald. The original makes this line a part of Tranio's following speech.

P. 223. *And,—if you please to like  
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,  
Me shall you find most ready and most willing.* — So the second folio. The first omits *sir* in the second line, and for the third line has "Me shall you finde readie and willing."

P. 223. *The match is fully made, and all is done.* — So Hanmer. The old copies lack *fully*, thus mutilating the verse. In the first scene of this Act we have Grumio saying, "Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not *fully made*."

P. 223. *I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you hold best  
We be affied, &c.* — So Collier's second folio. The original has *know* instead of *hold*.

P. 223. *Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir.* — So the second folio. The first omits *sir*.

P. 224. *Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart.* — The old copies assign this speech to Biondello; but the context shows decisively that it belongs to Lucentio.

P. 224. *I cannot tell, except, while they are busied about a counterfeit assurance, you take assurance of her, cum privilegio ad impimentum solum. To the church, &c.* — Instead of *except*, the reading of the second folio, the first has *expect*; and both omit *while*, which is Capell's insertion. The old copies also transpose *you take*, thus making

*take* imperative. I do not well see how *except* should be followed by an imperative verb; and I must needs understand the imperative sense as beginning with "To the church." The wrenching that has to be used in order to make sense out of the old text is, I think, conclusive against it.

P. 225. *To bid the priest be ready against you come with your appendix.*—The old text reads "bid the priest be ready *to come against*," &c. Here *to come* doubtless crept in by contagion from *you come*, a little after.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 6.

P. 225. *Go one, and fetch our horses back again.*—So Capell conjectured. The original has "Goe on." But *on* and *one* were, as is well known, pronounced alike, and often printed so.

P. 226. *And so it shall be still for Catharine.*—So Ritson and Collier's second folio. Instead of *still*, the original repeats *so*.

P. 226. *But, soft! what company is coming here.*—So Ritson and Collier's second folio, again. The old copies omit *what*. The insertion is further approved by the corresponding line in the older play: "But soft; who's this that's coming here?"

P. 227. *'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.*—So the second folio. The first has "make the woman."

P. 227. *Whither away; or where is thy abode?*—Instead of *where*, the original repeats *whither*. Corrected in the second folio.—The corresponding passage of the older play aptly illustrates the Poet's skill in making a good thing better. The Duke is on his way to Athens in quest of his son, when he encounters Ferando, who answers to Petruchio, and Catharine:

*Duke.* Good sir, can you direct me the way to Athens?

*Feran.* Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,  
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful,  
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks  
Of amethysts, or glistering hyacinth;  
More amiable far than is the plain  
Where glistering Cepheus, in silver bowers,  
Gazeth upon the giant Andromede; —  
Sweet Kate, entertain this lovely woman.

*Duke.* I think the man is mad: he calls me a woman.

*Kate.* Fair lovely lady, bright and crystalline,  
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;  
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew;  
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,  
And golden Summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;  
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,  
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town  
Inhabitable like the burning zone,  
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

*Duke.* What, is she mad too? or is my shape transform'd,  
That both of them persuade me I'm a woman?  
But they're mad, sure, and therefore I'll be gone,  
And leave their company for fear of harm;  
And unto Athens haste, to seek my son.

[Exit.]

*Feran.* Why, so, Kate, this was friendly done of thee,  
And kindly too: why, thus we two must live, —  
One mind, one heart, and one content for both.  
This good old man does think that we are mad;  
And glad is he, I'm sure, that he is gone:  
But come, sweet Kate; for we will after him,  
And new-persuade him to his shape again.

#### ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 229. *His father is come from Pisa, and is here looking out at the window.*—The original has *Padua* instead of *Pisa*, and omits the second *is*.

P. 230. *What, my worshipful old master?*—So the quarto of 1631. The folios have “my old worshipfull old master.”

P. 231. *Why, sir, what concerns it you if I wear pearl and gold?*—So the second folio. Instead of *concerns*, the original has *cernes*, which may have been meant as an abbreviation of *concerns*.

P. 232. *Thus strangers may be hal'd and abused:*

*O monstrous villainy!*—Here the old text has *villaine*; but, a little further on, the same speaker says, “I will in, to be revenged for this *villanie*.” Corrected by Dyce.

P. 232. *Son unto the right Vincentio.*—So Capell. The original has *to* instead of *unto*. Hardly worth noting.

## ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 234. *And time it is, when raging war is done,*  
*To smile at 'scapes, &c.*—Instead of *done*, the old copies have *come*, which is palpably wrong. Collier's second folio substitutes *gone*. *Done* is Rowe's correction.

P. 234. *You're sensible, and yet you miss my sense.*—In the old text, “*You are verie sencible.*” Still another instance of “*very* interpolated.” See note on “*vex a saint*,” page 250.

P. 235. *Have at you for a bitter jest or two.*—“*A better jest or two*” in the old copies. Corrected by Capell.

P. 236. *Well, I say no : and therefore, for assurance,*  
*Let's each one send unto his wife.*—So the second folio. The first has *sir* instead of *for*. The second line is mutilated of one foot,—no uncommon thing in this play. Capell mended the verse by printing “*Pray you, let's each one send.*” Collier's second folio has “*his several wife*,” which is really too bad. Lettsom proposes “*send e'en now unto his wife.*” It will probably do no hurt to have one more reading proposed: so, I propose “*send forthwith unto his wife.*”

P. 237. *Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.*  
*Pet. I hope, a better.*—So Walker. The old text omits the last *a.*

P. 238. *Pet. Worse and worse : she will not come ! O vile,*  
*Intolerable, not to be endured ! —*  
*Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress ;*  
*Say, I command her come to me.* [Exit GRUMIO.  
*Hor. I know her answer.*  
*Pet. What ?*  
*Hor. She will not.*—It is too bad that the verse is so cruelly mangled in this part of the scene. In the first of the lines, I think it would be well in character, and apt for the occasion, to read “*There, worse and worse !*” or “*Why, worse and worse !*” The third line, I am pretty confident, ought to be transposed, thus: “*Go to your mistress, Sirrah Grumio.*” For the last speech, Dyce suggests “*She will not come.*” And so it should be, surely.

P. 238. *Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.*—So Lettsom. The old copies read “if you talk of *a wonder*.” Walker points out a large number of cases where *a* was beyond question interpolated against both sense and metre.

P. 238. *And show more sign of her obedience,*

*Her new-built virtue and obedience.*—Instead of the first *obedience*, Walker says, “read *submission*.” I suspect he is right. In the second line, Capell printed “*virtue of obedience*.” I more than suspect this is right. There are divers cases where it is all but certain we have *of* and *and* misprinted for each other.

P. 239. *The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,*

*Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.*—The original here reads “*Hath cost me five hundred crowns*.” The wager was, *in fact*, “a hundred”; and Rowe corrected the text accordingly. To get rid of the redundant syllable, Collier’s second folio strikes out *Hath*, and Lettsom would omit *me*. I do not see how the sense can well spare either.

P. 239. *It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads.*—Lettsom would substitute *blasts* for *blots*; perhaps rightly: and Dyce, following the second folio, omits *do*; perhaps rightly also; though, to my ear, the omission rather mars than helps the metre; and this, no doubt, was the motive for it.

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