THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the THIRD,

CONTAINING,

The TAMING of the SHREW.
The COMEDY of ERRORS.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
ALL's WELL, THAT ENDS WELL.
The LIFE and DEATH of KING JOHN.

LONDON:
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and the Executors of B. DODD.
M, DCC,LXV.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.
Characters in the Induction.

A Lord, before whom the Play is suppos’d to be play’d.
Christopher Sly, a drunken Tinker.
Hobbes.
Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

Dramatis Personæ.

Baptista, Father to Catharina and Bianca; very rich.
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pifa.
Lucenio, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
Petruchio, a Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Catharina.
Gremio, Hortensio, Pretenders to Bianca.
Tranio, Biondello, Servants to Lucentio.
Grumio, Servant to Petruchio.
Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

Catharina, the Shrew.
Bianca, her Sister.
Widow.

Taylor, Haberdashers; with Servants attending on Baptista, and Petruchio.

Scene, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio’s House in the Country.

THE
THE TAMING of the SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostels and Sly.

S L Y.

I'LL pheeze you,¹ in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Stocks are no †rogues. Look in the Chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror; therefore, paucus pallabris;² let the world slide: Sessa.

¹ I'll pheeze you,—] To pheeze or feast, is to separate a twill into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like teaze or tease, for to harrow, to plague. Perhaps I'll pheeze you, may be equivalent to I'll comb your head, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly's character on like occasions.

² paucus pallabris;] Sly, as an ignorant Fellow, is purposely made to aim at Languages out of his Knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. ‡The Spaniards say, pocas palabras, i.e. few words: as they do likewise, Cessa, i.e. be quiet. Theor.
The Taming

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?
Sly. No, not a denier: go by; *Jeronimo*—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 3

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the Thirdborough.

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.

[Falls asleep.

3 Go by; S. Jeronimy, go to thy cold Bed, and warm thee.] All the Editions have coined a Saint here, for Sly to swear by. But the Poet had no such Intentions. The Passage has particular Humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. But I must clear up a Piece of Stage history, to make it understood. There is a fullian old Play, call'd, Hieronymo; Or, The Spani's Tragedy: which, I find, was the common But of Rallory to all the Poets of Shake-speare's Time: and a Passage, that appear'd very ridiculous in that Play, is here humorously alluded to. Hieronimo, thinking himself injur'd, applies to the King for Justice; but the Courtiers, who did not desire his Wrongs should be set in a true Light, attempt to hinder him from an Audience.

Hier. Justice, oh! justice to Hieronymo.

Lor. Back;—see'ld thou not, the King is busy?
Hier. Oh, is he so?
King. Who is He, that inter-

Hier. Not I;—Hieronymo, beware; go by, go by. So 'by here, not caring to be dun'd by the Hosts, cries to her in Effect, "Don't be trouble-

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough, &c. This corrupt Reading had pass'd down through all the Copies, and none of the Editors pretended to guess at the Poet's Conceit. What an insipid, unmeaning Reply does Sly make to his Hosts? How do third, or fourth, or fifth Borough relate to Headborough? The Author intended but a poor Witticism, and even That is lost. The Hosts would say, that she'll fetch a Constable: and this Officer she calls by his other Name, a Thirdborough: and upon this Term S'y finds the Conundrum in his Answer to her. Who does not perceive, at a single glance, some Conceit started by this certain Correction? There is an Attempt at Wit, tolerable enough for a Tinker, and one drunk too. Third-borough is a Saxon-term sufficiently explain'd by the Gloy-

Scene
SCENE II.

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds,

Brach, Merriman, the poor cur is imboft; 5
And couple Glowder with the deep-mouth'd Brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my Lord;
He cried upon it at the meereft losf,
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 Eccbo 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.

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 loathfome is thy image!—
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wropt in sweet cloaths; rings put up'on his fingers;
A most delicious banquet by his bed,

5 Brach, Merrimn, J Sir T. 
Hammer reads, Leech Merriman, that is, apply some remedies to Merriman, the poor cur has his head fufted. Perhaps we might read, bath's Merriman, which is I believe the common practice of huntsmen, but the present reading may stand —— tender will my hound;
Brach—Merriman — the poor cur is imboft.
And brave attendants near him, when he wakes;
Would not the beggar then forget himself?
1 Hn. Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chuse.
2 Hn. It would seem strange unto him, when he wak'd.

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 with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.
Procure me musick ready, when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly sound;
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 ever; a 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 lunatick.
And when he says he is,—say, that he dreams;
For he is nothing but a mighty lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Hn. My Lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no les than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;

6 —modesty.] By modesty is meant moderation, without suffering our resentment to break into any excess.

And
And each one to his Office, when he wakes.

[Some bear out Sly. Sound Trumpets.
Sirrah, go see what trumpet is that sounds.
Belike, some noble gentleman that means, [Ex. Servant.
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

SCENE III.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?
Serv. An't please your Honour, Players
That offer Service to your lordship.
Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, Fellows, you are welcome.
Play. We thank your Honour.
Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?
Play. So please your Lordship to accept our duty. *
Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since 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 fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. 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 afflict me much.

* It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses.
* I think, 'twas Soto] I take our Author here to be paying a Compliment to Beaumont and Fletcher’s Women pleas’d, in which Comedy there is the Character of Soto, who is a Farmer’s Son, and a very facetious Serving-man. Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope prefix the Name of Sim to the Line here spoken; but the first folio has it Sincllo; which, no doubt, was the Name of one of the Players here introduc’d, and who had play’d the Part of Soto with Applause. Theobald.
THE TAMING

There is a Lord will hear you play to night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Left, 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.

Play. Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves;
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

2 Play. [to the other.] Go get a Dishclout to make
clean your shoes, and I'll speak for the properties.

[Exit Player.

My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for a
property, and a little Vinegar to make our devil roar.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome, every one:
Let them want nothing that the house affords.

{Exit one with the Players.

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
And see him drest 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,

8 Property; in the language of a play-house, is every implement
necessary to the exhibition.

9 a little Vinegar to make our devil roar.] When the acting the
mysteries of the old and new testament was in vogue; at the re-
presentation of the mystery of the Passion, Judas and the Devil
made a part. And the Devil, wherever he came, was always
to suffer some disgrace, to make the people laugh: As here, the
buffonery was to apply the gall
and vinegar to make him roar;
And the Passion being that, of all
the mysteries, which was most
frequently represented, vinegar
became at length the standing
implement to torment the De-
vil: And used for this purpose
even after the mysteries ceased,
and the moralities came in vogue;
where the Devil continued to
have a considerable part.—
The mention of it here was to
ridicule so absurd a circumstance
in these old farces.

WARBURTON.

Such
OF THE SHREW.

Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplisht; 
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 shew her duty, and make known her love?
And then with kind embraces, tempting kisst,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for twice seven years hath esteem'd himself;
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 convey'd,
Shall in despight enforce a wat'ry 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, gate, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will flay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen;
Which otherwise will go into extremes. [Exit Lord.

1 In former editions, Who for these seve n Years hath esteem'd him'self No better than a poor and loath-some Beggar.

I have ventured to alter a Word here, against the Authority of the printed Copies; and hope, I shall be justified in it by two subsequent Passages. That the Poet design'd, the Tinker's supposed Lunacy should be of fourteen Years standing; at least, is evident upon two parallel Passages in the Play to that Purpose.

Note: * It is not unlikely that the ovon was an expedient used by the actors of interludes.
THE TAMING

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Bedchamber in the Lord’s House.

Enter Sly with Attendants, some with apparel, bason and ever, and other appurtenances. Re-enter Lord.

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 today?

Sly. I am Christophero 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; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes; or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav’n cease this idle humour in your Honour!

Oh, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such profession, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!——

Sly. What, would you make me mad? am not I Christophero Sly, old Sly’s Son of Burton-beath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bearherd, and now by present profession a tinker? ask Mariæ Hecket, the fat ale-wife of Wincoat, if she know me not; if she say, I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying’st knave in Christendom. What, I am not befraught: here’s——

1 Man.
OF THE SHREW.

1 Man. Oh, this it is that makes your lady mourn.
2 Man. Oh, 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.
Oh, 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;
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have musick? hark, Apollo plays; [Musick.
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the luftful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk, we will bestrow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Doft thou love hawking? thou haft 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 Man. Say, thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed flags; ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 Man. Doft thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ftrait

Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Citherea all in fedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving fedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee Io, as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Man. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds:

And
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 Man. And 'till the tears, that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran 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 favours, 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' th' smallest ale.

2 Man. Will't please your Mightiness to wash your hands?

Oh, how we joy to see your wits restor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap:
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Man. Oh, yes, my Lord, but very idle words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you fay, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the Hosts of the house;
And fay, you would present her at the * Leet,
Because she bought stone-jugs, and no seal'd quarts;
Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Man. Why, Sir, you know no house; nor no such maid;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up;

* —— Leet,] At the Court leet, or courts of the manor.
OF THE SHREW.

As Stephen Shy, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpennell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.—

Sly. By th’Mafs, I think I am a Lord indeed.
What is thy name?

Man. Sim, an’t please your Honour.

Sly. Sim? that’s as much as to say, Simeon or Simon; put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

[The servant gives him drink.

SCENE V.

Enter Lady, with attendants.

I thank thee;——thou shalt not lose by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough. Where’s my wife?

Lady. 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 good man.

Lady. 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. Alice madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so lords call la-

[Dies.

Sly. Come, sit down on my knee. Sim, drink to her. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream’d, and slept above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon’d from your bed.

Sly.
Sly. 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.—Sim, drink to her.

Lady. 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 charg'd,
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 loath to fall into my dream again:
I will therefore tarry in despit of the flesh and the blood.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your Honour's Players, hearing your amend-
ment,
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; is it not a Com-
modity? a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Lady. 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.

THE
THE TAMING of the SHREW.

ACT I.  SCENE I.

A Street in Padua.

Flourish.  Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Lucentio.

TRANIO, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd from 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:
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply instilute
A course of learning, and * ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my Being; and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the Bentivoli,

* — from fruitful Lombardy.] I rather think it was written ingenious
So Mr. Theobald. The former editions, instead of from, had for.
* — ingenious] I rather think it was written ingenious studies, but of this and a thou-
sand such observations there is little certainty.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
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, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me pardonato, 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 Stoicks, nor no Stoicks, I pray;
Or, so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk;
Musick and Poesy use to quicken you;
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphysicks,
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, Tranio, well dost thou advise;
If, Biondello, thou wert come awhore,
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 a while, what company is this?

Tra. Master, some shew to welcome us to town.

Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read to virtue; but formerly they and apply his studies.

SCENE
SCENE II.

Enter Baptista with Catharina and Bianca, Gremio and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen both, importune me no farther, For how I firmly am resolv’d, 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. I pray you, Sir, is it your will To make a Stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that? no mates for you;

Unless you were of gentler, milder, mould.

Cath. I’faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear, I wise, it is not half way to her heart: But if it were, doubt not, her care shall be To comb your noodle 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. Hush, master, here’s some good passtime toward; That wench is stark mad, or wonderful fro-

Luc. But in the other’s silence I do see Maid’s mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good What I have said, Bianca, get you in;

Vol. III. C And
And let it not displeas thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Catb. A pretty Peat! 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. Hark, Tranio, thou may'st hear Minerva
speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so * strange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.
Go in, Bianca.——— [Exit Bianca.
And for I know, she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry;
School-masters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning 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.

Catb. Why, and, I trust, I may go too, may I
not? what, shall I be appointed hours, as tho', be-
like, I knew not what to take, and what to leave?
ha!

[Exit.

---

3 A pretty Peat.] Peat is a word of endearment
from Petit, little, as if it meant
pretty little thing.

* So strange.] That is, so odd,
so different from others in your
conduct.

† Cunning men.] Cunning had
not yet lost its original signification
of knowing, learned, as may
be observed in the translation of
the Bible.
OF THE SHREW. 19

SCENE III.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam. Your gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Our love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out. Our cake's dough on both sides. Farewel; 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 the delights, I will wish him to her Father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio; but a word, I pray; tho' the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd Parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair Mistrefs, 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, tho' her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio; tho' it pails your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an' a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whip'd at the high cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's a 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 let his youngest free for a husband, and then have

C 2 to't
THE Taming

to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! happy man be his dole! he that runs fastest gets the ring; how say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the beast horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would throughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.

SCENE IV.

Manent Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should on a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh Tranio, 'till I found it to be true,
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 atchieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for, I know, thou canst;
Afflict me, Tranio, for, I know, thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so, 4

* Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercy, lad; go forward, this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's found.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,

4 If Love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so,] The next line from Terence, shews that we should read,

If Love hath toy'd you,-i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the captus et,

habet, of the same Author.

Warburton,

* Our author had this line from Lily, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument of his learning.
OF THE SHREW.

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 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;
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 wit t'achieve her. Thus it stands;
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd,
That till the Father ride's his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a Maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel Father's he!
But art thou not advis'd he took some care
To get her cunning school-masters 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 school-master,
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. Bes'ta;—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 matter: then it follows thus.
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead;
Keep house, and * port, and servants, as I should.
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaneer 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, good Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For fo your Father charg'd me at our parting;
(Be serviceable to my Son, quoth he,)
Altho', 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.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

    Bion. Where have I been? nay, how now, where are you? matter, has my fellow Tranio stoll'n your cloaths, or you stoll'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 count'nance on,
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 am descry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes;
While I make way from hence to save my life.

* Port, is figure, show, appearance.
You understand me?

Bion. Ay, Sir, ne'er a whit.—

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth; Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: 'Would, I were so too.

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next with 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.

SCENE V.

Before Hortensio's House, in Padua.

Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.

Pet. V Erone, for a while I take my leave,
   To see my friends in Padua; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is the house;
Here, sirrah, Grumio, knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, Sir? whom should I knock? is there
   any man, has rebus'd your Worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me 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 is 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 ring it,
I'll try how you can Sal, Fa, and sing it.

[He wrings him by the ears.

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! how do you
all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il Coré, ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. Alla nostra Casa ben venuto, molto honorato
Signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he, leges in Latin,
If this be not a lawful cause 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
matter so, being, perhaps, for aught I see, two and
thirty, a pip out?

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 bid the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heav'n's! 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, this is 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.
Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Happily to wife 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,
And with thee to a threw'd ill-favour'd 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 us
Few words suffice; and therefore if you know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife;
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and threwd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not; or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough

---

5 Where small experience grows but in a few.] This nonsense should be read thus:
Where small experience grows but in a new,
I. e. a confinement at home.
And the meaning is that no improvement is to be expected of those who never look out of doors.
WARDURTON.
Why this should seem nonsense, I cannot perceive. In a few means the same as in short, in few words.

6 The burthen of a dance is an
Vol. III.

expression which I have never heard; the burthen of his wooing song had been more proper.

7 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love.] This (suppose relates to a circumstance in some Italian novel, and should be read, Florentio's. WARDURTON.

8 Affection's edge in me.] This man is a strange talker. He tells you he wants money only. And, as to affection, he thinks so little of the matter, that give him but a rich mistress, and he will take her though incruited all over.

C 5
As are the swelling Adriatick Seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua:
If wealthily, then happily, in Padua.

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, 9 or an old Trot
with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' she have as many
diseases as two and fifty horses; why, nothing comes
ar'tis, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stept thus far in,
I will continue That I broach'd in left.
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 fault enough,
Is, that she is intolerably curt:
And shrewd, and froward, 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, tho' she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

Her. Her Father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous Gentleman;

over with the worst bad qualities
of age, uglinesses and ill-manners.
Yet, after this, he talks of Af-
faction's edge, being so strong in
him that nothing can abate it.
Some of the old copies indeed,
instead of me read time: this
will direct us to the true reading,
which I am persuaded is this.

Affection sieg'd in coin,
i.e. placed, seated, fixed. This
makes him speak to the purpose,
that his affection is all love of
money. The expression too is
proper, as the metaphor is in-
tire—to remove affection sieg'd in
coin.

surely the sense of the present
reading is too obvious to be mis-
read or mistaken. Petruccio says,
that if a girl has money enough,
no bad qualities of mind or body
will remove affection's edge;
that is, hinder him from liking
her.

9 aglet, the tag of a point.

Pope.

Her
Her name is Catharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her Father, tho' 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,
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 (I'll tell you what, Sir) an' she fland him but a little, he will throw a figure 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 house my Treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest Daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her with-holds he from me, and others more
Suitors to her, and Rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For thole defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever Catharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
'Till Catharine the curf't have got a husband.

1 An' he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.] This is obscure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, he'll rail in his rhetorick; I'll tell you, &c. Rhetorick agrees very well with figure in the succeeding part of the speech, yet I am inclined to believe that Rope-tricks is the true word.

2 It stood thus:
And her withholds he from me.
Other more Suitors to her, and Rivals in my Love: &c.] The Regulation, which I have given to the Text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. Thirly.

Theobald,

Gru.
THE TAMING

Gru. Catharine the curt?
A title for a maid of all titles the worst!
Hor. Now shall my Friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes
To old Baptista as a school-master,
Well seen in musick, 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.

SCENE VI.

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguis'd.

Gru. Here's no knavery! see, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together.
Matter, look about you: who goes there? ha!
Hor. Peace, Gremio, 'tis the Rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.
Gru. A proper Stripling, and an amorous.
Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, 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 papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
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 affured;
As firmly, as yourself were still in place;
Yea, and, perhaps, with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, Sir.
Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is!
Gru. O this woodcock, what an als it is!—
Petr. Peace, Sirrah.

Hor.
OF THE SHREW.

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Grumio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you, whither I am going? to Baptista Minola; I promis’d to enquire carefully about a school-master for the 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 promis’d 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 belov’d of me.

Gre. Belov’d of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Grumio, ’tis now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me; and, if you speak me fair,
I’ll tell you news indifferent good 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, matters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, sayest me so, friend? what Countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio’s Son;
My Father’s dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. Oh, Sir, 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 wooe this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he wooe her? ay, or I’ll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?

Have
THE TAMING

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 heav’n’s artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battel heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
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.

Gr. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:

This Gentleman is happily arriv’d,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Her. I promis’d, we would be contributors;
And bear his charge of wooing whatsoe’er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gr. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

SCENE VII.

To them Tranio bravely apparell’d, 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?

Bion. 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—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her; what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.

---That gives not half so great from Shakespeare. He wrote,
a blow to hear,] This without question,
awkward phrase could never come ——so great a blow to th’ear.

Warburton.

Tra.


OF THE SHREW. 31

Tra. I love no chiders, Sir: Biondello, let's away.

Luc. 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,

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,

Tho' Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all!

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,

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 the other is 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' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth:

The youngest Daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors,

And
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest Sister first be wed;
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, Sir, that you are the man
Must feed 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 ingraten.

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 beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,
Please ye, we may convive this afternoon,
And quaff caroufes to our Mistres's health;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! fellows, let's be
gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so,
Gregorio, I shall be your ben venuto. [Exeunt.

[The Presenters, above, speak here.

Man. My Lord, you nod; you do not mind the Play.
Sly. Tea, by St. Ann, do I. A good matter, surely!
—comes there any more of it?
Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.
Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady.
Would, 'twere done! —

* Pleas ye, we may contrive this afternoon,* Mr. Theo-
tald asks why they were to contrive? and then says, a foolish
corruption passes the place, and so alters it to convive; in which
he is followed, as he pretty cont-
stantly is, when wrong, by the
Oxford Editor. But the com-
mon reading is right, and the
Critic was only ignorant of the
meaning of it. Contrive does not signify here to project, but
to spend and wear out. As in
this passage of Spenser,

These ages such as mortal men
contraive.

Fairy Queen, B. xi. ch. 9.

Warburton.
The word is used in the same
sense of spending or wearing out
in the Palace of Pleasure.

ACT
ACT II. SCENE I.

Baptista's House in Padua.

Enter Catharina and Bianca.

Bianca.

GOOD Sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your self, To make a bond-maid and a slave of me; That I disdain; but for these other Gawds, Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself; Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat, 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 lov'st 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. Oh, then, belike, you fancy riches more; You will have Gremio, to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do so envy me? Nay, then you jest; and now, I well perceive, You have but jested with me all this while;
THE TAMING

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 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 reveng'd.  

---[Flies after Bianca.]

_Bap._ 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 bare-foot on her wedding-day,  
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell:  
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,  
'Till I can find occasion of revenge.  

---[Exit Cath.]

_Bap._ Was ever gentleman thus griev'd, as I?  
But who comes here?

SCENE II.

_Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man;  
Petruchio with Hortensio, like a musician; Tranio  
and Biondello bearing a lute and books._

_Gre._ Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.  
_Bap._ Good morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, Gentlemen,

---[bi'ding—] Thé. _sharine for the coarseness of her word hilding or binderling, is a behaviour.
low squeab; it is applied to Ca-
OF THE SHREW.

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 shew myself a forward guest 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,

[Presenting Hortensio.

I do present you with a man of mine, Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks, To 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 fake. But for my daughter Catharina, this I know, She is not for your turn, the more's 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 what 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 know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray, let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too. Baccalare! you are marvellous forward.

[--- Baccare, you are marvellous forward. We must read, Baccalare; by which the Italians mean, thou arrogant, preump-
tuous man! the word is used scornfully, upon any one that would assume a sort of grandeur.

Warburton.

D 2

Pet.
THE TAMING

Pet. Oh, 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, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholde to you than any, free leave give to this young scholar, that hath been long studying at Reims, [Presenting Lucentio.] as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematicks; his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio. But, gentle Sir, methinks, you walk like a stranger; [To Tranio.] 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 Tutor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous: Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preference 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 beftow a simple Instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books. If you accept them, then their worth is great.

[They greet privately.

* I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift, &c. addressed by only pointing fing himself to Baptista.

Warburton.
OF THE SHREW.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, Sir, son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by Report
I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.
Take You the lute, and You the Set of books,

[To Hortensio and Lucentio.

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 Serv. with Hortensio and Lucentio.

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 busines fs aketh hasle,
And every day I cannot come to wooc.
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 decreas'd;
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 affure her of
Her widowhood, 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 the proud-minded:
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extream gults will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and wooe not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou wooe, and happy be thy seed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

SCENE III.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

Her. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Her. 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?

Her. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets;
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets call you them? 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;
Oh, 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;
OF THE SHREW.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

\[Exit Bap. with Grem. Horten. and Tranio.\]

And wooe 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 frowns; I'll say, she looks as clear
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 tho' she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the bains, and when be married?
But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak.

SCENE IV.

Enter Catharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Catb. Well have you heard, but something hard of
hearing.

They call me Catharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lye, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curt;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in christendom,
Kate of Kate-ball, my super-dainty Kate,
(For dainties are all Cates) and therefore Kate;
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation!
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every Town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty founded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs:
Myself am mov'd to wooe thee for my wife.

Catb. Mov'd?—in good time—let him that mov'd
you hither,
Remove you hence; I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

D 4

Pet.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Cath. A join'd stool.
Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.
Cath. Asies are made to bear, and so are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.
Cath. No such jade, Sir, 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 bee;——should buzz.
Cath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh, slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?
Cath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.*
Pet. Come, come, you wapf, i'faith, you are too angry.
Cath. If I be wafish, beft beware my stinging.
Pet. My Remedy is then to pluck it out.
Cath. Ah, if th' fool could find it, where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not, where a wasp doth wear his sting?
In his tail——
Cath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whole tongue?
Cath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewel.
Pet. What with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.
Cath. That I'll try. [She strikes 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? oh, put me in thy books.
Cath. What is your crest, a coxcomb?

* Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard. [Perhaps we may read better, That is, he may take me for a buzzard, and he shall find me a turtle, and he shall find me a hawk."

Pet.
OF THE SHREW.

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate; come, you must not look so fower.

Cath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, there’s no crab, and therefore look not so fower.

Cath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then, shew it me.

Cath. Had I a glafs, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Cath. Well aim’d of such a young one.——

Pet. Now by St. 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 chase 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 fullen,
And now I find Report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamefam, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look ascance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haft thou pleasure to be cross in talk:
But thou with mildness entertain’st thy wooers,
With gentle confidence, soft and affable.

Why doth the world report, that Kate doth limp?
Oheland’rous world! Kate, like the hazle-twigs,
Is strait and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazle-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
THE TAMING

And then let Kate be chaste, and Diana sportful! —

Cath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother’s wit.

Cath. A witty mother, witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Cath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Why, 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 cat to a Kate,
Conformable as other household Kates;

Here comes your father, never make denial,
I must and will have Catharine to my Wife.

SCENE V.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with
my daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
If 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 shew’d a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A madcap 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 curt, it is for policy;
For she’s not froward, but modest as the doys.

She
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience, she will prove a second Grisell;
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 speedy? nay, then, good night,
our part!

_Pet._ Be patient, Sirs, I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, 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
How much she loves me; oh, the kindest _Kate!_
She hung about my neck, and kisses on kisses
She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices; 'tis a world to see,
How tame, (when men and women are alone)
A meacoak wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, _Kate_, I will unto _Venice_,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day;
Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my _Catharine_ shall be fine.

_Bap._ I know not what to say, but give your hands;
God send you joy, _Petruchio!_ 'tis a match.

_Gre._ _Tra._ Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

_Pet._ Father, and wife, and Gentlemen, adieu;
I will to _Venice_, _Sunday_ comes apace;
We will have rings and things, and fine array;
And kisses me, _Kate_, we will be married o' _Sunday_.

[Ex. _Petruchio_, and _Catharine_ severally.

--- _kisses on kisses
_She vy'd so fast._ ---] I know not that the word _vyed_ has any
construction that will suit this _kisses on kisses
_She ply'd so fast._ place; we may easily read,

SCENE
SCENE VI.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up so suddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant’s part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
Traf. ’Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
’Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
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 looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Traf. 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.
Traf. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.¹
Skipper, stand back; ’tis age that nourisheth.
Traf. But youth, in ladies’ eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, Gentlemen, I will 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 furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;

¹ Old Gremio’s notions are
confirmed by Stadville.

The fire of love in youthful blood,
Like what is kindled in wood—
But for a moment burns—
But when crept into aged veins,
It slowly burns, and long remains;

It glows, and with a flutter
Beats,
Like fire in logs, it burns, and
Warms us long;
And though the flame be not
So great
Yet is the heat as strong.
In ivory coffers I have stuf my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Coffly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions blos'd with pearl;
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work;
Pewter and bras, and all things that belong
To house, or house-keeping: 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, lift 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 Argosie

2 Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have, and——]
Tho' all the copies concur in this reading, surely, if we examine
the reasoning, something will be found wrong. Gremio is startled
at the high settlement Tranio proposes; says, his whole estate
in land can't match it, yet he'll settle so much a year upon her,
&c. This is playing at crossepurposes. The change of the
That now is lying in Marseilles's road.

What, have I choak’d you with an Argosie?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great Argosies, besides two galliaises
And twelve tight gallies; these I will assure her,
And twice as much, what e’er thou offer’dst 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;
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, then I am thus resolv’d:

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. [Exit.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not; Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool To give thee all; and in his waining 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 fac’d it with a card of ten:

3 Yet I have fac’d it with a card of ten:] That is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors. So that this became a proverbial expression. So Shelton,

Exost fyoke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,

And so outface him with a card of ten.

And Ben Johnson in his Sad Shepherd,

a Hart of ten

i. e. an extraordinary good one.

Warburton.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:  
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio  
May get a father, call'd, suppos'd Vincentio;  
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly  
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,  
A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning.  

[Exit.  

---[The Presenters, above, speak here.  
Sly. Sim, when will the fool come again? *  
Sim. Anon, my Lord.  
Sly. Give's some more drink here—where's the tapster?  
Here, Sim, eat some of these things.  
Sim. So I do, my Lord.  
Sly. Here, Sim, I drink to thee.

---

ACT III. SCENE I.  

Baptista's House.  

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.  

Lucentio.  

Idler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Catbarine welcom'd you withal?  

Hor. 'Wrangling Pedant, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony;  
Then give me leave to have prerogative;  
And when in musick we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.  

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far  

If the word hart be right, I  
do not see any use of the latter quotation.  
* When will the fool come again?  

The character of the fool has not been introduced  
in this drama, therefore I believe that the word again should be  
 omitted, and that: * would be the fool being the favourite of the vulgar,  
or, as we now phrase it, of the upper gallery, was naturally expected in every interlude.
To know the cause why musick 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 breaching scholar 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 while;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. 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: Hac ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic siterat Priami regia celsa fenis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. Hac ibat, as I told you before, Simois, I am
Lucentio, hic est, son unto Lucentio of Pisa, Sigeia tel-
lus, disguisefed thus to get your love, hic siterat, and
that Lucentio that comes a wooing, Priami, is my man
Tranio, regia, bearing my port, celsa fenis, that we
might beguile the old Pantaloon. +

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [Returning.

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me fee, if I can construe it: Hac
ibat Simois. I know you not, hic est Sigeia tellus, I truft
you not, hic siterat Priami, take heed he hear us not,
regia, presume not, celsa fenis, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

+ Pantaloon, the old cully in Italian forces.
Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars. How fiery and how froward is our Pedant!

Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love;

Pedascale. 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. You may go walk, and give me leave awhile; My lessons, make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait, And watch withal; for, but I be deceived, Our fine musician growth 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 pleasent, 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. [reading.] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord, Are, to plead Hortensio's passion.

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord, C saut, that loves with all affection;

---[Pedascale,] he would have said Didascale, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word Pedascale in imitation of it, from Pedant.  

WARBURTON.  

---[mistrust.] This and the seven Verfes, that follow, have in all the Editions been stupidly shuffled and misplac'd to wrong Speakers; so that every Word said was glaringly out of Character.  

THEOBALD.  

---D fol
THE TAMING

*Strive*, one cliff, but two notes have I.

*Enter,* show pity, or I die.

Call you this *Ganymet?* tut, I like it not;

Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice

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.* Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

[Exit.

*Luc.* Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Exit.

*Her.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant,

Methinks, he looks as tho' he was in love:

Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca,* be so humble,

To cast thy wandring eyes on every Stale;

Seize thee, who lift; if once I find thee ranging,

*Hortensio* will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit.

---

SCENE ll.

*Enter* Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Catharina, Lucentio, Bianca, and attendants.

*Bsp.* Signior *Lucentio,* this is the pointed day

That *Cathrine* and *Petruchio* should be married;

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be,

---

7 O'd fashions please me best

I'm not so nice

To change true Rules for new

Inventions.] This is Sense

and the Meaning of the Passage;

but the Reading of the Second

Verse, for all that, is sophilli-

cated. The genuine Copies all

concur in Reading,

*To change true Rules for old

Inventions.*

*Theobald.*

To
OF THE SHREW.

To want the Bridegroom, when the Priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Cath. No shame, but mine; I must, forsooth, be forsc'd
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick 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 friends, invite, yes, 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;
What ever fortune stays him from his word.
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wife:
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. Would Catharine had never seen him tho'!

[Exit weeping.

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.

S C E N E III.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, Master; old news, and such news as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

8 Full of spleen.] That is, full of humour, caprice, and inconstancy.
THE TAMING

Bio. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bio. Why, no, Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bio. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bio. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bio. 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 lac'd: an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelefs, with two broken points; his horse hipp'd with an old musty saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; besides, poffeyt with the glanders, and like to mope in the chine, troubled with the lappaspe, infected with the fafions, full of windgalls, Pope'd with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, flark spoileth with the flags, begnawn with the bots, waid in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-checkt bit, and a headfall of sheep's leather, which being restrain'd, to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots; one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bio. Oh, Sir, his lackey, for all the world capai-
OF THE SHREW. 53

fon'd like the horfe, with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose, on the other, garter'd with a red and blue lift, an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a christion footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet sometymes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.
Bion. Why, Sir, he comes not.
Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?
Bion. Who? that Petruchio came not.
Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.
Bion. No, Sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.
Bap. Why, that's all one.
Bion. Nay, by St. Jany, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

'An old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather:'] This was some ballad or drollery of that time, which the Poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prickt it up in his foot-boy's old hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and flanzas of old Ballads, and often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. In Shakespeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions. And he seems to have born them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers with exquisite humour. In Much ado about nothing, he makes Beatrice say, 'Prove that ever I use more blood with love than I got again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad maker's pen.' As the blunt-ness of it would make the execution of it extremely painful. And again in Troilus and Cressida, Pandarus in his diftreff having repeated a very stupid flanza from an old ballad, says, with the highest humour, 'There never was a truer rhyme; let us set away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse. We see it, we see it. WARDUSTON.

E 3  SCENE
Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically habitned.

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 'parell'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, fadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fy, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-fore to our solemn 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. Tidious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Tho' in some part enforced 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 cloaths 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 cloaths:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could 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?

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'll after him, and see the event of this. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Tra. But, Sir, our 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; 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 promised:
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with content.

Luc. Were it not, that my fellow school master
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 my own, despight 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 grey-beard Gremio,
The narrow-paring Father Minola,
T H E T A M I N G

The quaint musician amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Gremio.

Now, 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.
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-woons, quoth he: and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the Priest let fall the book;
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This 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 lift.
Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
H'd been aboard carousing to his Mates
After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the fops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other cause, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
His fops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The Bride about the neck, and kisst her lips
OF THE SHREW.

With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd; and I seeing this,
Came thence for very shame; and after me,
I know, the rout is coming: Such a mad marriage
Ne'er was before.—Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels.

[Music plays.]

SCENE VII.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Bianca, Hortensio, and Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains;
I know, you think to dine with me to day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haftie 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 intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Catb. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content——

Catb. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall intreat me, stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Catb. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses,
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 I please myself:
The door is open, Sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not go, 'till I please myself:
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly furry 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 slay 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;
Carouse full measure to her maiden-head;
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor flare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my afs, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her who ever dare.
I'll bring my action on the proudest he,
That stops my way in Padua: Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistres, if thou be a man:
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,

Kate;

I'll buckler thee against a million.


Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
OF THE SHREW.

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, tho' Bride and Bridegroom want
For to supply the places at the table;
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast;
Lucentio, you supply the Bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her Sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bride it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio: Gentlemen, let's go.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

GRUMIO.

Oy, fy on all tired jades, and all mad walkers,
and all foul ways! was ever man so beaten? was ever
man so ray'd? was ever man so weary? I am sent
before, to make a fire; and they are coming after, to
warm them: now were not I a little pot, and soon hot,
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 blow-

1 Was ever man so ray'd.] That is, was ever man so mark'd
with lasses.
ing the fire shall warm myself, for considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: holla, hoa, Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is fire 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; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and thyself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, my 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 mil-

---winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and thyself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.] Why had Grumio called him one to give his reproof any colour? We must read as, without question, Shakespeare wrote,

—and thy self, fellow Curtis.

Why Grumio said that winter had tamed Curtis was for his sluggishness in stewing Grumio to a good fire. Besides, all the joke consists in the sense of this alteration.

WARBURTON.

5 Away, you three-inch'd fool; i.e. with a scull three inches thick, a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks.

WARBURTON.

6 Why thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at least.] Thou all the copies agree in this reading, Mr. Theobald says, yet he cannot find what horn Curtis had; therefore he alters it to my horn. But the common reading is right, and the meaning is that he had made Curtis a cuckold.

WARBURTON
trefs, whose hand; she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pray thee, 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, 7 jack boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? 8 be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired, my master and mistress fall'n out.

Curt. How?

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

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

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. I here.

[Strikes him.

7 Jack boy, &c.] fragment of some old ballad. 

8 Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without?] i.e. Are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid servants drest'd? But the Oxford Editor alters it thus, Are the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair within? What his conceit is in this, I confess I know not.
Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

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

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gr. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gr. Tell thou the tale. But hast thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou should'st have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoi'd, 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 cry'd; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

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

Gr. Ay, and that you 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, Sugarpop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly com'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their 9 garters of an indifferent knit; let them curt'sy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gr. Call them forth.

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

9 Garters of an indifferent knît.] What is the sense of this? I know not, unless it means, that their Garters should be full bow'd; indifferent, or not different, one from the other.
OF THE SHREWW.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.
Curt. Who knows not that?
Gru. Thou, it seems, that call’d for company to countenance her.
Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.
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 are ready; how near is our master?
Gru. E’en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—cock’s passion, silence!—I hear my master.

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaves? what, no man at door to hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?
All Serv. Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.
Pet. Here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir, here, Sir?
You loggerheaded 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, malm-horse drudge,
Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Gru.
Gr. Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made;
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel:
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old and beggarly,
Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[Exeunt Servants.

Where is the life that late I led?
[Exeunt Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I say? nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogue: you villains, when?

It was the Friar of Orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way.

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

Be merry, Kate: some water, here; what hoa!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus? sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers; shall I have some water?
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:
You, whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beatle-headed, flap-ear'd knave:

--- no link to colour Peter's hat, ---
Lick, I believe, is the same with what we now call lamp black.
--- Soud, foud, &c. ---

That is, sweet, sweet. Soot, good, and sometimes sooth, is sweet. So in Milton, to sing sooth'ly, is, to sing sweetly.
Come, Kate, sit down; I know, you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What’s this, mutton?

Ser. Yes.
Pet. Who brought it?
Ser. 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. about the Stage.
You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner’d slaves!
What, do you grumble? I’ll be with you straight.

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

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

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.
Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis, a Servant.

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,

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And
And fits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away, for he is coming hither. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

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-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard, 3
To make her come, and know her keeper's Call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat to day, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not; nor to night shall not:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed.
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, that way the sheets;
Ay; and, amid this hurly, I'll pretend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness; —
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew. [Exit.

3 — to man my haggard,] A haggard is a wild hawk; to
man a hawk is to tame her.
OF THE SHREW.

SCENE IV.

Before Baptista’s House.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

TRANIO.

Is’t possible, friend Licio, that Bianca *
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. To satisfy you, Sir, in what I said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[They stand by.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistres, profit you in what you read?

* Is’t possible, friend Licio, &c.

This Scene, Mr. Pope, upon what Authority I can’t pretend to guess, has in his Editions made the First of the Fifth Act: in doing which, he has shewn the very Power and Force of Criticism. The Consequence of this judicious Regulation is, that two unpardonable Absurdities are fix’d upon the Author, which he could not possibly have committed. For, in the first Place, by this shuffling the Scenes out of their true Position, we find Hor- toesa, in the fourth Act, already gone from Baptista’s to Petruchio’s Country-house; and afterwards in the beginning of the fifth Act we find him first forming the Resolution of quitting Bianca; and Tranio immediately informs us, he is gone to the Taming-School to Petruchio. There is a Figure, indeed, in Rhetorick, call’d, ὑπερμετέρων αὑτῷ δικαίως: But this is an Abuse of it, which the Rhetoricians will never adopt upon Mr. Pope’s Authority. Again, by this Misplacing, the Pedant makes his first Entrance, and quits the Stage with Tranio in order to go and dres himself like Vincentio, whom he was to perfonate: but his second Entrance is upon the very Heels of his Exit; and without any Interval of an Act, or one Word intervening, he comes out again equip’d like Vincentio. If such a Critick be fit to publish a Stage-Writer, I shall not envy Mr. Pope’s Admirers, if they should think fit to applaud his Sagacity. I have replac’d the Scenes in that Order, in which I found them in the old Books. Theobald.

F 2

Bian.
Bian. What, master, read you? first, resolve me that.

Luc. I read That I profess, the art of Love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [They retire backward.

Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now, tell me, I pray, you that durst swear that your mistress Bianca lovd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. Despightful love, unconstant womankind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not Licio,

Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But One that scorn to live in this disguise

For such a One as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a God of such a cullion;

Know, Sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca;

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

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 to forswear her,

As one unworthy all the former favours,

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,

Never to marry her, tho' she intreat.

Fy 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 has as long lovd me,

As I have lovd this proud disdainful haggard.

And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
OF THE SHREW.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit Hor.

Tra. Mistres Bianca, blest you with such grace,
As longeth to a lover's blessed cale:
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

[Lucentio and Bianca come forward.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistres, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

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

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he's gone unto the Taming school.

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

Tra. Ay, mistres, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a Shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

SCENE V.

Enter Biondello, running.

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long,
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient Angel going down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercantant, or else a pedant;
I know not what; but formal in apparel;

An ancient Angel] For an- Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warbur- gel Mr. Theobald, and after him ton read En le.
In gait and countenance surly 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 him assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio:
'Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exit Lucentio and Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir.

Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

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

Tra. What Countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, Sir? God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your Life?

Ped. My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard,
'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; know you not the cause?
Your ships are stayed at Venice, and the Duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvelous, 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 mony by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

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

---Surely like a father.] I he has the gait and countenance
know not what he is, says the
speaker, however this is certain.

[Warburton.

Ped.
OF THE SHREW.

Ped. Ay, Sir, in Pisa have I often been;

Pisa, renowned 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.

Biov. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all
one. [Aside.

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

Ped. Oh, 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 in marriage
’Twixt me and one Baptist’s daughter here:
In all these Circumstances I’ll instruct you:
Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Enter Catharina and Grumio.

Grum. No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

Catb. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars,
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon intreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I should intreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that, which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would say, If I should sleep or eat
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death:
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?
Catb. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.
Gru. I fear, it is too sleekmattick a meat:
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?
Catb. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell;—I fear, it's choleric:
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Catb. A dish, that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Catb. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mu-
stard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Catb. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Catb. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[Beats him.

That feed'd me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.
Enter Petruchio and Hortensio, with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? what, Sweeting, all a-mort?

Hor. Mistris, what cheer?

Cath. ' Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me; Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am, To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee; I'm sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'st it not: And all my pains is sorted to no proof. 7

Here, take away the 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, fy, you are to blame: Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me;—

[Afids.

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 * fardingals, and things: With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry, With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavy. What, hast thou din'd? the taylor stays thy leisure, To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

7 And all my pains is sorted to no proof.] And all my labour has ended in nothing, or proved nothing. We tried an experiment, but it sorted not. Bacon.

—fardingals, and things:]

Though things is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to transpose the words rings and things, but it would make little improvement.

SCENE
THE TAMING
SCENE VIII.

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,

A velvet dish; fy, fy, '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.

Catb. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time;

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these."

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

Hor. That will not be in haste.

Catb. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,

And speak I will. I am no child, no babe;

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears,

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or, else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the utmost as I please in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true, it is a paltry cap.

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie;

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Catb. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;

And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay.--Come, taylor, let us see't.

8 Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak, &c.] Shakespeare has here copied nature with great skill. Petručio, by frightening, starving and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleness and submision. And the audience expects to hear no more of the Shrew: When on her being crossed, in the article of fashion and finery, the most inveterate folly of the sex, she flies out again, though for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature.

Warburton.
OF THE SHREW.

O mercy, heav'n, what masking stuff is here?
What? this a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an apple tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slash, and flash,
Like to a * censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this?
Hor. I see, she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

[Aside.

Tey. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion of the time.
Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

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

Pet. Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.
Tey. She says, your Worship means to make a pup-

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

Tey. Your Worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

* Censers, in barbers shops,
† The taylor's trade having
are now diffused, but they may
easily be imagined to have been
vessels which, for the emission
of the smoke, were cut with
great number and varieties of
interstices.

Englishe, liable to farcasms and
contempt.

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

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

Gru. Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

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

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor brav'd. 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.

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

Pet. Read it.

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

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sow me up in the skirts of it; and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.


Tay. With a small compact cape.

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tay. With a trunk-sleeve.

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tay. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, Sir, error i' th' bill: I commanded, the sleeves should be cut out, and sowed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tay. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shou'dst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy meet-yard, and spare not me.

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

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

Gru. You are i' th' right, Sir, 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy master's use.
OF THE SHREW.

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

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

Gru. Oh, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for;
Take up my mistress's gown unto his master's use!
Oh, fy, fy, fy!

Pet. Hortensio, say, thou wilt see the taylor paid. [Aside.

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

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

Pet. Well, come, my Kate, we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind, that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'ft it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go call my men, and let us straight to him,
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see, I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

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

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.
THE TAMING

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it; Sirs, let’s 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 Pet. Cath. and Hor.]
[The Presenters, above, speak here.]
Lord. Who’s within there? [Sly sleep.

Enter Servants.

Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see, you wake him not in any case.

Serv. It shall be done, my Lord; come help to him hence. [They bear off Sly.

9 SCENE IX.

Before Baptista’s House.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. SIR, this is the house; please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else! and (but I be deceived,) Signior Baptista may remember me
Near twenty years ago in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers, at the Pegasus.¹

¹ I cannot but think, that the direction about the tinker, who is always introduced at the end of the acts, together with the change of the scene, and the proportion of each act to the rest, make it probable that the fifth act begins here.

¹ Tra. Where we were Lodgers at the Pegasus.] This Line has in all the Editions hitherto been given to Tranio. But Tranio could with no Propriety speak this, either in his Assum’d or real Character. Lucentio was too young to know any thing of lodging with his Father, twenty years before at Genoa: and Tranio must be as much too young or very unfit to represent and perfonate Lucentio. I have ventured to place the Line to the Pedant, to whom it must certainly belong, and is a Sequel of what he was before saying.

THEOBALD. Tranio
OF THE SHREW.

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

Enter Biondello.

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

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

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

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

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink;
Here comes Baptista; set your countenance, Sir.

SCENE X.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Tra. Signior Baptista, you are happily met:
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
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 bestowed:

To
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signor 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 dowry,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tran. I thank you, Sir. * Where then do you know best,
Be we affied; 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;
Befides, old Gremio is hearkning still;
And, haply, then we might be interrupted.

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

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

Luc. I pray the Gods she may, with all my heart!

[Exit.]

* —Where then do you know best,
Be we affied;——] This seems to be wrong. We may read
more commodiously,

—Where then do you trow best,
We be affed;——

Or thus, which I think is right,
OF THE SHREW.

Tra. Dally not, with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in Pisa.
Bap. I'll follow you. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

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's left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

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

Luc. And what of him?

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

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old Priest at St. Luke's Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect, they are busied about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance of her, Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum; to th' Church take the Priest, Clark, 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.

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

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THE TAMING

a rabbit; and so may you, Sir, and so adieu, Sir; my master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to bid the Priest be ready to come against you come with your Appendix. [Exit.

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

SCENE XII.

A green Lane.

Enter Petruchio, Catharina, and Hortensio.

Petr. Come on, o'God's name, once more to'w'ards our Father's. Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the Moon!

Cath. The Moon! the Sun: it is not Moon-light now.

Petr. I say, it is the Moon that shines so bright.

Cath. I know, it is the Sun that shines so bright.

Petr. Now by my mother's son, and that's myself, It shall be Moon, or Star, or what I lift,

There I journey to your father's house:
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore croft and crost, nothing but croft!

Her. Say, as he says, or we shall never go.

Cath. Forward I pray, since we are come so far,

And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Petr. I say, it is the Moon.

Cath. I know, it is the Moon.

Petr. Nay, then you lye; it is the blessed Sun.

Cath. Then, God be blest, 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 so for Catharine.

Hor. Petrucho, go thy way, the field is won.

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

SCENE XIII.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away?

[To Vincentio.

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Haft thou beheld a frether Gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heav'ly face?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

2 In the first sketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two speeches in this place worth preferring, and seeming to be of the hand of Shakespeare, tho' the rest of that play is far inferior.

Pope.

Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethyst, or glittering hyacinth——
——Sweet Catharine, this lovely woman——

Cath. Fair lovely lady, bright and chrysfalline,
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 beautys,
And golden simmer sleeps upon thy cheeks.
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Left that thy beauty make this stately town
Uninhabitable as the burning zone,
With sweet refle&ions of thy lovely face.

G 2

Hor.
Her. He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Catb. Young budding Virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,

Whether 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 bedellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate, I hope thou art not mad!

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as, thou say'st he is.

Catb. Pardon, old Father, my mistaken eyes;
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend Father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old Grandfather, and withal make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

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

Pet. What is his name?

Fin. Vincentio, 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 of my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may be seem.
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.  


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

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ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Lucentio’s House.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio  
walking on one side.

BIONDELLO.

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.

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

3 And then come back to my Mistres as soon as I can.] The Editions all agree in this reading; but what Mistres was Biondello to come back to? He must certainly mean; “Nay, faith, Sir, I must see you in the Church;  

" and then for fear I should be wanted, I’ll run back to wait on Tranio, who at present per- fonates you, and whom there- fore I at present acknowledge for my Master.”  

THEOB.
Enter Petruchio, Catharina, Vincentio and Grumio,
with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My Father's bears more towards the Market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

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

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

Pedant looks out of the 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 as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your Son was belov'd in Pa-
dua. Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous circum-
stances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his Fa-
ther is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to
speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his Father is come to Padua, ar-
here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

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

Pet. 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, he means
to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

SCENE
SCENE II.

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 chuse, Sir.

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

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

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy Master's Father Vincentio?

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

Vin. Is't so indeed? [He beats Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a madman will murder me.

Ped. Help, Son; help, Signior Baptista.

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

Enter Pedant with Servants, Baptista and Tranio.

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

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? oh, immortal Gods! oh, fine villain! a filken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak and a capatain hat: oh, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servants spend all at the University.

Tra. A capatain hat, is, I believe, as was anciently worn by well a hat with a conical crown, such dreefed men.

G 4  

Tra.
Tra. How now, what's the matter?
Bap. What, is this man lunatick?
Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit, but your words shew a mad-man; 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! oh villain, he is a tailor-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 as! his name is Lucentio: and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me Signior Vincentio.
Vin. Lucentio! oh, he hath murdered his master; lay hold of him, I charge you, in the Duke's name; ch, my son, my son, tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?
Tra. Call forth an officer; carry this mad knave to the jail; Father Baptista, I charge you, see, that he be forth-coming.
Vin. Carry me to 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 cloy-catch'd in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.
Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.
Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.
Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lu-
centio?
Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.
Bap. Away with the dotard, to the jail with him!
Enter Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal’d and abus’d; oh, monstrous villain!

Bian. Oh, we are spoil’d, and yonder he is, deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant.

SCENE III.

Luc. Pardon, sweet Father. [Kneeling.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bian. Pardon, dear Father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here’s Lucentio, right son to the right Vin-
centio,

That have by marriage made thy Daughter mine?

While counterfeit supposers bleer’d thine eyne.

Gre. Here’s packing with a witness to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn’d villain Tranio,

That fac’d and brav’d me in this matter so?

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

Bian. Cambio is chang’d into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca’s love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town:

And happily I have arriv’d at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss;

What Tranio did, myself enforc’d him to;

Then pardon him, sweet Father, for my sake.

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

Bap. 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 on this villain. [Exit.

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

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca, thy Father will not frown. [Exeunt.

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

[Petrucho and Catharina advancing.

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, let's away.

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

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

SCENE IV.

Changes to Lucentio's Apartments.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Catharina, Grumio, Hortensio, and Widow. Tranio's servants bringing in a banquet.

Luc. A t last, tho' long, our jarring notes agree: And time it is, when raging war is done, To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.

My fair Bianca, bid my Father welcome,
While I with self-fame kindnes welcome thine;
Brother Petruchio, Sister Catharine,
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
After our great good cheer: pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

_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 fakes, I would that word were true.

_Pet._ Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his Widow.
_Wid._ Then never trust me, if I be afeard.
_Pet._ You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.
_Wid._ He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round.

_Pet._ Roundly replied.
_Cath._ Mistrefs, how mean you that?
_Wid._ Thus I conceive by him.

_Pet._ Conceives by me, how likes Hortensio that?
_Hor._ My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
_Pet._ Very well mended; kifs him for that, good Widow.

_Cath._ He, that is giddy, thinks, the world turns round——

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

_Wid._ Your husband, being troubled with a Shrew,
Measures my Husband’s sorrow by his woe;
And now you know my meaning.

_Cath._ A very mean meaning.
_Wid._ Right, I mean you.
_Cath._ And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
_Pet._ To her, *Kate*.
_Hor._ To her, Widow.
_Pet._ A hundred marks, my _Kate_ does put her down.
_Hor._ That’s my Office.
_Pet._ Spoke like an Officer; ha’ to thee, lad.

[Drinks to Hortensio.]

_Bap._ How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
_Gre._ Believe me, Sir, they butt heads together well.
_Bian._ Head and butt? an hafty-witted body

Would
THE TAMING

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

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

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

Pet. Nay, that thou shalt not, since you have begun; Have at you for a better jest or two.

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

[Exeunt Bianca, Catharine, and Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio, This bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not; Therefore, a health to all that shot and mis'd.

Tra. Oh, Sir, Lucentio slip'd me like his grey-hound, Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift Simile, but something currish. Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

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

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Her. Confes's, confes's, hath he not hit you there?

Pet. He 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, son Petruchio, I think, thou haft the veriest Shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say, no; and therefore for assurance, Let's each one send unto his wife, and he Whose wife is most obedient to come first, When he doth send for her, shall win the wager.

Hor. Content;——what wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

5埃f, besides the original sense of perçé, in motion, signifies éfrit, quick-witted. So in Ay, you like it, the Duke says of the clown, He is very swift and sen
tentious. Quick is now used in almost the same sense, as nimble was in the age after that of our author. Heylin says of Hales, that he had known Laud for a nimble disputant.

II]
OF THE SHREW:

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.


Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your Mistrefs come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit.

Bap. Son, I'll 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 Mistref sends you word
That she is busy, and cannot come.

Pet. How? she's busy and cannot come, is that an
answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go and intreat my wife to
come to me forthwith. [Exit Biondello.

Pet. Oh, ho! intreat her! nay, then she needs must
come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do you what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: 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!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indu'r'd:
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your Mistrefs,
Say, I command her to come to me. [Exit Grumio.

Hor. I know her answer.

2  Pet.
THE TAMING

Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

SCENE V.

Enter Catharina.

Bap. Now, by my hollidam, here comes Catharine!
Cathb. What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your Sister, and Hortensio's Wife?
Cathb. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Catharina,

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder, what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And 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 haft won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another Daughter;
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter Catharina, Bianca, and Widow.

See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion:
Catharine, that Cup of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.

Wid.
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass.
Bian. Fy, what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too!
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Catharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
Women,
What duty they owe to their Lords and Husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have
no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say, and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not,
Pet. I say, she shall; and first begin with her.
Cath. Fy! fy! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from th'ole eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A Woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeing, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will'dain 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 flours, the day in cold,
While thou li'ft 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, full, lower,
And not obedient to his honest will;
What
What is she but a soul contending Rebel,
And graceless Traitor to her loving Lord?
I am asham'd, that Women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions 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 hapy more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But, now I see, our launces are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare;
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vale your stomachs: for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench: come on, and kiss me, Kate.
Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.
Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.
Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed;
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, tho' you hit the white;
And being a winner, God give you good night.

[Exeunt Petruchio and Catharine.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curt Shrew.

Though you hit the white.] To hit the white is a phrase borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name Bianca or white.
OF THE SHREW.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[Exeunt omnes.

Enter two servants bearing Sly in his own apparel, and leaving him on the Stage. Then enter a Tapster.

Sly waking.] Sim, give's some more wine—what, all the Players gone? am not I a Lord?

Tap. A Lord, with a murrain! come, art thou drunk still?

Sly. Who's this? Tapster! oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heards in all thy life.

Tap. Tea, marry, but thou hast best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.

Sly. Will she? I know how to tame a Shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my Wife, and tame her too, if she anger me. *

* From this play the Tatler formed a story, Vol. 4. No. 131.

THESE are very many ill Habits that might with much Ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourselves in them, become incorrigible. We have a Sort of Proverbial Expression, of taking a Woman down in her Wedding Skirt, if you would bring her to Reason. An early Behaviour of this Sort, had a very remarkable good Effect in a Family wherein I was several Years an intimate Acquaintance.

A Gentleman in Lincolnshire had four Daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no Way inferior to any of her Sisters, either in Person or Accomplishments, had from her In-

Vol. III.

fancy discovered so imperious a Temper, (usually called a high Spirit) that it continually made great Uneasiness in the Family, became her known Character in the Neighbourhood, and deterred all her Lovers from declaring themselves. However, in Process of Time, a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune and long Acquaintance, having observed that Quickness of Spirit to be her only Fault, made his Address, and obtained her Consent in due Form. The Lawyers finished the Writings, (in which, by the Way, there was no Pin-Money) and they were married. After a decent Time spent in the Father's House, the Bridegroom went to prepare his Seat for her Reception. During the whole Course of his Courtship, though a Man of the most equal Temper, he had artifici-
cially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate Creature breathing. By this one Intimation, he at once made her understand Warmth of Temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that Constitution in himself. She at the same Time thought herself highly obliged by the composed Behaviour which he maintained in her Presence. Thus far he with great Success soothed her from being guilty of Violences, and still resolved to give her such a terrible Apprehension of his fiery Spirit, that she should never dream of giving Way to her own. He return'd on the day appointed for carrying her home; but instead of a Coach and six Horses, together with the gay Equipage suitable to the Occasion, he appeared without a Servant, mounted on the Skeleton of a Horse, which his Huntsman had the Day before brought in to feast his Dogs on the Arrival of his new Mistress, with a Pillion fixed behind, and a Cafe of Pistols before him, attended only by a favourite Hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but somewhat positive) Manner, desired his Lady to seat herself on the Cushion; which done, away they crawled. The Road being obstructed by a Gate, the Dog was commanded to open it: The poor Cur looked up and wagged his Tail; but the Mager, to shew the Impatience of his Temper, drew a Pistol and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand Apologies for his unhappy Rashness, and begg'd as many Pardons for his Excesses before one for whom he had so profound a Respect. Soon after their Steed tumbled, but with some Difficulty recovered: However, the Bridegroom took Occasion to swear, if he fright-ened his Wife the second Time, he would run him through! And alas! the poor Animal being now almost tired, made a second Trip; immediately on which the careful Husband alights, and with great Ceremony, first takes off his Lady, then the Accoutrements, draws his Sword, and saves the Huntsman the Trouble of killing him: Then says to his Wife, Child, priethee take up the Saddle; which she readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all Things in the greatest Order suitable to their Fortune and the present Occasion. Some Time after, the Father of the Lady gave an Entertainment to all his Daughters and their Husbands, where, when the Wives were retired, and the Gentlemen passing a Toast about, our last married Man took Occasion to observe to the rest of his Brethren, how much, to his great Satisfaction, he found the World mistaken as to the Temper of his Lady, for that she was the most meek and humble Woman breathing. The Applause was received with a loud Laugh: But as a Trial which of them would appear the most Master at home, he proposed they should all by Turn send for their Wives down to them. A Servant was dispatched; and Anfwver was made by one, Tell him I will come by and by; and another, That she would come when the Cards were
OF THE SHREW. 99

But no sooner was her Husband’s Defire whispered in the Ear of our last married Lady, but the Cards were clapp’d on the Table, and down she comes with, My Dear, would you speak with me? He received her in his Arms, and after repeated Carefes tells her the Experiment, confesses his Good Nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her Temper, he would no longer disguise his own.

It cannot but seem strange that Shakespeare should be so little known to the author of the Tatter, that he should suffer this Story to be obtruded upon him, or so little known to the Publick, that he could hope to make it pass upon his readers as a novel nar-}

rative of a transaction in Lincolnshire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himself whence the story was taken, or hoped that he might rob so obscure a writer without detection.

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

The part between Catharine and Petruchio is eminently spriteely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.
Dramatis Personae.

SALINUS, Duke of Ephesus.
Ægeon, a Merchant of Syracuse.
Antipholis of Ephesus, Antipholis of Syracuse, Twin-Brothers, and Sons to Ægeon and Æmilia, but unknown to each other:
Dromio of Ephesus, Dromio of Syracuse, Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the two Antipholis's.
Balthazar, a Merchant.
Angelo, a Goldsmith.
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.
Dr. Pinch, a School-master, and a Conjurer.

Æmilia, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.
Adriana, Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.
Luciana, Sister to Adriana.
Luce, Servant to Adriana.

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants,

SCENE, Ephesus.

This Play is taken from the Menæmai of Plautus.

THE
ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace,

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor, and other Attendants.

Ægeon.

PROCEED, Salinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity, and discord, which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and our selves,
T'admit no traffick 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,
Unles a thousand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this 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 departest from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my grief unspeakable:
Yet that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, 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 liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made

[Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence, ]
All his hearers understood that the punishment he was about to undergo was in consequence of no private crime, but of the public enmity between two states, to one of which he belonged: But it was a general superstitation amongst the ancients, that every great and sudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven pursuing men for their secret of- fences. Hence the sentiment here put into the mouth of the speaker was proper. By my past life, (says he) which I am going to relate, the world may understand that my present death is according to the ordinary course of providence, [wrought by nature] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [not by vile of- fence.]

Warburton.
OF ERRORS.

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, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male-twins both alike:
Those, for 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:
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 of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obscured light the heav'n's did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, tho' myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before, for what she saw must come;
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ign'rant what to fear,
For'd me to seek delays for them and me:
And this it was; for other means were none.
The failors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then finkring-ripe, to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder-born,

Had
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea faring 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 dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas waxt calm; and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this;
But ere they came—oh, 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, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, 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 encountred by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpless 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 carry'd with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought,
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreckt guests;
And would have reft 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 say'd from my blifs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own misapts.

_Duke._ And, for the sakes of them thou sorow'st for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befal'n of them, and thee, 'till now.

_Ageon._ My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his face was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,) Might bear him company in quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And coaling homeward, came to Ephesus:
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or 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 _Ageon_, whom the fates have marked
To bear th' extremity of dire mishap;
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
(Which Princes, would they, may not disannul;) Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My foul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement;
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
THE COMEDY

And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:
Jailor, take him to thy custody.

[Exeunt Duke, and Train.

Jail. I will, my Lord.
Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his liveless end.

[Exeunt Ægeon, and Jailor.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Left that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusean 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 mony, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we hoist,
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 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. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a means.

[Exit Dromio.

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

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward comfort with you 'till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

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

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[Exit Merchant.

SCENE III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
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 himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance, thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit.
The clock has strucken 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;
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.
THE COMEDY

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray; Where you have left the mony that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—six-pence, that I had a Wednesday last, To pay the saddler for my mistres' crupper? The saddler had it, Sir; I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now; Tell me and daily not, where is the mony? We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jest, Sir, as you sit at dinner: I from my mistres' come to you in post; If I return, I shall be post indeed; For she will score your fault upon my pate: Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock; And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. 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?

E. Dro. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your foolishnesses; And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge?

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart Home to your house, the Phoenix, Sir, to dinner; My mistres' and her sister stay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a christian, answer me, In what safe place you have bestow'd my mony; Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours, That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd: Where are the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate; Some of my mistres' marks upon my shoulders; But not a thousand marks between you both:— If I should pay your worship those again, Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant.
Ant. Thy mistres' marks? what mistres, slave, haft thou?

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistres at the Phoenix;
She, that doth fast, 'till you come home to dinner;
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? there take you that, Sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, Sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit Dromio.

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my mony.
They say, this town is full of couzenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;

Disguised

* That is, over-reached.

1 They say, this town is full of couzenage; This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence ἔφωνα ἄηδογεμα was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, & ἔφωνα γαμματα, in the same sense.

WARBURTON.

2 As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the Mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the Body; Tho' he, who attentively consider these three Lines, must confess, that the Poet intended, the Epithet given to each of these Miscreants, should declare the Power by which they perform their Feats, and which would therefore be a just Characteristic of each of them.

Thus, by nimble jugglers we are taught that they perform their Tricks by Sight of Hand: and by Soul-killing Witches, we are informed, the Mischief they do is by the Assistance of the Devil, to whom they have given their Souls: But then, by dark working Sorcerers, we are not instructed in the Means by which they perform their Ends. Besides, this Epithet agrees as well to Witches, as to them; and therefore, certainly, our Author could not design This in their Characterick. We should read;

Drug-working sorcerers, that change the Mind;

And we know by the History of ancient and modern Superstition, that these kind of jugglers always pretended to work
Difguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
And many such like liberties of sin: *  
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;  
I greatly fear, my mony is not safe.  

[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.  
The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.  

Enter Adriana and Luciana.  

ADRIANA.  
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.

work Changes of the Mind by these Applications.  

Warburton.  
The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earnest- 
ness to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of 
other apprehensions by my own, 
without great success. This inter- 
pretation of soul-killing, is 
forced and harsh. Sir T. Han- 
mer reads, Soul-selling, agreeably 

enough to the common opinion, 
but without such improvement 
as may justify the change. Perhaps the epithets have been 
only misplaced, and the lines 
should be read thus,  
Soul-killing sorcerers, that change 
the mind;  
Dark-working witches, that de- 
form the body.  
This change seems to remove all 
difficulties.  

By soul-killing I understand destroying the rational faculties 
by such means as make men fan- 
cy themselves beasts.

Sir T. Hammer reads, Libertins, which, as the author has been 
numerating not acts but persons, 
seems right.  

Adr.
OF ERRORS.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out a-door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is laft with woe.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controul:
Man, more divine, the master of all these;
Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and soul,
Of more preheminence than fish and fowl,
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 where?
Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmoved,—no marvel thou the pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause:
A wretched soul, bruis'd 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 haft no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me:
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

5 start some other where?
I cannot but think that our author wrote,
—start some other hare.
So in Much ado about nothing, Cue.
Vol. Ill.

6 To pause is to rest, to be in quiet.
7 — fool-begg'd. She seems to mean by fool begg'd, patience, that
THE COMEDY

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try; Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.
Adr. Say, didn't thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?
E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not feel his meaning?
E. Dro. 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.
E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure, my master is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?
E. Dro. I mean not, cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:
When I desir'd 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 thouand 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!

that patience which is so near to identical simplicity, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a fool, and beg the guardianship of your fortune.

Luc.
OF ERRORS.

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. 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 bare home upon my shoulders:

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

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

E. Dro. 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.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peafant, fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you as you with me,

That like a foot-ball 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]

SCENE III.

Luc. Fy, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

Whilfe 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.

What ruins are in me, that can be found

By him not ruind? then, is he the ground.

3 Am I so round with you as you with me.'] He plays upon the word round, which signifies spherical applied to himself, and unrestrained, or free in speech or action, spoken of his mistress. So the king in Hamlet bids the queen be round with her son.
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A funny look of his would soon repair.
But, too unruly * deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale. 9

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

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense;
I know, his eye doth homage other-where;
Or else what lets it, but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;
Would that alone, alone, he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and the gold 'bides still,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and no man, that hath a name,
But 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.]

* The ambiguity of deer and dear is borrowed, poor as it is, by Walter in his poem on the Ladies' Girdle.

This was my beef'd extremest sphere,
The pale that hel'd my lovely deer. 9—poor I am but his stale [The word fail, in our author, used as a substantive, means, not something offered to allure or attract, but something injected with air, something of which the best part has been enjoyed and consumed.

I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; 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.] In this miserable condition is this passage given us. It should be read thus:

I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and the gold bides still,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood, and corruption, doth it shame.

The sense is this, “Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often touching, will wear even gold; just to the greatest character, tho’ as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption.” Ward Burton.
Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

Ant. 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.

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 receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? wait thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

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

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

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

Ant. 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 displeas'd.

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

Ant. Yea, do'th thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? hold, take thou that, and that.

[Beats Dro.

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

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes

I 3

Do
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sawciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport;
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams:
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your scence.

S. Dro. 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 insconce it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders: but, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

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

Ant. Why, first, for flourish me; and then wherefore, for urging it the second time to me.

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

Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

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

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

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir; what's that?

S. Dro. Baitling.

Ant. Well, Sir, then twill be dry.

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

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Left it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry-baiting.

Ant.
OF ERRORS.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jest in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

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

Ant. Let's hear it.

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

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

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

Ant. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. 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. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

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

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

2 In former Editions:

Ant. Why is Time such a Niggard of Hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an Excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a Blessing that he bestows on Beasts, and what he hath scanting them in hair, hath given them in Wit.] Sure, this is Mock-resembling, and a Contradiction in Senec. Can Hair be supposed a Blessing, which Time bestows on Beasts peculiarly; and yet that he hath scanting them of it too? Men and Them, I observe, are very frequently mistaken vice verfa for each other, in the old Impressions of our Author. Theobald.

3 Not a man of these, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.] That is, those who have more hair than wit, are easily entrapped by loofs women, and suffer the consequences of leisure, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair.

4
Ant. For what reason?
S. Dro. For two, and found ones too.
Ant. Nay, not found, I pray you.
S. Dro. Sure ones then.
Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falling.
S. Dro. Certain ones then.
Ant. Name them.
S. Dro. The one to save the mony that he spends in tyring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.
Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.
S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.
Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.
S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.
Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: but, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Scene V.

Enter Adriana, and Luciana.

AÇr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange and frown, Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects: I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldst vow, That never words were musick to thine ear, That never object pleasing in thine eye, That never touch well welcome to thy hand, 'T hat never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste, Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd. How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it, 'T hat thou art thus estranged 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
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How clearly would it touch thee 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 of my harlot-brow,
And from my fall'n hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou can'st; and therefore, see, thou do it.
I am poss'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust: *
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being stumpested by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured. 5

* Ant. 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.

4 I am poss'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:] Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word blot, in the preceding line, shew that we should read, —with the crime of lust: i.e. the stain, smut. So again in this play,—A man may go over you; in the crime of it.

WARBURTON.

5 I live dis-stain'd, thou undis- honoured.] To disstain (from the French word, destaindre) signifies, to stain, defile, pollute. But the Context requires a Sense quite opposite. We must either read, unstain'd; or, by adding an H prep., and giving the Preposition a private Force, read dis-stain'd; and then it will mean, unstain'd, undefiled. THEOEALD.

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

Luc. FY, brother! how the world is chang'd with you;
When were you wont to use my finger thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio?
S. Dro. By me?

Adu. By thee; and thus thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee; and in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, Sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, Sir? I never saw her 'till this time.

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

S. Dro. I never spoke with her in all my life.

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

Adu. 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, ⁶
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:
Whole weakness, marry'd to thy stronger flate,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate;
If aught possesst thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infest thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theam:
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?

— you are from me exempt.

Exempt, separated, parted. The sense is, If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.
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 favour'd fallacy.

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

S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the Fairy land: oh, spight of spight!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elfish spights; 7
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why pratt'rst thou to thyself, and answer'st not? 8

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou flag, thou fat!

S. Dro.

[We talk with goblins, owls, and elfish spights;] Here
Mr. Thoebal'd calls out in the name of Newmarch, the first time
he had formally invoked her, to
tell him how Owls could suck
their breath, and pinch them black
and blue. He, therefore, alters
Owls to Owls, and dares say,
that his readers will acquiesce in
the jusiness of his emendation. But,
for all this, we must not part
with the old reading. He did
not know it to be an old popu-
lar superflition, that the stretched
and sucked out the breath and
blood of infants in the cradle.
On this account, the Italians
called Witches, who were sup-
posed to be in like manner mi-
thaneously bent against children,
Sorcer, from Strix, the Sorcer-
swor. This superflition they had
derived from their Pagan ances-
tors, as appears from this pas-
fage of Ovid,

Ino videt vulnera: non quae
Phoebus mensis
Gallus frons laborat: sed genus

inde trahunt.

Grande aperit: flantes oculi: ro-
stra apta rapine:
Canities pennis, ungibus ha-
mus impi.

Noite violant, puero que pe-
tunt nutritis agentes;
Et vittiant cunis corpora rap-
ta suis.

Carpe te dicuntur lascivias virgina-
fris;
Et plenum poto fangue gis-
tur habet.

Est illis nigrius numen:——

Lib. 6. Fest.

WARBURTON.

8 Why pratt'rst thou to thyself?

Dromio, thou Dromio, fain'ist, thou flag, thou fat!] In the
first of these Lines, Mr. Rowe
and Mr. Pope have both, for what
Reason I cannot tell, cuttai'd
the Measure, and dismounted the
dog-greg Rhyme, which I have
replaced from the first Folio. The
second Verse is there likewise
read;

Dromio, thou Dromio, thou fain'ist,
the flag, thou fat.

The
THE COMEDY

S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am not I?
Ant. I think, thou art in mind, and so am I.
S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. Thou hast thine own form.
S. Dro. No; I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
S. Dro. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for gras.
'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,
Whilest man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate;
Husband, I'll dine above with you to day,
And strive you 9 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. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?
I'll say as they say, and persever so;
And in this mist at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholis, we dine too late.

[Exeunt.]

The Verse is thus half a Foot too long; my Correction cures that Fault: besides Dromio corre-
sponds with the other Appella-
tions of Reproach. Theobald. 9 And strive you—] 'T hat is, I will call you to confession, and make you tell your tricks.
ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before Antipholis's House.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD Signor Angelo, you must excuse us; 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 carkanet; 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; And charg'd 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?

E. Dro. Say, what you will, Sir; but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to shew;
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think, thou art an as

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear;

I should

1 Carkanet seems to have been a necklace or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So Lovelace in his poem, The Empress, speaks her carkanets.

2 Marry, so it doth appear.

By the wrongs I suffer, and the Blows I bear; Thus all the printed Copies; but, certainly, This is Crofs-purposes in Reaoning. It appears, Dromio is an As by his making no Resistance: because an As, being kick'd, kicks again. Our Author never argues at this wild Rate, where his Text is genuine.
I should kick, being kickt; and, being at that pais,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an afs.
E. Ant. Y'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 wel-
come dear.
E. Ant. Ah, 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.
E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's
nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a mer-
ry feast.
E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing
guest:
But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.
E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,
Ginn!
S. Dro. (within) Mome, malt-horse, capon, cox-
comb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Doft thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'it for
such store,
When one is one too many? go, get thee from the
door.
E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my master
flays in the street.
S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, left he
catch cold on's feet.

Observe that, if he had been an afs, he should, when he was
kicked, have kicked again.

E. Ant.
OF ERRORS.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the door.
S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to day.
S. Dro. Nor to day here you must not: come again, when you may.
E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'ft me out from the house I owe?
S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is Dromio.
E. Dro. O villain, thou haft stoll'n both mine office and my name:
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'ft been Dromio to day in my place,
Thou would'ft have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an as.
Luce. (within) What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate?
E. Dro. Let my master in, Luce.
Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late; And so tell your master.
E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh; Have at you with a Proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?
Luce. Have at you with another; that's, when can you tell?
S. Dro. If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou haft answer'd him well.
E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I trōw?
Luce. I thought to have askt you.
S. Dro. And you said, no.
E. Dro. So, come, help, well struck; there was blow for blow.
E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.
Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?
E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.
Luce. Let him knock, 'till it ake.

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

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. (within) Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

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

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. 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 have part with neither.

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

E. Ant. There's something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

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

Your cake here is warm within: you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

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

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

The reading was thus: requires us to read, we shall have part with neither. WARBURTON.
OF ERRORS.

E. Dro. 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.
S. Dro. It seems, thou warest breaking; out upon thee, hind!
E. Dro. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.
S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.
E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.
E. Dro. A crow without feather, matter, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather;
If a crow help us in, firrah, we'll pluck a crow together.
E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, Sir: oh, let it not be so.

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspicion
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once, this—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 barr'd against you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the Lyger 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 flurrying passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout,*
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

* Supposed by the common rout.] no need of change: supposed is,
For suppose I once thought it might be more commodious to substitute supported; but there is

Vol. III. K For
For slander lives upon succession; *
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despight of mirth, * 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 Porcupine;
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow,
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife,)
Upon mine hostess there. * Good Sir, make haste:
Since my own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Aug. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, Sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expence.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be, that you have quite forgot?  
A husband's office? shall, Antipholis, hate,

* For slander lives upon succession. 

* The line apparently wants two syllables: what they were cannot now be known. The line may be filled up according to the reader's fancy, as thus:
For lying slander lives upon succession.

* And, in despight of mirth,—

Mr. Theobald does not know what to make of this; and, therefore,

has put wrath instead of mirth into the text, in which he is followed by the Oxford Editor. But the old reading is right; and the meaning is, I will be merry, even out of spite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the most unpleasing to me. Warebutt.

* In former copies,
And may it be, that you have quite forgot.
OF ERRORS.

Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?  
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 shew of blindness;  
Let not my sister read it in your eye;  
Be not thy tongue thy own flame’s orator;  
Look sweet; speak fair; become disloyalty;  
Apparel vice, like virtue’s harbinger;  
Bear a fair pretence, tho’ 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 attain?  
’Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,  
And let her read it in thy looks at board:  
Shame hath a baftard fame, well managed;  
Ill deeds are double with an evil word:  
Alas, poor women! make us but believe, 6

Being compact of credit, that you love us;  
Tho’ others have the arm, shew us the sleeve:  
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.  

Then,

As Husband’s Office? Shall, Antipholis,  
E’n in the Spring of Love, thy love-springs rot?  
Shall love in Buildings grow so ruinate?  
This Passage has hitherto labour’d under a double Corruption. What Conceit could our Editors have of Love in Buildings growing ruinate? Our Poet meant no more than this. Shall thy Love-springs rot, even in the Spring of Love? and shall thy Love grow ruinous, ev’n while ’tis but building up? The next Corruption is by an accident at Press, as I take it; This Scene for Fifty two Lines successively is strictly in alternate Rhimes: and this Measure is never broken, but in the Second, and Fourth Lines of these two Couplets. ’Tis certain, I think, a Monosyllable drop from the Tail of the Second Verse; and I have ventur’d to supply it by, I hope, a probable Conjecture.

THEOBALD.  
6 Alas, poor Women! make us not believe, &c.] From the whole Tenour of the Context it is evident, that this Negative K a (not,)
THE COMEDY

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport to be a little * vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
S. ANT. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I
know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine:)
Let in your knowledge and your grace you shew not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth, divine,
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy 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 pow'r 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.
Oh, 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 thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious supposition think,
He gains by death, that hath such means to die;
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink.
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
S. ANT. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
S. ANT. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

*Vain is light of tongue, not

Luc.
OF ERRORS.

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

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

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

S. Ant. Thy sister’s sister.

Luc. That’s my sister.

S. Ant. 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 heav’n, and my heaven’s claim. *

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

S. Ant. Call thyself sister, sweet; for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, Sir, hold you still;
I’ll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Ex. Luciana.

SCENE III.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio, where run’st thou so fast?

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

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

S. Dro. I am an ass, I am a woman’s man, and besides myself.

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

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

* My sole earth’s heav’n, and my heav’n’s claim.] When he calls the girl his only heaven on earth, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her his heaven’s claim, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven.

S. Ant.
S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?
S. Dro. Marry, Sir, such a 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.
S. Ant. What is she?
S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of; without he say, Sir reverence. I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.
S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?
S. Dro. 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 Lapland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.
S. Ant. What complexion is she of?
S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.
S. Ant. That's a fault, that water will mend.
S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; Noab's flood could not do it.
S. Ant. What's her name?
S. Dro. Nell, Sir;—but her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters) will not measure her from hip to hip.

7 S. Ant. What's her name?
S. Dro. Nell, Sir; but her Name is three Quarters; that is, an Ell and three Quarters, &c.] This Passage has hitherto lain as perplexed and unintelligible, as it is now easy, and truly humorous. If a Comedians be refr'd, in setting it right, who can help it? There are enough besides in our Author, and Ben Jonson to countenance that current Vice of the Times when this Play appeared. Nor is Mr. Pope, in the Chaff of his Tart, to bridle up at me for the Revival of this Witicism, since I owe the Correction to the Sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirly.
OF ERRORS.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?
S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.
S. Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?
S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks, I found it out by the bogs.
S. Ant. Where Scotland?
S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenness, hard in the palm of her hand.
S. Ant. Where France?

S. Dro. All the other Countries, mention’d in this Description, are in Dromio’s Replies factitiously character’d: but here, as the Editors have order’d it, no Remark is made upon France; nor any Reason given, why it should be in her Forehead; but only the Kitchen-wench’s high Forehead is rallies, as pushing back her Hair. Thus all the modern Editions; but the first Folio reads — making War against her Hair. — And I am very apt to think, this last is the true Reading; and that an Equivogue, as the French call it, a double Meaning, is design’d in the Poet’s Allusion: and therefore I have replac’d it in the Text. In 1586, Henry III. of France being flabb’d, and dying of his Wound, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his Successor; but whose Claim the States of France refus’d, on account of his being a Protestant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making War against her Heir. Now as, in 1591, Queen Elizabeth sent over 4000 Men, under the Conduct of the Earl of Essex, to the Assistance of this Henry of Navarre; it seems to me very probable, that during this Expedition being on foot, this Comedy made its Appearance. And it was the finest Address imaginable in the Poet to throw such an oblique Snee at France, for opposing the Succession of that Heir, whose Claim his Royal Mistres, the Queen, had sent over a Force to establih, and oblige them to acknowledge.

THEOBAILD.

With this correction and explication Dr. Warburton concurs, and Sir T. Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains hair in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense by looking beyond it. Our author, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistres had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to
S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

S. Ant. Where England?

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

S. Ant. Where Spain?

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

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires; declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood Belrigia, the Netherlands?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me Dromio, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, be dilated. By a forehead armed, he means covered with incrustated eruptions; by reverted, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both France and France might in some sort make war against their hair, but how did the fire-brass make war against its hair? The sense which I have given immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, strike every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without fetching our conjecture in search of refinements.

9 To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, A little lower, he calls her witch. A word is certainly dropped out of the Text. We should read,

**this drudge of the devil, this diviner,**

Drudge of the Devil, is the right paraphrase for a witch.

WARBURTON.

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, &c. Alluding to the superstitious of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power, of transforming men into animals, but a great share of faith; how.
faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to
a curtail-dog; and made me turn i' th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee presently; post to the road;
And 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 know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

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

SCENE IV.

S. Ant. 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,
Possessed with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But left myself be guilty of self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo, with a Chain.

Ang. Master Antipholis,—
S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.
Ang. I know it well, Sir; lo, here is the chain;
I thought t' have ta'en you at the Porcupine;
The chain, unfinish'd, made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will, that I shall do with this?
Ang. What please yourself, Sir; I have made it for
you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I bespake it not.

however the Oxford Editor thinks a brest made of flint, better se-
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 mony for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the mony now;
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor mony, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well. [Exit,

S. Ant. 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.
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 Drömio stay;
If any ship put out, then strait away. [Exit.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Merchant.

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

Ang. Ev'n just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholis;
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock,

I shall
I shall receive the mony for the same:
Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus,
as from the Courteza'n's.

Offi. That labour you may save: see where he comes:
E. Ant. 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, for; I see the goldsmith: get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thouand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[Exit Dromio.

E. Ant. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you:
I 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; therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The finenels of the gold, the chargeful fashion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more,
Than I stand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd;
For he's bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present mony;
Besides, I have some busines 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?
E. Ant. No; bear it with you, left I come not time
effie.

Ang.
Ang. Well, Sir, I will: have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, Sir, I hope, you have:
Or else you may return without your mony.

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.

E. Ant. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it;
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, Sir, dispatch.

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

E. Ant. Why, give it my wife, and fetch your mony.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you ev’n now.

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

E. Ang. Fy, now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where’s the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, say, whe’r you’ll answer me or no;
If not, I’ll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you? why should I answer you?

Ang. The mony, that you owe me for the chain.

Ang. I owe you none, ’till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. 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.

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 the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had! Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer; I would not spare my brother in this case, If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, Sir; you hear the suit.

E. Ant. 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 Ephesius, To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the Bay.

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum, That slays but till her owner comes aboard; Then, Sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir, I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought The Oil, the Balsamum, and Aqua-viteae. 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.

E. Ant. How now! a mad man! why, thou peevish sheep, What ship of Epidamnum slays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire waistage.

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

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

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure And teach your ears to lift me with more heed. To Adriana, villain, hie thee strait, Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk That's cover'd o'er with Turkisb tapestry,

There
There is a purse of ducats, let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me; his thee, slave; be gone:
On, officer, to prison 'till it come.  
[Exeunt.
S. D. R o . To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowabel did claim me for her husband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, altho' against my will,
For servants must their master's minds fulfil.  
[Exit.

S C E N E  III.

C h a n g e s to E. Antipholis's House.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

A d r .  A, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive aufterely in his eye:
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?  
L u c . First he deny'd.—You had in him no right.
A d r . He meant, he did me none, the more my spight,
L u c . Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.
A d r . And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
L u c . Then pleaded I for you.
A d r . And what said he?
L u c . That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
A d r . With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
L u c . With words, that in an honest suit might move.

--- meteors tilting in his face?] Alluding to those meteors in the sky which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place.

W h i c h , like the meteors of a troubled heavi'n,
All of one nature of one substantial bred,
Did lately meet in the interfint stock
And furious cloude of civil butcher's.
W a r b u r t o n .

F i r s t ,
First, he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Did'ft 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 its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and * serene,
Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
† Stigmatical in making, 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:
For from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curse.

SCENE IV.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

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

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

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

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar Limbo, worse than hell;
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel:
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough, 3
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;

* Stere, that is, drt, withered.
† Stigmatical in making——
That is, marked or frizzatized by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition.
3 A Fiend, a Fairy, pitiless and rough.] Dromio here bringing word in haste that his Master is arrested, describes the Bailiff by Names proper to raise Honor and Detestation of such a Creature, such as, a Devil, a Fiend, a Wolf, &c. But how does Fairy come up to these terrible Ideas? We should read—— a Fiend, a Fury, &c. Theob. Mr. Theobald seems to have forgotten that there were fairies like goblins, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous. His emendation is, however, plausible.

A
THE COMEDY

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that commands
The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot
well;
One, that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on
the cafe.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit,
S. 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 mony in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sifter. This I wonder at,

[Exit Luciana.

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt!
Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?
S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a stronger thing,
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?
S. Dro. 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 I did never hear.
S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, a' turns
back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doth thou
reason?
S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more
than he's worth, to season.
Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men say,
That Time comes flealing on by night and day?

*A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;]
To run counter is to run back-
ward, by mistaking the course
of the animal perfused; to draw
dry foot is, I believe, to perfuse
by the track or prick of the foot;
to run counter and draw dry foot
well are, therefore, inconsistent.

The jest consists in the ambiguity
of the word counter, which means
the wrong way in the chase, and
a prison in London. The officer
that arrested him was a serjeant
of the counter. For the con-
gruity of this jest with the Scene
of action, let our author an-
swer.
OF ERRORS.

If Time be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in the day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the mony, bear it strait,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister, I am pest down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

S. Ant. THERE's not a man I meet, but doth falute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender mony to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesse;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his shop,
And fhow'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland forcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for;
What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?

4 What, have you got the Picture of old Adam now apparell'd?
A short Word or two must have flipt out here, by some Accident in copying, or at Prefs; other wise I have no Conception of the Meaning of the Passage. The Case is this. Dromio's Master had been arrested, and sent his Vol. III.

Servant home for Mony to redeem him: He running back with the Mony meets the Twin Antipholis, whom he mistakes for his Master, and seeing him clear of the Officer before the Mony was come, he cries in a Surprize;
S. Ant. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise; but that Adam, that keeps the prison; he that goes in the calves-skin, that was kill’d for the prodigal; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forfake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. 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 fob, and ’reels’ them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay’d men, and gives ’em suits of durance; ’tis, he, that sets up his resent extraordinary length. As the artists improved the strength of their powder, the soldiers proportionally shortened their arms and artillery; so that the cannon which Froissart tells us was one fifty foot long, was contracted to less than ten. This proportion likewise held in their muskets; so that, till the middle of the last century, the musketeers always supported their pieces when they gave fire, with a rest stuck before them into the ground, which they called setting up their rest, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling allusion too to the sergeant’s office of arresting. But what most wants animadversion is the morris-pike, which is without meaning, impertinent to the sense, and false in the allusion; no pike being used amongst the dance as so called, or at least not so named for much execution. In a word, Shakespeare wrote,

a Maurice-Pike,

i.e., a Pikeman of the Pikes.
OF ERRORS.

rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean’st an officer?
S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the serjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and faith, God give you good rest!
S. Ant. Well, Sir, there rest in your foolery.
Is there any ship puts forth to night, may we be gone?
S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition puts forth to night, and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay; here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.
S. Ant. The fellow is distraught, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed Power deliver us from hence!

SCENE VI.

Enter a Courtisan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholis.
I see, Sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis’d me to day?

rice’s army. He was the greatest general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country was against Spain, under whom all the English Gentry and Nobility were bred to the service. Being frequently overborn with numbers, he became famous for his fine Retreats, in which a band of Pikes is of great service. Hence the Pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits. W A R B U R T O N.

This conjecture is very ingenuous, yet the commentator talks unnecessarily of the rest of a musket, by which he makes the hero of the speech set up the rest of a musket, to do exploits with a pike. The rest of a pike was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rufh of the enemy. A morris pike was a pike used in a morris or a military dance, and with which great exploits were done, that is, great feats of dexterity were shewn. There is no need of change.

L 2

S. Ant.
S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.
S. Dro. Master, is this mistress Satan?
S. Ant. It is the devil.
S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and therefore comes, that the wenches say, God dam 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?
S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.
S. Ant. Why, Dromio?
S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.
S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of fupping.
Thou art, as you are all, a forceress: 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 promis'd, And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.
S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings 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?
S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! come, Dromio, let us go.
S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock; mistress, that you know. [Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE VII.

Manet Courtezan.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholis is mad; Else would he never so demean himself. A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promis’d 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 door 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 his home to his house, And tell his wife, that, being lunatick, He rush’d into my house, and took perforce My ring away. This course I fittest chuse; For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, with a jailor.

E. Ant. FEAR me not, man; I will not break away; I’ll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much mony, To warrant thee, as I am ‘refted 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 found harshly in her ears.—

Enter
Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a Rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the mony. How now, Sir, have you that I sent you for?

É. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

É. Ant. But where's the mony?

É. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the mony for the rope.

É. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

É. Dro. I'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

É. Ant. To what end did I bid thee tie thee home?

É. Dro. To a rope's-end, Sir; and to that end am I return'd.

É. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.

[Beats Dromio, Offi. Good Sir, be patient.

É. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

É. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

É. Ant. Thou whorson, senseless villain!

É. Dro. I would, I were senseless, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

É. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

É. Dro. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd 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 wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd 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 lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.
SCENE IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistref, resplce finem, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.


Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a Conjurer, Etablifh him in his true fense 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 ecftacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers;
And to thy flate of darkness hie thee strait,

6 Mistref, resplce finem, res- splce your end; or rather the pro- phetie, like the parrot, beware the reft-end.] These words seem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan against the Lord of Liddington; which ends with these words, Resplce finem, resplce finem. But to what purpose, unless our Au- thor would shew that he could quibble as well in English, as the other in Latini, I confefs I know not. As for prophesying like the parrot, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any passenger was offended, it was the flande- ring joke of the wife owner to say, Take heed, Sir, my parrot prophesies. To this, Butler hints, where, speaking of Ralph's skill in augury, he says,

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.

WARBURTON.
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I deny'd to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where, 'would you had remain'd until this time,

Free from these Flanders and this open shame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain, what say'st thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes, she did, the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did I not in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pint'. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,

And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou haft suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you mony to redeem you;

7 Kitchen-vestal ] Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning.
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Mony by me? heart and good will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of mony.

E. Ant. 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.

E. Dro. God and the rope maker do bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are possesst;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. 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.

E. Dro. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold,
But I confess, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

E. Ant. 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 these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: be strives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
E. Ant. What, will you murder me? thou jailor,

I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Offi. Masters; let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch.
THE COMEDY

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Haft thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Offi. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt, he owes, will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

[They bind Antipholis and Dromio.
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master Doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. Oh, most unhappy day!
E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy trumpet!
E. Dro. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.
E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou
mad me?
E. Dro. 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, stay you with me.

[Exeunt Pinch, Antipholis and Dromio.
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

SCENE X.

Manent Officer, Adriana, Luciana, and Courtezan.

Offi. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?
Adr. I know the man; what is the sum he owes?
Offi. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Offi. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)
Strait after, did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come,
Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, with his Rapier drawn,
and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adv. And come with naked swords,
Let’s call more help to have them bound again.
Off. Away, they’ll kill us. [They run out.

Manent Antipholus and Dromio.

S. Ant. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.
S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
S. Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuff from thence:
I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.
S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they spake us fair, gave 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.
S. Ant. I will not stay to night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [Exeunt.

ACT
ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant, and Angelo.

ANGELO.

I am sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you; But, I protest, he had the chain of me, Tho' most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir, Of credit infinite, highly below'd, Second to none that lives here in the city; His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus 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 to me, I'll speak to him. Signior Antipholis, 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 flattering on our controversy, Had hoist'd fail, and put to fee to day: This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yet, that you did, Sir; and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer.
OF ERRORS.

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:  
Fy on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st  
To walk where any honest men resort.  
S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus. 
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty 
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand. 
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. 

[They draw.]

SCENE II.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad; 
Some get within him, take his sword away: 
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house. 
S. Dro. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house. 
This is some Priory—In, or we are spoil'd. 

[Exeunt to the Priory.]

Enter Lady 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. 
Aug. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits. 
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, sower, sad, 
And much, 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 at sea? 
Bury'd some dear friend? hath not else his eye 
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A fin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these forrows 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.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.
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 thoughts;
In company, I often glanced at it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore 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 sleep was hinder'd by thy railing;
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was scarce'd with thy upbraiding;
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Therefore 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 enlue,
But moody and dull melancholy,

* Kin'sman to grim and comfortless despair?
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distempers, and foes to life.
In food, in sport, and life preserving rest,

* Kin'sman to grim and comfortless despair?

 could never make melancholy a
male in this line, and a fema in the next. This was the foolish
insertion of the first Editors. I
have therefore put it into books,
as spurious. 

Warburton.

To
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 reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
—Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enter 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 labour in affaying 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 us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholesome sirups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man 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 be seem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

[Exit Abbefs]

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 Abbefs.

Mcr. 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;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

_Ang._ Upon what cause?

_Mer._ To see a reverend Syracusan 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.

**SCENE III.**

Enter the Duke, and Aegeon bare-headed; with the Headsmen, 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 it please your Grace, Antipholis my husband,
(Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,) this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desparately he hurry'd 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.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him:
OF ERRORS.

And, with his mad attendant 9 mad himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; 'till raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purf'd 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 serv'd me in my wars.
And I to thee engag'd 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.

SCENE IV.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. O mistref, mistref, shift and save yourself;
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beatn the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurier.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here.
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

9 And, with his mad attendant read, MAD himself.

Vol. III. M Mess.
THE COMEDY

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true; I have not breath’d almost, since I did see it. He cries for you, and vows if he can take you, To scorch 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,

Adv. Ay me, it is my husband; witness you, That he is borne about invisible! Ev’n now we hous’d him in the abbey here, And now he’s there, past thought of human reason.

SCENE V.

Enter Antipholus, and Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious Duke, oh, grant me justice.

Even for the service that long since I did thee, When I besor the 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.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote, I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman there:
She whom thou gav’st to me to be my wife; That hath abused and dishonour’d me, Ev’n 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.

E. Ant. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me;

'To scorch your face,—] We should read scorch, i.e. back, cut.

Warburton

Whill
OF ERRORS.

Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault; say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good Lord—myself, he, and my sister,

today 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 perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.

In this the mad-man justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised, what I say.

Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,

Nor, heady-rash, provok'd 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 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 Porcupine,

Where Balibazar 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.

There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,

That I this day from him receiv'd 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;

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,

A meer anatomy, a mountebank,

A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,

A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,

A living dead man. This pernicious slave,

Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer.

M 2    And,
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as it were, out-facing 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
There left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds asunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep stains and great indignities.

Ang. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duck. 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.

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.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
I never saw the chain, so help me heav'n!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duck. Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porta-
pine.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duck. 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;
I think, you are all mated, or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.

SCENE VI.

Ægeon. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply, I see a friend, will save my life;
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd Antipolis?
And is not that your bond-man Dromio?

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.
Ægeon. I am sure, you both of you remember me.
E. Dro. 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?
Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
E. Ant. I never saw you in my life, 'til now.
Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face;
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
E. Ant. Neither.
Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?
E. Dro. No, trust me, Sir, nor I.
Ægeon. I am sure, thou dost.
E. Dro. I, Sir? but I am sure, I do not: and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Strange defeatures. Defeature is the privative of feature. The meaning is time hath cancelled my features.

Ægeon.
Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh, time's extremity!
Haft thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
The' now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizled 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 Antipholis.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracuse's-bay,
Thou know'st, we parted; but, perhaps, my son,
Thou shant't t'acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusean, twenty years
Have I been Patron to Antipholis,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee doat.

SCENE VII.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusean, and
Dromio Syracusean.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.  [All gather to see him.

 ADDR. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;

3 All these old witnesses, I cannot err,
[All these continue to testify that I cannot err, and tell me,
All these old witnesses. I cannot read.

WARBURTON.
OF ERRORS.

And so of these which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am Dromio; command him away.
E. Dro. I, Sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

S. Ant. Aegeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?
S. Dro. 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 Aegeon, if thou be’st the man,
That hadst a wife once call’d Emilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons?
Oh, if thou be’st the same Aegeon, speak;
And speak unto the same Emilia.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholis’s, these two so like,
And those two Dromio’s, one in semblance;
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,
These plainly are the parents of these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Aegeon. If I dream not, thou art Emilia;
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. Antipholis, thou cam’st from Corinth first.
S. Ant. No, Sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not, which is which.
E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my most gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menepbou, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.
S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope. I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream, I see and hear.

Adr. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.
Adr. I think, I did, Sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I lent you mony, Sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but, I think, he brought it not.
E. Drc. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd 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.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Drc. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.
Estr. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my
    good cheer.

Adr. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
to go with us into the abbey here,
And here at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembl'd in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's Error
Have suffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye shall have full satisfaction.

* Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel

4 In former Editions: impossible the Poet could be so
Thirty-three years, 'Tis forgetful, as to design this Num-
ber
OF ERRORS.

Of you my sons; nor, 'till this present hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered:
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast and go with me:
After so long grief such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Mark the two Antipholis's, and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?
E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou im-
bark'd?
S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at host, Sir, in the
Contour.
S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master.

Dromio.

her here: and therefore I have
ventur'd to alter it to twenty-five,
upon a Proof, that, I think, am-
ounts to demonstration. The
Number, I premise, was at first
wrote in figures, and, perhaps,
blindly; and thence the Mistake
might arise. 

Ægeon, in the first
Scene of the first Act, is precise
as to the Time his Son left him,
in Quest of his Brother:

My youngest B. j, and yet my eldest
care,
At eighteen years became impo-
lished.

After his Brother, &c.
And how long it was from the
Son's thus parting from his Fa-
ther, to their meeting again at
Ephesus, where Ægeon, miscal-
kerly, recognizes the Twin-bro-
ther for him; we as precisely
learn from another Passage in the
fifth Act.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in
Syracuse-har,
You know'd we parted;
So that these two Numbers, put
together, settle the Date of their
Birth beyond Dispute. Thearon.

"and so with me:" We
should read,

—and GAUR with me:

i. e. Rejoice, from the Greek,
Gaudir.

WARBURTON.

"After so long grief such nat-
ivity." We should surely
read,

"after so long grief such festivity.

Nativity lying so near, and the
termination being the same of
both word, the mistake was easy.

Come,
Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon;  
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[Exeunt. Antipholis S. and E.

S. Dro. 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.

E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glafs, and not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth:
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you are my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question:
How shall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the senior:
'Till then, lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus—— [Embracing.
We came into the world, like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[Exeunt.

MUCH
MUCH ADO

ABOUT

NOTHING.
Dramatis Personæ.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.
Leonato, Governor of Messina.
Don John, Bastard Brother to Don Pedro.
Claudio, a young Lord of Florence, Favourite to Don Pedro.
Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, favour'd likewise by Don Pedro.
Balthazar, Servant to Don Pedro.
Antonio, Brother to Leonato.
Borachio, Confident to Don John.
Conrade, Friend to Borachio.
Dogberry, & Verges, two foolish Officers.

Hero, Daughter to Leonato.
Beatrice, Niece to Leonato.
Margaret, & Urfula, two Gentlewomen, attending on Hero.

A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina in Sicily.

The Story is from Ariosto Orl. Far. B. v.
ACT I. SCENE I.

A Court before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

LEONATO.

I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any Sort, and none of Name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the atchiever

---

Much Ado about Nothing.]

Lamien, (the Mother of Hero) in the oldest Quarto that I have seen of this Play, printed in 1600, is mention'd to enter in two several Scenes. The succeeding Editions have all continued her Name in the Dramatic Personae. But I have ventur'd to expunge it; there being no mention of her through the Play, no one Speech addres'd to her, nor one Syllable spoken by her. Neither is there any one Passage, from which we have any Reason to determine that Hero's Mother was living. It seems, as if the Poet had in his first Plan design'd such a Character; which, on a Survey of it, he found would be superfluous; and therefore he left it out. Theobald.

brings
brings home full numbers; I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, call'd Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that 2 joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer 3 than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, 4 is Signior Montanto return'd from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady; 5 there was none such in the army of any Sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, Neice?

---joy could not shew it 2 1self modest enough, without a badge of bitterness. 2] This is judiciously express'd. Of all the transports of Joy, that which is attended with tears is least offensive; because carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that usually attends another's happiness. This he finely calls a modest joy, such a one as did not insult the observer by an indication of happiness unmixed with pain. 3 ---no faces truer] That is, none homelier, none more sincere. 4 ---is Signior Montanto return'd] Montante, in Spanish, is a huge two-handed sword, given with much humour, to one, the speaker would represent as a Boaster or Bravado. 5 ---there was none such in the army of any Sort. 5] Not meaning there was none such of any order or degree whatever, but that there was none such of any quality above the common.
Hero. My Cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.
Meff. O, he's return'd, and as pleafant as ever he was.

Beat. He fet up his bills here in Meffina, and chal-
gen'd Cupid * at the flight; and my Uncle's fool, reading
the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and chal leng'd
him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he
kill'd and eaten in these wars? but how many hath he
kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his kill-
ing.

Leon. Faith, Neice, you tax Signior Benedick too
much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.
Meff. He hath done good service, Lady, in these
wars.

Beat. You had musty viuals, and he hath holf to
eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an
excellent stomach.

Meff. And a good soldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady? but what is
he to a lord?

Meff. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stufft with
all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is fo, indeed: he is no less than a stufft
man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.
Leon. You'must not, Sir, mistake my Neice; there
is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and
her; they never meet, but there's a skirmish of Wit
between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by That. In our last

--- chal leng'd Cupid at the
*flight;] The difufe of the bow
makes this paffage obscure. Be-
nedick is reprefented as chal-
genig Cupid at archery. To chal-
gen at the f. k. is, I believe,
to wager who fhall fhoot the ar-
row furtheft without any particu-
lar mark. To challenge at the
bird-bolt, feems to mean the fame
as to challenge at children's ar-
chery, with fmall arrows fuch
as are discharged at birds. In
Twelfth Night Lady Olivia op-
pofes a bird-bolt to a cannon
bullet, the lighteff to the heaviest
of miife weapons.
conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that if he have 3 wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible; 9 he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, Lady, 1 the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my Study.

7 — four of his five wits] In our author's time exit was the general term for intellec-
tual powers. So Davies on the Soul, Wit, seeking truth from cause to cause again,
And never rests till it the first
attain;
Will. Seeking good, finds many middle ends,
But never gains till it the last
of all.
And in another part.

But if a frenzy do possess the
brain,
It so disturbs and блестит the firm of
things,
As fancy forces as other
wait,
And to the wit no true relation
brings.

Then with the wit, admitting all
for true,
Build fond conclusions on the idle
ground;

The exits seem to have reckoned five, by analogy to the five
fenses, or the five inlets of ideas.

8 exit enough to keep himself
warm, 1 But how would that
make a difference between him and
his horse? We should read, Wit
enough to keep himself from
harm. This suits the satirical
turn of her speech, in the charac-
ter, she would give of Bas-
die; 5 and this would make the
difference spoken of, 6 For 'is
the nature of horses, when
wounded, to run upon the point
of the weapon. 9 — he wears his faith
Not religious Professin, but Pro-
fusion of friendship; for the
speaker gives it as the reason of
her asking, who was now his
Companion? 7 that be had every
month a new sworn brother.

WARBURTON,

1 — the gentleman is not in your books.] This is a phrase used,
I believe, by more than under-
stand it. 'To be in one's books is
to be in one's codicils or will, 8
be every friend set down for life.
But, I pray you, who is his companion? is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

*Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.*

*Beat. O lord, he will hang upon him like a disease; he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio, if he have caught the Benedick; it will cost him a thou-

*send pounds ere be cur'd.*

*Mess. I will hold friends with you, Lady.*

*Beat. Do, good friend.*

*Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, Neice.*

*Beat. No, not 'till a hot January.*

*Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.*

**SCENE II.**

*Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and Don John.*

*Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid
coll, and you encounter it.*

*Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the like-
ness of your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, forrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.*

*Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I think, this is your daughter.*

*Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.*

---

*young squarer—* A squarer I take to be a choleric, quarrel-
some fellow, for in this sense Shakespeare uses the word to
square. So in Midsummer Night's
Dream it is said of Oberon and
Titania, that they never meet but
they square. So the sense may
be, *Is there no hot-blooded youth
that will keep him company through all his mad pranks?*

*You embrace your charge—* That is, your burthen, your cu-
cumbance.
Bene. Were you in doubt, Sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full, Benedick; we may guess by this what you are, being a man: truly, the lady fathers herself; be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Courtesie itself must convert to Disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesie a turn-coat; but it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer; but keep your way o'God's name, I have done.

Beat.
About Nothing. 179

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio, and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all; I tell him, we shall stay here at the leaft a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear, he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my Lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid You welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you; I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleafe it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.

Scene III.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pr'ythee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks, she is too low for an high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

N 2 Bene.
Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the Song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter; there's her Cousin, if she were not posseted with such a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December: but I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, tho' I had from the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with sufficion? shall I never see a batchelor of threescore again? go to, i'faith, if thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and fly away Sundays: look, Don Pedro is return'd to seek you.

+ to tell us Cupid is a rare hare-finder, &c. I know not whether I conceive the jest here intended. Claud's hints his love of Hero. Benedick asks whether he is serious, or whether he only means to jest, and tell them that Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter. A man praising a pretty lady in jest, may shew the quick sight of Cupid, but what has it to do with the carpentry of Vulcan? Perhaps the thought lies no deeper than this, Do you mean to tell us as new what we all know already?

5 -- acre his cap with sufficion? That is, subject his head to the diquity of jealousy.

6 -- fly away Sundays: A proverbial expression to signify that a man has no rest at all; when Sunday, a day formerly of ease and diversion, was pass'd so uncomfortably. WARBURTON.
SCENE IV.

Re-enter Don Pedro and Don John.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you
follow'd not to Leonato's house?

Bene. I would, your Grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio, I can be secret as
a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my
allegiance,—mark you this,—on my allegiance.—He
is in love. With whom?—now that is your Grace's
part.—Mark, how short his answer is—with Hero,
Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered. 7

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord, it is not so, nor
was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God for-
bid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very
well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord,
I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved,
nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion
that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the
flame.

7 Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.] This and the
three next speeches I do not well
understand, there seems some-
thing omitted relating to Hero's
content, or to Claudio's marriage,
ele I know not what Claudio can
with not to be otherwise. The
Copies all read alike. Perhaps
it may be better thus,

Claud. If this were so, so were it.

Bene. Uttered like the old tale,
&c

Claudio gives a fullen answer, if
it is so, so it is. Still there seems
something omitted which Claudio
and Pedro concur in wishing.
Pedro. Thou wait ever an obstinate heretick in the despfight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me; because I will not do them the Wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the Right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a balladmaker’s pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel house for the Sign of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call’d Adam.

Pedro.
Pedro. Well, as time shall try; in time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull’s-horns, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, Here is good Horse to hire, let them signify under my Sign, Here you may see Benedick the marry’d man.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would’st be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato’s, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage, and so I commit you——

Claud. To the tuition of God; From my house, if I had it——

Pedro. The sixth of July, your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your

passing good Archer, yet no Toba-

connt. — By this it appears, that

Adam Bell at that time of day was of Reputation for his Skill
at the Bow. I find him again
mentioned in a Burlesque Poem
of Sir William Davenant’s, called,
The long Vacation in London.

THEOBALD.

Adam Bell was a companion of Robin Hood, as may be seen in Robin Hood’s Garland; in which, if I do not mistake, are
these lines,

For he brought Adam Bell, Chim
of the Clough,

And William of Cloudeslea,
To shoot with this foresfer for forty
marks,

And the foresfer beat them all three.

3 — if Cupid hath not spent
all his quiver in Venice,] All
modern Writers agree in repres-
enting Venice in the same light
that the Ancients did Cyprus.
And ’tis this Character of the
People that is here alluded to.

WARBURTON.
discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly bafted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Claud. My Liege, your Highness now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye; That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love; But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant; in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate Desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is; Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the hearer with a book of words. If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it, And I will break with her, and with her Father; And Thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end, That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love, That know love's grief by his complection! But left my liking might too sudden seem,

[—ere you fot old ends, &c.] Before you endeavour to distinguish your self and mine by antiquated allusions, examine whether you can fairly claim them for your own.

This I think is the meaning; or it may be understood in another sense, examine, if your face or face not touch yourself.

I would
I would have salvd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity;
Look, what will serve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lovst;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine;
In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leon. How now, Brother, where is my Cousin your son? hath he provided this musick?

Ant. He is very busy about it; but, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event ramps them, but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The Prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-plashed alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: The Prince discover'd to Claudio, that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

[The fairest grant is the necessity; i.e. no one can have a better reason for granting a request than the necessity of its being granted. Warburton.

Leon.
Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear itself. But I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for answer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it. [Several cross the Stage here.] Cousin, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me and I will use your skill. Good Cousin, have a care this busy time.  

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Changes to an Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Conr. What the good-ger, my lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what Blessing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient suf-ferance.

John. I wonder, that thou (being, as thou say'st thou art, born under Saturn) goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief: I cannot hide what I am:* I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jeers; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour. 

Conr. *—— I cannot hide what I am:] This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unf occasional mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too full to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence.

*—— claw no man in his humour.]
Ou. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, 'till you may do it without controloement; you have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the seafon for your own harvest.

Joyn. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am trust'd with a muzzel, and infranchis'd with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Ou. Can you make no use of your discontent?

Joyn. I will make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? what news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the
Prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? what is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March chick! How come you to know this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smooaking a musty room, comes me the Prince and Claudio hand in hand in sad conference. I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should woo Hero for himself; and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I blest my self every way; you are both sure, and will affix me.

Cour. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper; their Cheer is the greater, that I am subdu'd; 'would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.
ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato’s House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret and Ursula.

LEONATO.

Was not Count John here at Supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn’d an hour after. 8

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick; the one is too like an image, and says nothing: and the other too like my lady’s eldest son, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick’s tongue in Count John’s mouth, and half Count John’s melancholy in Signior Benedick’s face——

Beat. With a good Leg, and a good foot, Uncle, and mony enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good Will.

Leon. By my troth, Neice, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she’s too curt if.

Beat. Too curt is more than curt; I shall lessen God’s sending that way; for it is said, God sends a curt Cow short-horns; but to a Cow too curt he sends none.

8—heart-burn’d an hour after.] The pain commonly called the heart-burn, proceeds from an acid humour in the stomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to tart looks.

6

Leon.
Leon. So, by being too curt, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no Husband; for which Blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take six pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Ant. Well, Neice, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father. [To Hero.

Beat. Yes, faith, it is my Cousin's duty to make curtise, and say, Father, as it pleases you; but yet for all that, Cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtise, and say, Father, as it pleases me.

Leon. Well, Neice, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, uncle, I'll none; Adam's sons are my brethren, and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you; if

9 Well thou, &c. — Of the two next speeches, Mr. Wer- burton says, All this impious non. sense thrown to the bottom is the players, and fitted in without rhyme or reason. He therefore puts them in the margin. They do not deserve indeed so honourable a place, yet I am afraid they are too much in the manner of our author, who is sometimes trifling to purchase mer- riment at too dear a rate.
the Prince do sollicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo’d in good time; If the Prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and to dance out the Answer; for hear me, Hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hafty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother; make good room.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and others in Masquerade.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

Pedro. My visor is Philemon’s roof; within the house is Love.

* Important here and in many other places, is importunate.

1 My Visor is Philemon’s Roof, within the House is Love.] Thus the whole Stream of the Copies, from the first downwards. Hero says to Don Pedro. God forbid, the Lute should be like the Case! i.e.
Much Ado

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Balth. Well; I would, you did like me.  

Marg. So would not I for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my Prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my fight when the dance is done! Answer, Clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is answer'd.

i.e. that your Face should be as homely and as coarse as your Mask. Upon this, Don Pedro compares his Visor to Philemon's Roof. 'Tis plain, the Poet alludes to the Story of Buceis and Philemon from Ovid: And this old Couple, as the Roman Poet describes it, liv'd in a thatched Cottage:

---Statuit et canna testa pauperi.

But why, Within the House is Love? 'Though this old Pair lived in a Cottage, this Cottage received two Straggling Gods, (Jupiter and Mercury,) under its Roof. So, Don Pedro is a Prince; and though his Visor is but ordinary, he would intinuare to Hero, that he has something god-like within: alluding either to his Dignity, or the Qualities of his Person and Mind. By these Circumstances, I am sure, the Thought is mended: as, I think verily, the Text is too by the Change of a single Letter.

---Within the House is Jove.

Nor is this Emendation a little confirmed by another Passage in our Author, in which he plainly alludes to the same Story. Do you like it.

Clown. I am here with the and thy Goats, as the most copious Poet, honest Ovid, was amongst the Goths.

Jaq. O Knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd House!

This emendation, thus imprest with all the power of his eloquence and reason, Theobald had in the 4to edition of 1660, which he professes to have seen.

Balth. Well; I would, you did like me.] This and the two following little Speeches, which I have placed to Balthazar, as in all the printed Copies gives to Benedick. But, 'tis clear, the Dialogue here ought to be twist Balthazar, and Margaret: Benedick, a little lower, converses with Beatrice: and so every Man talks with his Woman once round.

Theobald.

Uef.
ABOUT NOTHING.

Urf. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urf. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. Come, come, do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me, who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me, who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good Wit out of the Hundred merry Tales; ¹ well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jester; a very dull fool, only his gift is in devising impossible flanders: ² none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; ³ for he both pleaseth men andangers them, and then they

¹ — Hundred merry Tales]

² — his gift is in devising impossible flanders: ¹ We should read Impossible, i.e. flanders so ill invented that they will pass upon no body. WAR.

³ — his villany; By which, the means his malice and impiety. By his impious jests, he infuriates he pleased libertines; and by his devising flanders of them, he angered them.

WARBURTON.
laugh at him, and beat him; I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would, he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing sav'd, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders.

[Musick within.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Manent John, Borachio, and Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio; I know him by his bearing.

John. Are you not Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know ye, he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he swore he would marry her to night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt John and Bora.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear this ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so—the Prince wooes for himself.

Friend-
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewel then, Hero!

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, Count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an Usurer’s chain? or under your arm, like a Lieutenant’s scarf? you must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that’s spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks: but did you think, the Prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; ’twas the boy that stole your meat, and you’ll beat the Post.

Claud. If it will not be, I’ll leave you. [Exit.

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into fedges.—But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! the Prince’s fool!—ha? it may be, I go under that Title, because I am merry—

--- Usurer’s chain? I know not whether the chain was, in our author’s time, the common ornament of wealthy citizens, or whether he satirically uses usurer and alderman as synonymous terms.
yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed. It is the base (tho' bitter) disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

SCENE IV.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, Signior, where's the Count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren, I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the Will of this young lady, and I offer'd him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forfaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a School-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amis, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who (as I take it) have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

7 It is the base, tho' bitter, disposition of Beatrice, who puts the world into her person.] That is, it is the disposition of Beatrice, who, taking upon her to personate the world, and therefore represents the world as saying what she only says herself. Base the bitter. I do not understand how base and bitter are inconfentient, or why what is bitter should not be base. I believe we may safely read, it is the base the bitter disposition.

Bene.
ABOUT NOTHING.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc’d with her, told her she is much wrong’d by you.

Bene. O, she misus’d me past the indulgence of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer’d her; my very visor began to assume life, and screw’d with her; she told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the Prince’s jeffer, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jeft upon jeft, with such impassible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me; she speaks Ponyards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the North-Star; I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress’d; she would have made Hercules have turn’d Spif, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar

8 [such IMPOSSIBLE conveyance] We shoud read IMPOSSIBLE. A term taken from fencing, when the strokes are so swift and repeated as not to be parried or passed off. WARB.

I know not what to propose. Impossible seems to have no meaning here, and for impassible I have not found any authority. Spenser uses the word importable in a sense very congruous to this passage, for inimportable, or not to be inflamed.

Both him charge on either side
With hideous strokes and importable poes,
Which forced him his ground to traverse wide.

It may be easily imagined, that the transcribers would change a word so unusual, into that word most like it which they could readily find. It must be however confessed, that importable appears harsh to our ears, and I with a happier Critick may find a better word:

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads impetuous, which will serve the purpose well enough, but is not likely to have been changed to impossible.

9 the infernal Até in good apparel.] This is a pleasant allusion to the custom of ancient poets and painters, who represent the furies in rags. WARB.
would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

SCENE V.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato and Hero:

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devile to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot: fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard: do you any ambassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy; you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot endure this Lady Tongue.

Pedro. Come, Lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say, I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools; I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, Count, wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sick?
Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, Count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith, Lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say, Amen, to it.

Beat. Speak, Count, 'tis your cue.—

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, Cousin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, Lady you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care; my cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance!—thus goes every

[Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt.] What is it, to go to the world? perhaps, to enter by marriage into a settled state: but why is the unmarried Lady sunburnt? I believe we should read, thus goes every one to the wood but I, and I am sunburnt. Thus does every one but I find a shelter, and I am left exposed to wind and sun. The nearest way to the wood, is a phrase for the readiest means to any end. It is said of a woman, who accepts a worse match than those which she had refused, that she has passed through the wood, and at last taken a crooked stick. But conjectural criticism has always something to abate its confidence. Shakespeare, in All's well that ends well, ues the phrase, to go to the world, for marriage. So that my emendation depends only on the opposition of wood to sun-burnt.
one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn’d; I may fit in a corner, and cry heigh ho! for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your Father’s getting; hath your Grace ne’er a brother like you? your Father got excellent Husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too softly to wear every day: but, I beseech your Grace, pardon me, I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my Lord, my mother cry’d; but then there was a star danc’d, and under that I was born. —Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, Uncle: by your Grace’s pardon. [Exit Beatrice.

SCENE VI.

Pedro. By my troth a pleasant-spirited Lady.

Leon. There’s little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream’d of an unhappiness, and wak’d herself with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

* see hath often dream’d of unhappiness.* [So all the editions; but Mr. Tonson’s alters it to an happiness, having no conception that unhappiness meant any thing but misfortune, and that he thinks the could not laugh at. He had never heard that it signified a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher in their comedy of the Maid of the Mill.

—My dreams are like my thoughts honest and innocent:

Yours are unhappy.

Warburton.

Leon.
Leon. O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not 'till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the Interim undertake one of Hercules's labours, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I, my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my Lord, to help my Cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far I can praise him, he is of a noble strain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty.

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1 To bring Benedick and Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. A mountain of affection with one another is a strange expression, yet I know not well how to change it. Perhaps it was originally written, to bring Benedick and Beatrice into a meeting of affection; to bring them, not to any more meetings of contention, but to a meeting or conversation of love. This reading is confirmed by the proposition with a mountain with each other, or affection with each other, cannot be used, but a meeting with each other is proper and regular.

I will
MUCH ADO

I will teach you how to humour your Cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that in despite of his quick wit, and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the only Love-Gods; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Changes to another Apartment in Leonato’s House.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. 'T is so, the Count Claudio shall marry the Daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cros it.

John. Any bar, any cros, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How can’t thou cros this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my Lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady’s chamber window.

John. What life is in That, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of That lies in you to temper; go you to the Prince your Brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong’d his honour in marrying the renoun’d
ABOUT NOTHING.

Known'd Claudio, (whose estimation do you mightly hold up) to a contaminated Stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of That?

Bora. Proof enough to misufe the Prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato; look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then find me a meet hour, to draw Don Pe-

offer them Proofs, as that they shall see me converfe with her in her Chamber-window.

I am in the good Graves of her Waiting-woman Marga-

ret; and I'll prevail with Margarat at a dead Hour of

Night to perforate her Mis-
trejs Hero; do you then bring

the Prince and Claudio to over-
hear our Discourse; and They
shall have the Torment to hear
me address Margaret by the
Name of Hero, and her say
sweet things to me by the
Name of Claudio."—This
is the Substance of Boraio's De-
vice to make Hero suspected of
Difloyalty, and to break off her
Match with Claudio. But in the
name of common Sense, could it
displease Claudio to hear his Mit-
trejs making Use of bis Name
tenderly? If he saw another
Man with her, and heard her
call him Claudio, he might rea-
onably think her betrayed, but
not have the fame Reason to ac-
cuse her of Disloyalty. Besides,
how could her naming Claudio
make the Prince and Claudio be-
lieve that She lov'd Boraio, as
he defires Don John to intiminate
to them that She did? The Cir-

A
Pedro, and the Count Claudio, alone; tell them, that you know, Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio, as in a love of your brother’s honour who hath made this match; and his friend’s reputation, who is thus like to be cozen’d with the semblance of a maid, that you have discover’d thus. They will hardly believe this without trial. Offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Boscio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended Wedding; for in the mean time I will fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truths of Hero’s disloyalty, that jealousy shall be cal’d assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Boscio. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Leonato’s Orchard.

Enter Benedick, and a Boy.

Benedick. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Benedick. In my chamber-window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

cumstances weigh’d, there is no doubt but the Passage ought to be reform’d, as I have settled in the Text.

—hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Boscio.

Theobald. Boy.
Boy. I am here already, Sir.

Bene. I know that—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.]-I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love! and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe; I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wife, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [Withdraws.

SCENE IX.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord—how still the evening is.
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well, my lord; the musick ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that Song again,

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander musick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,

To put a strange face on his own perfection;

I pray thee, sing; and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;

Since many a wooer doth commence his suit

To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes;

Yet will he swear, he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;

Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,

Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,

There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why, these are very crutches that he speaks,

Note, notes, forsooth, and noting.

Bene. Now, divine air; now is his soul ravish'd!—

is it not strange, that sheeps guts should hale souls out

of men's bodies?—well, a horn for my money, when

all's done.

The S O N G.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever;

One foot in sea, and one on shore,

To one thing constant never;

Then sigh not so, but let them go,

And be you blith and bonny;

Converting all your founds of woe

Into key bony, nowy.
Sing no more ditties, sing no no
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer was first leafy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

Pedro. By my troth, a good Song.
Balth. And an ill finger, my lord.
Pedro. Ha, no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. [aside.] If he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee get us some excellent musick; for to morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [Exit Balthazar.

Pedro. Do so: farewell. Come hither, Leonato; what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay;—talk on, talk on, the fowl sits. [aside to Pedro.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so doat on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible, fits the wind in that corner? [Aside. Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an inraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro.
Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.
Claud. Faith, like enough.
Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeite of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.
Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she?
Claud. Bait the hook well, this fish will bite. [Aside.
Leon. What effects, my lord? she will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.
Claud. She did, indeed.
Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I would have thought, her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.
Leon. I would have sworn, it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.
Bene. [Aside.] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.
Claud. He hath ta’en th’ infection, hold it up. [Aside.
Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

For Idiots, in this case of favour, would

Be wisely Definite. —
i.e. could tell how to pronounce or determine in the case. Warr.

Here are difficulties raised only to shew how easily they can be removed. The plain sense is, I know not what to think otherwise, but that she loves him with an enraged affection: It (this affection) is past the infinite of thought. Here are no abrupt flops, or imperfect sentences. Infinite may well enough stand; it is used by more careful writers for indefinite: And the speaker only means, that thought, though in itself unbounded, cannot reach or estimate the degree of her passion.

Leon.
Leon. No, and swears she never will; that’s her torment.

Claud. ’Tis true, indeed, so your daughter says: shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter’d him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she’ll be up twenty times a night, and there she will sit in her smock, ’till she have writ a sheet of paper—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. Oh,—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet.

Claud. That—-

Leon. 6 O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; rail’d at herself, that she should be so immodest, to write to one that, she knew, wou’d flout her: I measure him, says she, by my own Spirit, for, I should flout him if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!

Leon. She doth, indeed, my daughter says so; and the ecstacy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid, she will do desperate outrage to herself; it is very true.

6 O, she tore t:e Letter into a thousand half-pence ; i.e. into a thousand Pieces of the same bigness. This is farther explained by a Passage in As you like it.—There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are.

In both places the Poet alludes to the old silver Penny which had a Crease running; wife over it, so that it might be broke into two or four equal pieces, half-pence, or farthings.

Theobald.

How the quotation explains the passage, to which it is applied, I cannot discover.

VOL. III. P

Pedro.
Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Pedro. If he should, it were an Alms to hang him; she's an excellent sweet lady, and (out of all suspicion) she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have dast all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it; and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks, surely she will die; for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustom'd crossness.

Pedro. She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit. 7

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wise.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As Hector, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either

7 Contemptible spirit] That is, a temper inclined to scorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our authors use his verbal adjectives with great licence. There is therefore no need of changing the word with Sir T. Haumer to contemptuous.
he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like fear.

**Leon.** If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

**Pedro.** And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your Niece: shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

**Claud.** Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

**Leon.** Nay, that's impossible, she may wear her heart out first.

**Pedro.** Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

**Leon.** My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

**Claud.** If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [Aside.]

**Pedro.** Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meerly a Dumb Show; let us send her to call him to dinner. [Aside.] [Exeunt.

**Scene X.**

Benedick advances from the Arbour.

**Bene.** This can be no trick, the conference was badly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero; they seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear, how I am cenfurd; they say, I will bear
bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry—I must not seem proud—happy are they that hear their detractors, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; ’tis a truth, I can bear them witness. And virtuous;—’tis so, I cannot reprove it. And wife—but for loving me—by my troth, it is no addition to her wit—nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance to have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail’d so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live ’till I were marry’d. Here comes Beatrice: by this day, she’s a fair lady; I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife’s point, and choak a daw withal—You have no stomach, Signior; fare you well. [Exit.

Bene. Ha! against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner:—there’s a double meaning in that. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me;—that’s as much as to say, any pains that
about nothing.

that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a fool; I will go get her picture. [Exit.

act iii. scene i:

Continues in the Orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

HerO.

Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour, There shalt thou find my Cousin Beatrice, Proposing with the Prince and Claudio; Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say, that thou overheardst us; And bid her steal into the pleas’d Bower, Where honey-suckles, ripen’d by the Sun, Forbid the Sun to enter; like to Favourites, Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride. Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her, To listen our Purpose; this is thy office, Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I’ll make her come, I warrant, presently. [Exit.

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our Talk must only be of Benedick; When I do name him, let it be thy Part To praise him more than ever man did merit. My Talk to thee must be, how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice; of this matter Is little Cupid’s crafty arrow made,

P 3 That
That only wounds by hear-say: now begin.

Enter Beatrice, running towards the Arbour.

For look, where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'ft angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden ears the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for Beatrice, who e'en now
Is couched in the woodbine-coverture;
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

No, truly, Ursula, she's too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the Prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it,
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To with him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? doth not the Gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stufT than that of Beatrice.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
*Mis-prizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,

*Mispriz'd.] Despising; contemning.
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,  
She is so self-indared.  

Urf. Sure, I think so;  
And therefore certainly it were not good  
She knew his love, left she make sport at it.  

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,  
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,  
But she would spell him backward; if fair-face'd,  
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;  
If black, why Nature, drawing of an antick,  
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;  
If low, an Aglet very vilely cut;  
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;  
If silent, why, a block moved with none.  
So turns she every man the wrong side out,  
And never gives to truth and virtue That,  
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.  

Urf. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.  

Hero. No; for to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away her sighs, waste inwardly;
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest flanders
To stilt my Cousin with; one cloth not know,
How much an ill word may poison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your Cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have, as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man in Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His Excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you marry'd, Madam?

Hero. Why, every day—to-morrow—Come, go in,
I'll shew thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to marry.

Urs. She's 'lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught
her, Madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;
Some Cupid's kill with arrows, Some with traps. [Exeunt.
Beatrice, advancing.

Beat. 4 What fire is in my ears? can this be true?
     Stand I condemn'd for Pride and Scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
     No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
     Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, thy kindness shall incite thee
     To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.

S C E N E I I.

Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick and Leonato.

Pedro. I Do but stay 'till your marriage be consum-
     mate, and then go I toward Arragon.
Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll
     vouchsafe me.

Pedro. Nay, That would be as great a foil in the new
glos of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat
and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with
Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his
head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath
twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little
hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as

4 What fire is in my ears?—Alluding to a proverbial saying
of the common people, that their ears burn when others are talk-
ing of them. Warburton.
5 Taming my wild heart to the loving hand] This image is taken from falconry. She had
been charged with being as wild as Haggard's of the rock; she
therefore says, that wild as her
heart is, she will tame it to the
band.

5 found
found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what
his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true drop of
blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be
sad, he wants mony.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it after-
wards.

Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that
has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him. un-
less it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to
be a Dutch man to day, a French man to morrow; or
in the shape of two countries at once, a German from
the waste downward, all flops; and a Spaniard from
the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy
to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for
fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there
is no believing o'd signs; he brushes his hat o'morn-
ings; what should that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen
with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath al-
ready fluxt tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did by the
loos of a beard.

6 There is no appearance of fancy, &c. Here is a play u-
pon the word fancy, which Shake-
Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet; can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string and now govern'd by stops——

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She shall be bury'd with her face upwards. 7

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aside with me, I have study'd eight or nine wise words to speak to you which these hobby-horses must not hear. \[Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.\]

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this time play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

7 She shall be buried with her face upwards. \] Thus the whole Set of Editions: But what is there any ways particular in This? Are not all Men and Women buried so? Sure, the Poet means, in Opposition to the general Rule, and by way of Distinction, with her heel's upwards, or face downwards. I have chosen the first Reading, because I find it the Expression in Vogue in our Author's time. Theobald.

This emendation, which appears to me very specious, is rejected by Dr. Warburton. The meaning seems to be, that she who acted upon principles contrary to others, should be buried with the same contrariety.

SCENE
Enter Don John.

John. My Lord and Brother, God save you.
Pedro. Good den, brother.
John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.
Pedro. In private?
John. If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear; for, what I would speak of, concerns him.
Pedro. What's the matter?
John. Means your lordship to be marry'd to morrow.
[To Claudio.
Pedro. You know, he does.
John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.
Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.
John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter; and aim better at me by That I now will manifest; for my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearneis of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, Suit ill spent, and Labour ill bestow'd!
Pedro. Why, what's the matter?
John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyal.
Claud. Who? Hero?
John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.
Claud. Disloyal?
John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not 'till further warrant; go but with me to night, you shall see her chamber window enter'd, even the night be-
fore her wedding day; if you love her, then to mor-
row wed her; but it would better fit your honour to
change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not
that you know; if you will follow me, I will shew
you enough; and when you have seen more and heard
more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to night why I should not
marry her to morrow; in the Congregation, where I
should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will
join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, 'till you are
my witnisses. Bear it coldly but 'till night, and let
the issue shew itself.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!

So you will say, when you have seen the sequel.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. ARE you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they
should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for
them, if they should have any allegiance in them, be-
ing chosen for the Prince's Watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dog-
berry.

Dogb.
Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oнцеke, Sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacole: God hath blest you with a good name; and to be a well-fav. ur'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable——

Dogb. You have: I knew, it would be your answer. Well, for your Favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no bcast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity: you are thought here to be the most fenselss and fit man for the Constable of the Watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince’s name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince’s Subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince’s Subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endur’d.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how Sleeping should offend; only have a care that your Bills be not stolen: well,

8 no need of such vanity:] Dogberry is only absurd, not absolutely out of his senses. We should read therefore, More need Warburton.

9 B. I’s be not stolen:] A bill is
well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone 'till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, Sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him by virtue of your office to be a true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, Partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then depart in Peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the Charge: you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

is still carried by the watchmen

at Lichfield. It was the old weapon of the English infantry, which, says Temler, gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds. It may be called sica s falcata.

Verg.
MUCH ADO

Verg. Nay, bi'r'lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statues, he may slay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing: for, indeed, the Watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to slay a man against his will.

Verg. Bi'r'lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, masters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellow's counsels and your own, and good night; come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go fit here upon the church-bench 'till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honours neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door, for the Wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coil to night; adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.

SCENE V.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade—

Watch. Peace, sir not. [Aside.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mais, and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a scab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [Aside.] Some Treason, masters; yet stand close.

'Bora.
Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Conr. Is it possible that any Villain should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shews, thou art unconfirm'd; thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Conr. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush, I may as well say, the fool's the fool; but see'st thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief these seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty; sometimes, fashioning them like Pharao's soldiers in the reechy Painting; sometimes, like the God Bell's priests in the old church-window; sometimes, like the shaven Hercules

---

1 any villany should be so rich? The sense absolutely requires us, to read villain.

Warburton.

2 thou art unconfirm'd; i. e. unpractised in the ways of the World.

Warburton.

3 sometimes, like the shaven Hercules, &c.] By the shaven Hercules is meant Samson, the usual subject of old tapestry. In this ridicule on the fashion, the poet has not unartfully given a stroke at the barbarous workmanship of the common Tapestry hangings, then so much in use. The same kind of raillery Cervantes has employed on the like occasion,
In the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his
codpiece seems as massy as his club.

**Conr.** All this I see, and see, that the fashion wears
out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thy-
sel! giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted
out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

**Bora.** Not so neither; but know, that I have to-
night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's Gentlewoman,
by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress's
chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good
night—I tell this tale vilely—I should first tell thee,
how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and
placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw a
far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

**Conr.** And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

**Bora.** Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio;
but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and
partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by
the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly
by my villainy, which did confirm any fancies that
Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged;
swore, he would meet her as he was appointed next
morning at the Temple, and there before the whole

---

occasion, when he brings his
knight and squire to an inn,
where they found the story of
Lido and Fenius represented in
best tapestry. On Sanc's seeing
the tears fall from the eyes of the
forlorn queen as big as walnuts,
hopes that when their achieve-
ments became the general
subject for these sorts of works,
that fortune will lend them a bet-
ter artill.—What authorized
the poet to give this name to
Samson was the folly of certain
Christian mythologists, who pre-
tend that the Greek Hercules
was the Jewish Samson. The
revenue of our author is to be
commended: The sober audi-
ence of that time would have
been offended with the mention
of a venerable name so light
an occasion. Shakespeare is in-
deed sometimes licentious in
these matters: But to do him
justice, he generally seems to
have a sense of religion, and to
be under its influence. What
Pope says of Benedict, in this
comedy, may be well enough ap-
plied to him. The man doth fear
God, however it seems not to be
in him by some large feats he will
make.

**Warburton.**
Congregation shame her with what he saw o'er night,
and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you in the Prince's name,
stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable; we
have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lech-
ery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I
know him, he wears a lock.

Conv. Masters, masters,-

2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I
warrant you.

Conv. Masters,-

1 Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey
you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly Commodity,
being taken up of these mens bills.

Conv. A commodity in question, I warrant you.
Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Hero's Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret and Ursula.

Hero. GOOD Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice;
and desire her to rise.

Urf. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

4 In former copies:
Conv. Masters, Masters,-

2 Watch. You'll be made bring
Deformed forth, I warrant you,
Conv. Masters, never speak,
we charge you, let us obey you to go
with us.] The Regulation which
I have made in this last Speech,
the against the Authority of all
the printed Copies, I flatter my-
self, carries its Proof with it.

Conrado and Borachio are not de-
digned to talk absurd Nonsense.
It is evident therefore, that Con-
rade is attempting his own justif-
ication; but is interrupted in it
by the Impertinence of the Men
in Office.

Q. 2

Urf.
Urf. Well: [Exit Ursula.
Marg. Troth, I think, your other 5 Rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.
Marg. By my troth, 'tis not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, 'tis. I saw the Dutchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, 'tis but a night-gown in respect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls down-sleeves, side-sleeves and skirts, round underborne with a blueish tinsel; but for a fine, queint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say (saving your reverence) a husband. If bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a Husband? none, I think, if it be the right Husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy; ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.


SCENE
Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.
Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.
Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?
Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *6 Light o' love;* that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes, *Light o' love* with your heels; then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack *7* no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill—hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. *8 For the letter that begins them all, H.*

Marg. Well, if you be not *9 turn'd Turk,* there's no more failing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

---

*6 Light o' love.* A tune so called; which has been already mentioned by our authour.

*7 No barns.* A quibble between barns, repositories of corn, and barns, the old word for children.

*8 For the letter that begins them all, H.* This is a poor jest, somewhat obscured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation.

*9 turn'd Turk* i.e. taken captive by Love, and turn'd a Renegado to his religion.

This interpretation is somewhat far-fetched, yet, perhaps, it is right.
Beat. I am stuff, cousin, I cannot smell.
Marg. A maid, and stuff! there's goodly catching of cold.
Beat. O, God help me, God help me, how long have you proseth apprehension?
Marg. Ever since you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?
Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap—By my troth. I am sick.
Marg. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.
Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.
Beat. Benedictus? why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.
Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thistle: you may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, bi'rlady, I am not such a fool to think what I lift; nor I lift not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love; yet Benedict was such another, and now is he become a man; he swore, he would never marry; and yet now, in despight of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

* Some moral.] That is, some secret meaning, like the moral of a fable.

* He eats his meat without grudging.] I do not see how this is a proof of Benedict's change of mind. It would afford more proof of amoroufnes to say, he eats not his meat without grudging; but it is impossible to fix the meaning of proverbial expressions: perhaps, to eat meat without grudging, was the fame as to do as others do, and the meaning is, he is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notwithstanding his boasts, like other mortals, to have a wife.
**Scene VIII.**

**Another Apartment in Leonato's House.**

*Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.*

**Leon.** What would you with me, honest neighbour?

**Dogb.** Marry, Sir, I would have some confidence with you, that discerns you nearly.

**Leon.** Brief, I pray you; for, you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

**Dogb.** Marry, this it is, Sir.

**Verg.** Yes, 'tis truth it is, Sir.

**Leon.** What is it, my good friends?

**Dogb.** Goodman Verges, Sir, speaks a little of the matter: an old man, Sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, as honest as the skin between his brows.

**Verg.** Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

**Dogb.**

---

1 I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.] There is much humour, and extreme good sense under the covering of this blundering expression. It is a fly insinuation that length of years, and the being much back-nicked in the ways of men, as Shakespeare expresses it, take off the gloss of virtue, and bring much defilement on the manners.

---
Dogb. Comparisons are odorous; *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It please your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, Sir, our Watch to night, excepting your Worship's presence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, Sir; he will be talking, as they say; when the age is in, the wit is out; God help us, it is a world to see—well said, 't faith, neighbour Verges—well, he's a good man; and two men ride an horse, one must ride behind—an honest soul, 't faith, Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worshipp'd; all men are not alike, alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

For as a great Wit says, "Youth is the season of Virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the eldest rogue in England is the greatest."

Warburton.

Much of this is true, but I believe Shakespeare did not intend to befall all this reflection on the Speaker.

*If two men ride, &c.* This is not out of place, or without meaning. Dogberry, in his vanity of superior parts, apologizing for his neighbour, observes, that, of two men on a horse, one must ride behind. The first place of rank, or understanding, can belong but to one, and that happy one ought not to despise his inferior.
One word, Sir; our Watch have, indeed, comprehended two auspicious persons; and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready.

[Exeunt Leonato.

Dogb. Go, good Partner, go get you to Francis Seacoale, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine those men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant; here's That [touching his forehead] shall drive some of them to a non-comme. Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the Jail.

Exeunt.
ACT IV.  SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

Enter D. Pedro, D. John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

LEONATO.

COME, friar Francis, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, Friar. You come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my Lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what

Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? why, then "some be of laughing, as, ha, ha, he!"

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave; Will you with free and unconstrained soul

5 Some be of laughing.] This is a quotation from the Accidence.
Give me this maid your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as God did give her me.

*Claud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render her again.

*Claud.* Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:

There, *Leonato,* take her back again;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend.

She’s but the sign and semblance of her honour:

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here!

O, what authority and shew of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witnes simple virtue? would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shews? but she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed; 6

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my Lord?

*Claud.* Not to be marry’d,

Not knit my soul to an approved Wanton.

*Leon.* Dear my Lord, if you in your own approof

Have vanquish’d the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity——

*Claud.* I know what you would say. If I have known her,

--- luxurious bed;] That is, *licentious.* *Luxury* is the con-

fessor’s term for unlawful pleasures of the fess.

7  *Dear my Lord, if you in your own Proof.* I am surpriz’d, the Poetical Editors did not ob-

serve the Lameness of this Verse. It evidently wants a Syllable in

the last Foot, which I have re-

ford’ d by a Word, which, I pre-

fume, the first Editors might he-

sitate at; tho’ it is a very proper one, and a Word elsewhere used by

our Author. Besides, in the Paflage under Examination, this Word

comes in almost neceffarily, as *Claudio* had said in the Line

immediately preceding;

--- Not knit my Soul to an ap-

proved Wanton.

**Theobald.**

You’ll
MUCH ADO

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehand sin.
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large; 
But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwife to you?
Claud. Out on thy Seeming! I will write against it.
You seem to me as Dirian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
Leon. Sweet Prince, why speak not you?
Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common Stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a Nuptial.
Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's Brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

--- word too large;] So he uses large jests in this play,
for licentious, not restrained within due bounds.

--- I will write against it;] By before the air has tasted its sweetness.
What? a libel? nonsense. We should read, I will rate against it, i.e. rail or revile.

WARBURTON.

As to subscribe to any thing is to allow it, so to write against is to disallow or deny.

--- chaste as is the bud] Before the air has tasted its sweetnees.

--- kindly power] That is, natural power. Kind is nature.

Leon.
Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I belet!

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero herself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.

Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden. Leonato,

I am sorry, you must hear; upon mine Honour,

Myself, my Brother, and this grieved Count

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,

Not to be spoken of;

There is not chastity enough in language,

Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hast thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd

About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart?

But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewel,

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eyelids shall Conjecture hang,

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm;

--- liberal villain, --- liberal here, as in many places of these plays, means, frank; beyond honesty or decency. Free of tongue. Hero.

Dr. Warburton unnecessarily reads illiberal.

--- I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word Hero.

And
And never shall it more be gracious.

'Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, Cousin, wherefore sink you down?

John. Come, let us go; these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.


SCENE II.

Béne. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think; help, uncle.

Hero! why, Hero! uncle! Signior Benedick! friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand;
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Doft thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?

Do not live, Hero, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would on the rewear'd of reproaches
Strike at thy life. 'Griev'd I, I had but one?'
Chid I for That at frugal nature's frame?

I've

5 The story that is printed in her blood? That is, the story which her blusses discover to be true.

6 — Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for That at frugal nature's frame?

I've one too much by thee. —

The meaning of the second line according to the present reading, is this, Chid I at frugal nature that
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever waft thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who sneered thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, no part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins.
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fall'n,
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;

That for sent me a girl and not a boy? But this is not what he
child nature for; if he himself
may be believed, it was because
she had given him but one:
and in that he owns he did foolishly,
for he now finds he had one too
much. He called her frugal,
therefore, in giving him but one
child. (For to call her so be-
cause she chose to send a girl,
rather than a boy, would be ri-
diculous.) So that we must cer-
tainly read,

Child I for this at frugal na-
ture's fraigne, i.e. refraine, or
keeping back her further favours,
setting her hand, as we say, when
she had given him one. But the
Oxford Editor has, in his usual
way, improved this amendment,
by substituting hand for fraigne,

WARBURTON.

Though frame be not the word
which appears to a reader of the
present time most proper to ex-
hibit the poet's sentiment, yet
it may as well be used to shew
that he had one child, and no more;
that he had a girl, not a boy, and
as it may easily signify the system
of things, or universal scheme,
the whole order of beings is
comprehended, there arifes no
difficulty from it which requires
to be removed by so violent an
effort as the introduction of a
new word offensively mutilated.

But mine, and mine I lov'd,
And mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud
on.—[The sense requires
that we should read, as in these
three places. The reasoning of
the speaker stands thus.—Had
this been my adopted child, this
frame would not have rebounded
on me. But this child was mine,
as mine I loved her, praised her,
was proud of her: consequently,
as I claimed the glory I must needs
be subjected to the frame, &c.

WARBURTON.

Even of this small alteration
there is no need. The speaker
utters his emotion abruptly. But
mine, and mine that I loved, &c.
by an ellipsis frequent, perhaps
too frequent, both in verse and
prose.

And
And felt too little, which may season give
To her soul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd.
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beat. No, truly, not; altho' until last night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, That is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the two Princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little,
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal do warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be;
Thou feest, that all the grace, that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'ft thou then to cover with excuse
That, which appears in proper nakedness?
Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of? 8

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know none:

If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yefternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the Princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour, 9
And if their wisdoms be mis-led in this,
The Practice of it lives in John the baftard,
Whole spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,

8 Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of? ] The friar had just before boasted his great skill in fishing out the truth. And indeed, he appears, by this question, to be no fool. He was by, all the while at the accu- sation, and heard no names men- tioned. Why then should he ask her what man she was ac- cused of? But in this lay the subtiity of his examination. For had Hero been guilty, it was very probable that, in that hurry and confusion of spirits, into which the terrible insult of her lover had thrown her, she would never have observed that the man's name was not mentioned; and so, on this question, have 

9 —— bent of honour,] Bent is used by our author for the utmost degree of any passion or mental quality. In this play be- fore, Benedick says of Beatrice, her affi- xion has its full bent. The expreion is derived from archery; the bow has its bent when it is drawn as far as it can be.
Much Ado

Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,
But they shall find awak'd, in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the Princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead, indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old Monument
Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excuse'd,
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we reck the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us
Whilst it was ours; so will it fare with Claudio:

1 In former copies,
Your Daughter here the Princes left for dead;
But how comes Hero to start up a Prince here? We have no Intimation of her Father being a Prince; and this is the first and only Time that she is complimented with this Dignity. The Remotion of a single Letter, and of the Parent's, will bring her to her own Rank, and the Place to its true Meaning.

2 —— ostentation, Show; appearance.

3
When he shall hear the dy'd upon his words,
Th'idea of her Life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come appareld in more precious habit;
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when the liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish, he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true;
Let this be so, and doubt not, but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all Aim but this be levell'd false;
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And, if it fort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me. 3

Friar. 'Tis well contented, presently away;
For to strange fors, strangely they strain the eire.

3 The smallest twine may lead me. This is one of our author's observations upon life. Men overpowered with diffrers eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself, is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him.
Much Ado

Come, lady, die to live; this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong’d: have patience and en-
dure.

[Exeunt.

Scene III.

Maneous Benedick and Beatrice.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
Bene. I will not desire that.
Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.
Bene. Surely, I do believe, your fair cousin is
wrong’d.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me,
that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?
Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.
Bene. May a man do it?
Beat. It is a man’s office, but not yours.
Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you;
is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not; it were
as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as
you; but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I con-

4 Scene III.] The poet, in my opinion, has shown a great
deal of address in this scene. Beatrice here engages her lover
to revenge the injury done her cousin Hero: And without this
very natural incident, considering the character of Beatrice,
and that the story of her Passion for Benedick was all a fable, she
could never have been easily or naturally brought to confess she
loved him, notwithstanding all the foregoing preparation. And
yet, on this confession, in this

very place, depended the whole
success of the plot upon her and
Benedick. For had she not owned
her love here, they must have
soon found out the trick, and
then the design of bringing them
together had been defeated; and
she would never have owned a
passion she had been only tricked
into, had not her desire of re-
venging her cousin’s wrong made
her drop her capricious humour
at once.
I say nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my

cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I
will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it; I
protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was
about to protest, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that
none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love
in you; nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easer be friends with me, than fight
with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain,
that hath flander'd, fôrm'd, dishonour'd my kinswo-
man! O, that I were a man! what! bear her in hand
until they come to take hands, and then with publick
accusation, uncover'd flander, unmitigated rancour —
O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in
the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat.
Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice.

Beat. Sweet Hero! she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. Beat——

Beat. Princes and Counts! surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect, a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! but manhood is melted into curtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lye, and swears it: I cannot be a man with willing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice; by this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul, the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd; I will challenge him, I will kiss your hand, and so leave you; by this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account; as you hear of me, so think of me; go comfort your cousin; I must say, she is dead, and so farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.

To Cl. Is our whole dissembler appear'd?

Dogb. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!
Sexton. Which be the malefactors?
Verg. Marry, that am I and my Partner.
Dogb. Nay, that’s certain, we have the exhibition to examine.
Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin’d? let them come before master constable.
To Cl. Yea, marry, let them come before me; what is your name, friend?
Bora. Borachio.
To Cl. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, Sirrah? Crow. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is Conrad.
To Cl. Write down, master gentleman Conrad; masters, do you serve God?
Both. Yea, Sir, we hope. 5
To Cl. Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first: for God defend, but God should go before such villains.—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought to shortly; how answer you for yourselves?
Crow. Marry, Sir, we say, we are none.
To Cl. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, Sirrah, a word in your ear, Sir; I say to you, it is thought you are both false knaves.
Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.
To Cl. Well, stand aside; ’fore God, they are both in a tale; have you writ down, that they are none?
Sexton. Master town-clerk, you go not the way to
examine, you must call the watch that are their accusers.

6 To Cl. Yea, marry, that's the deftest way, let the Watch come forth; masters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuse these men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 Watch. This man said, Sir, that Don John the Prince's brother was a villain.

To Cl. Write down, Prince John a villain; why this is flat perjury, to call a Prince's brother villain.

Bona. Master town-clerk——

To Cl. Pray thee, fellow, Peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had receiv'd a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

To Cl. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Dogb. Yea, by th' maids, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon

6 To Cl. Yea, marry, that's the easiest Way, let the Watch come forth.] This, eafíst, is a Sophistication of our modern Editors, who were at a Loss to make out the corrupted Reading of the old Copies. The Quartos, in 1660, and the first and second Editions in Folio all concur in reading;

Yea, marry, that's the easiest way, &c.

A Letter happen'd to slip out at Press in the first Edition; and 'twas too hard a Task for the subsequent Editors to put it in, or

guefs at the Word under this accidental Depravation. There is no doubt, but the Author wrote, as I have restor'd the Text;

Yea, marry, that's the deftest way, &c.

i. e. the readiest, most commodious Way. The Word is pure Saxm. Despize, debite, congrue, duely, fitley. Necesse, opportune, commode, fitly, conveniently, seasonably, in good time, commodiously.

Vid. Spelman's Saxon Gloss, Theobald.
his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stoll'n away: Hero was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly dy'd. Master Constable, let these men be bound and brought to Leonato; I will go before, and shew him their examination.

[Exit.

Dogb. Come let them be opinion'd,
Sexton. Let them be in hand.]

7 Sexton. Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb.] So the Editions. Mr. Theobald gives the words to Conrade, and says, But why the Sexton should be so pert upon his Brother Officers, there seems no reason from any superior qualifications in him; or any suspicion be shews of knowing their ignorance. This is strange. The Sexton throughout shews as good sense in their Examination as any judge upon the bench could do. And as to his suspicion of their ignorance, he tells the Town-clerk That he goes not the way to examine. The meanes of his name hindered our Editor from seeing the Goodness of his Sense. But this Sexton was an Ecclesiastic of one of the inferior Orders called the Sacrifian, and not a Brother Officer, as the Editor calls him. I suppose the book from whence the Poet took his subject was some old English novel translated from the Italian, where the word Sacrifian was rendered Sexton. As in Fairfax's Godfrey of Boulogne;

When Phoebus next unclos'd his awakel' eye,
Up rose the Sexton of that place prophan.
The paffage then in question is to be read thus, Sexton. Let them be in hand.

[Exit.

Conr. Off, Coxcomb!

Dogberry would have them pinn'd. The Sexton says, it was sufficient if they were kept in safe custody, and then goes out. When one of the watchmen comes up to bind them, Conrade says, Off, Coxcomb! as he says afterwards to the Constable, Away! you are an as. — But the Editor adds, The old Quarto gave me the first umbrage for placing it to Conrade. What these words mean I don't know: But I suspect the old Quarto divides the passage as I have done. WARB.

There
Act V. Scene I.

Before Leonato’s House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And ’tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against your self.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve; give not me counsel,
Nor let no Comforter delight mine ear,

There is nothing in the old quarto different in this scene from the common copies, except that the names of two actors, Kempe and Cosley, are placed at the beginning of the speeches, instead of the proper words
But such a one whose wrongs do suite with mine. 
Bring me a father, that so lov’d his child, 
Whose joy of her is overwhelm’d like mine, 
And bid him speak of patience; 
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, 
And let it answer every strain for strain: 
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, 
In every lineament, branch, shape and form. 
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, 
And, Sorrow wag! cry; hem, when he should groan; 
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk 
With candle-wafters; bring him yet to me, 
And I of him will gather patience. 
But there is no such man; for, brother, men 
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief.

3 If such a one will smile, and 
strike his beardo, 
And hallow, wag, cry hem, when he 
should groano,] Mr. Rowe 
is the first Authority that I can 
find for this Reading. But what 
is the Intention, or how are we 
to expound it? “If a Man will 
balaao, and stab, and fidget, 
and wiggle about, to shew a 
“Pleasure when He should 
groan,” &c. This does not 
give much Decorum to the Sen-
timent. The old Quarto, and 
the 17th and 1st Folio 
Editions all read, 
And sorrow, wagge, cry hem, &c. 
We don’t, indeed, get much by this 
Reading; tho’ I flatter my-
self, by a slight Alteration it has 
led me to the true one, 
And Sorrow wag; cry, hem! 
when he should groan; 

3. If such a one will smile, and 
strike his beard, 
And sorrow wag! cry; hem, 
when he should groan; 
That is, If he will smile, and 
cry sorrow be gone, and hem in-
stead of groaning. The order in 
which and and cry are placed is 
harsh, and this harshness made 
the sense mistaken. Range the 
words in the common order, and 
my reading will be free from all 
difficulty.

Which
MUCH ADO

Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage;
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread;
Charm aching with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those, that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself; therefore give me no counsel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the style of Gods,
And made a pith at chance and suffrance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself:
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speakest in reason; nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the Prince;
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Pedro, and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and Claudio haughtily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

--- S c h o l .
That is, than admonition, than moral instruction.
However they have writ the style of Gods.] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wise men.

WARBURTON.

Claud.
ABOUT NOTHING.

Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords?
Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.
Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well,
my lord.
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.
Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling.
Some of us would lye low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler,
hou!
Nay, nay, lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear;
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Truth, truth, man, never fleer and jeft at me;
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man;
I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child,
 Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lyes bury'd with her ancestors,
O, in a tomb where never scandal flept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!
Claud. My villany?
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
Pedro. You say not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Delight his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.
MUCH ADO

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leon. Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kill'd my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed; But that's no matter, let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me, let him answer me;
Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your joining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother.
Ant. Content yourself; God knows, I lov'd my Niece;
And she is dead, flander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkflops!
Leon. Brother Anthony.
Ant. Hold you content; what, man? I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys;

3 Canst Thou so daffe me? — This is a Country Word, Mr. Pepys tells us, signifying, stiuit. It may be so; but that is not the Exposition here: To daffe, and daffe are synonymous Terms, that mean, to put off: which is the very Sense requir'd here, and what Leonato would reply, upon Claudio's saying, He would have nothing to do with him.

4 Ant. He shall kill two of us, &c.] This Brother Anthony is the truest picture imaginable of human nature. He had assumed the Character of a Sage to comfort his Brother, o'erwhelm'd with grief for his only daughter's affront and dishonour; and had severely reproved him for not commanding his passion better on so trying an occasion. Yet, immediately after this, no sooner does he begin to suspect that his Age and Valour are flighted, but he falls into the most intemperate fit of rage himself: and all his Brother can do or say is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactness of Judgment peculiar to Shakespeare. As to the expression, too, of his passion, nothing can be more highly painted. Warr.
A B O U T  N O T H I N G.

That lye, and cog, and slout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show an outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Anibony,——

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter:
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter’s death;
But, on my Honour, she was charg’d with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord——

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No! come, brother; away, I will be heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[Exe. ambo.

S C E N E  III.

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

Clau. Now, Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

— we will not wake your patience. —— This conveys a sentiment that the speaker would by no means have implied. That the patience of the two Old men was not exercised, but asleep, which upbraids them for insensibility under their wrong. Shakespeare must have wrote —— We will not wrack, i. e. destroy your patience by tantalizing you.

Warburton.

This emendation is very specious; and perhaps is right; yet the present reading may admit a congruous meaning with less difficulty than many other of Shakespeare’s expressions.

The old men have been both very angry and outrageous; the Prince tells them that he and Claudio will not awake their patience; will not any longer force them to endure the presence of those whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot refrit.

Pedro.
Pedro. Welcome, Signior; you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother; what thinkst thou? had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale: art thou sick or angry?


Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it against me.—I pray you, chuse another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cros. 6

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think, he be angry, indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain; I jest not. I will make it

6 Nay, then give him another staff; &c.] Allusion to Tilting. See note, As you like it. Act 3. Scorc ic. Warburton.

7 —— to turn his girdle.] We have a proverbial speech, if he be angry, let him turn his girdle. But I do not know it original or meaning.
good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardly. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feast?

Claud. 'Faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee, how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; right, says she, a fine little one; no, said I, a great wit; just, said she, a great gros' one; nay, said I, a good wit; just, said she, it hurts no body; nay, said I, the gentleman is wise; certain, said she, a wise gentleman; nay, said I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, said she, for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did she an hour together trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wait the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

---

This jest depending on the colloquial use of words is now obscure; perhaps we should read, a wise gentle man, or a man wise enough to be a coward. Perhaps wise gentleman was in that age used ironically, and always stood for silly fellow.
Pedro. But when shall we see the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head.

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells Benedick the married man?

Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jefts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company; your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina; you have among you kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and 'till then, peace be with him! [Exit Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest, and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Pedro. 9 What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

SCENE IV.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Pedro. But, soft you, let me see, pluck up my heart and be sad; did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, Sir; if justice cannot tame you,

9 What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!] It was esteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, to go in the doublet and hose, and leave off the cloak, to which this well turn'd expression alludes. The thought is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and exposes him as naked as being in the doublet and hose without a cloak. Warburton.
Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound?

Borachio, one?

Claud. Fearken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed false-report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are flanders; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Borachio. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wisdom could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incens'd me to flander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her; my villany they have upon record, which I had rather feal with my death, than repeat over to my shame; the lady is dead upon mine
and my master’s false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, while he utter’d it.

Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos’d and fram’d of treachery;
And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear.
In the rare semblance that I lov’d it first.

Dogh. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time, our Sexton hath reform’d Signior Leonato of the matter; and masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an afs.

Ver. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

SCENE V.

Enter Leonato, and Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him; which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the slave, that with thy breath
Haft kill’d mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely’st thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter’s death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
’Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet must speak: chuse your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin; yet sin'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to sati fy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight,
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Poste's the People in Messina here
How innocent she dy'd; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an Epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones: Sing it to night;
To morrow morning come you to my houle,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the Right you should have given her Cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your Coming,
To night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew nor what she did, when she spoke to me.
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Doge. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under
white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did
call me as: I beseech you, let it be remembred in his
punish-
punishment; and also the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your Worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner; and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an errant knave with your Worship, which, I beseech your Worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your Worship; I wish your Worship well: God restore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. Come, neighbour.

[Exeunt.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my Lords; we look for you to-morrow.

--- he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name,] There could not be a pleasanter ride in the fashion, than the constable's deformity in his own blunder. They heard the conspirators deplore the fashion; whom they took to be a man, named, Deformed. This the constable applies with exquisite humour to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastic fashions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a Love-lock. Against this fashion William Prinn wrote his treatise, called, The unloveliness of Love-locks. To this fantastick mode Fletcher alludes in his Cupid's Revenge --- This morning I brought him a new perfume with a lock at it --- and by his fellow came he bored a hole in his ear. And again in his Woman-catcher --- if I could endure an ear with a hole in it, or a platted lock, &c.

Warburton.

Pedro.
ABOUT NOTHING.

Pedro. We will not fail.
Clau. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.
Leon. Bring you these fellows on, we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE VI.

Changes to Leonato's House.

Enter Benedick, and Margaret.

Bene. PRAY thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of courtesy.
Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?
Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou dost best it.
Marg. 3 To have no Man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?
Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.
Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.
Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt

3 To have no Man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs? Thus all the printed Copies, but, sure, erroneously: for all the jest, that can lie in the Passage, is destroy'd by it. Any Man might come over her, literally speaking, if she always kept below Stairs. By the

Correction I have ventur'd to make, Margaret, as I presume, must mean, What! shall I always keep above Stairs? i.e. Shall I for ever continue a Chambermaid? To be read, I suppose every reader will find the meaning of the old copies.

S 4 a wo-
a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice; I give thee the bucklers.

Marc. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marc. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come. [Sings.] The God of love, that sees above, and knows me, and knows me, 
how pitiful I deserve, ——— I mean, in singing; but in loving. Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these common carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse; why, they were never so truly turn’d over and over, as my poor self, in love; marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have try’d; I can find out no rhyme to lady but baby, an innocent’s rhyme; for form, born, a hard rhyme; for school, fool, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.

**SCENE VII.**

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, Signior, and depart when thou bid me.

Bene. O, stay but ’till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is,
with knowing what hath past between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kifs thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkist.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit; but, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward; and, I pray thee, now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd so politick a flate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet; I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?—why, an hour in clamour, and a quar-

---

5 in the time of good neighbours; i.e. When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is extremely humourous.

Warburton.

6 Question? why, an hour, &c.] i.e. What a question's there,
MUCH ADO

a quarter in rheum; therefore it is most expedient for the wife, if Don worm (his conscience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpeter of his own virtues, as I am to myself: so much for praising myself; who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy; and now tell me, how doth your Cousin?

Beat. Very ill.
Bene. And how do you?
Beat. Very ill too.
Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home; it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd; the Prince and Claudio mightily abus’d; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signor?
Bene. I will live in thy eyes, die in thy lap, and be bury’d in thy heart; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants with Tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?
Attten. It is, my lord.

there, or what a foolish question do you ask. But the Oxford E-
citir not understanding this phrase, contrated into a single word, (of which we have manf
instances in Engl.) has fairly struck it out. Warburton.

EPI
ABOUT NOTHING.

EPI T A P H.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero, that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that dy'd with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.

Claud. Now musick found, and sing your solemn hymn.

S O N G.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight; 7
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan
Heavily, heavily;
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
'Till death be utter'd,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this Rite.

Pedro. Good morrow, masters, put your torches out;
The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phæbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey:

7 Those that slew thy virgin Knight.] Knight, in its original signification, means Fol'ower or Pupil, and in this scene may be feminine. Helena, in All's well, that ends well, uses knight in the same signification.

Thanks
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

_Claud._ Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

_Pedro._ Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds; And then to Leonato’s we will go.

_Claud._ And _Hymen_ now with luckier issue speed’s, Than this, for whom we render’d up this woe!

_[Exeunt._

**SCENE IX.**

_Changes to Leonato’s House._

_Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula, Antonio, Friar, and Hero._

_Friar._ DID I not tell you, she was innocent? _Leon._ So are the Prince and _Claudio_, who accus’d her,

Upon the error that you heard debated.

But _Margaret_ was in some fault for this;

Although against her will, as it appears,

In the true course of all the question.

_Ant._ Well; I am glad, that all things fort so well.

_Ben._ And so am I, being else by faith enforc’d

To call young _Claudio_ to a reckoning for it.

_Leon._ Well, Daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,

And when I send for you, come hither mask’d:

The Prince and _Claudio_ promis’d by this hour

To visit me; you know your office, brother,

---

8 _And Hymen now with luckier Issue speed’s, Than this, for whom we render’d up this Woe._ _Claudio_ could not know, without being a Prophet, that this new-propos’d Match should have any luckier Event than that desir’d with _Hero_. Certainly, therefore, this should be a Witch in _Claudio_ and, to this end, the Poet might have wrote, _speed’s_; _i.e._ _speed us_; and so it becomes a Prayer to _Hymen._ _Thirlest._

_You._
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [Exeunt Ladies.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I must intreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, Signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them:
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me.
From Claudio and the Prince; but what's your will?
Bene. Your answer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
P'th' state of honourable marriage;
In which, good Friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.

SCENE X.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly:
Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, Claudio,
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready.

[Exit Antonio.

Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick; why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull:
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And
Much Ado

And so all Europe shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, Sir, had an amiable cow,
And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow;
And got a calf, in that same noble feat,
Much like to you; for you have just his bleat.

Scene XI.

Enter Antonio, with Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula, mask'd.

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant. This fame is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she's mine; Sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, 'til you take her hand
Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife.

[Unmasking.

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certain.

One Hero dy'd defil'd, but I do live;
And, surely, as I live, I am a maid.

Pedro. The former Hero! Hero, that is dead!
Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify.
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell thee largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene.
Bene. Soft and fair, Friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your Uncle, and the Prince, and Claudio, have been deceiv'd; they swore, you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my Cousin, Margaret and Ursula, Have been deceiv'd; for they did swear, you did.

Bene. They swore, you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore, you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter; then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, Cousin, I am sure, you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;

For here's a paper written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,

Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,

Writ in my Cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts; come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. 9 I would not deny you; but, by this good

---

9 I would not deny you, &c.]

Mr. Theobald says, is not this mock-reasoning? She would not deny him, but that she yields upon great persuasion. In changing the Negative I make no doubt but I have retrieved the poet's humour: and so changes not into yet. But is not this a Mock Critic? who could not see that the plain obvious sense of the common reading was this, I cannot find in my heart to deny you, but for all

that I yield, after having stood out great persuasions to submission. He had said, I take thee for pity, she replies, I would not deny thee. i.e. I take thee for pity too: but as I live I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. Mr. Theobald; by altering not to yet makes it supposed, that he had been importunate, and that she had often denied; which was not the case.

Ward Burton.

day,
day, I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to safe your life; for as I was told, you were in a consumption.

Bono. Peace, I will flop your mouth —

[Kissing her.

Peire. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bono. Why will thee what, Prince; a College of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: dost think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? no: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him; in brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me; for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion; for thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldn't have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bono. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a Dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bono. First, o' my word; therefore, play, musick.

1 In former copies:

Leon. Prince, I will stop your mouth.] What can Leonato mean by this? "Nay, pray, peace, "Niece; don't keep up this "Obstinance of Perversions, for "I have Proofs to stop your "Mouth." The ingenious Dr. Tho. had agreed with me, that this ought to be given to Ben'dick, who, upon saying it, Este Be-

trice; and this being done before the whole Company, how natural is the Reply which the Prince makes upon it?

How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Besides, this Mode of Speech, preparatory to a Salute, is familiar to our Poet in common with other Stage Writers.
Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

**Enter Messenger.**

**Mess.** My Lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

**Bene.** Think not on him 'till to morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, Pipers.

[**Dance.**

[**Exeunt omnes.**]
ALL's WELL,

THAT

ENDS WELL.
Dramatis Personæ.

KING of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, Count of Rouillon.
Lafeu, an old Lord.
Parolles, a parasitical follower of Bertram; a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.
Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.
Steward, } Servants to the Countess of Rouillon.
Clown, }

Countess of Rouillon, mother to Bertram.
Helena, daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous physician, some time since dead.
An old Widow of Florence.
Diana, daughter to the widow.
Violenta, } Neighbours, and friends to the widow.
Mariana, }

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE lies partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

* The Persons were first enumerated by Rowe.

The first Edition of this Play is in the Folio of 1623.
ACT I. SCENE I.

The Countess of Rousillon’s House in France.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.

COUNTESS.

I deliver my son from me, I bury a second husband.

BER. And I in going, Madam, weep o’er my father’s death anew; but I must attend his Majesty’s command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

1 In delivering my son from me—to deliver from, in the sense of giving up, is not English. Shakespeare wrote, in dissevering my son from me—The following Words, too,—I bury a second husband—demand this reading. For to dissever implies a violent divorce; and therefore might be compared to the burying a husband; which delivering does not. Warb.

Of this change I see no need; the present reading is clear, and, perhaps, as proper as that which the great commentator would substitute; for the King dissever her son from her, the only delivers him.

2 In ward.] Under his particular care, as my guardian till I come to age. It is now almost forgotten in England that the heirs of great fortunes were the king’s wards. Whether the same practice prevailed in France, it is of no great use to enquire, for Shakespeare gives to all nations the manners of England.
Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, Madam; you, Sir, a father. He, that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than slack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty’s amendment?

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

Count. * This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that had! how sad a passage ’tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch’d so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play’d for lack of work. Would, for

3 whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.] An Opposition of Terms is visibly design’d in this sentence; tho’ the Opposition is not so visible, as the Terms now stand. Wanted and Abundance are the Opposites to one another; but how is lack a Contrast to stir up? The Addition of a single Letter gives it, and the very Sense requires it. Read flash it.

WARBURTON.

* This young gentlewoman had a father (O, that had! how sad a passage ’tis!) Lafet was speaking of the King’s desperate Condition: which makes the Countess recall to mind the deceased Gerard de Na bor, who, she thinks, could have cured him. But in using the word had, which implied his death, the flops in the middle of her sentence, and makes a reflection upon it, which, according to the present reading, is unintelligible. We must therefore believe Shakespeare wrote (that had! how sad a passage ’tis) i.e. a Passage that the King must now expect no cure, since so skillful a Person was himself forced to submit to a malignant distemper. WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious, perhaps preferable to the present reading, yet since passage may be fairly enough explained, I have left it in the text. Passage is anything that passes, so we now say, a passage of an author, and we said about a century ago, the passages of a reign. When the Countess mentions Helena’s loss of a father, she recollects her own loss of a husband, and flops to observe how heavily that word had passes through her mind.

the
the King's fake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the King's disease.

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

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

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

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

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

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

Count. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her; disposition she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind to go further in wickedness than it could have done without them: But, says the Countess, in her they are the better for their simplicity. But simplicity is the same with what is called honesty; immediately after; which cannot be predicated of the qualities of education. We must certainly read her simplicity.

And then the sentence is properly concluded. The Countess had said, that virtuous qualities are the worce for an unclean mind, but concludes that Helen's are the better for her simplicity i.e. her clean, pure mind. She then sums up the Character, she had before given in detail, in these words,
clean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

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

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; left it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have it.

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

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

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

Ber.

words, she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness, i.e. She derives her honesty, her simpleness, her moral Character, from her Father and Ancestors: But she achieves or wins her goodness, her virtue, or her qualities of good breeding and erudition, by her own pains and labour.

WARBURTON.

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

6 If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.] This seems very obscure; but the addition of a Negative perfectly dispers all the mist. If the living be not enemy to the living, says Lope: Yes, replies the Countess; and if the living be not enemy to the grief, [i. e. strive to conquer it,] the excess makes
THAT ENDS WELL.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.
Laf. How understand we that?
Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father

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

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

Count. Heav'n blest him! Farewel, Bertram.
[Exit Countess.

Ber. [To Helena.] The best wishes, that can be
forg'd in your thoughts, be servants to you! Be com-
fortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much
of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty Lady, you must hold the cre-
dit of your father.

Scene Warburton.

This emendation I had once admitted into the text, but re-
admitted the old reading, because I think it capable of an easy
explication. Lafen says, exce-
sive grief is the enemy of the liv-
ing: the Countess replies, If the living be an enemy to grief, the
excess soon makes it mortal: that is, if the living do not indulge
grief, grief destroys itself by its
own excess. By the word mortal

I understand that which dies, and
Dr. Warburton, that which de-
struys. I think that my inter-
pretation gives a sentense more
acute and more refined. Let the
reader judge.

That thee may furnish.] That
may help thee with more and
better qualifications.

The best wishes, &c. That
is, may you be mistress of your
wishes, and have power to bring
them to effect.
SCENE II.

Hel. Oh, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in it, but my Bertram's.
I am undone! there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it; he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself;
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

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

SCENE III.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.
Hel. And you, Monarch.
Par. No.
Hel. And, no.
Par. Are you meditating on virginity?
Hel. Ay: you have some stain of soldier in you;
let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity,
how may we barricado it against him?
Par. Keep him out.
Hel. But he affails; and our virginity, tho' valiant,
in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike
resistance.
Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you,
will undermine you, and blow you up.
Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and
blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins
might blow up men?
Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quick-
lier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again,
with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city.
It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to
preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational in-
crease; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity
was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to
make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be
ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost;
'tis too cold a companion: away with't.

3 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.]
4 Stain of soldier.] Stain for
as superfluous for over-cloath'd.
colour. Paroles was in red, as
This makes the propriety of the
appears from his being after-
Antithesis. WARBURTON.
wards called red-taill'd humble
be.
WARBURTON.
Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mother; which is most infallible disobedience. 5 He, that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offender against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most prohibited sin in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuse but lose by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

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

Par. Let me see. 6 Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the glofs with
THAT ENDS WELL. 285

lyng. The longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion: richly futed, but unsutable; just like the brooch and the tooth-pike, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears: it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, 'yes, 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. 8 Not my virginity yet.

There shall your matter have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,

7 For yet, as it stood before,
Sir T. Hamer reads yes.
8 Not my virginity yet.] This whole speech is abrupt, unconnected and obscure. Dr. Warburton thinks much of it supposititious. I would be too glad to think of the whole, for a commentator naturally wishes to reject what he cannot understand. Something which should connect Helena's words with those of Parolles, seems to be wanting. Hamer has made a fair attempt by reading,

Not my virginity yet—You're for the court,

There shall your master, &c.

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

9 A Phoenix, Captain, &c.] The eight lines following friend,

I am persuaded is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player. What put it into his head was Helen's saying, as it should be read for the future,

There shall your Master have a thousand loves
A Mother, and a Mistress, and a Friend.

I know not, what he shall—

God send him well.

Where the Fellow finding a thousand loves spoken of, and only three reckoned up, namely, a Mother's, a Mistress's, and a Friend's, (which, by the way, were all a judicious Writer could mention; for there are but these three species of love in Nature) he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonsense: and, because they were yet too few, he pieces out his loves with enmities, and makes of the whole such finished nonsense as is never heard out of Bedlam.

WARBURTON.
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a * traitref, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his discord dulce;
His faith, his sweet disafter; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gosships. Now shall he——
I know not, what he shall—God send him well!——
The court's a learning place—and he is one——
Par. What one, i'faith?
Hel. That I wish well——'tis pity——
Par. What's pity?
Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we the poorer born,
Whose lesser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends:

* And shew what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles,

My lord calls for you. [Exit Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewell; if I can remember thee,
I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a cha-
ritative star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

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

Par. When he was predominant.

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

Par. Why think you so?

* — a traitref,] It seems that traitref was in that age a
term of endearment, for when
Lafitte introduces Helena to the
king, he says You look like a tray-
tor, but such traytors his majesty
does not much fear.

* And shew what we alone
must think ] And shew by reali-
ties what we now must only think.

Hel.
THAT ENDS WELL.

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.
Par. That's for advantage.

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

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

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, Which we ascribe to heav'n. The fated sky
    Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
    Our flow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high,

1 is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.] The integrity of the metaphor directs us to Shakespeare's true reading; which, doubtless, was—a good wing, i.e., mixture, composition, a word common to Shakespeare and the writers of this age; and taken from the texture of cloth. The M. was turn'd the wrong way at first, and from thence came the blunder.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture I could wish to see better proved. This common word wing I have never found. The first edition of this play exhibits wing without a capital: yet, I confess, that a virtue of a good wing is an expression that I cannot understand, unless by a metaphor taken from falconry, it may mean, a virtue that will fly high, and in the style of Hotspur, Pluck honour from the moon.

What power is it, that mounts my love so high,

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye? She means, by what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me, why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope.

That
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
* The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes; and kis, like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever frowe
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?
The King's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Court of France.

Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th'ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

* The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes; and kis, like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pain in sense;
and do suppose,
What hath been,———]

All these four lines are obscure, and, I believe, corrupt. I shall propose an emendation, which those who can explain the present reading, are at liberty to reject.

Through mightiest space in fortune nature brings
Likes to join likes, and kis, like native things.

That is, Nature brings like qualities and dispositions to meet through any distance that fortune may have betwixt them; she joins them, and makes them is like things born together.

The next lines I read with Hamter.

Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pain in sense, and do suppose
What ha'nt been, cannot be.

Now attempts seem impossible to those, who estimate their labour or enterprizes by sense, and believe that nothing can be but what they see before them.

1 Lord.
That ends well.

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

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead
For ample credence.
2 King. He hath arm'd our answer;
And Florence is deny'd, before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

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

2 King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu and Parolles.

1 Lord. It is the count Rouillon, my good Lord,
young Bertram.

2 King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hush well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May't thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

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

King. I would, I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First try'd our soldiership: he did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the brav'rt. He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth

Vol. III. U

He
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To day in our young lords: but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them; unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness, if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,

5 He had the wit, which I can well observe
To day in our young Lords: but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them; unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.] i.e. Ere their titles can cover the levity of their behaviour, and make it pass for decent. The Oxford Editor, not understanding this, alters the line to

Ere they can awe their levity with his honour.

Warburton.

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

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

So like a Courtier, no Contempt or Bitterness
Were in his Pride or Sharpness; if they were,
His Equal had awak'd them.—]

This passage is so very incorrectly pointed, that the Author's Meaning is lost. As the Text and Stops are reform'd, these are most beautiful Lines, and the Sense is this—"He had no Contempt or Bitterness; if he had any thing that looked like Pride or Sharpness, (of which Qualities Contempt and Bitterness are the Excesses,) his Equal had awak'd them, not his Inferior: to whom he scorn'd to discover any thing that bore the Shadow of Pride or Sharpness."

Warburton.

The original edition reads the first line thus,

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness.

The sense is the same. Nor was used without reduplication. So in Measure for Measure,

More nor less to others paying,

Than by self-offences weighing.

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

Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him speak; and at that time
7 His tongue obey’d his hand. Who were below him
9 He us’d as creatures of another place,
And bow’d his eminent top to their low ranks;
9 Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow’d well, would now demonstrate them
But goers backward.

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

7 His tongue obey’d his hand.] We should read,
His tongue obey’d the hand.
That is, the hand of his honour’s
dick, shewing the true minute
when exceptions bad him speak.
8 He us’d as creatures of another place.] i.e. He made
allowances for their conduct, and
bore from them what he would
not from one of his own rank.
The Oxford Editor, not understanding
the Sense, has altered
another place, to a Brother-race.

WARBURTON.

9 Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise, he humbled—] But why were
they proud of his Humility? It should be read and pointed thus.
—Making them proud; and
his Humility,
In their poor praise, he humbled—
i.e. by condescending to stoop
to his inferiors, he exalted them
and made them proud; and, in
the gracious receiving their poor
praise, he humbled even his humi-
li ty. The Sentiment is fine.

WARBURTON.

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

1 So in approof lives not his
Epitaph, As in your royal speech.]
Epitaph for character. WARB.
I should wish to read,
Approof so lives not in his Epi-
taph,
As in your royal speech.

Approof is approbation. If I
should allow Dr. Warburton’s int-
terpretation of Epitaph, which is
more than can be reasonably ex-
pected, I can yet find no sense
in the present reading.

U 2

King.
King. Would, I were with him! he would always say,
Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words
He scatter’d not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear—Let me not live,—
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out—let me not live, (quoth he,)
After my flame lacks oil; to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
*Meer fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:—this he wish’d.
I, after him, do after him with too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You’re loved, Sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

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

Ber. Some six months since, my Lord.

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

Ber. Thank your Majesty. [Flourish. Exeunt.

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

SCENE
THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Countess's at Roussillon.

Enter Countess, Steward and Clown. 

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

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

Count. What does this knave here? get you gone, Sirrah; the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not, for, I know, you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knavery yours.

Clo.

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

In some plays, a servant, or ruflic, of remarkable petulance and freedom of speech, is likewise called a Clown.

4 To even your content. ] To act up to your desires.

5 you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knavery yours. ] Well, but if he had folly to commit them, he neither wanted knavery, nor any thing else, sure, to make them his own. This noneness should be read, To make such knaverys yare; nimble, dextrous, i. e. Tho' you be fool enough to commit knaverys, yet you have quickness enough to commit them dextrously: for this observance was to let us into his character. But now, tho' this be set right, and, I dare say, in Shakespeare's own words, yet the former part of the sentence will still be inaccurate—you lack not folly to commit them. Them, what? the sense requires knaverys, but the ante-ecedent
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Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam; 'tis not so well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd; but, if I have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, I²bel the wo.

man and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

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

Count. In what case?

Clo. In I²bel's case, and mine own; service is no heritage, and, I think. I shall never have the blessing of God, 'till I have issue of my body; for they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

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

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

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

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

cedent referr'd to, is complaints. But this was certainly a negligence of Shakespeare's, and therefore to be left as we find it. And the reader, who cannot see that this is an inaccuracy which the Author might well commit, and the other what he never could, has either read Shakespeare very little, or greatly mispent his pains. The principal office of a critic is to distinguish between these two things. But 'tis that branch of criticism which no precepts can teach the writer to discharge, or the reader to judge of.    WARBURTON.

Ch.
THAT ENDS WELL

Clo. Y'are shallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of; he, that eares my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop; If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he, that cheriseth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he, that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyson the papist, howfo'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' th' herd.

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

Clo. * A prophet, I, Madam; and I speak the truth the next way;——

" For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true shall find;

" Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckold fings by kind.

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

*A prophet, I, Madam; and I speak the truth the next way.]* It is a superstitition, which has run through all ages and people, that natural fools have something in them of divinity. On which account they were esteemed sacred: Travellers tell us in what esteem the Turks now hold them; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word Benêt, for a natural fool. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in Rabelais, advised Panurge to go and consult the fool Triboulet as an oracle; which gives occasion to a satirical Stroke upon the privy council of Francis the First——Par l'avoir, conseil, predilection des fols was seaver quantz princes, &c. ont est conferenc, &c——The phrase—speak the truth the next away, means directly; as they do who are only the instruments or canals of others; such as inspired persons were supposed to be.

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

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

Clo. "Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,

"Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
"Fond done, fond done;—for Paris, he,
"Was this King Priam's joy.
"With that she sigh'd as she flood,
"And gave this sentence then;
"Among nine bad if one be good,
"There's yet one good in ten."

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, Sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o' th' song: 'would, God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the Parson; one in ten, quoth a! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'would mend the lot-

7 Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,

"Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
"Fond done, fond done;—for Paris, he,
"Was this King Priam's joy.

This is a Stanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally necessary to make the sense and the alternate rhyme. For it was not Helen, who was King Priam's joy, but Paris. The third line therefore should be read thus,

Fond done, fond done, for Paris, he.

8 Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten.

This second stanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confession, that there was one good in ten. Whereto the Countess obferved, that he corrupted the song; which shews the song faid, Nine good in ten.

If one be bad among nine good,

There's but one bad in ten.

This relates to the ten fons of Priam, who all behaved themselves well but Paris. For, tho' he once had fify, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; Agathon, Antiphon, Deiphobus, Diom, Hector, Hele
very well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

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

Clo. 9 That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—tho' honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplus of humility over the black gown of a big heart—I am going, forsooth. The business is for Helen to come hither.

[Exit.

Count. Well, now.

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

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

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, she wish'd me; alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son;

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

Here is an allusion, violently enough forced in, to satirize the obstinacy with which the Puritans refused the use of the ecclesiastical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of union, and, perhaps, to inculcate, that the most pious purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride.
Fortune, she said, was no Goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no Queen of Virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight to be surpriz'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharge'd this honestly, keep it to yourself; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt; pray you, leave me; fall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care; I will speak with you further anon.

[Exit Steward.

Fortune was no Goddess, she said, for one Reason; Love, no God, for another;—what could she then more naturally subjoin, than as I have amended in the Text?

Diana, no Queen of Virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight to be surpriz'd without Rescue, &c.

For in Poetical History Diana was as well known to prelude over Chastity, as Cupid over Love, or Fortune over the Change of Regulation of our Circumstances.

Theobald.

SCENE
THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE VII.

Enter Helena.

Count. Ev'n so it was with me, when I was young;
If we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is imprest in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, O! then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now._

Hel. What is your pleasure, Madam?
Count. Helen, you know, I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable mistress.
Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? when I said a mother,
Methought, you saw a serpent; what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I'm your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those,
That were enwombed mine; 'tis 'often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:
God's mercy! maiden, do's it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this dislimper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eyes?
Why,—that you are my daughter?

2 By our remembrances ] That is, according to our recollection.
So we say, he is old by my reckoning.
3 Such were our faults, or then we thought them none. ] We should read,

—O! then we thought them none.

A motive for pity and pardon; agreeable to fact, and the indulgent charact' of the speaker.
This was sent to the Oxford Ed&itor, and he altered O, to tho'.

Warburton.

Hel.
Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, Madam.

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

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, Madam, would you were. (So that my lord, your son, were not my brother) Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers I care no more for, than I do for heav'n. So I were not his sister: can't no other, But I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;

This break, in her discovery, is exceeding pertinent and fine, Here again the Oxford Editor does his part. Warburton. I do not much yield to this emendation; yet I have not been able to please myself with any thing to which even my own partiality can give the preference. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, Or were you both our mothers, I cannot ask for more than that of heaven. So I were not his sister; can be no other Way I your daughter, but he must be my brother? 5 Can't no other, But, I your daughter, he must be my brother. The meaning is obscure'd by the elliptical diction Can it be no other way, but if I be your daughter be must be my brother?
God shield, you mean it not, daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse! what, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness.—"Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your sate tears' head; now to all sense 'tis gross;
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not; therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so. For, look, thy cheeks
Confess it one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected; I speak, is't so?
If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew.
If it be not, forswear't; how'er, I charge thee,
As heav'n shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose

---Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness,
and find
Your sate tears' head:——

The Mystery of her Loneliness
is beyond my comprehension:
The old Countess is saying nothing ironical, nothing taunting,
or in Reproach, that this Word
should find a place here; which
it could not, unless farcatically employed,
and with some spleen.
I dare warrant, the Poet meant,
his old Lady should say no more than this: "I now find the My-
tery of your creeping into
Corners, and weeping, and
Pining in secret." For this
Reason I have amended the Text,
Loneliness. The Steward, in the
foregoing Scene, where he gives
the Countess Intelligence of Helen's Behaviour, says:

Alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own
Words to her own Ears.

Theobald.

Your sate tears' head]
The source, the fountain of your tears,
the cause of your grief.
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

_Hel._ Then, I confes,
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your son:
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love;
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him;
Yet never know, how that desert shall be.
I know, I love in vain: strive against hope;
Yet, in this _captious and intemible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still; thus, _Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The fun that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest Madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
With chaftly, and love dearly, that your _Dian_
Was both herself and love; 'O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend, and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that, which search implies;
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

_Count._ Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

_Hel._ Madam, I had.

_Count._ Wherefore? tell true.

---

_8 Captious and intemible sieve.]_ The word _captious_ I never found in this sense; yet I cannot tell what to substitute, unless curious for rotten, which yet is a word more likely to have been mistaken by the copyers than used by the author.

_Hel._
Hel. I will tell truth; by Grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov’d effects; such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sov’reignty; and that he will’d me,
Into needfull refreshment to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv’d, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The King is render’d lost.

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

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

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

Hel. There’s something hints
More than my father’s skill, (which was the great’st
Of his Profession,) that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified

9 Notes, whose faculties inclusive. Receipts in which
greater virtues were included than
appeared to observation.
1 There’s something in’t
More than my father’s skill——
——that his good receipt, &c.
Here is an inference, [that] without
anything preceding, to

which it refers, which makes the
sentence vicious, and shews that
we should read,

There’s something hints
More than my father’s skill,——
——that his good receipt——
i.e. I have a secret premonition
or preface. Warren.

By
By th' luckiest stars in heav'n; and, would your ho-
nour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-loft life of mine on his Grace's Cure,
By such a day and hour.
  Count. Doft thou believ't?
  Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.
  Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and
  love:
Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
To those of mine in Court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Begone, to morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.
  [Exeunt.

---

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of France.

Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave
for the Florentine war. Bertram and Parolles.

Flourish Cornets.

KING.

Farewel, young Lords. These warlike principles
Do not throw from you. You, my Lords,
farewel;

Share

2 In all the latter copies these lines stood thus:
Farewel, young Lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you. You, my Lords, farewel;
Share the advice betwixt you;
if both again,

The gift doth stretch itself on 'tis receiv'd.] The third line in that state was unintelligible. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads thus:

Farewel young Lord, these warlike principles

Du
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

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

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not consents, it owns the malady
That doth my life besiege; farewell, young Lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen; 3 let higher Italy

Do not throw from you; you, my
Lord, farewell;
Share the advice betwixt you;
if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

The first edition, from which
the piagle is restored, was sufficiently clear; yet it is plain, that
the latter Editors preferred a reading
which they did not understand.

3 ——— let higher Italy
(Those 'hated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy;) see, &c.
This is obscure. Italy, at the time of this scene, was under three very different tenures. The emperor, as successor of the Roman emperors, had one part; the pope, by a pretended donation from Constantine, another; and the third was compro'd of free states. Now by the last monarchy is meant the Roman, the last of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the scramble, several cities set up for themselves, and became free states: now these
might be said properly to inherit the fall of the monarchy. This being premised, let us now consider sense. The King says, higher Italy;—giving it the rank of preference to France; but he corrects himself and says, I except those from that precedence, who only inherit the fall of the last monarchy; as all the little petty states; for instance, Florence to whom these volunteers were going. As if he had said, I give the place of honour to the emperor and the pope, but not to the free states.

Warburton.
The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Apennine Hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the side next the Adriatic was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower; and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction, the Adriatic being called the upper Sea, and the Tyrrhenian or Tuscan the lower. Now the Sannites or Sennai with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at war inhabited the higher

Vol. III.
Those bated, that inherit but the Fall
Of the last Monarchy; see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The brave St. Questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I say, farewel.

Lord. Health at your bidding serve your Majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy——take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand. *Beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Lady. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me. [To Bertram.

[Exit.

Lord. Oh, my sweet Lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark——

Itali., their chief town being
Ariminum now called Rimini upon
the Adriatick.

Sir T. Hanmer reads,
They bated, that inherit, &c.
with this note.

Reflecting upon the deject and
degenerate condition of the Ci-
ties and States which arose out
of the ruins of the Roman Em-
pire, the last of the four great
Monarchies of the World.

Hanmer.

Dr. Warburton's observation is
learned, but rather too subtle;
Sir Tho. Hanmer's alteration is
merely arbitrary. The passage is
confessedly obscure, and there-
fore I may offer another ex-
planation. I am of opinion that
the epithet higher is to be un-
derstood of situation rather than
dignity. The sense may then
be this, Let us for Italy, where you
are to exercise your valour, see
that you come to gain honour, to
the abatement, that is, to the
degrance and depression of it;
that have now lost their ancient
military fame, and inherit but the
fall of the last monarchy. To
abate is used by Shakespeare in
the original sense of abate, to
depress, to sink, to deject, to sub-
due. So in Coriolanus,
——til ignorance deliver you,
As most abated captives to just
nation
That won you without blow.
And bated is used in a kindred
sense in the Jew of Venice.
——in a bondman's key
With bated breath and whif-
spring humblenes.

The word has still the same
meaning in the language of the
law.

* — Beware of being cap-
tives,
Before you serve.] The word
serve is equivocal; the sense is,
Be not captives before you serve
in the war. Be not captives be-
fore you are soldiers.

2 Lord.
2 Lord. Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.—
Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, 'tis away bravely.

Ber. Shall I stay here the forchore to a smock,
Creeking my shoes on the plain masonry,
'Till Honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with? by heav'n, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, Count.

2 Lord. I am your accoury, and so farewell.
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a torturd
body.

1 Lord. Farewel, Captain.

2 Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!—
Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin;
good sparks and luftrous. A word, good metals.
You shall find in the regiment of the Spini, one captain Spurio with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here
on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd
it; say to him, I live, and observe his reports of me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what will
ye do?

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

You shall find in the regiment of the Spini, one Captain Spurio,
his Cicatrice, with an Emblem of War here on his sinister cheek;
It is surprising, none of the Editors could see that a slight Trans-
position was absolutely necessary here, when there is not common
Sense in the Passaje, as it stands without such Transposition. Par-
olles only means, "You shall find one Captain Spurio in the
Camp with a Scar on his left "Cheek, a Mark of War that
my Sword gave him."

Theobald.
Ber. Stay; the King——

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble Lords, you have restrain’d yourself within the lift of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them, for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv’d star; and tho’ the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow’d: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most finey sword-men. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter the King, and Lafeu. [Lafeu kneels.

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.
King. I’ll fee thee to stand up.
Laf. Then here’s a man stands, that hath bought his pardon.
I would, you had kneel’d, my Lord, to ask me mercy; And that at my bidding you could so stand up.
King. I would, I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask’d thee mercy for’t.

7 they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, &c.] The main obscurity of this passage arises from the mistake of a single letter. We should read, instead of, do muster, to muster. ——To wear themselves in the cap of the time, signifies to be the foremost in the fashion: the figurative allusion is to the gallantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their mistrel’s favours in their caps. ——there to muster true gait, signifies to assemble together in the high road of the fashion. All the rest is intelligible and easy.

Warburton.

I think this emendation cannot be said to give much light to the obscurity of the passage. Perhaps it might be read thus, They do muster with the true gait, that is, they have the true military step. Every man has observed something peculiar in the strut of a soldier.

Laf.
Laf. Good faith, * acrofs:— but, my good Lord, ’tis thus;
Will you be cur’d of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
9 Yes, but you will, my noble grapes; an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine,
That’s able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to arouse King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in’s hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor-she: my Lord, there’s one arriv’d,
If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, 1 her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amaz’d me more
Than I dare blame my weaknesses: will you see her,
For that is her Demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

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

8 — acrofs:—] This word, as has been already observed, is used when any pas of wit mis-carries.
9 Ye, but you will, my noble grapes; an if ] These words, my noble grapes, seem to Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Han- ner, to stand so much in the way, that they have silently omitted them. They may be in-deed rejected without great loss, but I believe they are Shake-speare’s words. You will eat, says Lafeu, no grapes. Yes, but you will eat such noble grapes as I bring you, if you could reach them.

——— her sex, profession,] By profession is meant her declara-tion of the end and purpose of her coming.

——— Warburton.

Lafl
Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit Lafeu.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Laf. [Returns.] Nay, come your ways.

[Bringing in Helena,

King. This haste hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nav, come your ways,
This is his Majesty, say your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His Majesty seldom fears: I'm Cressid's uncle, ²
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [Exit.

SCENE III.

King. Now, fair One, do's your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good Lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praise toward him;
Knowing him, is enough: on's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have so;
And hearing your high Majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour ³
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,

² — Cressid's uncle, ] See we may better read,

Treto and Cressid.

³ — wherein the power

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in honour, ] Perhaps

When
THAT ENDS WELL.

When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her unaidable estate: we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empericks; or to disfavour so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

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

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

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest against remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dry’d,
When miracles have by th’ greatest been deny’d.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind
Maid;
Thy pains, not us’d, must by thyself be paid:

† When miracles have by th’
greatest been deny’d. ] I do
not see the import or connection
of this line. As the next line
stands without a correspondent
rhyme, I suspect that something
has been lost.
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

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

_King._ Art thou so confident? within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

_Hel._ The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist _Hesperus_ hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glafs
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your found parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

_King._ Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

_Hel._ Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name

_Sear'd_

---

5 *Myself against the level of mine aim:* i.e. pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my condition.  

_Warburton._

I rather think that the means to say, I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another, that proclaim a cure and aim at a fraud; I think what I speak.

6 _a divulged shame_

_Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name_  

_Sear'd otherwise, no worse of worst extended;_  

_With cruel torture let my life be ended._] This passage is apparently
Sear'd otherwise, no worse of worst extended;
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed Spirit doth speak
His powerful found, within an organ weak;

And

parently corrupt, and how shall it be rectified? I have no great hope of success, but something must be tried. I read the whole thus,

King. What darest thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A sotnupet's boldness; a divulged shame,
Tradec'd by odious ballads my maiden name;
Sear'd otherwise, to worst of worst extended;
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

When this alteration first came into my mind, I supposed Helen to mean thus, First, I venture what is dearest to me, my maiden reputation; but if your distrust extends my character to the worst of the worst, and supposes me feared against the sense of infamy, I will add to the stake of reputation, the stake of life. This certainly is sense, and the language as grammatical as many other passages of Shakespeare. Yet we may try another experiment.

Fear otherwise to worst of worst extended;
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

That is, let me act under the greatest terrors possible.

Yet once again we will try to find the right way by the glimmer of Haun's emendation, who reads thus,

——— my maiden name
Sear'd; otherwise the worst of worst extended, &c.
Perhaps it were better thus,

——— my maiden name
Sear'd; otherwise the worst to worst extended;
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

Methinks, in thee some blessed Spirit doth speak
His powerful found, within an organ weak;]. To speak a found is a barbarism: For to speak signifies to utter an articulate sound, i.e. a voice. So Shakespeare, in Love's Labour Lost, says with propriety, And when love speaks the voice of all the Gods. To speak a found therefore is improper, tho' to utter a found is not; because the word utter may be applied either to an articulate or inarticulate. Besides, the construction is vicious with the two ablatives, in thee, and, within an organ weak. The lines therefore should be thus read and pointed,

Methinks, in thee some blessed Spirit doth speak:
His powerful founds within an organ weak.

But the O for Eff: Editor would be only to far behelden to this emendation, as to enable him to make sense of the lines another way, whatever be some of the rules of criticism or ingenuity. It
And what impossibility would fly
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet Practiser, thy physic I will try;
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserve! Not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

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

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

Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuse from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:

But

It powerful hands within an organ weak.

May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee.

Youth, Beauty, wisdom, courage, all.
The tree wants a foot. Virtue, by mischance, has dropt out of the line.

King. Make thy Demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my scepter, and my hope of help. The King could have but a very slight Hope of Help from her, scarce enough to swear by: and therefore Helen might suspect he meant to equivocate with her. Besides, observe, the greatest Part of the Scene is strictly in Rhime; and there is no Shadow of Reason why it should be interrupted here. I rather imagine the Poet wrote,

A
y, by my scepter, and my

Of Heaven. Thirley.

With any branch or image

Shakespeare unquestionably wrote Impage, grafting, Impe a graft, or Itep
THAT ENDS WELL.

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

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

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to Roussillon.

Enter Countess and Clown.

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

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

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

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

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

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks;
or funder: by which she means Caxton calls our Prince Arthur,
one of the sons of France. So that noble Impe of fame. Warb. the
the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quan to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

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

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

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

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

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

Clo. O Lord, Sir—— there's a simple putting off——more, more, a hundred of them.

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

Clo. O Lord, Sir——thick, thick, spare not me.

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

Clo. O Lord, Sir——nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

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

3 To be young again,——] The lady centrifuges her own levity in trifling with her jefer, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth.

4 O Lord, Sir,——] A ridicule on that foolish expulsive of speech then in vogue at court.

Warburton

Clo.
THAT ENDS WELL.

Clo. O Lord, Sir—spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, Sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? indeed, your O Lord, Sir, is very frequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—O Lord, Sir; I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

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

Clo. O Lord, Sir—why, there's serves well again.

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

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much employment for you, you understand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Hasten you again. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Court of France.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

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

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

Ber. And so 'tis.

5 — unknown fear.] Fear is here the object of fear.

Laf,
Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists——
Par. So I say, both of Galen and Paracelsus. 6
Laf. Of all the learned and authentick Fellows——
Par. Right, so I say.
Laf. That gave him out incurable——
Par. Why, there 'tis, so say I too.
Laf. Not to be help'd——
Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of an——
Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death——
Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.
Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
Par. It is, indeed, if you will have it in shewing,
you shall read it in, what do you call there——
Laf. A shewing of a heav'ly effect in an earthly actor. 7
Par. That's it, I would have said the very fame.

6 Par. So I see; both of Galen and Paracelsus.
Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows——]
Shakespeare, as I have often observed, never throws out his words at random. Paracelsus, tho' no better than an ignorant and knavish enthusiast was at this time in such vogue, even amongst the learned, that he had almost jilted Galen and the ancients out of credit. On this account learned is applied to Galen; and authentick or fashionable to Paracelsus. Sancy, in his Confession Catholique, p. 391. Ed. Col. 1720, is made to say, Je trouve la Religion premier Medecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens la. Il est bon Galenicite, & tres bon Paracelenite. Il dit que la doctrine de Galien est honorable, & non mespisable pour la pathologie, & profitable pour les Boutiques. L'autre, pourvoeu que ce fait de vrais preceptes de Paracelse, est bonne à suivre pour la verité, pour la subtilité, pour l'esparange; en femme pour la Therapeutique. Warburton. As the whole merriment of this scene consists in the pretensions of Paroles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not, I believe here are two passages in which the words and sense were bestowed upon him by the copyists, which the author gave to Lafin. I read this passage thus,
Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: for me, I speak in respect——
Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinerious spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——
Laf. Very hand of heav'n.
Par. Ay, so I say.
Laf. In a most weak——
Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made than alone the recovery of the King, as to be——
Laf. Generally thankful.

SCENE VI.

Enter King, Helena, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it, you said well. Here comes the King.
Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says. I'll like a Maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a Corrantio.
Par. Mort du Vinaigre! is not this Helena?
Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.
King. Go, call before me all the Lords in court.

8 — which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, &c.] Between the words us and a farther, there seems to have been two or three words dropt, which appear to have been to this purpose—should, indeed, give us [notice, that there is of this,] a farther use to be made — so that the passage should be read with afterlits for the future.

WARDURTON.

I cannot see that there is any hiatus, or other irregularity of language than such as is very common in these plays. I believe Parolles has again usurped words and sense to which he has no right; and I read this passage thus.

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

Par. As to be.
Laf. Generally thankful.
Sir, my preserver, by thy patient's side;  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promis'd gift:  
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye; this youthful parcel  
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sov'reign power and father's voice  
I have to use; thy frank election make;  
Thou hast power to chuse, and they none to forfake.

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

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken 9 than these boys,  
And writ as little beard.

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

She addresseth herself to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath, through me, restor'd  
The King to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.  
Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,  
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—

Please it your Majesty, I have done already:  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

"We blush that thou shouldst chuse, but be refin'd;  
"Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;  
"We'll ne'er come there again.

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

9 A broken mouth is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth.

1 Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever, Shakespeare, I think, wrote death; i.e. want of blood, or more figuratively barrenness, want of fruit or issue. Warburton. The white death is the chlorosis.
THAT ENDS WELL.

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

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, Sir:——all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw amesse
ace for my life.

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

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

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

Laf. Do all they deny her? 3 if they were sons of
mine, I'd have them whipt, or I would send them to
the Turk to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her;
sure, they are bawards to the English, the French ne'er
get 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a fon out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

* And to imperial Love,—*

The old editions read IMPAR-
tial, which is right. Love who
has no regard to difference of
condition, but yokes together
high and low, which was her
cate. WARBURTON.

There is no edition of this
play older than that of 1623,
the next is that of 1632, of
which both read imperial: the
second reads imperial Love.

3 Laf. Do they all deny her?]
None of them have yet denied
her, or deny her afterwards but
Bertram. The scene must be so
regulated that Lafëu and Parolles
talk at a distance, where they
may see what passes between He-
lena and the lords, but not hear
it, so that they know not by
whom the refusal is made.
Laf. 4 There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drunk wine.—But if thou be'st not an als, I am a youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; but I give Me and my service, ever whilst I live, Into your guided power: this is the man. [To Bertram:

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

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

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

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

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

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

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which I can build up: strange is it, that our bloods, Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off: In differences, so mighty. If she be All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st, A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st

4 There's one grape yet,—] This speech the three last editors have perplexed themselves by dividing between Lofew and Parlors, without any authority of copies, or any improvement of sense. I have restored the old reading, and should have thought no explanation necessary, but that Mr. Tasbald apparently misun-derstood it.

Old Lofew having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as boys of ice, throwing his eyes on Bertram who remained, cried out, There is one yet into whose his father put good blood,—but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an ost.
Of virtue for the name: but do not so.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a drop'd honour; 'tis good alone
Is good, without a name vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title: She is young, wife, fair;
In these, to nature she's immediate heir;

Whence from lowest place virtuous things proceed, This easy Correction was prescribed by Dr. Thiriby. Theobald.

Is good without a name. Vileness is so. The text is here corrupted into nonense. We should read,

Is good; and, with a name, vileness is so.

i.e. good is good, tho' there be no addition of title; and vileness is vileness, tho' there be.
The Oxford Editor, understanding nothing of this, strikes out vileness and puts in its place, intself. Warburton.

The present reading is certainly wrong, and, to confess the truth, I do not think Dr. Warburton's emendation right; yet I have nothing that I can propose with much confidence. Of all the conjectures that I can make, that which least displeases me is this:

Is good without a name; Helen is so;
The rest follows easily by this change.

She is young, wife, fair;
In these, to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour;]
The objection was, that Helen

And had neither riches nor title: To this the King replies, she's the immediate heir of nature, from whom she inherits youth, wisdom, and beauty. The thought is fine. For by the immediate heir to nature, we must understand one who inherits wisdom and beauty in a supreme degree. From hence it appears that young is a faulty reading, for that does not, like wisdom and beauty, admit of different degrees of excellence; therefore she could not, with regard to that, be said to be the immediate heir of nature; for in that she was only joint-heir with all the rest of her species. Besides, tho' wisdom and beauty may breed honour, yet youth cannot be said to do so. On the contrary, it is age which has this advantage. It seems probable that some foolish player when he transcribed this part, not apprehending the thought, and wondering to find youth not reckoned amongst the good qualities of a woman when she was propsoed to a lord, and not considering that it was comprised in the word fair, foisted in young, to the exclusion of a word much more to the purpose. For I make no question but Shakespeare wrote,

She is good, wife, fair. Y2

For
And these breed honour: That is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where duff and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed. What should be said?
If thou can't like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she,
Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

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

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

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the rest go. ———

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defend,

For the greatest part of her encumbrance turned upon her virtue.
To omit this therefore in the recapitulation of her qualities, had been against all the rules of good speaking. Nor let it be objected that this is requiring an exactness in our author which we should not expect. For he who could reason with the force our author doth here, (and we ought always to distinguish between Shakespeare on his guard and in his rambles) and illustrate that reasoning with such beauty of thought and propriety of expression, could never make use of a word which quite destroyed the exactness of his reasoning, the propriety of his thought, and the elegance of his expression.

Warburton.

Here is a long note which I will have been shorter. God is better than young, as it refers to bow.' But she is more the immediate heir of nature with respect to youth than goodness. To be immediate heir is to inherit without any intervening transmitter: thus she inherits beauty immediately from nature, but honour is transmitted by ancestors; youth is received immediately from nature, but goodness may be conceived in part the gift of parents, or the effect of education. The alteration therefore loses on one side what it gains on the other.

My honour's at the stake; which to defeat

The poor King of France is again made a Man of Godam, by our unmerciful Editors. For he is not to make use of his Authority to defeat, but to defend, his Honour.

Theobald.

I must
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand, 
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift! 
That dost in vile misprision shackleshoot 
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream, 
We, poizing us in her defective scale, 
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know, 
It is in us to plant thine honour, where 
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt: 
Obey our will, which travels in thy good; 
Believe not thy disdain, but presently 
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right, 
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims; 
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever 
Into the staggerer, 1 and the careless lapse 
Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate 
Loosening upon thee in the name of justice, 
Without all terms of pity. Speak, thine answer. 

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I submit 
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider, 
What great creation, and what dole of honour 
Flies where you bid; I find, that she, which late 
Was in my nobler thoughts moost base, is now 
The praised of the King; * who, so enobled, 
Is, as twere, born so.

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

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the King 
Smile upon this contract! whose ceremony 
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief, 2

And

1 Into the staggerers, ———

One species of the staggerer, or
the hores apoplexy, is a raging
impatience which makes the ani-
mal dash himself with destructive
violence against posts or walls.

2 ——— whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-
born brief; And be perform'd to night; ———
A L L's W E L L,
And be perform'd to night; the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'lt her,
Thy love's to me religious; else does err. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Mumet Parolles and Laietu.

Laf. Do you hear, Monsieur? a word with you.
Par. Your pleasure, Sir?
Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.
Par. Recantation?—my Lord? my Master?
Laf. Ay, is it not a language I speak?
Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?
Laf. Are you companion to the Count Roussillon?
Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.
Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's master is of another file.
Par. You are too old, Sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.—
Laf. I must tell thee, Sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.
Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass; yet the sarsufs and the ban-

This, if it be at all intelligible, is at least obscure and inaccurate. Perhaps it was written thus,

Shall seem extant on the new-born brief,
Shall be perform'd to night; the solemn feast
Shall more attend ———

The brief is the contract of espau-

- sol, or the licence of the church.
The king means, What ceremony is necessary to make this contract a marriage, shall be immediately performed; the rest may be delayed.

— for two ordinaries,
While I sat twice with thee at table.
merets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee

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

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

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

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

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

Par. Well, I shall be wiser

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

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

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

Par.
Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; 7 scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord!—well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were-double and double a Lord, I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—l'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your Lord and Master's married, there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unsignificantly beseech your Lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

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

age will give me leave. 7 Here is a line lost after p. 176; so that it should be distinguished by a break with asterisks. The very words of the lost line it is impossible to retrieve; but the sense is obvious enough. For dying I am p. 176; age has deprived me of much of my force and vigour, yet I have still enough to shew the world I can do myself right, as I will by thee, in what manner [or in the best manner] age will give me leave. Warburton.

This suspicion of a chain is groundless. The conceit which is so thin that it might well escape a haughty reader, is in the word p. 176, I am past, as I will be past by the.

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

Warburton.

Par.
Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my Lord.  
Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more s区域内了 with lords and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you.  
[Exit.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Bertram.

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

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn Priest I've sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

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

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

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my boy, to th' wars.

He wears his honour in a box, unseen,  
That hugs his kicksy-wicky here at home;  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of Mars's fiery steed: to other regions  
France is a stable, we that dwell in't jades,  
Therefore to th' war.

Ber. It shall be so, I'll send her to my house,

3 In former copies:  
heraldry.] Sir Tho. Hamner restored.
—than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you

Acquaint
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King  
That which I durst not speak. His present gift  
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,  
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife  
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?  
Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me;  
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow  
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

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

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:  
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,  
The King has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so,

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?  
Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health; she's  
very merry, but yet she is not well: but, thanks be  
given, she's very well, and wants nothing in the world;  
but yet she is not well.

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

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

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heav'n, whither God  
send her quickly; the other, that she's in earth, from  
whence God send her quickly!

9 To the dark house,—] The  
dark house is a house made gloomy  
by discontent. Milton says of  
death and the king of Hell pre-
paring to combat,

[Exeunt.
Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate Lady!

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

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

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her mony, I would, she did, as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, Sir, before a knave, th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

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

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the search, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i'faith, and well fed. Madam, my Lord will go away to night, A very serious business calls on him. The great prerogative and rite of love, Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge; But puts it off by a compell'd restraint: Whole want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets Which they distil now in the curbed time, To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,

*Whole want, and whose delay, &c.* The sweets with which this want are strew'd, I suppose, are compliments and professions of kindness.

And
And pleasure drown the brim.

_Hel._ What's his will else?

_Par._ That you will take your instant leave o'th' King,
And make this hafte as your own good proceeding;
Strengthen'd with what apology, you think,
May make it probable need.  *

_Hel._ What more commands he?
_Par._ That having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

_Hel._ In every thing I wait upon his will.

_Par._ I shall report it so.  

_[Exit Parolles._

_Hel._ I pray you.—Come, Sirrah.  

_[To Clown._

_[Exeunt._

**Scene X.**

_Enter Lafeu and Bertram._

_Laf._ But, I hope, your Lordship thinks not him a
soldier.

_Ber._ Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

_Laf._ You have it from his own deliverance.

_Ber._ And by other warranted testimony.

_Laf._ Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark
for a bunting.

_Ber._ I do assure you, my Lord, he is very great in
knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

_Laf._ I have then finned against his experience, and
transgres'd against his valour; and my state that way
is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to re-
pent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I
will pursue the amity.

_Enter Parolles._

_Par._ These things shall be done, Sir.

_Laf._ I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?
Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; I, Sir, he, Sir's, a good workman; a very good taylor.

Ber. Is she gone to the King? [Aside to Parolles.]

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to night?

Par. As you'll have her.

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

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

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my Lord and you, Monsieur?

Par. I know not, how I have deferred to run into my Lord's displeasure.

Laf. 3 You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

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

Laf. And shall do so ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monsieur, I have

3 You have made shift to run into't, Boots and Spars and all, like him that leapt into the Custard: This odd Allusion is not introduced without a View to Satire. It was a Foolery practis'd at City-Entertainments, whilst the

Fester or Zany, was in Vogue, for him to jump into a large deep Custard: set for the Purpos, to set on a Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh; as our Poet says in his Hamlet. THEOBALD.
spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

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

SCENE XI.

Enter Helena.

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

Ber. I shall obey his will.

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

[Giving a letter]

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

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

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out That, Wher'in tow'd me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let That go:

My haste is very great. Farewel; hie home.

Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a tim'rous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much——nothing, indeed——
I would not tell you what I would, my Lord——'faith, yes;——

Strangers and foes do funder, and not kifs.

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

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

[Exit Helena.

Ber. Where are my other men, Monsieur?——farewel.

Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Courage! [Execunt.

* In former copies:
Hel. I shall not break your Bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other Men? Monsieur, farewel.
Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come.

What other Men is Helen here enquiring after? Or who is the suppos'd to ask for them? The old Countes, 'tis certain, did not send her to the Court without some Attendants: but neither the Clown, nor any of her Retinue, are now upon the Stage: Bertram, observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a Shew of Haste, asks Parolles for his Servants, and then gives his Wife an abrupt Dismission. Theobald.

A C T
ACT III. SCENE I:

The Duke's Court in Florence.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords, with Soldiers.

DUKE.

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

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

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

2 Lord. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield, 5
But like a common and an outward man, 6
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion; 7 therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nation,
That forfeit on their ease, will day by day

5 — I cannot yield,] I cannot inform you of the reasons.
6 — an outward man,) i.e. one not in the secret of affairs.
7 By self-unable motion;—] We should read notion.
THAT ENDS WELL.

Come here for phystick.

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

SCENE II.

Changes to Roussillon, in France.

Enter Countess, and Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd, all as I would have had it;
Save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a
very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing;
mend his ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing;
pick his teeth, and sing. I knew a man that had this
trick of melancholy, fold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he
means to come. [Reads the letter.

Clo. I have no mind to Ibel, since I was at court.
Our old ling, and our Ibel's o'th' country, are nothing
like your old ling, and your Ibel's o'th' court: the
brain of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love,
as an old man loves mony, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit.

Countess reads a letter.

I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered
the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bed-
ded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall
bear, I am run away; know it, before the report come.

Vol. III.
If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate Son,
Bertram.

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

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady.
Count. What is the matter?
Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.
Count. Why should he be kill'd?
Clo. So say I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in standing to't; that's the los of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear, your son was run away.

SCENE III.

Enter Helena, and two Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good Madam.
Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.—
2 Gen. Do not say so.
Count. Think upon patience—'Pray you, gentlemen,
I've felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son?
2 Gen.
2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward, for thence we came;
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, Madam; here's my passport.

When thou canst get the ring upon my finger; which
never shall come off; and shew me a child begotten
of thy body that I am father to, then call me hus-
band: but in such a Then I write a Never.

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gen. Ay, Madam, and, for the contents' sake,
are sorry for our pains.

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

2 Gen. Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

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

Count. Return you thither?

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

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Warburton. I think Dr. Warburton's ex-
planation sufficient, but I once read it thus, When thou canst get
the ring upon thy finger, which
never shall come off mine.

Z 2

Hel.
Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, hapy, which his heart was not contenting to.

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

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

Count. Paroles, was't not?

1 Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.

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

1 Gen. Indeed, good lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have. 9

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you see my son, to tell him, that his sword can never win the honour that he loses: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

2 Gen. We serve you, Madam, in that and all your worthiest affairs. 1

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near? [Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.

--- a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.]
That is, his vices stain him in head. Hiles had before deliver'd this thought in all the beauty of expression.
--- I know him a notorious liar; Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fine words fit so fit in him,
That they take place, noble virtue's stately robes
Look bleak in the cold wind—
But the Oxford Editor reads, Which houes him not much to bave.

Warburton.

The gentlemen declare that they are servants to the Countess, she replies, No otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility.
Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France;
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rouillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chafe thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I,
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Waited at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,²
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord:
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effect'd. Better 'twere,
I met the rav'n'ing lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miseries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rouillon;
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar;
As oft it loses all. I will be gone;
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
A L L's W E L L,
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Duke's Court in Florence.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Drum
and Trumpets, Soldiers, Parolles.

Duke. T H E General of our Horse thou art, and
we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

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

Duke. Then go forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosp'rous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

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

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Rouillon in France.

Enter Countess and Steward.

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

LET-
LETTER.

I am * St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With santeed vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may bie;
Bles him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despightful † Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

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

Count. What angel shall
Bles this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unles her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rynaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;

* — St. Jaques’ pilgrim,—] I do not remember any place fa-
mous for pilgrimages consecrated in Italy to St. James, but it is
common to visit St. James of Compostella, in Spain. Another
aunt might easily have been found, Florence being somewhat
out of the road from Rouffillon to Compostella.
† [Juno.] Alluding to the story of Hercules.
3 Advice, is discretion or thought.
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief;
Tho' little he do feel it, let down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger;
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return, and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense
To make distinction; provide this messenger;
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Changes to a publick Place in Florence.

A Tucket asfar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and
Mariana, with other Citizens.

Wid. NAY, come. For if they do approach the
     city, we shall lose all the sight.

Diu. They say, the French Count has done most
     honourable service.

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

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

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

Mar. I know that knave, 'hang him!' one Par-
     rolles; a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the
     young Earl; beware of them, Diana; their promises,
     entice-
enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of
love, are not the things they go under; many a maid
hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, ex-
ample, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maiden-
hood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that
they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I
hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope,
your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' 
there were no further danger known, but the modesty
which is so loft.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, disguis'd like a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim; I
know, she will lie at my house; thither they send
one another; I'll question her: God save you, pil-
grim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To St. Jaques le Grand. Where do the pal-
mers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the St. Francis, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [A March afar off.

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this
way.

4 are not the things they go un-
der;] Mr. Theobald explains
these words by, They are not
really so true and sincere as in ap-
tenance they seem to be. He
found something like this sense
would fit the passage, but wheth-
er the words would fit the sense
he seems not to have considered.
The truth is, the negative par-
ticle should be struck out, and
the words read thus, are the
things they go under; i. e. they
make use of oaths, promises,
&c. to facilitate their design upon
us. The allusion is to the mi-
itary use of cover'd-ways, to fa-
cilitate an approach or attack;
and the Scene, which is a be-
fiegued city, and the persons spoken
of who are soldiers, make the
phrase very proper and natural.
The Oxford Editor has adopted
this correction, tho' in his usual
way, with a but; and reads, are
but the things they go under.

Warburton.

I think Theobald's interpretation
right; to go under the name
of any thing is a known ex-
pression. The meaning is, they
are not the things for which their
names would make them pass.
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hostels
As ample as myself.

\textit{Hel.} Is it yourself?

\textit{Wid.} If you shall please so, pilgrim:
\textit{Hel.} I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
\textit{Wid.} You came, I think, from France.
\textit{Hel.} I did so.
\textit{Wid.} Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

\textit{Hel.} His name, I pray you?
\textit{Dia.} The Count Roussillon: know you such a one?
\textit{Hel.} But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.

\textit{Dia.} Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported; for the King had married him
Against his liking. Think you, it is so?
\textit{Hel.} Ay, surely, meer the truth; I know his lady.
\textit{Dia.} There is a gentleman, that serves the Count,
Reports but coarsely of her.

\textit{Hel.} What's his name?
\textit{Dia.} Monsieur Paroles.
\textit{Hel.} Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd. 
\textit{Dia.} Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detestful lord.

\textit{Wid.} Ah! right; good creature! wheresoe'er she is

\footnote{examined. That is, question'd, doubted.}
THAT ENDS WELL.

Her heart weighs sadly; this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the am'rous Count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wid. He does, indeed;
And broke's with all, that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

SCENE VIII.

Drum and Colours. Enter Bertram, Parolles, Officers
and Soldiers attending.

Mar. The Gods forbid else!
Wid. So, now they come:
That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume; 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife! if he were honester,
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome gentle-
man?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest; yond's that same
knave, 7
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

— brokes —] Deals as a
broker.
7 yond's that same
knave,
That leads him to those Places;]
What Places? Have they been
talking of Brothels; or, indeed,
any particular Locality? I make
no Question but our Author
wrote,
That leads him to those Places.
I. e. such irregular Steps, to
Courfes of Debauchery, to not
loving his Wife. Theobald.

2
Hel.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?
Hel. Perchance, he's hurt i'th' battel.
Par. Lose our drum! well.—
Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look, he has spied us.
Wid. Marry, hang you!
[Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, &c.
Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!—
Wid. The troop is past: come, pilgrim, I will bring you,
Where you shall host: Of injoy'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.
Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Enter Bertram, and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my Lord, put him to't: let him have his way.
2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.
1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.
Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd in him?
1 Lord. Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman; he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise breaker, the

owner
owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

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

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

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

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

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't; when your

8 When your Lordship sees the bottom of his Success in't, and to what Metal this counterfeit Lump of Ours will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's Entertainment, your Inclining cannot be removed.] Lump of Ours has been the Reading of all the Editions. Ours, according to my Emendation, bears a Consonancy with the other Terms accompanying, (viz. Metal, Lump and melted) and helps the Propriety of the Poet's Thought: For if one Metaphor is kept up, and all the Words are proper and suitable to it. But, what is the Meaning of John Drum's Entertainment? Lefza several times afterwards calls Parolles, Tom Drum. But the Difference of the Chriilian Name will make none in the Explanation. There is an old motly Interlude, (print-ed in 1601) call'd Jack Drum's Entertainment: Or, the Comedie of Pagal and Katharine. In This, Jack Drum is a Servant of Intrigue, who is ever aiming at Projects, and always foil'd, and given
Lordship fees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal his counterfeit lump of Ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

SCENE X.

Enter Parolles.

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

Bcr. How now, Monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

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

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

given the Drop. And there is another old Piece (publisht'd in 1627) call'd, Apollo Prosving, in which I find these Expressions.

Thrurig. Thou Lozel, hast Slug infected you? Why do you give such kind Entertainment to that Cobweb? Scopas. It shall have Tom Drum's Entertainment; a Flag with a Fox-tail.

But both these Pieces are, perhaps, too late in Time, to come to the Assistance of our Author: so we must look a little higher. What is said here to Bertram is to this Effect. "My Lord, as you have taken this Fellow [Pa-rolles] into so near a Confidence, if, upon his being found a Counterfeit, you don't ca-

fheer him from your Favour, " then your Attachment is not to be removed"—I'll now subjoin a Quotation from Holin-.

exted, (of whose Books Shakspeare was a most diligent Reader) which will pretty well ascertain Drum's History. This Chrono-

loger, in his Description of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Sarsfield, (Mayor of Dublin in the Year 1531) and of his extravag-

tant Hospitality, subjoins, that no Gueft had ever a cold or for-

bidding Look from any Part of his Family: so that his Ports, or any other Officer, durst not, for both his Ears, give the simplest Man, that resorted to his House, Tom Drum's Entertainments, which is, to hale a Man in by the Head, and thrunt him out by both the Shoulders. 

THEOBALD.
THAT ENDS WELL

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

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

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

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

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

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

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

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

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

Par. I know not what the success will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, th'art valiant; and to the possibility

---

9 I will presently pen down my Dilemmas.] By this word, Paroles is made to inuinate that he had several ways, all equally certain, of recovering this Drum.

For a Dilemma is an argument that concludes both ways. 

WARBURTON.
of thy soldierish, will subscribe for thee; farewell.
Par. I love not many words.

Exit.

SCENE XI.

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

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

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

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

1 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we cafe him. He was first smoak'd by the old lord Lafeu; when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall fee, this very night.

2 Lord. I must go and look my twigs; he shall be caught.

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

2 Lord. As't please your lordship. I'll leave you.

[Exit.

*We have almost imboféd him.*

To imbof a deer, is to inclose him in a wood. Milton ues the same word.

Like that self-begotten bird
In 's Arabian woods emboss,
Which no second knowes or third.

Ber.
THAT ENDS WELL. 353

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you
The las I spoke of.
1 Lord. But you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i'th'wind,
Tokens and letters, which she did re-send;
And this is all I've done; she's a fair creature,
Will you go see her?
1 Lord. With all my heart, my Lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE XII.

Changes to the Widow's House.

Enter Helena, and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not, how I shall assure you further;
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these busineses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the Count he is my husband;
And what * to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you,
For you have shew'd me that, which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,

* To your sworn counsel.]

Vol. III. A a Which
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her consent,
As we'll direct her how, 'tis best to bear it.

4 Now his important blood will nought deny,
That she'll demand: a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

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

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

Hel. Why then, to night
Let us assay our plot; which if it speed,
5 Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;

4 Important here, and else-
where, is inpcrtae.
5 Is wicked meaning in a law-
ful deed; And lawful meaning in a law-
ful act.] To make this

GINGLING RIDDLE COMPLETE IN ALL ITS PARTS, WE SHOULD READ THE SE-

cond
THAT ENDS WELL.

And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it.—

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Part of the French Camp in Florence.

Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six
Soldiers in ambush.

LORD.

He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner; when you fall upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one amongst us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be th'interpreter.

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

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n such as you speak to me.

cond line thus,

And lawful meaning in a wicked act;

The sense of the two lines is this. It is a wicked meaning because the woman's intent is to deceive; but a lawful deed, because the man enjoys his own wife. Again, it is a lawful meaning because done by her to gain her husband's estranged affection, but it is a wicked act because he goes intentionally to commit adultery. The riddle concludes thus, Where both not sin and yet a sinful fact: i.e. Where neither of them sin, and yet it is a sinful fact on both sides; which conclusion, we see, requires the emendation here made.

WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads in the same sense,

Unlawful meaning in a lawful act.

A 2

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

Enter. Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock; within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say, I have done? it must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to snook me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find, my tongue is too foul-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [Aside.

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

Lord.

6 Some band of strangers in the adversary's entertainment. 7 The Instance.] The proof. 8 and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule. 9 We should read, Bajazet's mute, i. e. a
Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is? [Aside.
Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.
Lord. We cannot afford you so. [Aside.
Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say, it was in stratagem.
Lord. 'Twould not do. [Aside.
Par. Or to drown my cloaths, and say, I was stript.
Par. Though I swore, I leap'd from the window of the citadel—
Lord. How deep?
Par. Thirty fathom.
Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [Aside.
Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies; I would swear, I recover'd it.
Lord. You shall hear one anon. [Aside.
Par. A drum now of the enemies! [Alarum within.
Lord. Throco movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.
All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.
Par. Oh! ransom, ransom:—do not hide mine eyes. [They seize him and blindfold him.

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

Inter. Boskos wauwado; I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue; Kerelybonto,—Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Turkis mute. So in Henry V.
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth.
Warburton.

A a 3
Par.
Par. Oh!
Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray.

**Mancha rauincba dulche.**

Lord. Osceoribis dulchos volivorceo.

Inter. The General is content to spare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

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

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. Acordo linta.

Come on, thou art granted space. [Exit.

[ A short alarum within.

Lord. Go, tell the Count Roussillon and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves,
Inform 'em That.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lockt,

[Execunt.

**SCENE II.**

Changes to the Widow's House.

Enter Bertram, and Diana.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fou-

ticell.

Dia. No, my good Lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled Goddes,
And worth it with addition! but, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no Maiden, but a Monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your Mother was,
When your sweet self was got.
    Dia. She then was honest.
    Ber. So should you be.
    Dia. No.

My Mother did but duty: such, my Lord,
As you owe to your Wife.
    Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
    Dia. Ay, fo you serve us,

9 No more o' that!
I pr'ythee do not strive against
my vows:
I was compell'd to her. I know not well what Bertram
can mean by entreating Diana
not to strive against his vows.
Diana has just mentioned his
wife, so that the vows seem to
relate to his marriage. In this
sense not Diana, but Himself,
strives against his vows. His
vows indeed may mean vows
made to Diana; but, in that
case, to strive against is not pro-
perly used for to reject, nor does
this sense cohere well with his
first exclamation of impatience at
the mention of his wife. No
more of that! Perhaps we might
read,
    I pr'ythee do not strive against
    my vows.

Do not run upon that topick; talk
of anything else that I can bear
to hear.

I have another conceit upon
this passage, which I would be
thought to offer without much
confidence.
    No more of that!
    I pr'ythee do not strive—against
    my voice
    I was compell'd to her.
Diana tells him unexpectedly
of his wife. He answers with
perturbation. No more of that!
    I pr'ythee do not play the confes-
    for — against my own content I
    vows compelled to her.

When a young profligate finds
his courtship so gravely repressed
by an admonition of his duty,
he very naturally defiles the girl
not to take upon her the office of
a confessor.

A a 4
'Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true;
¹ What is not holy, that we swear not 'bides,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray tell me,

¹ What is not holy, that we swear 'not by,] Ye, nothing is more common than such kind of oaths. But Diana is not here accusing Bertram for swearing by a Being not holy, but for swearing to an unholy purpose; as is evident from the preceding lines.

'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth:

But the plain simple vow, that is vow'd true.

The line in question, therefore, is evidently corrupt, and should be read thus,

What is not holy, that we swear, not 'bides,

i.e. If we swear to an unholy purpose the oath abides not, but is dissolved in the making. This is an answer to the purpose. She subjoins the reason two or three lines after,

—this has no holding,
To swear by him, whom I profess to love,
That I will work against him.—

i.e. That oath can never hold, whose subject is to offend and displease that Being, whom I profess, in the act of swearing by him, to love and reverence.

—What may have misled the editors into the common reading was, perhaps, mistaking Ber-

Bert. How have I sworn!

Diana. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

Bert. What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'ſt to witness,
Diana. Then, pray tell me,
If I should swear, &c.

Bertram means to enforce his suit, by telling her, that he has bound himself to her, not by the petty professions usual among lovers, but by vows of greater solemnity. She then makes a proper and rational reply.
THAT ENDS WELL.

If I should swear by Jove's great Attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unseal'd;
At least in my opinion.

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

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such affairs
That we'll forswear ourselves. Give me that ring.

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

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?

Ber. It is an Honour 'longing to our House,
Bequeathed down from many Ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i'th' world
In me to lose.

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

Ber. Here, take my ring.
My House. my Honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

* To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him.]

This passage likewise appears to me corrupt She swears not by him whom the love, but by [fr-
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my Mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reason is most strong, and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu. 'till then; then, fail not: you have won
A Wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee.

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me.
You may so in the end. ———
My Mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she knew in her heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his Wife's dead: therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. * Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid;
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

——— Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid;
What! because Frenchmen were false, she,
That was an Italian, would marry nobody. The text is corrupted; and we should read,
——— Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry 'em that will, I'll live and die a maid.

i. e. since Frenchmen prove so crooked and perverse in their manners, let who will marry
them, I had rather live and die a maid, than venture upon them.
This she says with a view to Helen, who appeared so fond of her husband, and went th'o' so many
difficulties to obtain him.

Warburton.
The passage is very unimportant, and the old reading reasonable enough. Nothing is more common than for girls, on such occasions, to say in a pett what they do not think, or to think for a time what they do not finally resolve.

SCENE
SCENE III.

Changes to the French Camp in Florence.

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 Lord. You have not given him his Mother's letter?

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

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

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

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

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

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

2 Lord. Meekly our own traitors; and, as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, 'till they attain to their abhorrid ends; so

1 Lord.] The later Editors have with great liberality bestowed lordship upon these interlocutors, who, in the original edition, are called, with more propriety, Capt. E. and Capt. G. It is true that captain E. is in a former scene called Lord E. but the subordination in which they seem to act, and the timorous manner in which they converse, determines them to be only captains. Yet as the later readers of Shakespeare have been used to find them lords, I have not thought it worth while to degrade them in the margin.
he, that in this action contrives against his own Nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we shall not then have his company to night?

2 Lord. Not 'till after midnight; for he is dicted to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a measure of his own Judgment, wherein so curiously he hath set this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these Wars?

2 Lord. I hear, there is an overture of Peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a Peace concluded.

2 Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his Council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, Sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his Wife some two months since fled from his House, her pretence is a Pilgrimage to St. Jaques le Grand; which holy Undertaking, with most austerely sanctimony, she accomplish'd; and there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters,

4 In his proper stream o'erflows himself:] That is, betrays his own secrets; in his own talk. The reply shews that this is the meaning.

5 He might take a measure of his own judgment.] This is a very just and moral reason. But, t'em, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition.
which makes her story true, even to the point of her death; her Death itself (which could not be her office to say, is come) was faithfully confirm’d by the Rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry, that he’ll be glad of this.

1 Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2 Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter’d with a shame as ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish’d by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where’s your matter?

Serv. He met the Duke in the street, Sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his Lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there; if they were more than they can commend.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bertram.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the King’s tardness; here’s his Lordship now. How now, my Lord, is’t not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night dispatch’d sixteen businessees; a month’s
month’s length a-piece, by an abstrac of succes; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn’d for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain’d my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your Lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? come, bring forth this counterfeit module; h’as deceiv’d me, like a double-meaning prophet.

2 Lord. Bring him forth; h’as fete in the Stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv’d it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your Lordship already: the Stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk; he hath confess’d himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i’th Stocks; and what, think you, he hath confess’d?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your Lordship be in’t, as, I believe, you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

---

6 bring forth this counterfeit module; [This epithet is improper to a module, which protests to be the counterfeit of another thing. We should read medal. And this the Oxford Editor follows. Warburton. Module being the pattern of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow, who, by counterfeit virtue pretended to make himself a pattern.]
SCENE V.

Enter Parolles, with his interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes: Portotartarossa.

Inter. He calls for the tortures; what, will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pafty, I can say no more.

Interp. Bokho Chimurcho.

2 Lord. Bbibibando chicurmurco.

Inter. You are a merciful General. Our General bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Inter. First demand of him, how many Horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable; the troops are all scatter'd, and the Commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Inter. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do, I'll take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a paste-saving slave is this!

1 Lord. Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, that was his own phrase, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never truft a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

Inter. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I said, (I will say true,) or thereabouts, set down; for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord.
Lord. He's very near the truth in this.
Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.
Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.
Inter. Well, that's set down.
Par. I humbly thank you, Sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.
Inter. Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?
Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see; Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jacques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gram, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaunond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each; so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand Poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their caslocks, left they shake themselves to pieces.
Ber. What shall be done to him?
Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.
Inter. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i'th' camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?
Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them singly.
Inter. Do you know this Captain Dumain?
Par. I know him; he was a butcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay. [Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.]
Ber.
THAT ENDS WELL. 369

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Inter. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of Florence's Camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowly.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your Lordship anon.

Inter. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o'th' band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Inter. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Inter. Here 'tis, here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

Inter. 7 Dian. the Count's a fool, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Roussillon, a foolish idle boy; but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Inter. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both sides rogue.

7 Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold.] After this line there is apparently a line lost, there being no rhyme that corresponds to gold.

Vol. III.  B b  Inter-
Interpreter reads the letter.

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he scores, he never pays the score:

* Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before,
And say, a soldier (Dian) told thee this:
Men are to dwell with, boys are but to kifs.
For, count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it;
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipt thro' the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguist, and the armi-potent soldier.

* Half won is match well made; match, and well make it.]
This line has no meaning that I can find. I read, with a very slight alteration, Half won is match well made; match, and well make it. That is, a match well made is half won; match, and make it well.
This is, in my opinion, not all the error. The lines are misplaced, and should be read thus:

Half won is match well made;
match, and well make it;
When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he scores, he never pays the score:
He never pays after-debts, take it before,
And say—

That is, take his money and leave him to himself. When the players had loft the second line, they tried to make a connexion out of the rest. Part is apparently in couplets, and the note was probably uniform.

* Men are to dwell with, boys are not to kifs.] All the editors have obtruded a new Maxim upon us here, that Boys are not to kifs. —Lewia, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Tam and Cyned, is of a quite opposite Opinion.

For Boys were made for Nothing but dry Kiffs.
And our Poet's Thought, I am persuaded, went to the same Tune. To dwell, is derived from the French word, meler; to mingle.

THEOBALD.
Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Inter. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a Dungeon, i'th Stocks, any where, so I may live.

Inter. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more, to this Captain Dumain: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, Sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Neffus. He proffesses no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lye, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think, truth were a fool; drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, Sir, of his honesty, he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Inter. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, Sir, h's led the drum before the English Tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his soldierish I know not; except, in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there

9 An egg out of a cloister.] I know not that cloister, though it may etymologically signify any thing that is used by our authors, other wise than for a monastery, and therefore I cannot guess whence this hyperbole could take its original: perhaps it means only this: He will steal anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy.
null’d Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villain’d villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Bar. A pox on him, he’s a cat still.

Inter. His Qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a Quart d’eau he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th’in-tail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

Inter. What’s his Brother, the other Captain Du-main?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

Inter. What’s he?

Par. E’en a crow o’th’ fame nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his Brother for a Coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a Retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Inter. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his horse, Count Ron-filled?

Inter. I’ll whisper with the General, and know his pleasure.

Par. I’ll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have

1 He’s a cat still.] That is, throw him how you will, he lights upon his legs.

2 Why does he ask him of me?] This is nature. Every man is on such occasions more willing to hear his neighbour’s character than his own.

3 To beguile the supposition.] That is, to deceive the opinion, to make the Count think me a man that deserves well.
THAT ENDS WELL.

I run into this danger; yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [Aside.

Inter. There is no remedy, Sir, but you must die; the General says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, Sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

Inter. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unbinding him.

So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble Captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what Greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that famous Sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [Exeunt.

Inter. You are undone, Captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a Plot?

Inter. If you can find out a Country where but women were that had receiv'd so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for France too, we shall speak of you there. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Par. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more, But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft, As Captain shall; simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an as.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Perelles, live
 Safest in shame! being fool’d, by fool’ry thrive;
There’s place and means for every man alive.
I’ll after them. 

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Widow’s House, at Florence.

Enter Helena, Widow and Diana.

Hel. THAT you may well perceive I have not
 wrong’d you,
One of the Greatest in the christian world
Shall be my Surety; ’fore whose Throne ’tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through fainty Tartar’s bosom would peep forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform’d,
His Grace is at Marseilles, to which place
We have convenient Convoy; you must know,
I am suppos’d dead; the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
We’ll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, Mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love: doubt not, but heav’n
Hath brought me up to be your Daughter’s dower,
As it hath fated her to be * my motive

* my motive] motive for assistant.

WARBURTON.
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trifling of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night; so luft doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away,
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dian. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
6 But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp: we must away,
7 Our Waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;

All's

5 When saucy trifling of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night; i. e. makes the person guilty of intentional adultery. But trifling a mistake cannot make any one guilty. We should read, and point, the lines thus,

When fancy, trifling of the cozen'd thoughts,
Defiles the pitchy night.

i. e. the fancy, or imagination, that he lay with his mistres, tho' it was, indeed, his Wife, made him incur the guilt of adultery. Night, by the ancients, was reckoned odious, obscene, and abominable. The Poet, alluding to this, says, with great beauty, Defiles the pitchy night, i. e. makes the night, more than ordinary, abominable.

Warburton.

This conjecture is truly ingenious, but, I believe, the author of it will himself think it unnecessary, when he recollects that saucy may very properly signify luxurious, and by consequence lascivious.

6 But with the word, the time will bring on summer.

With the word, i. e. in an instant of time. The Oxford Editor reads (but what he means by it I know not) Bear with the word.

Warburton.

The meaning of this observation is, that as briars have sweetness with their prickle, so shall these troubles be recompensed with joy.

7 Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;

The word Revives conveys so little sense, that it seems very liable to suspicion.

—and time revyves us;

i. e. looks us in the face, calls upon us to hasten.

Warb.
ALL’s W E L L,
All’s well, that ends well; still the Fine’s the crown;
Whate’er the course, the end is the renown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Roussillon in France.

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. NO, no, no, your Son was mis-led with a
snipt-taffata fellow there, 8 whose villainous
saﬀron would have made all the unbak’d and doughy
youth

The present reading is cor-
r upt, and I am afraid the emend-
dation none of the soundest. I
never remember to have seen the
word regy. One may as well
leave blunder to make them.
Why may we not read for a shift,
without much eﬀort, the time in-
vites us 8

8 whose villainous saﬀron would
have made all the unbak’d and
doughy youth of a nation in his
colour.] Paresli is represented as
an affected follower of the fashion,
and an encourager of his master
to run into all the follies of it;
where he says, Use a more fraci-
nous ceremony to the noble Lords—
they wear themselves in the heat of
time—and tho’ the Devil lead
the mercurial, such are to be follow-
ed. Here some particularities of
fashionable dress are ridiculed. Snipt-taffata needs no explana-
tion; but villainous saﬀron is
more obscure. This alludes to
a fantastic fashion, then much
followed, of using yellow scharb
for their bands and ruffs. So
Fletcher, in his Queen of Corinth,  

—Has be familiarly
Distil’d your yellow scharb; er
said your doublet
Was not exact; frenzibed—
And J. boy. x’s Devil’s an if.
Carmen and chimney-sweeper are
got into the yellow saﬀron.
This was invented by one Turner,
a tine-woman, a court-bawd;
and, in all respects, of so infa-
umous a character, that her inven-
tion deserved the name of vil-
lainous saﬀron. This woman
was, afterwards, amongst the
miserable concerned in the mur-
der of Sir Thomas Overhvs, for
which she was hanged at Tyburn,
and did die in a yellow ruff of
her own invention: which made
yellow scharb so odious, that it
immediately went out of fashion.
’Tis this, then, to which Shakes-
peare alludes: but using the word
saffron for yellow, a new idea
presented itself, and he purifies
his thought under a quite diffe-
rent allusion—Whose vil-
lainous saﬀron would have made
all the unbak’d and doughy youths of
a nation in his colour, i. e. of his

 temper
THAT ENDS WELL. 377

youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your son here at home, more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous Gentlewoman that ever Nature had Praise for creating; if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a Mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thousand fallets ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the fallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not fallet herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, Sir, I have not much skill in grafs.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's service; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, Sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

temper and disposition. Here the general custom of that time, of colouring paste with saffron, is alluded to. So in the Winter's Tale:

I must have saffron to colour

the warden yeas.

WARBURTON. 9 I would, I had not known him.] This dialogue serves to connect the incidents of Parolles with the main plan of the play.

Clo.
Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, alias the Prince of Darkness, alias the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse; I give thee not this to seduce thee from thy Master thou talk'st of, serve him still.

Clo. 'Tis a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the Master I speak of ever keeps a good fire; but, sure, he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the House with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature.

[Exit.

---

Laf.

---

his phisnomy is more nott r
in France than here. This is intolerance nonsense. The stupid Editors, because the Devil was talked of, thought no quality would suit him but better. We should read, more honour. A joke upon the French people, as if they held a dark complexion, which is natural to them, in more estimation than the English do, who are generally white and fair.

Warburton.

2. I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, &c. Shakespeare is but rarely guilty of such impious trash. And it is observable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his fools, which is now grown the characteristic of the fine gentleman.

Warburton.
Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his favours; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiss; and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Lady's death, and that my Lord your Son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my Master to speak in the behalf of my Daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose; his Highness has promised me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your Son, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that, I hope, I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my Son will be here to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remain with me 'til they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Cio. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your Son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar

Unhappy. That is, mischievously baggish; unlucky.
under't, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your "carbonado'd face." 

Laf. Let us go see your son. I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier. 

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I. 

The Court of France, at Marseilles.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

HELENA.

But this exceeding posting day and night Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it. But since you've made the days and nights as one, To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs; Be bold, you do so grow in my requital, As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,—

Enter a Gentleman. 

This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,

*But it is your carbonado'd face.* Mr. Pope reads it carbonado'd, which is right. The joke, such as it is, consists in the allusion to a wound made with a carabine; arms, which Henry IV. had made famous, by bringing into use amongst his horse. 

WARBURTON.
If he would spend his power. God save you, Sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What’s your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the King;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The King’s not here.

Hel. Not here, Sir?

Gent. Not, indeed.

He hence remov’d last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All’s well, that ends well yet,
Tho’ time seems so adverse, and means unfit:
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rouillon,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I beseech you, Sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

5 Our means will make us means.] Shakespeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes so as to obscure his meaning. Helena says, they will follow with such speed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
What-e'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to Roussillon.

Enter Clown, and Paroles.

Par. GOOD Mr. Levatch, give my Lord Lafue
this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been bet-
ter known to you, when I have held familiarity with
fresh cloaths; 6 but I am now, Sir, muddied in for-
tune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong
displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but fluttish, if it
smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth
eat no fish of fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the
wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, Sir; I
spake but by a metaphor.

Laf.

6 In former editions,
—— but I am now, Sir, muddied
in fortune's mood, and smell
somewhat strong of her strong
displeasure.] I believe the poet
wrote, in fortune's moat; because
the Clown in the very next
speech replies, I will henceforth
eat no fish of fortune's butt'ring;
and again, when he comes to re-
peat Parolles's petition to Lafue,
that bath fall'n into the uncon-
spared fishpond of her displeasure, and,
as he says, is muddied withal.
And again, Pray you, Sir, use
the carp as you may, &c. in all
which places, 'tis obvious a moat
or pond is the allusion. Besides,
Parolles smelling strong, as he
says, of fortune's strong displea-
sure, carries on the same image;
for as the moats round old feasts
were always replenish'd with fish,
so the Clown's joke of holding
his nose, we may presume, pro-
ceeded from this, that the privy
was always over the moat; and
therefore the Clown humbly
says, when Parolles is pressing
him to deliver his letter to Lord
Lafue, Fob! pr'ythee, stand away;
a paper from fortune's closetool,
to give to a Nobleman! Wabr.
Laf. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose against any man’s metaphor. Pr’ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr’ythee, stand away; a paper from fortune’s close-stool, to give to a Nobleman! look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune’s, Sir, or fortune’s cat, (but not a mufc-cat;) that hath fall’n into the unclean fifth-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied-withal. Pray you, Sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, raf-cally knave. * I do pity his distress in my similies of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch’d.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? ’tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play’d

7 Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose against any man’s metaphor. ] Nothing could be conceived with greater humour, or justness of fatire, than this speech. The use of the stinking metaphor is an odious fault, which grave writers often commit. It is not uncommon to see moral declaimers against vice, describe her as Hesiod did the Fury Trifitia:

Της η εἰσὶν πολλάς γίγοιν.

Upon which Longinus justly observes, that, instead of giving a terrible image, he has given a very nasty one. Cicero cautions well against it, in his book de Orat. Quoniam haec, says he,

vel summa laus est in verbis transferendis ut senium feriat id, quod translatum sit, fugienda est omnis turpitudo earum rerum, ad quas eorum animos qui audint trabet similitudo. Nolo morte dici Africani castratam esse rempublicam. Nolo sterces curiae dici Glaucoma.

Our poet himself is extremely delicate in this respect; who, throughout his large writings, if you except a passage in Hamlet, has scarce a metaphor that can offend the most squeamish reader.

8 I pity his distress in my similes of comfort, ] We should read, similes of comfort, such as the calling him fortune’s cat, carp, &c.

Warburton.
the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a Quart-deux for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other busines.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf: You beg a single penny more. Come, you shall ha't, fave your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox'my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my Lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the Devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [Sound Trumpets.] The King's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you last night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; 9 go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [Exeunt.

9 — you shall eat;] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakespeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his voices fit so fit in him that he is not at last suffered to starve.

SCENE
Scene III.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her, our esteemed
Was made much poorer by it; but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home. 2

Count. 'Tis past, my Liege;
And I beseech your Majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done 'tis blade of youth, 3
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'er bears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon, the young Lord
Did to his Majesty, his Mother, and his Lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He loft a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,

--- e'steem] Dr. Warburton in Theobal'd's edition altered this word to e'state, in his own he lets it stand and explains it by worth or e'state. But e'steem is here reckoning or estimate. Since the loss of Helen with her virtues and qualifications, our account is sunk; what we have to reckon ourselves king of, is much poorer than before.

--- home.] That is, completely, in its full extent.

--- blade of youth.] In the spring of early life, when the man is yet green. Oil and fire suit but ill with blade, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads, blaze of youth.
Makes the remembrance dear. Well——call him hither;
We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill *
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relics of it. Let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my Liege.
King. What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?
Laf. All, that he is, hath reference to your High-
ness.
King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.
King. I'm not a day of season,
For thou may'ft see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distraught clouds give way; so stand thou forth,

---the first view shall kill

* All repetition: ---] The first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past. Shakespeare is now hastening to the end of the play, finds his matter sufficient to fill up his remaining scenes, and therefore, as on other such occasions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and disobedience, joined like- wise with some hypocrisy, should raise more resentment; and that though his mother might easily forgive him, his king should more pertinaciously vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit: of all this Shakespeare could not be ignorant, but Shakespeare wanted to conclude his play.
The time is fair again.
Ber. My high repent’d blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole.
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let’s take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick’st decrees.
Th’ inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?
Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp’d the line of every other favour;
Scorn’d a fair colour, or express’d it toll’n; 
Extended or contracted all proportions

Scorn’d a fair colour, or express’d it toll’n;]
First, it is to be observed, that this young
man’s case was not indifference
to the sex in general, but a very
strong attachment to one: therefore he could not scorn a fair colour,
for it was that which had captivated him. But he might
very naturally be said to do what
men strongly attach’d to one,
commonly do, not allow beauty
in any face but his mistress’s.
And that this was the thought
here, is evident,
1. From the latter part of the
verse,
—or express’d it toll’n;
2. From the preceding verse,
Which warp’d the line of every
other favour;
3. From the following verses,
Extended or contracted all propor-
tions

To a most hideous object:
Secondly, It is to be observed,
that he describes his indifference
for others in highly figurative
expressions, Contempt is brought
in lending him her perspective-
glass, which does its office proper-
ly by warping the lines of all
other faces; by extending or con-
tracting into a hideous object; or
by expressing or shewing native
red and white as paint. But with
what propriety of speech can this
glass be said to scorn, which is
an affection of the mind? Here
then the metaphor becomes mis-
erably mangled; but the fore-
going observation will lead us to
the genuine reading, which is,
Scorch’d a fair colour, or ex-
press’d it toll’n;
i. e. this glass represented the
owner as brown or tanned; or,
if not so, caufed the native co-

Vol. III.
To a most hideous object: thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais’d, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov’d, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus’d:—
That thou dost love her, strikes some scores away
From the great comfit; but love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great fender turns a four offence,
Crying, that’s good that is gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and, after, weep their dust:
Our own love, waking, cries to see what’s done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen’s knell; and now, forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin,
The main confents are had, and here we’ll stay
To see our widower’s second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heav’n bless.

Iour to appear artificial. Thus
he speaks in character, and con-
388 fidently with the rest of his
speech. The emendation re-
stores integrity to the figure, and,
by a beautiful thought, makes
the forme ful perfe on of con-
tent do the office of a burning-
glas.warbuck on.

It was but just to insert this
note, long as it is, because the
commentator seems to think it
of importance. Let the reader
judge.

6 Our own love, waking, &c.] These two lines I should be glad
to call an inte ra tion of a f a n.
They are ill connected with the
former, and not very clear or
proper in themselves. I believe
the author made two couplets to
the same purpose, wrote them
both down that he might take
his choice, and so they happened
to be both preferred.

For I think we should
read fist. Love cries to see
what was done while hated
sept, and suffered mischief to be
done. Or the meaning may be,
that Laced still continues to stir
at ease, while love is weeping;
and so the present reading may
stand.

7 Which better than the first,
O dear heav’n, bief,
Or, ever thy weet, in me, O Na-
ture, ease! I have ven-
tured, against the authority of
the printed copies, to prefix the
Countess's
THAT ENDS WELL.

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!
Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house’s name
Must be digested: give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev’ry hair that’s on’t, Helen, that’s dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e’er she took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Her’s it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it: For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was faften’d to’t.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should shield her most?

Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe’er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never her’s.

Count. Son, on my life,
I’ve seen her wear it, and she reckon’d it
At her life’s rate.

Laf. I’m sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv’d, my Lord, she never saw it;
In Florence was it from a cæment thrown me,
Wrap’d in a paper, which contain’d the name

Count’s Name to these two
Lines. The King appears, in-
deed, to be a Favourer of Ber-
tram: but if Bertram should
make a bad Husband the second
Time, why should it give the
King such mortal Pangs? A fond
and disappointed Mother might
reasonably not desire to live to
see such a Day: and from her
the Wish of dying, rather than
to behold it, comes with Pro-
priety.

THE BALD.

8 In Florence was it from a
cæment———] Bertram
still continues to have too little
virtue to deserve Helen. He did
not know indeed that it was He-
len’s ring, but he knew that he
had it not from a window.

C 3 Of
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she creat
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: then if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us

9 — Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd; — I don't understand this Reading; if we are to understand, that she thought
Bertram engaged to her in Afection, inflamed by her Charms, this Meaning is too obscurely expressed. The Context rather makes me believe, that the Poet wrote,
— noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd;

i. e. unengag'd: neither my Heart, nor Person, dispos'd of.

The plain meaning is, when she saw me receive the ring, she thought me engag'd to her.

1 King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiply in medicine. Plutus the grand alchimist, who knows the nature which confers the properties of gold upon base metals, and the matter by which gold is multiplied, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of metal.

In the reign of Henry the fourth a law was made to forbid all men thenceforth to multiply gold, or use any craft of multiplication. Of which law Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal,

— then if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourself, i. e. then if you be wife. A strange way of expressing so trivial a thought!

Warburton.

The true meaning of this strange expression is, if you know that your faculties are so found, as that you have the proper consequences of your own actions, and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, tell me, &c.

Upon
Upon her great disafter.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speakest it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conject'ral fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out; if it should prove
That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so—
And yet I know not—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.

[Guards seize Bertram.

My forepast proofs, how'er the matter fall, 1
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove,
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit Bertram guarded.

SCENE V.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I'm wrap'd in dismalings.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath some four or five removes come short 4

To

1 My forepast proofs, how'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little va-
       nity,
Having vainly feared too little.] The proofs which I have already
had, are sufficient to show that
my fears were not vain and ir-
 rational. I have rather been hi-

4 Who hath for four or five
removes come short ] We
should read, Who hath some four
or five removes come short. So in
King Lear,
For that I am some twelve or
C c 4

fourteen
To tender it herself, I undertook it, Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know, Is here attending: her business looks in her With an importing visit; and she told me, In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern Your Highness with herself.

The King reads a letter.

Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead. I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rouillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He fled from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for justice: grant it me, O King, in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

Diana Capulet.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for him. For this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafau, To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors: Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid, the life of Helen (lady) Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now justice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are so monstrous to you, And that you fly them as you swear to them; Yet you desire to wed. What woman's that?

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched Florentine,

fourteen rendezvous

Lag of a brother, -

Removes are journeys or tob-

Warburton.

Derived
THAT ENDS WELL.

Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know these wo-
men?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can, nor will, deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daugh-
ter, you are no husband for her.  [To Bertram.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your High-
ness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
friend,
'Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my Lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'lt thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my Lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.

Do
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o’th’ camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and ’tis his:
Of fix preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr’d by Testament to th’ frequent issue,
Hath it been ow’d and worn. This is his wife,
That ring’s a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in Court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my Lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name’s Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He’s quoted for a most pernicious slave,
With all the spots o’th’ world tax’d and deboh’d,
Which nature sicks with: but to speak truth,
Am I or that or this, for what he’ll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has; certain it is, I lik’d her,
And boarded her i’th wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint;
As 6 all impediments in fancy’s course,
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,
Her infinet coming with her modern grace,

5 Validity is a very bad word for value, which yet I think is its meaning, unless it be considered as making a contract valid.

6 — all impediments in fancy’s course,

Are motives of more fancy: — I
Every thing that obstruês love is
an occasion by which love is heightened. And, to conclude, by solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance, she got the ring.

I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word modern, which, perhaps, signifies rather meanly pretty.

Subdu’d
THAT ENDS WELL.

Subdu’d me to her rate; she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You, that turn’d off a first so noble wife,
May juftly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

SCENE VI.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My Lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather flutters you!——

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. It is, my Lord.

King. Tell me, Sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I’ll keep off;
By him and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath been an honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose; did he love this Woman?

Par. ’Faith, Sir, he did love her; but how?

King.
King. How, I pray you?
Par. He did love her, Sir, as a Gentleman loves a Woman.
King. How is that?
Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.
King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?
Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's Command.
Laf. He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty Orator.
Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?
Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.
King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?
Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.
King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?
Dia. Ay, my good Lord.
King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?
Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.
King. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
King. Where did you find it then?
Dia. I found it not.
King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?
Dia. I never gave it him.
Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty; He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't; I'll swear, I am a maid; and he knows not.

Great King, I am no trumpet, by my lie; I'm either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[Pointing to Lafeu.]

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay; royal Sir, [Exit Widow.

The jeweller, that owns the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord, [To Bert.

Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Thou' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.

He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child;
Dead tho' she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle; one, that's dead, is quick.

And now behold the meaning.

7 He knows himself; &c.—] This dialogue is too long, since the audience already knew the whole transaction; nor is there any reason for puzzling the king and playing with his passions; but it was much easier than to make a pathetical interview between Hester and her husband, her mother, and the king.
Enter Helena, and Widow.

King. Is there no Exorcist? 8
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!

Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: this it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

[To the Countess.

Lef. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief. [To Parolles.
So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make sport
with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:
If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower, [To Diana.
Chuse thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guesst, that, by thy honeft aid,
Thou keepest a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that and all the progres more and lefs,
Refolveted more leisure shall expresse:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [Exeunt.

8 — Exorcist] This word is used not very properly for enchanter.
EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the KING.

THE King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day;
*Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

* [Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts.] The meaning is: Grant us then your patience; hear us without interruption. And take our parts; that is, support and defend us.

This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. Parolles is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of Shakespeare. I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

The story of Bertram and Diana had been told before of Marianna and Angelo, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time.

The story is copied from a novel of Boccace, which may be read in Shakespeare Illustrated, with remarks not more favourable to Bertram than my own.
THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

KING JOHN.
Dramatis Personæ.

KING John.
Prince Henry, Son to the King.
Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.
Pembroke,
Essex,
Salisbury, \{ English Lords.\}
Hubert,
Bigot,
Faulconbridge, Bastard-Son to Richard the First.
Robert Faulconbridge, suppos'd Brother to the Bastard.
James Gurney, Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.
Peter of Pomfret, a Prophet.

Philip, King of France.
Lewis, the Dauphin.
Arch-Duke of Austria.
Card. Pandulpho, the Pope’s Legate.
Melun, a French Lord.
Chatillon, Ambassador from France to King John.

Elinor, Queen-Mother of England.
Constance, Mother to Arthur.
Blanch, Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and Niece to King John.
Lady Faulconbridge, Mother to the Bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Executioners, Messenger, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, sometimes in England; and sometimes in France.

Of this Play there are three editions in 4to preceding the first folio.

I. 1591, for Samson Clarke.

II. 1611, Valentine Simner for John Hene.

The LIFE and DEATH of

KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with Chatillon.

King JOHN.

NOW, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France.

In my behaviour, to the Majesty,

The troublesome Reign of King John was written in two parts, by W. Shakespeare and W. Rowe, and printed 1611. But the present Play is entirely different, and infinitely superior to it. POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowe, nor in the account of Rowe's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakespeare in any play. King John was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The first edition that I have found of this play in its present form, is that of 1623 in fol. The edition of 1591 I have not seen.

The Life and Death ———

Though this Play have this Title, yet the Action of it begins at the thirty-fourth Year of his Life; and takes in only some Transactions of his Reign to the Time of his Demise, being an Interval of about seventeen Years.

THEOBALD.

2 In my behaviour, ———] The word behaviour seems here to have
The borrow'd Majesty of England here.

 Eli. A strange beginning. Borrow'd Majesty!

 K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

 Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,

Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim

To this fair island, and the territories,

To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,

Which sways usurpingly these several titles;

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy nephew, and right-royal Sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

 Chat. The proud ² controul of fierce and bloody

war,

T' enforce these rights so forcibly with-held.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for

blood,

Controulment for controulment; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.

* Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France,

For ere thou canst report, I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

have a signification that I have ne-
Ver found in any other author.

* The king of France, says the En-
voy, thus seeks in my behaviour

to the Majesty of England: That

is, the king of France speaks in

the character which I here af-

sume. I once thought that these

two lines, in my behaviour, &c.

had been uttered by the ambas-
fador as part of his matter's mes-
fage, and that behaviour had

meant the conduct of the king of

France towards the king of Eng-
land, but the ambassador's speech,

as continued after the interrup-
tion, will not admit this meaning.

² Controul.] Opposition from

tenderer.

* Be thou as lightning.] The

simile does not suit well: the

lightning indeed appears before

the thunder is heard, but the

lightning is destructive, and the

thunder innocent.

And
And fullen prelage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke, look to't; farewell, Châtillon.

[Exeunt Chat. and Pem.

Elia. What now, my son? Have I not ever laid,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France and all the world;
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful, bloody, issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for
us——

Elia. Your strong possession much more than your
right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me;
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I shall hear.

Enter Essex.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controversie,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?

[K. John. Let them approach.

Our abbies and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge——

SCENE II.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip, his Brother.

What men are you?

Phil. Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman

5 Sullen prelage.] By the epithet suer, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain, that our author's imagination had now suggested a new idea. It is as if he had said, be a trumpeter to alarm with our invasion, be a bird of ill omen to croak out the prognostick of your own ruin.
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems?

Phil. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father;
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens' children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy
mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, Madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow; why, being younger
born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land;
But, once, he flander'd me with battardy;
But whether I be true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones, that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent
us here?

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him. Do you not read some tokens of my son In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts, And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak, What doth move you to claim your brother’s land?

Phil. Because he hath a half-face, like my father, ‘With that half-face would he have all my land? A half-fac’d groat, five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv’d, Your brother did employ my father much;—

Phil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land. Your tale must be, how he employ’d my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch’d him in an embassie To Germany; there with the Emperor To treat of high affairs touching that time. Th’ advantage of his absence took the King, And in the mean time sojourn’d at my father’s; Where, how he did prevail, I shame to speak,

*With half that Face.] But why with half that Face? There is no Question but the Poet wrote, as I have restored the Text, With that half-face—— Mr. Pope, perhaps, will be angry with me for discovering an Anachronism of our Poet’s. in the next Line; where he alludes to a Coin not struck till the Year 1594, in the Reign of King Henry VII., viz., a Groat, which, as well as the half Groat, bare but half Faces impress’d. Vide Stow’s Survey of London, p. 47. Hollinghed, Cambden’s Remains, &c. The Poet strikes at the meagre sharp Village of the elder Brother, by comparing him to a Silver Groat, that bore the King’s Face in Profile, so shew’d but half the Face: The Groats of all our Kings of England, and, indeed, all their other Coins of Silver, one or two only excepted, had a full Face crown’d; till Henry VII. at the Time above-mentioned, coined Groats and half Groats, as also some Shillings, with half Faces, that is, Faces in Profile, as all our Coin has now. The first Groats of King Henry VIII., were like these of his Father; though afterwards he returned to the broad Faces again. These Groats, with the Impression in Profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to; though, as I said, the Poet is knowingly guilty of an Anachronism in it: for, in the Time of King John there were no Groats at all: they being first, as far as appears, coined in the Reign of King Edward III. Theobald.
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself)
When this same lofty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands,
That marry wives. Tell me, how, if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world,
In sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him; 7 this concludes.
My mother's son did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child, which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eliz. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Phil. Madam, and if my brother had my shape,

7 This concludes.] This is a decisive argument. As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him,

8 Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?] Lord of thy
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were too such riding rods,
My arms such eel-skins stout; my face so thin,
That in my ear I durst not stick a rofe,
Left men should say, Look, where three farthings goes!

thy presence can signify only,
Master of thyself; and it is a 
strange expression to signify even 
that. However that he might be, without parting with his land.
We should read,

Lord of the presence,—
i.e. Prince of the Blood.

Warburton.

Lord of thy presence may signify something more distinct than 
master of thyself. It means matter of that dignity, and grandeur 
of appearance, that may sufficiently 
distinguish thee from the vulgar without the help of fortune.

Lord of his presence apparently signifies, great in his own person, 
and is used in this scene by King 
John in one of the following 
scenes.

9 And I had his, Sir Robert 
his, like him.] This is obscure and ill expressed. The 
meaning is: If I had his shape—
Sir Robert's—as he has.

Sir Robert bis, for Sir Robert's is agreeable to the practice of 
that time, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I 
think erroneously, to be a contraction of his. So Donne,
—Who now lives to age,
Fit to be call'd Methusalem 
his page?

—my Face so thin,
That in mine Ear I durst not 
stick a rofe,
Left Men should say, Look, where 
three-farthings goes!] In 
this very obscure passage our 
Poet is anticipating the Date 
of another Coin; humorously 
to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as 
it were, by a full-blown Ro
e.
We must observe, to explain this 
Allusion, that Queen Elizabeth 
was the frist, and indeed the on-
ly, Prince, who coined in Eng-
land three-half-pence, and three-
farthing Pieces. She at one and 
the same Time, coined Shillings, 
Six-pences, Groat, Three-pen-
ces, Two-pences, Three-half-
pence, Pence, Three-farthings, 
and Half-pence. And these 
Pieces all had her Head, and were 
alternately with the Roé behind, 
and without the Roé. The shil-
lings, Groat, Two-pence, Pen-
ny, and Half penny had it not:
The other intermediate Coins, 
viz. the Six-pence, Three-pence, 
Three-half-pence, and Three-
farthings had the Roé.

Theobald.

* That in mine ear I durst not sti: k 
a rofe.] The sticking Ro-
fer about them was then all the 
court-fashions, as appears from 
this passage of the Confession Ca-
tholique du S. de Sacy, 1. 2. c. 
1. Je luy ay appris à mettre des 
Roses par tous les coins, i.e. in 
every place about him, says the 
Speaker, of one to whom he 
had taught all the court-fashions.

Warburton.

And
And to his shape were heir to all this land;
Would, I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face,
I would not be Sir Nobbe in any case.

Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forfake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Phl. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
—Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phl. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?

Phl. Philip, my Liege, so is my name begun;
Phlip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name, whole form thou bear'st.

Kneel thou down Phl, but rise up more great;
Aris, Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Phl. Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam; Richard, call me so.

Phl. * Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what tho'?

---

Some-
Something about, a little from the right;
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch,
Who dares not flir by day, must walk by night,
And have his have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge, now haft thou thy desire;
A landless Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire.
Come, Madam, and come, Richard; we must speed For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee,
For thou was got i'th' way of honesty.

[Exeunt all but Philip.

SCENE III.

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse!
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.

Good den, Sir Robert,—Godamercy, fellow;
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too respective and unsociable
For your conversting. 4 Now your traveller,
5 He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;

must climb the window, or leap the hatch. This, however, shall not deprefs me; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that to have is to have, however it was caught, and that he who wins best well, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell near the mark, or far off it.

3 A foot of honour.] A step, un paso.

4 Now your traveller.] It is said in All's well, that ends well, that a traveller is a good thing after dinner. In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller.

5 He and his tooth-pick.] It has been already remarked, that to pick the tooth, and wear a piqued beard, were, in that time, marks of a man affecting foreign fashions.

And
And when my knightly stomach is suffic’d,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My piked man of countries;—My dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
I shall beseech you,—that is question now:
And then comes answer 6 like an ABC-book:
O Sir, says answer, at your best command,
At your employment, at your service, Sir:—
No, Sir, says question, I, sweet Sir, at yours,—
And so e’er answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,

6 Like an a, b, c book.] An a, b, c book, or, as they spoke and wrote it, an a’s f’y book, is a catechism.

7 And so e’er answer knows what question would, saving in dialogue of compliment.] In this fine speech, Faulconbridge would shew the advantages and prerogatives of men of worship. He observes, particularly, that he has the traveller at command; (people at that time, when a new world was discovering, in the highest estimation.) At the first intimation of his desire, to hear strange stories, the traveller complies; and will scarce give him leave to make his question, but e’er answer knows what question would — What then, why, according to the present reading, it grows towards supper-time: And is not this worshipful society? To spend all the time between dinner and supper before either of them knows what the other would be at. Read serving instead of saving, and all this nonsense is avoided; and the account stands thus, “E’er answer knows what question would be at, my travelling servant in his dialogue of compliment, which is his stand. ing dish at all tables; then he comes to talk of the Alps and Apennines, &c. and, by the time this discourse concludes, it draws towards supper.” All this is sensible and humorous; and the phrase of serving in is a very pleasant one to denote that this was his worship’s second course. What follows shews the romantic turn of the voyagers of that time; how greedily their relations were swallowed, which he calls sweet poison for the age’s tooth; and how acceptable it made men at court — For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising. And yet the Oxford Editor says, by this sweet poison is meant flattery. Warburton.

This passage is obscure; but such an irregularity, and perplexity runs thro’ the whole speech, that I think this emendation not necessary.

The
The Pyrenean and the river Po;
It draws towards supper in conclusion, so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;
[And so am I, whether I smack or no:]
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;
8. Which tho', I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
9. But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains 1 to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my mother; now, good lady,
What brings you here to court so hastily?

SCENE IV.

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, and James Gurney:

Lady. Where is that slave, thy brother, where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother Robert, old Sir Robert's son,
2 Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man,
Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady. Sir Robert's son? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,

8 Which though, &c. The construction will be mended; if instead of which though, we read, this though.
9 But who comes here. Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dallilah with such an interrogatory exclamation.

1 To blow a horn. He means, that a woman who travelled a-
about like a post was likely to born her husband.

2 Colbrand was a Danish giant, whom Grey of Warwick discon-
fited in the presence of king A-
thelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton
in his Polystian.
Sir Robert's son; why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?  
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.  

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?  
Gur. Good leave, good Philip.  

Phil. 3 Philip!—sparrow—James;  
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.  

[Exit James.  

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son,  
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:  
Sir Robert could do well; marry, confes!  
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;  
We knew his handy-work; therefore, good mother,  
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?  
Sir Robert never holpe to make this leg.  

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,  
That, for thine own gain, should'st defend mine honour?  

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?  

Phil. * Knight, Knight, good mother—Basilifico like.  

What!  

3 Philip, sparrow, James.] I think the Poet wrote,  

Philip! spare me, James.  
i.e. don't affront me with an appellation that comes from a Family which I disclaim. WARB.  
The old reading is far more agreeable to the character of the speaker.  

Dr. Gray observes, that Skelton has a poem to the memory of Philip Sparrow; and Mr. Pope in a short note remarks, that a Sparrow is called Philip.  

*Knight, Knight,—good Mother, Basilifico like.] Thus must this Passage be pointed; and, to come at the Humour of it, I must clear up an old Circumstance of Stage-History. Facil-  

Cambridge's Words here carry a concealed Piece of Satire on a stupid Drama of that Age, printed in 1599, and called Solomon and Pereda. In this Piece there is the Character of a bragging cowardly Knight, called Basilico. His Pretention to Valour is so blown and seen through, that Piston, a Buffoon-servant in the Play, jumps upon his Back, and will not difengage him, till he makes Basilico 'twear upon his dudgeon dagger to the Contents, and in the Terms, he dictates to him: as, for Instance,  

Pist. By the Contents of this Blade,
What! I am dub'd; I have it on my shoulder:
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father:
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?
Lady. Haft thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge?
Phil. As faithfully, as I deny the devil.
Lady. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long, and vehement suit, I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.
Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not with a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love.

Baf. By the Contents of this Blade,
Pitt. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,
Baf. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,
Knight, good fellow, knight,

Pitt. Knave, good fellow, knave, knave,

So that 'tis clear, our Poet is
 sneering at this Play; and makes
Philippus, when his Mother calls
him Knave, throw off that Reproach
by humorously laying
claim to his new Dignity of
Knighthood; as Basilisco arro-
ganctly insists on his Title of
Knight in the Passage above quoted.
The old Play is an execrab-
able bad one; and, I suppose,
was sufficiently exploded in the
Representation: which might
make this Circumstance so well
known, as to become the Butt
for a Stage-farcasm. Theobald.

Knight, Knight, good mother—
Basilisco like] The words
allude to an expression in an old
foolish play, then the common
butt of ridicule, but the beauty
of the passage consists in his al-
luding, at the same time, to his
high original. His father, Rich-
ard the first, was surnamed
Cœur-de-lion. And the Cor Leonis,
a fixed star of the first magnitude,
in the sign Leo, is called Basilis-
co.

Could one have thought it!

Some fins.] There are fins,
that whatever be determined of
them above, are not much cen-
sured on earth.

And
416       K I N G  J O H N.
Against whose fury, and unmatched force,
The awles lion could not wage the fight;
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hands.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart, I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin,
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin;
Who says, it was, he lyes; I say, 'twas not.

[Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Angiers in France.

Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, the
Archduke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.

L E W I S.

B E F O R E Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood
6 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
? By this brave Duke came early to his grave:

And

6 Richard, that r:bb'd, &c.] So Rastal in his Chronicle. It is
fayd that a Lyon was put to
kyng Richard, beyng in prison,
to have devoured him, and when
the lyon was gapynge he put his
arme in his mouth, and pulled
the lyon by the harte so hard that
he flewe the lyon, and therefore
some say he is called Rycharde
Cure de Lyon, but some say he is
called Cure de lyon, because of his
boldenes and hardy fomake.

Dr. Gray. 7 By this brave Duke, &c.] This is not true. Richard was
made
And for amends to his posterity, 
At our importance here is he come, 
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf; 
And to rebuke the usurpation 
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither. 

Arthur. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion’s death 
The rather, that you give his off-spring life; 
Shadowing their right under your wings of war. 
I give you welcome with a pow’rless hand, 
But with a heart full of unattained love: 
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

Levis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right? 

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss, 
A seal to this indenture of my love; 
That to my home I will no more return, 
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France, 
Together with that pale, that white-fac’d shore, 
Whole foot spurns back the ocean’s roaring tides, 
And coops from other lands her islanders; 
Ev’n till that England, hedg’d in with the main, 
That water-walled bulwark, still secure 
And confident from foreign purposes, 
Ev’n till that outmost corner of the west, 
Salute thee for her King. Till then, fair boy, 
Will I not think of home, but follow arms. 

Conf. O, take his mother’s thanks, a widow’s thanks, 
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength, 
To make a more requital to your love. 

Aust. The peace of heav’n is theirs, who lift their swords 
In such a just and charitable war.

made prisoner by the Duke of 

Dr. Gray.

Vol. III. Ee K. Philip.
K. Philip. Well then, to work; our engines shall be bent
Against the brows of this resistless town;
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in French-men's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Conf. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
Left unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste to indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Philip. * A wonder, lady!—Lo, upon thy with Our messenger Chatillon is arrived.
—What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee. Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this poulterie siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are 'expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-Queen;
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife.
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a basset of the King deceased,

[ A wonder, lady.] The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Confiance mentioned him, which the French king, according to a superstitious which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good.

[ Expedient.] Immediate, expeditions.

And
And all th' unsettled humours of the land;
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have fold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of their new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have wait o'er,
And never float on the swelling tide,
To do offence and 1 scathe in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums [Drums beat.
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.
To parly, or to fight, therefore prepare.
K. Philip. How much unlook'd for is this expe-
dition!

Aux. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

SCENE II.

Enter King of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor,
Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace
permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heav'n.
Whilft we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heav'n.

K. Philip. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burthen of our armour here we sweat;
This toil of ours should be a work of thine.
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought its lawful King;
Cut off the sequence of posterity;
Out-faced infant state; and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffry's face.
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in Geoffry; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That Geoffry was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffry's right,
And this is Geoffry's; in the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'er-mastreft?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer to thy articles?

K. Philip. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
K. Philip. Excuse it, 'tis to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is't, that thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer: thy usurping son.

Eli. Cut, insolent! thy bastard shall be King,
That thou may'st be a Queen, and check the world!

* To look into the blots and stains of right. * Mr. Throckmorton reads, with the first folio, bolts, which being so early authorised, and so much better understood, need not to have been changed by Dr. Warburton to bolts, tho' bolts might be used in that time for bolts: so Shakespeare calls Banquo stoted with blood, the blood-bolt'd Banquo. The verb to bolt is used figuratively for to disgrace a few lines lower. And, perhaps, after all, bolts was only a typographical mistake.

Const.
KING JOHN.

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy,
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,
Than thou and John, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baftard! by my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy
father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would
blot thee.

Aust. Peace.

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead Lions by the beard;
I'll smoak your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that Lion's robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Faulc. It lies as lightly on the back of him, 5

---

5 It lies as lightly on the back

of him.

As great Aleides' Shoes upon

an As.] But why his Shoes,
in the Name of Propriety? For
let Hercules and his Shoes have
been really as big as they were ever
supposed to be, yet they (I mean
the Shoes) would not have been
an Overload for an As. I am
persuaded, I have retrieved the
true Reading; and let us observe
the Juxtaposition of the Comparison
now. Faulestonbridge in his Re-
ferment would say this to Aut-
tria, "That Lion's skin, which

"my great Father King Rich-

ard once wore, looks as un-

cothly on thy Back, as that

other noble Hide, which was

borne by Hercules, would look

on the Back of an As." A
double Allusion was intended;
first, to the Fable of the As in
the Lion's Skin; then Richard
I. is finely set in Competition
with Aleides; as Austria is satiri-
cally coupled with the As.

Theobald.

Mr. The-ball had the art of
making the mast of his discover-
ies.
As great Alcides shews upon an as;
But, as, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this fame, that deafts our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we shall do strait.
K. Philip. Women and fools, break off your con-
ference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all.
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur I do claim of thee.
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as soon.—I do defy thee, France.
—Arthur of Britain, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward-hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Conf. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child.
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace;
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Conf. Now shame upon you, whether she does or no!
His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads heav'n shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous flanderer of heav'n and earth!

Conf. Thou monstrous injurer of heav'n and earth!
Call me not flanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The domination, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;

Thy
Thy sins are visited on this poor child; 
The canon of the law is laid on him, 
Being but the second generation 
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Conf. I have but this to say, 
That he's not only plagued for her sin, 
But God hath made her sin and her the plague 
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her, 
And with her.—Plague her sin; his injury, 
Her injury, the beadle to her sin, 
All punish'd in the person of this child, 
And all for her, a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce 
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Conf. Ay, who doubts that? a will!—a wicked will;

--- All the editions read, 
Plagued for her, 
And with her plague her sin; his injury, 
Her injury, the beadle to her sin, 
All punish'd in the person of this child. 

I point thus: 
Plagued for her, 
And with her.—Plague her sin! his injury. 
Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

That is; instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, punish her sin, her immediate offspring: then the affliction will fall where it is deserved; his injury will be her injury, and the misfortune of her sin; her son will be a beadle, or chastiser, to her crimes, which are now all punished in the person of this child.
A woman's will, a cankred grandam's will.
K. Phil. Peace, Lady; pause, or be more temperate:
7 It ill b-seems this presence to cry Aim
To thee ill tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose tide they admit, Arthur's or John's.
Trumpets sound.

SCENE III.

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phil. 'Tis France for England.
K. John. England for itself;
You men of Angiers and my loving subjects———
K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle———
K. John. For our advantage—therefore hear us first:
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamage.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

7 It ill b-seems this presence to cry Aim
To thee ill tuned repetitions.]
Dr. Warburton has well observed on one of the former plays, that cry aim is to encourage. I once thought it was borrowed from archery; and that aim having been the word of command, as we now say present! to cry aim had been to invite notice, or raise attention. But I rather think, that the old word of applause was j'aime, here it, and that to applaud was to cry j'aime, which the English, not easily pronouncing je, sunk into aime or aim. Our exclamations of applause are still borrowed, as bravo, and encore.

All
All preparations for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding, by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waife do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the fight of us your lawful King,
(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To save uncratch'd your city's threatened cheeks)
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoak,
To make a faithles's error in your ears;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens;
And let in us, your King, whose labour'd spirits,
Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. Philip. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo! in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town:
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe
To him that owns it; namely, this young Prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,

Save
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
And with a bless'd, and unvext retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lufty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town;
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Tho' all these Englishe, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us Lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.
K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed—

Faulc. (Bastards, and else.)
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phil. As many, and as well born bloods as those—

Faul. (Some bastards too.)
K. Phil. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the fin of all those fouls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!

K. Philip. Amen, Amen.—Mount, chevaliers, to arms!

Faulc. Saint George, that swung'd the dragon, and e'er since

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, sirrah, with your Lionels,
I'd set an ox-head to your Lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.— [To Austria.

Aust. Peace, no more.

Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the Lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain! where we'll set forth

In best appointment all our regiments.

Faulc. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.

K. Philip. It shall be so—and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God, and our right!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

After excursions, enter the Herald of France with trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. Ye men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur Duke of Bretagne in;
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
While victory with little lofs doth play

Ye men of Angiers, &c.—This speech is very poetical and smooth, and except the conceit

Of the widow's husband embracing the earth, is just and beautiful.
KING JOHN.

Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpets.

E. Her. 9 Rejoice, ye men of Angiers; ring your bells;

King John, your King and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright;
Hither return all gild in Frenchmen's blood.
There stuck no plume in any English Crest,
That is removed by a staff of France.
Our Colours do return in those fame hands,
That did display them, when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, 1 come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands;
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. 2 Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
From first to last, the Onset and Retire
Of both your armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be cenfured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
power.

9 Rejoice, ye men of Angiers, &c.] The English herald tells somewhat below his antagonists.
Silver armur gild with blood, is a poor image. Yet our author has it again in blank.
Here lay Duncan,
His silver jin laid on his golden breast.

huntsmen.] It was, I think, one of the savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy.
2 Heralds, from off, &c.—] These three speeches seem to have been laboured. 'The citizen's is the best; yet both alike are, is a poor gingle.

Both
KING JOHN.

Both are alike, and both alike we like;
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

SCENE V.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at several Doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our Right run on?
Whose passage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd ev'n thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Philip. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood
In this hot tryal, more than we of France;
Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear;
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroul, that tells of this war's los's,
With slaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Faust. Ha! Majesty,—how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire!
Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feast's, mouthing the flesh of men
In undetermin'd differences of Kings.
Why stand these royal Fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock, 3 Kings; back to the stained field,

3 Cry havock! Kings; ——] He with Atè by his f.i.e.
That is, command slaughter to proceed; so in another place.

You
KING JOHN.

You equal Potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let Confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
K. Philip. Speak, Citizens, for England, who's your King?

Cit. The King of England, when we know the King?
K. Philip. Know him in us, that here hold up his Right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear posseffion of our person here;
Lord of our preference, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. * A greater pow'r, than ye, denies all this
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates.
Kings are our fears,——until our fears resolv'd
Be by some certain King purg'd and depos'd.

Faunc. By heav'n, the Scroyles of Angiers flout you,
Kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious Scenes and Acts of death.
Your royal preferences, be rul'd by me;
Do like the Mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend 
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City.
I'd play incessantly upon these jades;
Even till unsenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

* In former copies:
A greater pow'r, than we,
denies all this.
Kings are our fears,——

We should read, t'ing ye. What power was this? their fears. It is plain therefore we should read, Kings are our fears, i. e. our fears are the Kings which at present rule us. Warb.

That
That done, disfavour your united strengths,
And part your mingled Colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious Victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty States?
Smacks it not something of the Policy?

K. John. Now by the sky, that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our Pow'rs,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be King of it?

Faulc. And if thou haft the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these sawcy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then desTit each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves for heav'n or hell.

K. Philip. Let it be so; say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this City's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Philip. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent discipline! from North to South;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.
I'll stir them to it; come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field;
Persever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. John.
KING JOHN.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cir. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is near to England; look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love, ambitious, sought a match of Birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way compleat:
If not compleat, 5 oh say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, (to name Want,) If want it be not, that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man, 6
Left to be finished by such a She:
And she a fair divided Excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
Oh! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores, to two such dreams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,
To these two Princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates: for at this match, 7
With swifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,

* Zealous seems here to signify stwick, or influenced by motives of religion.
5 If not compleat, say, &c.] Sir T. Hamer reads, O! say.
6 He is the half part of a blessed Man,
Left to be finished by such a She:]
Dr. Thirlby prefers'd that Reading, which I have here restor'd to the Text.

THEOBALD.

7 — at this match,
With swifter spleen, &c.] Our author uses spleen for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So in Midsummer Night's Dream he applies spleen to the lightning. I am loath to think that Shakespeare meant to play with the double of match for ruptia', and the match of a gun.

And
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions so confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this City.

Faulc. Here’s a stay, 8
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags. Here’s a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What Cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoak and bounce,
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgel’d; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France;
Zounds! I was never so bethumpt with words,
Since I first call’d my brother’s father dad.

Eli. Son, lift to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our Neice a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur’d assurance to the Crown,
That thou green boy shall have no Sun to ripe
The bloom, that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a Yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper; urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition;

8 Here’s a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
Out of his rags.——-] I cannot but think that every reader
wishes for some other word in the place of stay, which though
it may signify an hindrance, or man that binders, is yet very improper
to introduce the next line. I read,

Vol. III.  

Here’s a flaw,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death.
That is, here is a gust of bravery, a blast of menace. This suits well with the spirit of the speech. Stay and flaw, in a careless hand, are not easily distinguished, and if the writing was obscure, flaw being a word less usual was easily mislaid.

Left
Left zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double Majesties
Th's friendly Treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. Philip. Speak, England, first, that hath been
forward first
To speak unto this City: what say you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy Princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love;
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a Queen.
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
Except this City now by us besieged,
Find liable to our Crown and Dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions;
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any Princes of the world.
Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle;
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,

9 Left zeal now melted ——]
We have here a very unusual and,
I think, not very just image of zeal, which in its highest degree
is represented by others as a flame, but by Shakespeare as a froth.
To ic rees zeal, in the language of others, is to ecol, in
Shakespeare's to melt it; when it
exerts its utmost power it is commonly said to flame, but by Shak-
peare to be congealed.

1 In old editions,
For Angiers and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that We upon this Side the Sea,
Except this City now by us besieged,
Find liable, &c. ——] What was the City besieged, but Angiers? King John agrees to give
up all he held in France, except the City of Angiers which he
now besieged and laid Claim to.
But could he give up all except Angiers, and give up That too?
Angou was one of the Provinces which the English held in France.
Theobald.
Becomes
Becomes a Sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now, infixed, I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flatter ring table of her eye.

[Whispering with Blanch.

Faulc. Drawn in the flatter ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espie
Himself love's traitor: this is pitty now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a Love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine.
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young Ones? what say you,
my Niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in Honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin, can you love
this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me, if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquesen, Touraine, Maine,
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five Provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy Son and Daughter to join hands.

F f 2 K. Philip.
KING JOHN.

K. Philip. It likes us well; young Princes, close your hands.

Aut. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Philip. Now, Citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:
For at Saint Mary's Chapel presently
The Rites of Marriage shall be solemniz'd.
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?
I know, she is not; for this Match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son, tell me, who knows?

Levis. She's sad and passionate at your Highness' Tent.

K. Philip. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little Cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? in her Right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Britain,
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy Messenger bid her repair
To our Solemnity: I trust, we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfies her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared, Pomp.

[Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.

SCENE VI.

Faule. Mad world, mad Kings, mad composition!

John,
King John.

John, to stop Arthur's Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, whole armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, which of itself is poised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail;
And say, there is no sin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice, but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee! 
[Exit.

FF 3

ACT
ACT III. SCENE I.

The French King's Pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

CONSTANCE.

GONE to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be
friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so, thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so.
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears,
And, tho' thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my ext'nt spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my laying true.

Conf. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desp'rate men,
Which in the very meeting, fall and die.

Lewis wed Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy fight:
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Conf. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, mother, be content.

Conf. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and fand'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and 2 sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious, 3
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and to John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John!

2 sightless 3 Prodigious; that is, portentous.
utes sightless for that which we now express by unfightly, dif-
agreeable to the eyes.
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,  
And leave these woes alone, which I alone  
Am bound to under-bear.

Scl. Pardon me, Madam,  
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Cont. Thou may’st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee.  
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;  
For Grief is proud, and makes his own stout.  
To me, and to the State of my great Grief,  
Let Kings assemble: for my Grief’s so great,  
That no Supporter but the huge firm earth  
Can hold it up: Here I and Sorrow sit:  
Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it.  

[Sits down on the Floor.

SCENE

4 — makes its owner stout.] The old editions have, makes its cowner stout; the emendation is Harmer’s.

5 To me, and to the State of my great Grief;  
Let Kings assemble:— In Much ado about nothing, the father of Hec, deprest by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a thread may lead him. How is it that grief in Leonato and lady Constance, produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature. Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is damped by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearful to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer’s knowledge of the passions.

6 — bid Kings come bow to it.] I must here account for the liberty I have taken to make a Change in the Division of the 2d and 3d Acts. In the old Editions, the 2d Act was made to end here; though his evident, Lady Constance here, in her Despair, seats herself on the Floor: and the must be supposed, as I formerly observed, immediately to rise again, only to go off and end the Act decently; or the first Scene must shut her in from the Sight of the Audience, an Absurdity I cannot with to accuse Shakespeare of. Mr. Gildon and some other Criticks fancied, that a considerable Part of the 2d Act was lost; and that the Chaste
KING JOHN.

SCENE II.

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, and Austria.

K. Philip. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
Turning with splendor of his precious eye

Chafm began here. I had joined in this Sulpicion of a Scene or two being loft; and unwittingly drew Mr. Pope into this Error.
"It seems to be so," says he, and "it were to be wish'd the Re-"flor (meaning Me,) could sup-
"fy it." To deferve this Great Man's Thanks, I'll venture at the Talk; and hope to convince my Readers, that nothing is lost; but that I have supplied the suf-pleted Chafm, only by rectifying the Division of the Acts. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the Constitution of the Play, I am satisfied that the 3d Act ought to begin with that Scene, which has hitherto been accounted the Last of the 2d Act: and my Reasons for it are these. The Match being concluded, in the Scene before that, betwixt the Daphne and Blanch, a Mes-senger is sent for Lady Constance to K. Philip's Tent, for her to come to St. Mary's Church to the Solemnity. The Princes all go out, as to the Marriage; and the Bapterd playing a little behind, to defeat on Interest and Commodity, very properly ends the 3d. The next Scene then, in the French King's Tent, brings us Salisbury delivering his Me-
fage to Constance, who, refusing to go to the Solemnity, sets her-"self down on the Floor. The whole Train returning from the Church to the French King's Pa-
vilion, Philip expressles such Satis-faction on Occasion of the happy Solemnity of that Day, that Constance rises from the Floor, and joins in the Scene by entring her Protest against their Joy, and cursing the Buffnrs of the Day. Thus, I conceive, the Scenes are fairly continued; and there is no Chafm in the Action: but a pro-
per Interval made both for Sa-
lsbury's coming to Lady Con-
fance, and for the Solemnization of the Marriage. Besides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the Poet's favourite Character, 'twas very well judg'd to close the Act with his Soliloquy. THEOBALD.

This whole note seems judici-
os enough; but Mr. Theobald forgets that there were, in Shake-
spere's time, no moveable scenes.

7 From this passage Rowe seems to have borrowed the first lines of his Fair Penitent.

The
The meagre clothy earth to glitt'ring gold.
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it, but a holy-day.

Conf. A wicked day, and not an holy-day. —

[Reign.

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letter should be set
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Left that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But on this day, 'tis let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Philip. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty?

Conf. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Majesty, which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn,
You came in arms to spill my enemies blood,
But now in arms, you strengthen it with yours.
The grasping vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:
Arm, arm, ye heav'n's, against these perjur'd Kings:
A widow cries, be husband to me, heav'n!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere sun-set,

9 But on this day; ——— That
is, except on this day.
9 You came in arms to spill my enemies' blood,
But now in arms, you strengthen
it with yours.] I am afraid
here is a clinch intended; You
came in war to destroy my enemies,
but now you strengthen them in
embraces.
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings.  
Hear me, oh, hear me!

_Aust._ Lady Constance, peace.

_Conf._ War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war.

_O Lymoges._ 
_O Austria!_ thou dost shame

That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side;
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humourous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth't up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp, and swear,
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded slave,
Haft thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

_Aust._ O, that a man would speak those words to me!

_Faucl._ And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

_Aust._ Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

_Faucl._ And hang a calve's skin on those recreant limbs.

_Aust._ Methinks, that Richard's pride and Richard's fall

Should

1 Shakespeare makes this bitter curse effectual.
2 Methinks, that Richard's pride, &c.] What was the ground of this quarrel of the Bastard to Austria is no where specify'd in the present play: nor is there in this place, or the scene where it is first hinted at (namely the second of Act 2.) the least mention of any reason for it. But the story is, that Austria, who kill'd King Richard Cœur-de-lion, wore as the spoil of that Prince, a lion's hide which had belong'd to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the Bastard very natural, and ought not to have
KING JOHN.

Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

*Falst.* What words are these? how do my fine eyes shake!

My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!
How doth *Aleto* whisper in my ears,

"Delay not, *Richard*, kill the villain strait;
"Dismove him of the matchless monument,
"Thy father's triumph o'er the savages."

Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
Twice will I not review the morning's rise.
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back;
And split thy heart, for wearing it so long.

*K. John.* We like not this, thou dost forget thyself.

SCENE III.

*Enter Pandulpho.*

*K. Philip.* Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

*Pand.* Hail, you anointed Deputies of heav'n!
To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is;
I *Pandulph*, of fair Milain Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton*, chosen Archbishop

The omission of this incident, in the second draught, was natural. *Shakespeare*, having familiarized the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience; or, what is equally probable, the story was so popular that a hint was sufficient at that time to bring it to mind, and these plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity.
Of Canterbury, from that holy See,
This in our 'foresaid holy Father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can ask the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:
But as we under heav'n are supreme head,
So, under him, that great Supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold;
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.


K. John. Tho' you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grofsly by this medling Priest,
Dreading the curse, that mony may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself:
Tho' you, and all the rest, so grofsly led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cherish;
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate;

3 This must have been at the time when it was written, in our fruggles with popery, a very captivating scence.
So many passages remain in which Shakespeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that I cannot but suspect that time has obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators.

And
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canoniz'd and worshipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

*Const.* O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, *Amen,*
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pand.* There's law, and warrant, Lady, for my curse.

*Const.* And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
And raise the pow'r of France upon his head,
'Unles she do submit himself to Rome.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

*Const.* Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

*Faulc.* And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

*Faulc.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

---

4 This may allude to the bull published against Queen Elizabeth. Or we may suppose, since we have no proof that this play appeared in its present state, before the reign of King James, that it was exhibited soon after the popish plot. I have seen a Sp. *nifo* book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices are registred as saints.
Confi. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?
Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome, 5
Or the light loss of England for a friend;
Fargo the easier.
Blanch. That’s the curse of Rome.
Confi. Lewis, stand fast; the Devil tempts thee here 6
In likeness of a new and trimmed bride.
Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith:
But from her need.
Confi. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The King is mov’d, and answers not to this.
Confi. O, be remov’d from him, and answer well.
Aufl. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

5 It is a political maxim, that kingdoms are never married. Lewis upon the wedding is for making war upon his new relations.
6 In Likeness of a new untrimmed Bride.] Tho’ all the Copies concur in this Reading, yet as untrimmed cannot bear any Signification to square with the Sense required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted Reading. I have ventured to throw out the Negative, and read;
In Likeness of a new and trimmed Bride.
I.e. of a new Bride, and one deck’d and adorn’d as well by Art as Nature. Theobald.
—— a new untrimmed bride.] Mr. Theobald says, that as untrimmed cannot bear any Signification to square with the Sense required, it must be corrupt; therefore he will cancel it, and read, and trimmed; in which he is followed by the Oxford Editor; but they are both too hasty. It figures very well with the Sense, and signifies unsteady. The term is taken from Navigation. We say too, in a similar way of speaking, not well manned. WARE.
I think Mr. Theobald’s correction more plausible than Dr. Warburton’s explanation. A Commentator should be grave, and therefore I can read these notes with the proper severity of attention, but the idea of trimming a lady to keep her steady, would be too rible for any common power of face.

Fauic.
Faute. Hang nothing but a calve's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Philip. I am perplext, and know not what to say. Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curse?

K. Philip. Good rev'rend father, make my perfon yours;
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows.
The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal Selves.
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows, they were besmear'd and over-flain't;
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful diff'rence of incensed Kings.
And shall these hands, so lately p urg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so, jelt with heav'n?
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm?
Un-swear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoft,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so;
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and we shall be blest

7 So strong in both.] I believe the meaning is, were so strong in both parties.
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England’s love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our Church!
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,
A mother’s curse on her revolting son.

France, thou may’st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lyon by the mortal paw,
A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand, which thou dost hold.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak’st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, set’st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heav’n, first be to heav’n perform’d;
That is, to be the champion of our Church.
What since thou swor’st, is sworn against thyself;
And may not be performed by thyself.
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
I’t not amiss, when it is truly done?
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done, not doing it.
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; tho’ indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And fallhood fallhood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn’d.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou hast sworn against religion:
By what thou swear’st, against the thing thou swear’st:

I rather read,
Is’t not amiss, when it is truly done?

as the alteration is less, and the
sense which Dr. Warburton first
discovered is preferred.

9 But thou hast sworn against religion, &c.] In this long
speech, the Legate is made to

And

8 Is not amiss, when it is truly done.] This is a conclu-
sion de travers. We should read,
I yet amiss,

The Oxford Editor, according to his usual custom, will improve it
further, and reads, most amiss.

Warburton.
And makest an oath the surety for thy truth, 
Against an oath. The truth thou art unsure 
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;

show his skill in casuistry; and 
the strange heap of quibble and 
nonsense of which it consists, 
was intended to ridicule that of 
the schools. For when he 
assumes the politician, at the 
conclusion of the third act, the 
author makes him talk at another 
rate. I mean in that beautiful 
passage where he speaks of the 
mischiefes following the King's 
loss of his subjects hearts. This 
conduct is remarkable, and was 
intended, I suppose, to show us 
how much better politicians the 
Roman couriers are, than divines.

WARBURTON.

I am not able to discover here 
any thing inconsequent or ridicu-
ously sublime. The propositions, 
that the voice of the church is the 
voice of heaven, and that the 
Pope utters the voice of the church, 
evertheless which Pandulph's au-
ditors would deny, being once 
granted, the argument here used 
is irresistible; nor is it easy, not-
withstanding the gingle, to en-
force it with greater brevity or 
propriety.

But thou hast sworn against re-
ligion:
By what thou swear'st, against 
the thing in a swear'lt:
And makest an oath the surety for 
the truth,
Against an oath the truth thou 
art unsure.
To swear, swear only not to be 
forsworn.] By weight. Sir: 
T. Hamner reads, by that. I 
think it should be rather by

which. That is, thou swear'st 
against the thing, by which thou 
swear'lt; that is, against religion.
The most formidable diffi-
culty is in these lines.

And makest an oath the surety 
for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth thou 
art unsure.

To swear, &c.
This Sir T. Hamner reforms 
thus,

And makest an oath the surety 
for thy truth,
Against an oath, this truth 
thea art unsure.

To swear, &c.

Dr. Warburton writes it thus,

Against an oath the truth they 
art unsure——

which leaves the passage to me 
as obscure as before.

I know not whether there is 
any corruption beyond the omis-
sion of a point. The sense, af-
ter I had considered it, appeared 
to me only this: In swearing by re-
ligion against religion, to which 
thou hast already forsworn, thou 
makest an oath the security for thy 
with against an oath already taken.
I will give, says he, a rule for con-
science in these cases. Thou mayst 
be in doubt about the matter of 
an oath; when thou swear'lt this 
mayst not be always sure to swear 
rightly, but let this both thy settled 
principle, swear only not to be 
forsworn; let not thy latter oaths 
be at variance with thy former.

Truth, through this whole 
speech, means repudiate of con-
duct.
KING JOHN.

Else what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear, only to be forsworn,
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself.
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy, loose suggestions:
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off;
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Fealc. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me; (ah! alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth?) ev'n for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine ho-
nour!

Lewis. I muse, your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on?
KING JOHN.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phil. Thou shalt not need. England, I'll fall from thee.

Cost. O fair return of banish'd Majesty!
Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.
Faul. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
Is it, as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win:
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose:
Father, I may not with the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not with thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose:
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

[Exit Faulconbridge.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whose heat hath this condition
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens. To arms, let's hie.

[Exeunt.

SCENE
KING JOHN.

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Field of Battle.

Alarms, Excursions: Enter Faulconbridge, with Austria's Head.

Faulc. NOW, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there.—
Thus hath King Richard's son perform'd his vow,
And offer'd Austria's blood for sacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living soul.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. There, Hubert, keep this boy. Richard,
make up;
My mother is affailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faul. My Lord, I rescu'd her:
Her highness is in safety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exeunt.

1 Some airy devil——] We must read, Some fiery devil, if we will have the cause equal to the effect. Warburton.

There is no end of such alterations; every page of a vehement and negligent writer will afford opportunities for changes of terms, if mere propriety will justify them. Not that of this change the propriety is out of controversy. Dr. Warburton will have the devil fiery, because he makes the day hot; the author makes him airy, because he hovers in the sky, and the beat and mischief are natural conquences of his malignity.
KING JOHN.

SCENE V.

Alarms, Excursions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be—your Grace shall stay behind
[To Elinor,
So strongly guarded—Cousin, look not sad,
[To Arthur,
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.
K. John. Cousin, away for England; haste before,
[To Faulconbridge;
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots; their imprison’d angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon.
Use our commission in its utmost force.

Faulc. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beck me to come on.
I leave your highnesses—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)

---the fat ribs of Peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon.] This word now seems a very idle term here, and conveys no satisfactory idea. An antithesis, an opposition of terms, so perpetual with our author, requires;
Must by the hungry War be fed upon.
War, demanding a large expence, is very poetically said to be hungry, and to prey on the wealth and fat of peace. Warburton.

This emendation is better than the former, but yet not necessary. Sir T. Hamner reads, hungry masu with less deviation from the common reading, but with not so much force or elegance as-war.

Bell, book, and candle, &c.
In an account of the Roman curse given by Dr. Gray, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration.
KING JOHN.

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewel, my gentle cousin.


Eli. Come, hither, little kinsman;—hark, a word.

[Taking him to one side of the stage.

K. John. [To Hubert on the other side.

Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say——
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I'm almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou haest no cause to say so
yet,—

But thou shalt have—and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say——but, let it go:
The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
4 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possest with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that furly spirit Melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot laughter keep mens' eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment;

4 Sound on unto the drowsy race of night;} We should read, 

Sound one——

Warburton.

Gg4

(A
KING JOHN.

(A passion hateful to my purposes)
Or if thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not—yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heav'n, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend;
He is a very serpent in my way,
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Doft thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.


Hub. My Lord?


Hub. He shall not live.


I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember:—Madam, fare you well.

[Returning to the Queen.

I'll send those pow'rs o'er to your Majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!


Hubert shall be your man, t'attend on you
With all true duty; on, toward Calais, ho!

[Exeunt.

SCENE
KING JOHN.

SCENE VI.

Changes to the French Court.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, and Attendants.

K. Philip. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole Armada of collected sail
Is scatter’d and disjoin’d from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.
K. Philip. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta’en Pris’ner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O’er-bearing interruption, spite of France?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify’d:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos’d,
Such temp’rate order in so fierce a course,
Doth want example; who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Philip. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

5 A whole Armada, &c.] This similitude, as little as it makes for the purpose in hand, was, I do not question, a very taking one when the play was first represented; which was a winter or two at most, after the Spanish invasion in 1588. It was in reference likewise to that glorious period that Shakespeare concludes his play in that triumphant manner,

Thus England never did, nor never shall
Lye at the proud foot of a conquerer, &c.

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then posture of affairs. Warburton.

This play, so far as I can discover, was not played till a long time after the defeat of the Armada. The old play, I think, wants this simile. The commentator should not have affirmed what he could only guess.

6 — in so fierce a cause.] We should read course, i.e. march. The Oxford Editor condescends to this emendation.

Warburton.

Enter
Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a soul,
Holding th' eternal spirit against her will
In the vile prison of afflicted breath;
I pray thee, lady, go away with me.

Confi. Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace.

K. Philip. Patience, good Lady; comfort, gentle
Constance.

Confi. No, I defy all counsel, and redress,
But that, which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; oh amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench, found rottenness,
Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy howl'd worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsom dust,
And be a carrion monster, like thyself;
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
And kiss thee as thy wife; misery's love,
O come to me!

K. Philip. O fair affliction, peace.

Confi. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a passion I would shake the world,
And rouze from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a Lady's feeble voice,
And scorns a 7 modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Confi. Thou art not holy to belie me so;

7 Modern invocation.] It is hard to say what Shakespeare means by modern: it is not opposed to ancient. In All's well, that ends well, speaking of a girl in contempt, he uses this word, her modern grace. It apparently means something slight and inconsiderable.
KING JOHN.

I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance, I was Geoffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad; I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like, I should forget myself.
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal.
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he;
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Philip. Bind up those tresses; O, what love I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs;
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
Ev'n to that drop ten thousand wiery friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Consort. To England, if you will.—

K. Philip. Bind up your hairs.

Consort. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have giv'n these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds;
Because my poor child is a prisoner,
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I shall see my boy again.
For since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspirose,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die: and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n
I shall not know him; therefore never, never,
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Conf. He talks to me, that never had a son.—

K. Philip. You are as fond of grief, as of your
child.

Conf. Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; 9 had you such a los as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-cloaths.

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [Exit.

K. Philip. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit.

9 had you such a los as I, I could give better comfort——] This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoe-
Scene VII.

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
A bitter shame hath spoilt the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure, most of all shew evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this, which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetick spirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne: and therefore mark.

John hath seiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be
That whilst warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of rest.
A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,

[There's nothing in this, &c.] The young Prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years, and when can disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride?

Must
Must be as hoist'rously maintain'd, as gain'd.
And he, that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to slay him up.
That John may stand, then Arthurl needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young Arthurl's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthurl did.

Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as Arthurl did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he, that steeps his safety in a true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That no so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it.
No nat'ral exhalation in the sky,
No 'scape of nature, no dis temperament'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away its nat'ral cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, and prelages, tongues of heav'n
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young Arthurl's life;
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthurl be not gone already,
Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,

2 True blood.] The blood of him that has the just claim.
3 No 'scape of nature,—] The author very finely calls a monstrous birth, an 'scape of nature.
As if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent on some other thing. But the Oxford Editor will have it, that Shakespeare wrote, No 'scape of nature.

Warburton.
And
KING JOHN.
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
'Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble Dauphin;
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King.
Lewis. Strong reason makes strong actions: let us go;
If you say ay, the King will not say no. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to ENGLAND.

A PRISON.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

HUBERT.

H EAT me these irons hot, and, look, thou stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;

4 Or, as a little snow. ] Ba-
con, in his history of Henry VII.
speaking of Perkin's march, ob-
serves, that their snow-ball did
not gather as it rolled.

And
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair. Be heedful; hence, and watch.

Exe. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to't.—
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more Prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body should be sad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonnés. By my christendom,
So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long:
And so I would be here, but that, I doubt,
My uncle practises more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault, that I was Geoffrey's son?
Indeed, it is not; and I would to heav'n,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [Aside.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to day;
In sooth, I wou'd, you were a little sick;
That I might fit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur—— [Shewing a paper.
How now, foolish rheum,

4
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, left resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did
but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows;
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a Prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then, you must——Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I've sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it.
The iron of itself, tho' heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,

\[ Turning dispiteous torture out of door! \] For torture Sir
T. Hanmer reads nature, and is

Vol. III.  H h  Even
Even in the matter of mine innocence: 
Nay, after that, consume away in rust, 
But for containing fire to harm mine eye. 
Are you more stubborn-hard, than hammer'd iron? 
Oh! if an Angel should have come to me, 
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes, 
I would not have believ'd a tongue, but Hubert's. 

[Hubert stamps, and the men enter. 
Hub. Come forth; do, as I bid you. 
Artb. O save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out, 
Ev'n with the fierce looks of these bloody men. 
Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here. 
Artb. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough? 
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still. 
For heav'n's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound. 
Nay, hear me, Hubert—drive these men away, 
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb. 
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word, 
Nor look upon the iron angrily; 
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

6 I would not have believed a tongue but Hubert's.] 
Thus Mr. Pope found the line in the old editions. According to 
this reading it is supposed that Hubert had told him, he would 
not put out his eyes; for the an-
gel who says he would, is brought 
in as contradicting Hubert. Mr. 
Theo.
bald, by what authority I 
don't know, reads—
I would not have believ'd him: 
no tongue, but Hubert's. 
which is spoiling the measure, 
without much mending the sense. 
Shakesp'er, I am persuad'd, wrote— 
I would not have believ'd a 
tongue but Hubert; 
i.e. abate, disparage. The blun-
der seems to have arisen thus, 
besignifies except, sav'ing; so 
the transcribers, taking it in this 
sense, substituted the more usual 
word but in its place. My alter-
ation greatly improves the sense, 
as implying a tenderer sense of 
affection for Hubert; the common 
reading, only an opinion of Hu-
bert's veracity; whereas the point 
here was to win upon Hubert's 
passions which could not be bet-
ter done than by shewing af-
fection towards him.

Warburton.
I do not see why the old read-
ing may not stand. Mr. Theo-
bald's alteration, as we find, in-
jures the measure, and Dr. War-
burton's corrupts the language, 
and neither can be said much to 
mend the sense.

6 What
King John.

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[Exeunt.

Artb. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Artb. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Artb. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious senfe;
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your
tongue.

Artb. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not, Hubert;
'Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O spare mine eyes!
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Artb. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes; see else yourself,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its spirit out,

7 This is according to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us.
8 No, in good sooth, &c.] The sense is: The fire, being created not to hurt but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not de-

Hh2 And
And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Artb. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes:
And like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I sworn; and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Artb. O, now you look like Hubert. All this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Artb. O heav'n! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pemb:
This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men ne'er stain'd with revolt:
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore to be possi'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before;
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome;
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto afail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousnes;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:

9 This once again—was once superfluous.] This one time more was one time more than enough.
1 To guard a title that was rich before.] To guard, is to string.
2 They do confound their Skill in Covetousnes.] i. e. Not by their Avarice, but in an eager Emulation, an intense Desire of excelling; as in Henry V.

But if it be a Sin to covet Honour,
I am the most offending Soul a-live.

THEOBALD.
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your highness
To over-bear it; and we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Must make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possesst you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To found the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but chief of all,
Your safety, for the which, myself and they
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th' infranchisement of Arbuth; whose restraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of discontent
To break into this dang'rous argument;
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why shou'd your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercice?

3 — in hiding of the fault,
Than di the fault ——— ———— ]
We should read flaw in both place.

Warburton.

4 Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possesst you with, and
think them strong.
And more, more strong, the lesser is my fear,
I shall endue you with. ] I have
told you some reasons, in my opinion strong, and shall tell more
yet stranger; for the stronger my reasons are, the less is my fear of
your disapprobation. This seems
to be the meaning.

5 To found the purposes.] To
declare, to publishe the desires of
all those.

That
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask, his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, that he have liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter Hubert.

To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man, should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience, 6
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set: 7
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, 8 I fear, will issue thence
The soul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortalit's strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone, and dead.

6 Between his purpose and his conscience, ] Between his conscience, nis of guilt, and his design to conceal it by fair professions.

7 Like Heralds, 'twixt two dreadful Battles set;) But Heralds are not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two Lines of Battle; tho' they, and Trumpets, are often sent over from Party to Party, to propose Terms, demand a Parley, &c.

I have therefore ventured to read, sent.

This Dr. Warburton has followed without much advantage; but is not fixed, but only placed; heralds must be sent between battles in order to be sent between them.

3 And when it breaks,—— This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an impolluted tumour.
He tells us, *Arthur* is deceased to-night.

*Sal.* Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

*Pemb.* Indeed, we heard how near his death he was, Before the child himself felt he was sick.

This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis shame

That greatness should so grossly offer it:

So thrive it in your game, and so farewell!

*Pemb.* Stay yet, Lord Salisbury, I'll go with thee.

And find th' inheritance of this poor child,

His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood, which own'd the breadth of all this isle,

Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!

This must not be thus borne; this will break out

To all our forrows, and ere long, I doubt.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*K. John.* They burn in indignation; I repent,

There is no sure foundation set on blood;

No certain life achiev'd by others' death——

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou haft; where is that blood,

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm;

Pour down thy weather. How goes all in France?

*Mes.* From France to England. 9 Never such a power,

For any foreign preparation,

Was levy'd in the body of a land.

9 *From France to England.—* word goes, and answers, that The kings asks *how all goes in* whatever is in France goes now France, the messenger catches the *into England.*

The
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told, they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.
K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? where is my mother's care?
That such an army should be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
Mes. My Liege, her ear
Is stopt with dust: the first of April, dy'd
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd.
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false, I know not.
K. John. With-hold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers.—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France?
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That, thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?
Mes. Under the Dauphin.
K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

Enter Faulconbridge, and Peter of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Faulc. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, Cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Faulc. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express,
But as I travell'd hither thro' the land,
I find the people strangely fantasy'd;
KING JOHN.

Possess with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Nor knowing what they fear, but full of fear,
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he sung in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your Highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou so?
Peter. Fore-knowing, that the truth will fall out so.
K. John. Hubert, away with him, imprison him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee. ———

[Exit Hubert, with Peter.

O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faulc. The French, my Lord; men's mouths are
full of it:

Befides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go
And thrust thyself into their company:
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will seek them out.

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,

Deliver him to safety, ——]

That is, Give him into safe e-

And
KING JOHN.

And fly, like thought, from them to me again.
Faulc. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[Exit.

Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the Peers;
And be thou he.

Mes. With all my heart, my Liege.

K. John. My mother dead!

SCENE IV.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say, five moons were seen to
night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And, when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear.
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news;
Who with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste


2 — slippers, which his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet, I know not how the commentators understand this important passage, which, in Dr. Warburton's edition, is marked as eminently beautiful, and, in the whole, not without justice. But Shakespeare seems to have confounded
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these fears?
Why urg'st thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a cause
To wish him dead, but thou hast none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not pro-
voke me?

K. John. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majesty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal, for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heav'n
and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the fight of means, to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? for hadst thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,

founded a man's shoes with his
gloves. He that is frighted or
hurried may put his hand into
the wrong glove, but either shoe
will equally admit either foot.
The author seems to be dis-
turbed by the disorder which he
describes.

3 It is the curse of Kings, &c.] This plainly hints at Davison's
case, in the affair of Mary Queen
of Scots, and so must have been
inserted long after the first repre-
sentation. Warburton.
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, 4 or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin:
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My Nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.

4 Hadst thou but shook thy head, &c.] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the emotions of a mind swelling with consciousnes of a crime, and defirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn ab iis rerumbus mentis, from an intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says, that to have bid him tell his tale in express words, would have struck him dumb; nothing is more certain, than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges.
Young *Arthur* is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought, 
And you have flander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K.* John. Doth *Arthur* live? O, hafte thee to the
Peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;

---*The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought.*] Nothing

...
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry Lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly: run more fast.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A Street before a Prison.

Enter Arthur on the Walls, disguis'd.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship o'er's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go; as die, and stay. [Leaps down.
Oh me! my Uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heavn take my soul, and England keep my bones! [Dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmondsbury;
It is our safety; and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count Me'un, a noble Lord of France,
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love 6
Is much more gen'r'al than these lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then let forward, for 'twill be
Two long day's journey, Lords, or ere we meet.

6 Whose private, &c. — i. e. is much more ample than the whole private account, of the letters.

Pope. Dauphin's affection to our cause.

Enter:
Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to day well met, distemper'd Lords;
The King by me requests your presence strait.

Sal. The King hath disposseth himself of us;
We will not line his thin, bestained cloak
With our pure honour: nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

Faulc. What e'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.?

Faulc. But there is little reason in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Faulc. 'Tis true; to hurt its matter, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: what is he lies here?

[Seeing Arthur.

Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!—
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or when he coom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious, princely, for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almost think, altho' you see,
What you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? 'tis the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or startling rage,

7 To reason, in Shakespeare, is not so often to argue, as to talk.
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus’d in this;
And this so sore, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly blood-shed but a jest,
Examplied by this heinous spectacle.

Faust. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceless action of a heavy hand:
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would enlue.
It is the shameful work of Hubert’s hand,
The practice and the purpose of the King:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow! 8
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge. 9

Pemb. [Bigot.  8 Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

SCENE VI.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death.

[—a vow.— 9 —the worship of revenge.]  This is a copy of
Never to taste the pleasures of the
world. This is a copy of
the vows made in the ages of su-
perstition and chivalry.

VOL. III.  I i —Avaunt,
AVAUNT, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law? [Drawing his Sword.
Faulc. Your sword is bright, Sir, put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murd'r'er's skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury; stand back, I say;
By heav'n, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; ¹
Left I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murd'r'er.
Hub. Do not prove me so; ²
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue so'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Faulc. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.
Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salisbury.

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hafty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Cr I'll fo maul you, and your tosting-iron,
That you shall think, the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What will you do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep

¹ — true defence; ² Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none. — Do not

make me a murderer by compelling me to kill you; I am
not a murderer.
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.
Away with me all you, whose souls abhor.
Th' uncleanly favour of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with the smell of sin.

Bigot. Away tow'rd Bury, to the Dauphin there.
Pemb. There, tell the King, he may enquire us out.

[Exeunt Lords.

SCENE VII.

Faulc. Here's a good world. Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didn't this deed of death
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Faulc. Ha! I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd so black — nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer.

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didn't kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul——

Faulc. If thou didn't but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And if thou want'lt a cord, the smallest thread,
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,

I i 2 Which
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

_Faulc._ Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all _England_ up!
From forth this morsel of dead Royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm
Is fled to heav'n; and _England_ now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed interest of proud-swelling State.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry creft;
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now Pow'rs from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waits
(As doth a Raven on a sick, fall'n beast)
The imminent Decay of _wrested Pomp_.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cinature can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the King;
A thousand businesse are brief at hand,
And heav'n itself doth frown upon the Land. [Exeunt.

_The imminent decay of _wrested Pomp._] _Wrested Pomp_ is greatness obtained by violence.
ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of ENGLAND.

Enter King John, Pandulpho, and Attendants.

K. John.

THUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my Glory. [Giving the Crown.

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your sovereign Greatness and Authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word; go meet the
French,
And from his Holiness use all your power
To stop their Marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented Counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign Royalty;
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Reifs by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or Overthrow incurable infuses.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war;
And make fair weather in your bluff'ring Land.
On this Ascension-Day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon

I 3

My
My Crown I should give off? even so I have:
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But, heav’n be thank’d, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But Dozer-Castle: London hath receiv’d,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his Powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my Lords return to me again,
After they heard, young Arthur was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel, life,
By some damn’d hand was rob’d and ta’en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Faulc. So on my soul he did, for aught he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the Great,
Grow great by your example; and put on
The dauntles’s spirit of resolution.
Away, and glitter like the God of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the Lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be said! Forage, and run *

* Forage, and run] To forage is here used in its original sense, for to range abroad.
To meet displeasure farther from the doors.
And grapple with him, ere he come to nigh.

K. John. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the Powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Fauco. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair-play-orders, and make compromise,
Infusion, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd, filken, Wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with Colours idly spread,
And find no check? let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance, the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw, we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ord'reng of this present time.

Fauco. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our Party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.

5 Mocking the air with colours.
He has the same image in Macbeth.
Where the Norwegian colours
Float the sky,
And fan our people cold.

6 Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
KING JOHN.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Dauphin's Camp, at St. Edmondsb'ry.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lewis. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out, and keep it safe for our remembrance; return the precedent to these Lords again, that having our fair order written down, both they and we, perusing o'er these notes, may know wherefore we took the Sacrament; and keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken. And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear a voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith to your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince, I am not glad that such a Sore of time should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt; and heal th' inveterate canker of one wound, by making many. Oh, it grieves my soul, that I must draw this metal from my side to be a widow-maker: oh, and there, where honourable rescue, and defence, cries out upon the name of Salisbury. But such is the infection of the time,

7—at St. Edmondsb'ry:] I have ventured to fix the Place of the Scene here, which is specified by none of the Editors, on the following Authorities. In the preceding Act, where Salisbury has fixed to go over to the Dauphin, he says:

Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmondsb'ry.

And Count Melun, in this last Act, says:

—and many more with me,

Upon the Altar at St. Edmondsb'ry;

Even on that Altar, where we swore to you Dear Amity, and everlasting Love.

And it appears likewise from the Troublesome Reign of King John, in two Parts, (the first rough Model of this Play) that the Interchange of Vows between the Dauphin and the Eng'lish Barons was at St. Edmondsb'ry. Theobald.

That,
That, for the health and physic of our Right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice, and confused wrong.
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this Isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger March
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? I must withdraw and weep
Upon the Spot of this enforced cause
To grace the gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted Colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore!
Where these two christen armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper doth thou shew in this;
And great affection, wrestling in thy bosom,
Doth make an earthquake of Nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect! *
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n

* Between compulsion, and a brave respect? This compulsion was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion, (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an enforced cause) could only be procured by foreign arms; And the brave respect was the love of his country. Yet the Oxford Editor, for compulsion, reads compassion. WARDURTON.
KING JOHN.

Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm.
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
Full-warm of blood, of mirth, of gossipping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself; so, Nobles, shall you all,
That knit your finewes to the strength of mine.

SCENE III.

Enter Pandulpho.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake! 9
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
And on our actions set the name of Right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of France!
The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and See of Rome.
Therefore thy threatening Colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a Lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace:
And be no further harmful than in shew.

9 ——— an angel spake! ]
Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton read here, an angel spedes. I think unnecessarily.
The Danubin does not yet hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him, but seeing him ad-

vance and concluding that he comes to animate and authorize him with the power of the church, he cries out, at the sight of this holy man, I am encouraged as by the voice of an angel.

Lewis.
Lewis. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at control;
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign State throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war;
Between this chaftis'd Kingdom and myself;
And brought in matter, that should feed this fire.
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of Right,
Acquainted me with int'rest to this Land;
Yea, thrst this enterprize into my heart:
And come ye now, to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arbuth, claim this Land for mine:
And now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? what penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To under-prop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my Claim are liable,
Sweat in this busines, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match, play'd for a Crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded Set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return,
Till my attempt so much be glorify'd,
As to my ample hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant head of war;
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook Conquest, and to win Renown

Ev'n
Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death.
[Trumpet sounds.
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

SCENE IV.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. According to the fair Play of the world,
Let me have audience. I am sent to speak,
My holy lord of Milain, from the King:
I come to learn how you have dealt for him:
And as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Paud. The Dauphin is too willful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The Youth says well. Now hear our English King;
For thus his Royalty doth speak in me:
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should.
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd mask, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sawcinens and boyish troops,
The King doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the strength, ev'n at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;

* This unheard Sawcinens and
boyish Troops, ] Thus the
printed Copies in general; but
unbeard is an Epithet of very lit-
tle Force, or Meaning here;
besides, let us obverse how 'tis
coupled. Faulconbridge is sneer-
ing at the Dauphin's Invasion, as
an unadvis'd Enterprize, favour-
ing of Youth and Indiscretion;
the Refult of Childishness, and
unthinking Raffness: and he
seems altogether to dwell on this
Character of it, by calling his
Preparation boyish Troops, dwar-
fish War, pigmy Arms, &c. which,
according to my Emendation, is
very well with unbeard, i.e.
unbeard Sawcinens.

Theobald.
To
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable-planks,
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To herd with swine; to seek sweet safety out,
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's Crow,
Thinking his voice an armed English man;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No; know, the gallant Monarch is in arms,
And like an Eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs,
To soufe annoiance that comes near his neft.
And you degen'rate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody Nero's, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame.
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle Hearts
To fierce and bloody Inclination.

Lewis. There end thy Brave; and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canst out-scold us; fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Faul. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'rest, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten; do but start
An Echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverbe'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear.

And
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport, than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death; whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Fauc. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
      doubt.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to a Field of Battle.

Alarms. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? oh, tell me,
        Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
        Lies heavy on me. Oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, your valiant kinsman, Falconbridge,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, tow'rd Swinstead, to the Abbey there.

Mes. Be of good Comfort: for the great Supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but ev'n now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd Swinstead; to my Litter strait;
Weakness posseteth me, and I am faint.

[Exeunt.

SCENE
SCENE VI.

Changes to the French Camp.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King so flor'd with friends.
   Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
   If they miscarry, we miscarry too:
   Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
   In spite of spight, alone upholds the day.
   Pemb. They say, King John, fore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun, wounded.

Melun. Lead me to the Revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
   Pemb. It is the Count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Melun. Fly, noble England, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet:
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,

2 Unthread the rude Eye of Rebellion. [Tho' all the
Copies concur in this Reading, how poor is the Metaphor of un-
threading the Eye of a Needle? And, besides, as there is no
Mention made of a Needle, how remote and obscure is the Allu-
SION without it? The Text, as I have restor'd it, is easy and na-
tural; and it is the Mode of Ex-
pression, which our Author is
every where fond of, to tread
and untread, the Way, Path, Steps,
&c. Theobald.
The metaphor is certainly
harsh, but I do not think the
passage corrupted.

Upon
Upon the altar at St. Edmondsbury;
Ev'n on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Refolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true,
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east.
But ev'n this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smoaks about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of one rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The love of him, and this respect besides,
(For that my granfire was an Englishman)
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence-
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace; and part this body and my soul,
With contemplation, and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form

*Rated treachery.] It were easy to change rated to hated for an easier meaning, but rated suits better with fine. The Dauphin has rated your treachery, and set upon it a fine which your lives must pay.
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Swoop low within those bounds, we have o'er-look'd;
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Pitiful in thine eye. Away, my friends; new flight;
And 'happy newness, that intends old right?

[Exeunt, leading off Melun.]

Scene VII.

Changes to a different part of the French Camp.

Enter Lewis, and his Train.

Lewis. THE sun of heav'n, methought, was loth
to set,
But said, and made the western welkin blush,
When th' English measur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needle's shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lewis. Here. What news?
Mes. The count Melun is slain; the English lords
By his persuasion are again fall'n off;
And your supply, which you have with'd so long,

[—happy news, &c.] Happy

Vol. III.  K k  Are
KING JOHN.

Are cast away, and sunk on Godwin sands.

Lewis. Ah, foul, shrewd, news! Bewray thy very heart,
I did not think to be so sad to night.
As this hath made me. Who was he, that said,
King Job did fly, an hour or two before
The trembling night did part our weary powers?

Melf. Who ever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care
to night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to morrow. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinsteald Abbey.

Enter Faulconbridge, and Hubert severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,
or I shoot.

Faulc. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Faulc. And whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought.

I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt; and, if thou please,
Thou may'st be friend me so much, as to think,
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night

3 — t'ou and endless night] We should read, eyeless. So
Pindar calls the Moon, the eye of night. WARBURTON.

Have
Have done me shame. Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

_Faucl._ Come, come; _Sans compliment_, what news abroad?

_Hub._ Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

_Faucl._ Brief then: and what's the news?

_Hub._ O my sweet Sir, news fitted to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

_Faucl._ Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

_Hub._ The King, I fear, is poison'd by a Monk.
I left him almost speechless, and brake out
T' acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

_Faucl._ How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

_Hub._ A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out; the King
Yet speaks; and, peradventure, may recover.

_Faucl._ Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

_Hub._ Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.

_Faucl._ With hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power
I'll tell thee, _Hubert_, half my pow'rs this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the ride;
These Lincoln-washers have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away, before. Conduct me to the King;
I doubt, he will be dead, or e'er I come.  [Exeunt.
SCENE IX.

Changes to the Orchard in Swinstead Abbey.

Ent. r Prince Henry, Salisbury and Bigot.

Henry. 'Tis too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Fortel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison, which affaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient,
Than when you left him; even now he fung.

Henry. O vanity of sickness! fierce extrems
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; his siege is now,
Against the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swain,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lastling rest.

Sal. Be of good-comfort, Prince, for you are born
To set a form upon that incigefat,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

* In their tumult and hurry of resorting to the last tenable part.
King John brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.
I am a scribbed form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majesty?

K. John. Poison'd. Ill fare! dead, forlook, cast off;
And none of you will bid the winter come.
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom: nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold: I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unretrievable, condemned blood.

SCENE X.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh! I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

K. John. Oh! cousin, thou art come to set mine eye.
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
And all the throwds, wherewith my life should fail,

Are
Are turn'd to one thread, one little hair;
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Fault. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where, heav'n he knows, how we shall answer him,
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [The King dies.

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear:
My Liege! my Lord! — but now a King —
now thus.

Henry. Ev'n so must I run on, and ev'n so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Fault. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars, that move in your bright
spheres,
Where be your pow'rs? shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us seek, or strait we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Fault. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Curlfelves well finew'd to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many Carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his Cause and Quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal,
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Faulc. Let it be so; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's Funeral.

Henry. At Worcester must his body be inter'd.
For so he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal State and Glory of the Land!
To whom, with all Submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a Spot for evermore.

Henry. I have a kind soul, that would give you
thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them!—Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt omnes.

The tragedy of King John, though not written with the utmost power of Shakespeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The Lady's grief is very affecting, and the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and lenity which this author delighted to exhibit.
There is extant another play of *King John*, published with Shakespeare's name, so different from this, and I think from all his other works, that there is reason to think his name was prefixed only to recommend it to sale. No man writes upon the same subject twice, without concurring in many places with himself.

The End of the Third Volume.