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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CONTAINING

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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M. DCC. XCIII.

* A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.] This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8, 1600, by Thomas Fisher. It is probable that the hint for it was received from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*.

There is an old black letter pamphlet by W. Bettie, called *Titania and Theseus*, entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1608; but Shakspeare has taken no hints from it. *Titania* is also the name of the Queen of the Fairies in Decker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607. STEEVENS.

The Midsummer-Night's Dream I suppose to have been written in 1592. See *An attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

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[redacted]

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A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.*

PERSONS repreſented.*

Theſeus, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *Father to* Hermia.
Lyſander, Demetrius, } *in love with* Hermia.
Philoſtrate, *Maſter of the Revels to* Theſeus.
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snout, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolyta, *Queen of the* Amazons, *betrothed to* Theſeus.
Hermia, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lyſander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, a *Fairy.*
Peaſebloſſom, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeed, } *Fairies.*
Pyramus, *Thiſbe*, *Wall*, *Moonſhine*, *Lion*, } *Characters in the* Interlude *performed by the* Clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theſeus *and* Hippolyta.

SCENE, Athens, *and a Wood not far from it.*

* The enumeration of perſons was firſt made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

New bent[4] in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.

The. Go, Philoſtrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—
[*Exit* Philostrate.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.[5]

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theſeus, our renowned duke![6]

4 New *bent* ——] The old copies read—*Now* bent. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

5 *With pomp, with* triumph, *and with revelling.*] By triumph, as Mr. Warton has obſerved in his late edition of Milton's *Poems*, p. 56, we are to underſtand *ſhows*, ſuch as maſks, revels, &c. So, again in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time
" With ſtately *triumphs*, mirthful comick ſhows,
" Such as befit the pleaſures of the court?"

Again, in the preface to Burton's *Anatomie of Melancholy*, 1624: " Now come tidings of weddings, maſkings, mummeries, entertainments, trophies, *triumphs*, revels, ſports, playes." Jonſon, as the ſame gentleman obſerves, in the title of his maſque called *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*, by *triumph* ſeems to have meant a grand proceſſion; and in one of the ſtage-directions, it is ſaid, " the triumph is ſeen far off." Malone.

6 —— *our renowned* duke!] Thus in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale:*

" Whilom as olde ſtories tellen us,
" There was a *Duk* that highte Theſeus,
" Of Athenes he was lord and governour," &c.
Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 861.

Lidgate too, the monk of Bury, in his tranſlation of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, calls him by the ſame title, chap. xii. l. 21:

" *Duke* Theſeus had the victorye."

Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweet-meats; meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not here before your grace
Conſent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,[9]
Immediately provided in that caſe.[2]

The. What ſay you, Hermia? be adviſ'd, fair maid:
To you your father ſhould be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.[3]
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lyſander.

The. In himſelf he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.

that the children in the North call their play-things *gowdys*, and their baby-houſe a *gowdy-houſe*. STEEVENS.

9 *Or to her death; according to our law,*] By a law of Solon's, parents had an abſolute power of life and death over their children. So it ſuited the poet's purpoſe well enough, to ſuppoſe the Athenians had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter. WARBURTON.

2 *Immediately provided in that caſe.*] Shakſpeare is grievouſly ſuſpected of having been placed, while a boy, in an attorney's office. The line before us has an undoubted ſmack of legal common-place. Poetry diſclaims it. STEEVENS.

3 *To* leave *the figure, or* disfigure *it.*] The ſenſe is, *you owe to your father a being which he may at pleaſure continue or deſtroy.* JOHNSON.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgement look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modeſty,
In ſuch a preſence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befal me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death,[4] or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth,[5] examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye[6] to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitleſs moon.
Thrice bleſſed they, that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,[7]

[4] ——*to die the death,*] So, in the Second part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"We will, my liege, elſe let us *die the death.*"

See notes on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

[5] *Know of your youth,*] Bring your youth to the queſtion. Conſider your youth. JOHNSON.

[6] *For* aye ——] i. e. for *ever*. So, in *K. Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1622:

"And ſit for *aye* enthronized in heaven." STEEVENS.

[7] *But* earthlier *happy is the roſe* diſtill'd,] Thus all the copies: yet *earthlier* is ſo harſh a word, and *earthlier happy*, for *happier earthly*, a mode of ſpeech ſo unuſual, that I wonder none of the editors have propoſed *earlier happy*. JOHNSON.

It has ſince been obſerved, that Mr. Pope did propoſe *earlier*. We might read—*earthly happier.*

Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.

Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, whoſe unwiſhed yoke[8]
My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty.

The. Take time to pauſe: and, by the next new moon,
(The ſealing-day betwixt my love and me,

——*the roſe diſtill'd,*] So, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "—You bee all young and faire, endeauour to bee wiſe and vertuous; that when, like *roſes*, you ſhall fall from the ſtalke, you may be gathered, and put to the *ſtill*."

This image however, muſt have been generally obvious, as in Shakſpeare's time the diſtillation of roſe water was a common proceſs in all families. Steevens.

This is a thought in which Shakſpeare ſeems to have much delighted. We meet with it more than once in his Sonnets. See 5th, 6th, and 54th *Sonnet*. Malone.

[8] ——*whoſe unwiſhed yoke*—] Thus both the quartos 1600, and the folio 1623. The ſecond folio reads—
"——*to* whoſe unwiſhed yoke—." Steevens.

Dele *to*, and for *unwiſh'd*, r. *unwiſhed*.—Though I have been in general extremely careful not to admit into my text any of the innovations made by the editor of the ſecond folio, from ignorance of our poet's language or metre, my caution was here over-watched; and I printed the above lines as exhibited by that and all the ſubſequent editors, of which the reader was apprized in a note. The old copies ſhould have been adhered to, in which they appear thus:
" Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
" Unto his lordſhip, whoſe unwiſhed yoke
" My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty."
i. e. to give ſovereignty *to*. See various inſtances of this kind of phraſeology in a note on *Cymbeline*, ſcene the laſt. The change was certainly made by the editor of the ſecond folio from his ignorance of Shakſpeare's phraſeology. Malone.

I have adopted the preſent elliptical reading, becauſe it not only renders the line ſmoother, but ſerves to exclude the diſguſting recurrence of the prepoſition—*to*; and yet if the authority of the firſt folio had not been ſupported by the quartos, &c. I ſhould have preferred the more regular phraſeology of the folio 1632. Steevens.

For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your father's will;
Or elſe to wed Demetrius, as he would:
Or on Diana's altar to proteſt,
For aye, auſterity and ſingle life.

Dem. Relent, ſweet Hermia;—And, Lyſander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.[9]

Ege. Scornful Lyſander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him;
And ſhe is mine; and all my right of her
I do eſtate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſs'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her ſoul; and ſhe, ſweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted[2] and inconſtant man.

The. I muſt confeſs, that I have heard ſo much,
And with Demetrius thought to have ſpoke thereof;

[9] *You have her father's love, Demetrius;*
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.] I ſuſpect that Shakſpeare wrote:
"Let me have Hermia; do you marry him."
TYRWHITT.

[2] ——*ſpotted*——] As *ſpotleſs* is innocent, ſo *ſpotted* is wicked.
JOHNSON.

But, being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you ſhall go with me,
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourſelf
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or elſe the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate,)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.—
Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſs
Againſt our nuptial; and confer with you
Of ſomething nearly that concerns yourſelves.

Ege. With duty, and deſire, we follow you.
[*Exeunt* Thes. Hip. Ege. Dem. *and train.*

Lrs. How now, my love? Why is your cheek
ſo pale?
How chance the roſes there do fade ſo faſt?

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could
well
Beteem them[2] from the tempeſt of mine eyes.

Lrs. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love[3] never did run ſmooth:

[2] Beteem *them*—] Give them, beſtow upon them. The word is uſed by Spenſer. Johnson.

"So would I, ſaid th' enchanter, glad and fain
"*Beteem* to you his ſword, you to defend." *Faery Queen.*

Again, in *The Caſe is Altered. How? Aſk Dalio and Milo*, 1605:

"I could *beteeme* her a better match."

But I rather think that to *beteem*, in this place, ſignifies (as in the northern counties) to *pour out*; from *tommer*, Daniſh.
Steevens.

[3] *The courſe of true love*——] This paſſage ſeems to have been imitated by Milton. *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. X.—896. & ſeqq.
Malone.

But, either it was different in blood;

Her. O croſs! too high to be enthrall'd to low![4]

Lrs. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years;

Her. O ſpite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lrs. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends:

Her. O hell! to chooſe love by another's eye!

Lrs. Or, if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentany as a ſound,[5]
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,[6]

[4] —— *too high to be enthrall'd to* low!] *Love*—poſſeſſes all the editions, but carries no juſt meaning in it. Nor was Hermia diſpleas'd at being in love; but regrets the inconveniences that generally attend the paſſion; either, the parties are diſproportioned, in degree of blood and quality; or unequal, in reſpect of years; or brought together by the appointment of friends, and not by their own choice. Theſe are the complaints repreſented by Lyſander; and Hermia, to anſwer to the firſt, as ſhe has done to the other two, muſt neceſſarily ſay:

" *O croſs! too high to be enthrall'd to* low!

So the antitheſis is kept up in the terms; and ſo ſhe is made to condole the diſproportion of blood and quality in lovers.

THEOBALD.

The emendation is fully ſupported, not only by the tenour of the preceding lines, but by a paſſage in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, in which the former predicts that the courſe of love never ſhall run ſmooth:

" Sorrow on love hereafter ſhall attend,
" Ne'er ſettled equally, *too high*, or *low*," &c. MALONE.

[5] —— momentany *as a ſound*,] Thus the quartos. The firſt folio reads—*momentary*. *Momentany* (ſays Dr. Johnſon) is the old and proper word. STEEVENS.

" —— that ſhort *momentany* rage,"—is an expreſſion of Dryden. HENLEY.

[6] *Brief as the lightning in the* collied *night*,] *Collied*, i. e. black, ſmutted with coal, a word ſtill uſed in the midland counties. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*:

" —Thou haſt not *collied* thy face enough." STEEVENS.

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There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the ſharp Athenian law
Cannot purſue us: If thou lov'ſt me then,
Steal forth thy father's houſe to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do obſervance to a morn of May,
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good Lyſander!
I ſwear to thee, by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow;
By his beſt arrow with the golden head;[2]
By the ſimplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,[3]
When the falſe Trojan under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke;—
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promiſe, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeed, fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay.

[2] ——*his beſt* arrow *with the* golden *head*;] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II:

"——*arrowes* two, and tipt with *gold* or lead:
"Some hurt, accuſe a third with horny head."

Stevens.

[3] ——*by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen*,] Shakſpeare had forgot that Theſeus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and conſequently long before the death of Dido.

Stevens.

Demetrius loves your fair: [3] O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-ſtars; [4] and your tongue's ſweet air
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching; O, were favour ſo! [5]
Your's would I catch, [6] fair Hermia, ere I go;

[3] *Demetrius loves your fair:*] *Fair* is uſed again as a ſubſtantive in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. ſc. iv:

"——My decayed *fair*,
"A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair."

Again, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"But what foul hand hath harm'd Matilda's *fair*?"

Again, in *A Looking-Glaſs for London and England*, 1598:

"And fold in me the riches of thy *fair*."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"Then tell me, love, ſhall I have all thy *fair*?"

Again, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: "Though ſhe were falſe to Menelaus, yet her *fair* made him brook her follies."

Again:

"Flora in tawny hid up all her flowers,
"And would not diaper the meads with *fair*." STEEVENS.

[4] *Your eyes are lode-ſtars;*] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode ſtar is the *leading* or guiding ſtar, that is, the *pole-ſtar*. The magnet is, for the ſame reaſon, called the *lode-ſtone*, either becauſe it leads iron, or becauſe it guides the needle. Milton has the ſame thought in *L'Allegro*:

"Towers and battlements it ſees
"Boſom'd high in tuſted trees,
"Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
"The cynoſure of neighb'ring eyes."

Davies calls Queen Elizabeth,

"lode-ſtar to her ſubjects, and *lode-ſtone* to all eyes." JOHNSON.

So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"Let me behold the load-ſtar of her heavenly looks."

Again, in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"The load-ſtar and the honour of our line." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*O, were favour ſo!*] *Favour* is *feature, countenance*. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. ſc. iv:

"——— my eyes
"Have not loſt ſtill their favour that it loves." STEEVENS.

[6] *Your's would I catch,*] This exclamation is taken from the

My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The reſt I'll give to be to you tranſlated.[7]
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You ſway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch ſkill!

Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could ſuch affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.[8]

Hel. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine![9]

Oxford edition. The old reading is—*Your words I catch.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Malone reads—"Your *words I'd* catch." STEEVENS.

The emendation [*I'd* catch] was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Sir T. Hanmer reads—"Yours *would* I catch;" in which he has been followed by the ſubſequent editors. As the old reading *(words)* is intelligible, I have adhered to the ancient copies. MALONE.

I have deſerted the old copies, only becauſe I am unable to diſcover how Helena, by catching the *words* of Hermia, could alſo catch her *favour*, i. e. her beauty. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*to be to you* tranſlated.] To *tranſlate*, in our author, ſometimes ſignifies to *change*, to *transform*. So, in *Timon*:

"——to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
"*Tranſlates* his rivals."—— STEEVENS.

[8] His folly, Helena, is *no fault* of mine.] The folio, and the quarto printed by Roberts, read—*His folly, Helena, is* none *of mine.* JOHNSON.

[9] *None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault were mine!*] I would point this line thus:

"None.—But your beauty;—Would that fault were mine!" HENDERSON.

Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and myſelf will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lyſander ſee,[2]
Seem'd Athens as a paradiſe to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lrs. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the wat'ry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs,
(A time that lovers' flights doth ſtill conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to ſteal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe-beds[3] were wont to lie,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſel ſweet;[4]
There my Lyſander and myſelf ſhall meet:

[2] *Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face;*
Lyſander and myſelf will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lyſander ſee,] Perhaps every reader may not diſcover the propriety of theſe lines. Hermia is willing to comfort Helena, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to conſider the power of pleaſing, as an advantage to be much envied or much deſired, ſince Hermia, whom ſhe conſiders as poſſeſſing it in the ſupreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loſs of happineſs. Johnson.

[3] ——faint *primroſe-beds*—] Whether the epithet *faint* has reference to the colour or ſmell of primroſes, let the reader determine. Steevens.

[4] *Emptying our boſoms of their counſel* ſweet;] That is, emptying our boſoms of theſe ſecrets upon which we were wont to conſult each other with ſo ſweet a ſatisfaction. Heath.

Emptying our boſoms of their counſel ſwell'd;
There my Lyſander and myſelf ſhall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends, and ſtrange companions.] This whole ſcene is ſtrictly in rhyme; and that it deviates in theſe two couplets, I am perſuaded, is owing to the ignorance of the firſt, and the inaccuracy of the later editors. I have therefore ventured to reſtore

And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtranger companies.
Farewel, ſweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—

the rhimes, as I make no doubt but the poet firſt gave them. *Sweet* was eaſily corrupted into *ſwell'd*, becauſe that made an *antitheſis* to *emptying*: and *ſtrange companions* our editors thought was plain Engliſh; but *ſtranger companies*, a little quaint and unintelligible. Our author very often uſes the *ſubſtantive*, ſtranger *adjectively*; and *companies* to ſignify *companions*: as in *Richard II.* Act I:

"*To tread the* ſtranger *paths of baniſhment.*"

And in *Henry V*:

"*His* companies *unletter'd, rude and ſhallow.*"

THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton retains the old reading, and perhaps juſtifiably; for a *boſom ſwell'd with ſecrets* does not appear as an expreſſion unlikely to have been uſed by our author, who ſpeaks of a *ſtuff'd boſom* in *Macbeth*.

In Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, is a ſomewhat ſimilar expreſſion: "I am one of thoſe whoſe tongues are *ſwell'd with ſilence*." Again, in our author's *K. Richard II*:

"———the unſeen grief
"That *ſwells* in ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul."

"*Of* counſels ſwell'd" may mean—ſwell'd *with* counſels.

Of and *with*, in other ancient writers have the ſame ſignification. See alſo, *Macbeth*—Note on—

"*Of* Kernes and Gallow-glaſſes was ſupplied."

i. e. *with* them.

In the ſcenes of *K. Richard II.* there is likewiſe a mixture of rhime and blank verſe. Mr. Tyrwhitt, however, concurs with Theobald.

Though I have thus far defended the old reading, in deference to the opinion of other criticks I have given Theobald's conjectures a place in the text. STEEVENS.

I think, *ſweet*, the reading propoſed by Theobald, is right.

The latter of Mr. Theobald's emendations is likewiſe ſupported by Stowe's *Annales*, p. 991, edit. 1615: "The prince himſelf was faine to get upon the high altar, to girt his aforeſaid *companies* with the order of knighthood." Mr. Heath obſerves, that our author ſeems to have had the following paſſage in the 55th Pſalm, (v. 14, 15,) in his thoughts: "But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. We took *ſweet counſel* together, and walked in the houſe of God as friends."

MALONE.

Keep word, Lyſander: we muſt ſtarve our ſight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.[4]
[*Exit* HERM.

Lrs. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!
[*Exit* LYS.

Hel. How happy ſome, o'er other ſome, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not ſo;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,[5]
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haſte:
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boys in game[6] themſelves forſwear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,[7]
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;

[4] ——*when Phœbe doth behold*, &c.

——*deep midnight.*] Shakſpeare has a little forgotten himſelf. It appears from p. 5. that to-morrow night would be within three nights of the new moon, when there is no moonſhine at all, much leſs at deep midnight. The ſame overſight occurs in Act III. ſc. i. BLACKSTONE.

[5] ——*holding no* quantity,] *Quality* ſeems a word more ſuitable to the ſenſe than quantity, but either may ſerve. JOHNSON.

Quantity is our author's word. So, in *Hamlet*, Act III. ſc. ii:
"And women's fear and love *hold quantity*." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*in* game—] *Game* here ſignifies not contentious play, but *ſport, jeſt*. So Spenſer:
"——*'twixt earneſt, and 'twixt* game." JOHNSON.

[7] ——*Hermia's* eyne,] This plural is common both in Chaucer

And when this hail[8] ſome heat from Hermia felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Purſue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:[9]
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his ſight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, *and* STARVELING.[a]

Quin. Is all our company here?

and Spenſer. So, in Chaucer's Character of the *Prioreſſe*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 152:

"——— hir *eyen* grey as glaſs."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. 4. ſt. 9:

"While flaſhing beams do dare his feeble *eyen*."

STEEVENS.

[8] ——this *hail*——] Thus all the editions, except the quarto, 1600, printed by Roberts, which reads inſtead of *this hail*, his *hail*.

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*it is a* dear expence:] i. e. it will *coſt him much*, (be a ſevere conſtraint on his feelings,) to make even ſo ſlight a return for my communication. STEEVENS.

[a] In this ſcene Shakſpeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noiſe, ſuch as every young man pants to perform when he firſt ſteps upon the ſtage. The ſame Bottom, who ſeems bred in a tiring-room, has another hiſtrionical paſſion. He is for engroſſing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all poſſibility of diſtinction. He is therefore deſirous to play Pyramus, Thiſbe, and the Lion, at the ſame time. JOHNSON.

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Bot. A very good piece of work, I aſſure you, and a merry.[5]—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the ſcroll: Maſters, ſpread yourſelves.[6]

Quin. Anſwer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are ſet down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aſk ſome tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms, I will condole in ſome meaſure.[7] To the reſt:—Yet my chief hu-

On the regiſters of the Stationers' company, however, appears "the boke of *Perymus and Theſbye*," 1562. Perhaps Shakſpeare copied ſome part of his interlude from it. STEEVENS.

A poem entitled *Pyramus and Thiſbe*, by D. Gale, was publiſhed in 4to. in 1597; but this, I believe, was poſterior to *The Midſummer-Night's Dream*. MALONE.

[5] *A very* good *piece of work, and a* merry.] This is deſigned as a ridicule on the titles of our ancient moralities and interludes. Thus Skelton's *Magnificence* is called "a goodly interlude and a mery." STEEVENS.

[6] —— ſpread *yourſelves.*] i. e. ſtand ſeparately, not in a group, but ſo that you may be diſtinctly ſeen, and called over. STEEVENS.

[7] —*I will* condole *in ſome meaſure.*] When we uſe this verb at preſent, we put *with* before the perſon for whoſe misfortune we profeſs concern. Anciently it ſeems to have been employed without it. So, in *A Penny-worth of good Counſell*, an ancient ballad:

"Thus to the wall
"I may *condole.*"

Again, in *The Three Merry Coblers*, another old ſong

"Poor weather beaten ſoles,
"Whoſe caſe the body *condoles.*" STEEVENS

mour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in,[7] to make all ſplit.[8]

" The raging rocks,
" With ſhivering ſhocks,[9]
" Shall break the locks
" Of priſon-gates:
" And Phibbus' car
" Shall ſhine from far,
" And make and mar
" The fooliſh fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the reſt of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.[1]

[7] *I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a* cat *in,*] In the old comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who ſays: " I am called, by thoſe who have ſeen my valour, *Tear-cat*." In an anonymous piece called *Hiſtriomaſtix*, or *The Player Whipt*, 1610, in ſix acts, a parcel of ſoldiers drag a company of players on the ſtage, and the captain ſays: " Sirrah, this is you that would rend and *tear a cat* upon a ſtage," &c. Again, in *The Iſle of Gulls*, a comedy by J. Day, 1606: " I had rather hear two ſuch jeſts, than a whole play of ſuch *Tear-cat* thunderclaps."

STEEVENS.

[8] —*to make all ſplit.*] This is to be connected with the previous part of the ſpeech: not with the ſubſequent rhymes. It was the deſcription of a bully. In the ſecond act of *The Scornful Lady*, we meet with " two *roaring boys* of Rome, that *made all ſplit*."

FARMER.

I meet with the ſame expreſſion in *The Widows Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: " Her wit I muſt employ upon this buſineſs to prepare my next encounter, but in ſuch a faſhion as ſhall *make all ſplit*."

MALONE.

[9] With *ſhivering ſhocks.*] The old copy reads—" *And* ſhivering," &c. The emendation is Dr. Farmer's. STEEVENS.

[1] —*the bellows-mender.*] In Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Pan's Anniverſary*, &c. a man of the ſame profeſſion is introduced. I have been told that a *bellows-mender* was one who had the care of *organs*, regals, &c. STEEVENS.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You muſt take Thiſby on you.

Flu. What is Thiſby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus muſt love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you ſhall play it in a maſk, and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.[3]

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thiſby too: I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice;—*Thiſne, Thiſne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thiſby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you muſt play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thiſby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

[3] ——*as ſmall*, &c.] This paſſage ſhows how the want of women on the old ſtage was ſupplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might paſs for feminine, the character was acted in a maſk, which was at that time a part of a lady's dreſs ſo much in uſe that it did not give any unuſual appearance to the ſcene: and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone, might play the woman very ſucceſsfully. It is obſerved in Downes's *Roſcius Anglicanus*, that Kynaſton, one of theſe counterfeit heroines moved the paſſions more ſtrongly than the women that have ſince been brought upon the ſtage. Some of the cataſtrophes of the old comedies, which make lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common uſe of maſks, brought nearer to probability. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon here ſeems to have quoted from memory. Downes does not ſpeak of Kynaſton's performance in ſuch unqualified terms. His words are—"it has ſince been diſputable among the judicious, whether any woman that ſucceeded him, (Kynaſton,) ſo ſenſibly touched the audience as he." REED.

Prynne, in his *Hiſtriomaſtix*, exclaims with great vehemence through ſeveral pages, becauſe a woman acted a part in a play at Blackfryars in the year 1628. STEEVENS.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you muſt play Thiſby's mother.[4]—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myſelf, Thiſby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.[5]

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke ſay, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the ducheſs and the ladies, that they would ſhriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you ſhould fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us: but I will ag-

[4] ——*you muſt play Thiſby's mother,*] There ſeems a double forgetfulneſs of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of Thiſby, and the father of Pyramus, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonſhine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the leaſt notice taken here. Theobald.

Theobald is wrong as to this laſt particular. The introduction of *Wall* and *Moonſhine* was an after-thought. See Act III. ſc. i. It may be obſerved, however, that no part of what is rehearſed is afterwards repeated, when the piece is acted before Theſeus. Steevens.

[5] ——*ſlow of* ſtudy.] *Study* is ſtill the cant term uſed in a theatre for getting any nonſenſe by rote. Hamlet aſks the player if he can "*ſtudy*" a ſpeech. Steevens.

gravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.[6]

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a ſweet-faced man; a proper man, as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day; a moſt lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you muſt needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.[7]

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.[8]—But, maſters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood,

[6] —an *'twere any nightingale.*] *An* means *as if.* So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:* — "He will weep you, *an* 'twere a man born in April." Steevens.

[7] ——*your perfect yellow.*] Here Bottom again diſcovers a true genius for the ſtage by his ſolicitude for propriety of dreſs, and his deliberation which beard to chooſe among many beards, all unnatural. Johnson.

So, in the old comedy of *Ram-Alley*, 1611:

"What *colour'd beard* comes next by the window?
"A black man's, I think;
"I think, a *red:* for that is moſt in faſhion."

This cuſtom of wearing coloured beards, the reader will find more amply explained in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act IV. ſc. ii. Steevens.

[8] —— *French crowns*, &c.] That is, a head from which the hair has fallen in one of the laſt ſtages of the *lues venerea*, called the *corona veneris*. To this our poet has too frequent alluſions. Steevens.

a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearſe: for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties,[9] ſuch as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely, and courageouſly. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-ſtrings.[2]

[*Exeunt.*

[9] —*properties,*] *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their reſpective parts, dreſſes and ſcenes excepted. The perſon who delivers them out is to this day called the *property-man*. In *The Baſſingbourne Roll*, 1511, we find "garnements and *propyrts*." See Warton's Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, Vol. III. p. 326.

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"Furbo, our beards,
"Black patches for our eyes, and other *properties*."

Again, in *Weſtward-Hoe*, 1607:

"I'll go make ready my ruſtical *properties*." STEEVENS.

[2] *At the duke's oak we meet.*

——*Hold, or cut* bow-ſtrings.] This proverbial phraſe came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia ſoldiers would frequently make excuſe for not keeping word, that their *bowſtrings* were *broke*, i. e. their arms unſerviceable. Hence when one would give another abſolute aſſurance of meeting him, he would ſay proverbially—*hold or* cut *bow-ſtrings*—i. e. whether the bow-ſtrings held or broke. For *cut* is uſed as a neuter, like the verb *fret*. As when we ſay, the *ſtring frets*, the *ſilk frets*, for the paſſive, *it is cut* or *fretted*. WARBURTON.

This interpretation is very ingenious, but ſomewhat diſputable. The excuſe made by the militia ſoldiers is a mere ſuppoſition, without proof; and it is well known that while *bows* were in uſe, no archer ever entered the field without a ſupply of *ſtrings* in his pocket; whence originated the proverb, *to have two ſtrings to one's bow*. In *The Country Girl*, a comedy by T. B. 1647, is the following threat to a fidler:

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Wood near Athens.

Enter a Fairy *at one door, and* PUCK *at another.*

PUCK. How now, ſpirit! whither wander you?

FAI. Over hill, over dale,[3]
Thorough buſh, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moones ſphere;[4]

" ——— fiddler, ſtrike;
" I'll ſtrike you, elſe, and *cut your begging bowſtrings.*"

Again, in *The Ball*, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

" ——— have you devices to jeer the reſt?
" *Luc.* All the regiment of 'em, or I'll *break my bowſtrings.*"[2]

The *bowſtrings* in both theſe inſtances may only mean the *ſtrings* which make part of the *bow* with which muſical inſtruments of ſeveral kinds are ſtruck. The propriety of the alluſion I cannot ſatisfactorily explain. STEEVENS.

To meet, *whether bow-ſtrings hold or are cut*, is to meet in all events. To cut the bowſtring, when bows were in uſe, was probably a common practice of thoſe who bore enmity to the archer. " He hath twice or thrice *cut* Cupid's *bowſtring*, (ſays Don Pedro in *Much ado about nothing*,) and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him." MALONE.

Hold, or cut cod piece point, is a proverb to be found in Ray's Collection, p. 57. edit. 1737. COLLINS.

[3] *Over hill, over dale*, &c.] So Drayton in his *Nymphidia*, or *Court of Fairy*:

" *Thorough brake, thorough brier,*
" *Thorough muck, thorough mire,*
" *Thorough water, thorough fire.*" JOHNSON.

[4] —*the* moones *ſphere*;] Unleſs we ſuppoſe this to be the Saxon genitive caſe, (as it is here printed,) the metre will be defective.

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Thoſe be rubies, fairy favours,
In thoſe freckles live their ſavours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.[8]
Farewel, thou lob of ſpirits,[9] I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his ſight.
For Oberon is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, ſtol'n from an Indian king;
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling:[2]

[7] *In their gold coats* ſpots *you ſee*;] Shakſpeare, in *Cymbeline*, refers to the ſame red ſpots:

" *A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon* drops
" *I' th' bottom of a cowſlip.*" PERCY.

Perhaps there is likewiſe ſome alluſion to the habit of a *penſioner*. See a note on the ſecond act of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[8] *And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.*] The ſame thought occurs in an old comedy call'd *The Wiſdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600; i. e. the ſame year in which the firſt printed copies of this play made their appearance. An enchanter ſays:

" 'Twas I that led you through the painted meads
" Where the light fairies danc'd upon the flowers,
" *Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl.*" STEEVENS.

[9] —— lob *of ſpirits*,] *Lob*, *lubber*, *looby*, *lobcock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dulneſs of mind. JOHNSON.

Both *lob* and *lobcock* are uſed as terms of contempt in *The Rival Friends*, 1632.

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:

" Should find Eſau ſuch a lout or a *lob*."

Again, in *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: " There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, that had a giant to her ſon, that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-fire*." This being ſeems to be of kin to the *lubbar-fiend* of Milton, as Mr. Warton has remarked in his *Obſervations on the Faery Queen*. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *changeling*:] *Changeling* is commonly uſed for the child

And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild:[3]
But ſhe, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen,[4]
But they do ſquare;[5] that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

ſuppoſed to be left by the fairies, but here for a child taken away. JOHNSON.

So Spenſer, B. I. c. X:

"And her baſe elfin brood there for thee left,
"Such men do *changelings* call, ſo call'd by fairy theft."

STEEVENS.

It is *here* properly uſed, and in its *common acceptation*; that is for a *child got in exchange*. A fairy is now ſpeaking. RITSON.

[3] —trace *the foreſts wild:*] This verb is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *Browne's Britannia's Paſtoralls*, B. II. Song II. 1613:

"In ſhepherd's habit ſeene
"To *trace* our Woods."

Again, in Milton's *Comus*, v. 423:

"May *trace* huge foreſts, and unharbour'd heaths."

HOLT WHITE.

[4] ——*ſheen*,] Shining, bright, gay. JOHNSON.

So, in *Tancred and Guiſmund*, 1592:

"————but why
"Doth Phœbus' ſiſter *ſheen* deſpiſe thy power?"

Again, in the ancient romance of *Syr Tryamoure*, bl. l. no date:

"He kyſſed and toke his leve of the quene,
"And of other ladies bright and *ſhene*." STEEVENS.

[5] *But they do* ſquare;] To *ſquare* here is to quarrel. The French word *contrecarrer* has the ſame import. JOHNSON.

So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

"——let me not ſeem rude,
"That thus I ſeem to *ſquare* with modeſty."
"——pray let me go, for he'll begin to *ſquare*," &c.

Again, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"Marry, ſhe knew you and I were at *ſquare*,
"And left we fell to blowes, ſhe did prepare." STEEVENS.

It is ſomewhat whimſical, that the glaziers uſe the words *ſquare* and *quarrel* as ſynonymous terms, for a pane of glaſs.

BLACKSTONE.

Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knaviſh ſprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: [6] are you not he,
That fright [7] the maidens of the villag'ry;
Skim milk; and ſometimes labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs houſewife churn; [8]

[6] ——*Robin Good-fellow*;] This account of Robin Good-fellow correſponds, in every article, with that given of him in *Harſenet's Declaration*, ch. xx. p. 134: "And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly ſet out for Robin Good-fellow, the frier, and Siſſe the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeſes would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeter-penny, or an houſle-egge were behind, or a patch of tythe unpaid,—then 'ware of bull-beggars, ſpirits," &c. He is mentioned by Cartwright [*Ordinary*, Act III. ſc. i.] as a ſpirit particularly fond of diſconcerting and diſturbing domeſtic peace and œconomy. T. Warton.

Reginald Scot gives the ſame account of this frolickſome ſpirit, in his *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*, Lond. 1584, 4to. p. 66: "Your grandames' maids were wont to ſet a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and muſtard, and ſweeping the houſe at midnight—this white bread and bread and milk, was his ſtanding fee." Steevens.

[7] *That* fright—] The old copies read—*frights*; and in grammatical propriety, I believe, this verb, as well as thoſe that follow, ſhould agree with the perſonal pronoun *he*, rather than with *you*. If ſo, our author ought to have written—*frights*, *ſkims*, *labours*, *makes*, and *miſleads*. The other, however, being the more common uſage, and that which he has preferred, I have corrected the former word. Malone.

[8] *Skim milk*; *and ſometimes labour in the quern*,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs houſewife churn;] The ſenſe of theſe lines is confuſed. *Are not you he*, ſays the fairy, *that fright the country girls, that ſkim milk, work in the hand-mill, and make the tired dairy-woman churn without effect?* The mention of the mill ſeems out of place, for ſhe is not now telling the good, but the evil that he does. I would regulate the lines thus:

"*And ſometimes make the breathleſs houſe-wife churn*
"*Skim milk, and bootleſs labour in the quern.*"

And ſometime make the drink to bear no barm;[9]
Miſlead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Puck,[a]
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck:

Or, by a ſimple tranſpoſition of the lines:

" *And beetleſs make the breathleſs houſewife churn*
" *Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the quern.*"

Yet there is no neceſſity of alteration. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon thinks the mention of the *mill* out of place, as the Fairy is not now telling the good but the evil he does. The obſervation will apply, with equal force, to his *ſkimming the milk*, which, if it were done at a proper time, and the cream preſerved, would be a piece of ſervice. But we muſt underſtand both to be miſchievous pranks. He ſkims the milk, when it ought not to be ſkimmed:—(So, in *Grim the Collier of Croydon*:

" *But woe betide the ſilly dairy-maids,*
" *For I ſhall fleet their cream-bowls night by night.*")

and grinds the corn, when it is not wanted; at the ſame time perhaps throwing the flour about the houſe. RITSON.

A *Quern* is a hand-mill, kuerna, *mola*. Iſlandic. So, in *Stanyhurſt's* tranſlation of the firſt book of *Virgil*, 1582, *quern*-ſtones are mill-ſtones:

" Theyre corne in *quern-ſtoans* they do grind," &c.

Again, in *The More the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608:

" Which like a *querne* can grind more in an hour."

Again, in the old Song of *Robin Goodfellow*, printed in the 3d volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*:

" I grind at *mill*,
" Their malt up ſtill," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*no* barm;] *Barme* is a name for *yeaſt*, yet uſed in our midland counties, and univerſally in Ireland. So, in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594: " It behoveth my wits to work like *barme*, alias yeaſt." Again, in *The Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" I think my brains will work yet without *barm*."

STEEVENS.

[a] *Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Puck,*
You do their work,] To thoſe traditionary opinions Milton has reference in *L'Allegro*:

" Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,
" With ſtories told of many a feat,
" How fairy Mab the junkets eat;

Puck. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;[3]
I am that merry wanderer of the night.

If Drayton wrote *The Nymphidia* after *A Midſummer-Night's Dream* had been acted, he could with very little propriety ſay,

" Then ſince no muſe hath been ſo bold,
" Or of the *later* or the ould,
" Thoſe elviſh ſecrets to unfold
" Which lye from others reading;
" My active muſe to light ſhall bring
" The court of that proud fayry king,
" And tell there of the revelling;
" Jove proſper my proceeding." HOLT WHITE.

Don Quixote, though publiſhed in Spain in 1605, was probably little known in England till Skelton's tranſlation appeared in 1612. Drayton's poem was, I have no doubt, ſubſequent to that year. The earlieſt edition of it that I have ſeen, was printed in 1619. MALONE.

——*ſweet* Puck,] The epithet is by no means ſuperfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It ſignified nothing better than *fiend*, or *devil*. So, the author of *Pierce Ploughman* puts *the pouk* for *the devil*, fol. lxxxx. B. V. penult. See alſo, fol. lxvii. v. 15: " *none helle* powke."

It ſeems to have been an old Gothic word. *Puke*, *puken*; Sathanas. *Gudm. And. Lexicon Iſland.* TYRWHITT.

In *The Bugbears*, an ancient MS. comedy in the poſſeſſion of the Marquis of Lanſdowne, I likewiſe met with this appellation of a fiend:

" *Puckes*, *puckerels*, hob howlard, by gorn and Robin Goodfelow."

Again, in *The Scourge of Venus, or the Wanton Lady, with the rare Birth of Adonis*, 1615:

" Their bed doth ſhake and quaver as they lie,
" As if it groan'd to bear the weight of ſinne;
" The fatal night-crowes at their windowes flee,
" And crie out at the ſhame they do live in:
" And that they may perceive the heavens frown,
" The *poukes* and goblins pul the coverings down."

Again, in Spenſer's *Epithalamion*, 1595:

" Ne let houſe-fyres, nor lightning's helpeleſſe harms,
" Ne let the *pouke*, nor other evil ſpright,
" Ne let miſchievous witches with their charmes
" Ne let hobgoblins," &c.

Again, in the ninth Book of Golding's Tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*, edit. 1587, p. 126:

" —— and the countrie where Chymæra, that ſame *pooke*,
" Hath goatiſh bodie," &c. STEEVENS.

I jeſt to Oberon, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly foal:
And ſometime lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab;[4]
And, when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wiſeſt aunt,[5] telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,

[3] Puck. *Thou ſpeak'ſt aright*;] I would fill up the verſe which I ſuppoſe the author left complete:

" *I am*, thou ſpeak'ſt aright;

It ſeems that in the Fairy mythology, Puck, or Hobgoblin, was the truſty ſervant of Oberon, and always employed to watch or deteſt the intrigues of Queen Mab, called by Shakſpeare Titania. For in Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the ſame fairies are engaged in the ſame buſineſs. Mab has an amour with Pigwiggen: Oberon being jealous, ſends Hobgoblin to catch them, and one of Mab's nymphs oppoſes him by a ſpell. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*a roaſted* crab;] i. e. the wild apple of that name. So, in the anonymous play of *King Henry V.* &c.

" Yet we will have in ſtore a *crab* in the fire,
" With nut-brown ale," &c.

Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

" And ſit down in my chaire by my wife faire Aliſon,
" And turne a *crabbe* in the fire," &c.

In Summer's *Laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600, *Chriſtmas* is deſcribed as—

" ——ſitting in a corner, turning *crabs*,
" Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale." STEEVENS.

[5] *The wiſeſt* aunt,] *Aunt* is ſometimes uſed for *procureſs*. In Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575, the *bawd* Pandarina is always called *aunt*. " Theſe are *aunts* of Antwerp, which can make twenty marriages in one week for their kinſwoman." See *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. ſc. i. Among Ray's proverbial phraſes is the following. " She is one of mine *aunts* that made mine uncle to go a begging." The *wiſeſt aunt* may therefore mean the moſt *ſentimental bawd*, or, perhaps, the moſt *proſaic old woman*. STEEVENS.

The firſt of theſe conjectures is much too wanton and injurious to the word *aunt*, which in this place at leaſt certainly means no other than an *innocent old woman*. RITSON.

And *tailor* cries,[6] and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;[7]
And waxen[8] in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear
A merrier hour was never waſted there.—
But room, Faery,[9] here comes Oberon.

FAI. And here my miſtreſs:—'Would that he were gone!

[6] *And* tailor *cries*,] The cuſtom of crying *tailor* at a ſudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have obſerved. He that ſlips beſide his chair, falls as a tailor ſquats upon his board. The Oxford editor, and Dr. Warburton after him, read *and rails or cries*, plauſibly, but I believe not rightly. Beſides, the trick of the fairy is repreſented as producing rather merriment than anger. JOHNSON.

This phraſe perhaps originated in a pun. *Your* tail *is now on the ground.* See Camden's *Remaines*, 1614. PROVERBS. "Between two ſtools the *tayle* goeth to the ground." MALONE.

[7] ——*hold their hips, and loffe*;] So, in Milton's *L'Allegro*:
"And laughter holding both his ſides." STEEVENS.

[8] *And* waxen—] And *encreaſe*, as the *moon waxes.* JOHNSON.

A feeble ſenſe may be extracted from the foregoing words as they ſtand; but Dr. Farmer obſerves to me that *waxen* is probably corrupted from *yoxen*, or *yexen*. *Yoxe* Saxon. to *hiccup*. Yyxyn. *Singultio*. Prompt. Parv.

Thus in Chaucer's *Reve's Tale*, v. 4149:
"He *yoxeth*, and he ſpeaketh thurgh the noſe."

That *yex*, however, was a familiar word ſo late as the time of Ainſworth the lexicographer, is clear from his having produced it as a tranſlation of the Latin ſubſtantive—*ſingultus*.

The meaning of the paſſage before us will then be, that the objects of Puck's waggery laughed till their laughter ended in a *yex* or *hiccup*.

It ſhould be remembered, in ſupport of this conjecture, that Puck is at preſent ſpeaking with an affectation of ancient phraſeology. TYRWHITT.

[9] *But room, Faery*,] Thus the old copies. Some of our modern editors read—"*But make room, Fairy.*" The word Fairy, or *Faery*, was ſometimes of three ſyllables, as often in Spenſer. JOHNSON.

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But that, forſooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buſkin'd miſtreſs, and your warrior love,
To Theſeus muſt be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and proſperity.

Obe. How canſt thou thus, for ſhame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theſeus?
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering night[4]
From Perigenia, whom he raviſhed?[5]
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſy:
And never, ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring,[6]

[4] *Didſt thou not lead him through the* glimmering night ——] The *glimmering night* is the night *faintly illuminated* by ſtars. In *Macbeth* our author ſays:

"The weſt yet *glimmers* with ſome ſtreaks of day."

STEEVENS.

[5] *From* Perigenia, *whom he raviſhed?*] Thus all the editors, but our author who diligently perus'd Plutarch, and glean'd from him, where his ſubject would admit, knew, from the life of *Theſeus*, that her name was Perygine, (or Perigune,) by whom Theſeus had his ſon Melanippus. She was the daughter of Sinnis, a cruel robber, and tormenter of paſſengers in the Iſthmus. Plutarch and Athenæus are both expreſs in the circumſtance of Theſeus raviſhing her. THEOBALD.

In North's tranſlation of Plutarch (Life of Theſeus) this lady is called *Perigouna*. The alteration was probably intentional, for the ſake of harmony. Her real name was *Perigune*. MALONE.

Æglé, Ariadne, and Antiopa were all at different times miſtreſſes to Theſeus. See Plutarch.

Theobald cannot be blamed for his emendation; and yet it is well known that our ancient authors, as well as the French and the Italians, were not ſcrupulouſly nice about proper names, but almoſt always corrupted them. STEEVENS.

[6] *And never, ſince the* middle ſummer's ſpring, *&c.*] By the *middle ſummer's ſpring*, our author ſeems to mean the *beginning* of *middle*

Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain,[7] or by ruſhy brook,
Or on the beached margent[8] of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds, piping[9] to us in vain,

or *mid* ſummer. *Spring*, for *beginning*, he uſes again in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" *As flaws congealed in the* ſpring *of day:*"

which expreſſion has authority from the ſcripture, St. Luke, i. 78: " —— whereby the day-*ſpring* from on high hath viſited us."

Again, in the romance of *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510:

" —aroſe in a mornynge at the *ſprynge of the day*," &c.

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. x:

" He wooed her till day-*ſpring* he eſpyde." STEEVENS.

So Holinſhed, p. 494:—" the morowe after about the *ſpring* of the daie"—. MALONE.

The middle ſummer's ſpring, is, I apprehend, the ſeaſon when trees put forth their *ſecond*, or as they are frequently called their *midſummer ſhoots*. Thus, Evelyn in his Silva: " Cut off all the ſide boughs, and eſpecially at midſummer, if you ſpy them *breaking* out." And again, " Where the rows and bruſh lie longer than *midſummer*, unbound, or made up, you endanger the loſs of the *ſecond ſpring*." HENLEY.

7 *Paved fountain*,] A fountain laid round the edge with ſtone. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *paved* at the bottom. So, Lord Bacon in his *Eſſay on Gardens:* " As for the other kind of *fountaine*, which we may call a bathing-poole, it may admit much curioſity and beauty. . . . . As that the bottom be finely *paved* . . . . the *ſides* likewiſe," &c. STEEVENS.

The epithet ſeems here intended to mean no more than that the beds of theſe fountains were covered with pebbles in oppoſition to thoſe of the ruſhy brooks which are oozy.

The ſame expreſſion is uſed by Sylveſter in a ſimilar ſenſe:

" By ſome cleare river's lillie-*paved* ſide." HENLEY.

8 *Or* on *the beached margent*—] The old copies read—Or *in*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

9 —— *the winds*, piping—] So, Milton:

" *While rocking winds, are* piping *loud*." JOHNSON.

As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river[9] made ſo proud,
That they have overborne their continents:[2]
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:[3]
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;[4]

And *Gawin Douglas*, in his Tranſlation of the Eneid, p. 69. 1710. fol. Edinb.

"The ſoft *piping wynd* calling to ſe."

The Gloſſographer obſerves, "we ſay a *piping wind*, when an *ordinary gale blows, and the wind is neither too loud nor too calm.*"

HOLT WHITE.

[9] —pelting *river*—] Thus the quartos: the folio reads—*petty*. Shakſpeare has in *Lear* the ſame word, *low pelting farms*. The meaning is plainly, *deſpicable, mean, ſorry, wretched*; but as it is a word without any reaſonable etymology, I ſhould be glad to diſmiſs it for *petty*: yet it is undoubtedly right. We have "*petty pelting officer*" in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. JOHNSON.

So, in Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575:

"Doway is a *pelting* town pack'd full of poor ſcholars."

This word is always uſed as a term of contempt. So, again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "—attire never uſed but of old women and *pelting* prieſts." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*overborne their* continents:] Born down the banks that contain them. So, in *Lear*:

"———cloſe pent up guilts,
"Rive your concealing *continents!*" JOHNSON.

[3] ——*and the* green *corn*
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:] So, in our author's 22th Sonnet:

"And ſummer's *green* all girded up in *ſheaves*,
"Borne on the bier with white and briſtly *beard*."

MALONE.

[4] ——murrain *flock*;] The *murrain* is the plague in cattle. It is here uſed by Shakſpeare as an adjective; as a ſubſtantive by others:

"——ſends him as a *murrain*
"To ſtrike our herds; or as a worſer plague,
"Your people to deſtroy."

Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613. STEEVENS.

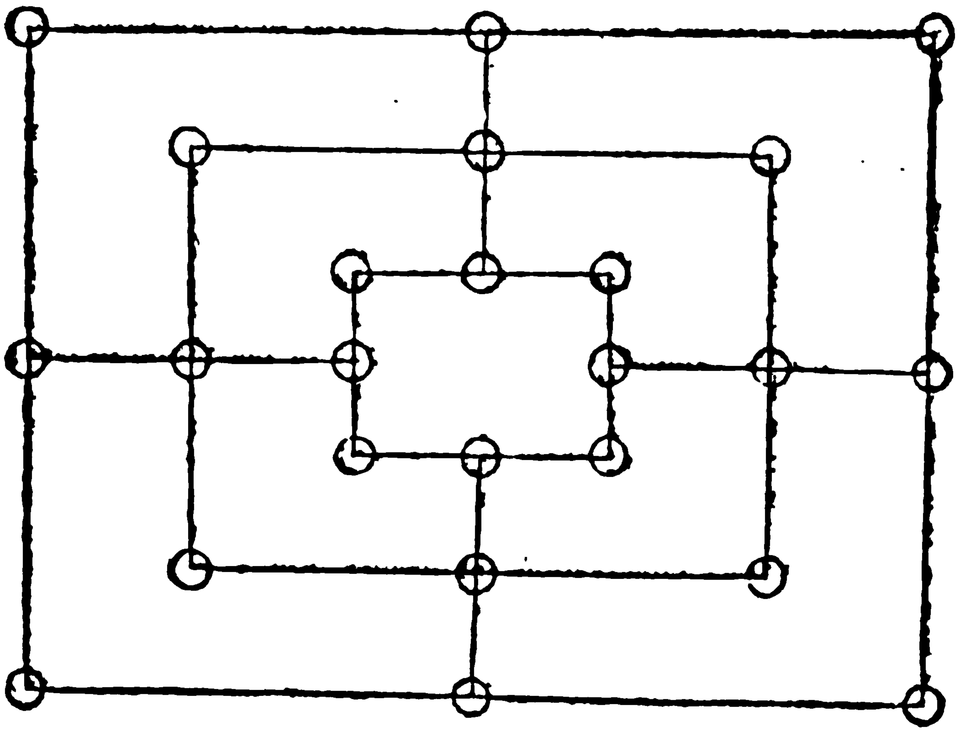
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud;[5]

[5] *The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;*] In that part of Warwickſhire where Shakſpeare was educated, and the neighbouring parts of Northamptonſhire, the ſhepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to repreſent a ſort of imperfect cheſs-board. It conſiſts of a ſquare, ſometimes only a foot diameter, ſometimes three or four yards. Within this is another ſquare, every ſide of which is parallel to the external ſquare; and theſe ſquares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both ſquares, and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other ſtones, which they move in ſuch a manner as to take up each other's men as they are called, and the area of the inner ſquare is called the Pound, in which the men taken up are impounded. Theſe figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Merrils*; and are ſo called, becauſe each party has nine men. Theſe figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the graſs at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy ſeaſons never fail to be *choaked up with mud*. JAMES.

See Peck on Milton's *Maſque*, 115, Vol. I. p. 135. STEEVENS.

Nine mens' morris is a game ſtill play'd by the ſhepherds, cow-keepers, &c. in the midland counties, as follows:

A figure is made on the ground (like this which I have drawn) by cutting out the turf; and two perſons take each nine ſtones, which they place by turns in the angles, and afterwards move alternately, as at cheſs or draughts. He who can place three in a



And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,[5]
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable:
The human mortals[6] want their winter here;[7]

ſtraight line, may then take off any one of his adverſary's, where he pleaſes, till one, having loſt all his men, loſes the game.

ALCHORNE.

In Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the article *Merelles*, is the following explanation. "Le Jeu des Merelles. The boyiſh game called Merils, or fivepenny morris; played here moſt commonly with ſtones, but in France with pawns, or men made on purpoſe, and termed *merelles*." The pawns or figures of men uſed in the game might originally be *black*, and hence called *morris*, or *merelles*, as we yet term a black cherry a *morello*, and a ſmall black cherry a *merry*, perhaps from *Maurus* a *Moor*, or rather from *morum* a mulberry. TOLLET.

The *jeu de merelles* was alſo a table-game. A repreſentation of two Monkies engaged at this amuſement, may be ſeen in a German edition of Petrarch de remedio utriuſque fortunæ, B. I. chap. 26. The cuts to this book were done in 1520. DOUCE.

[5] ——*the* quaint mazes *in the wanton green*,] This alludes to a ſport ſtill followed by boys; i. e. what is now called *running the figure of eight*. STEEVENS.

[6] *The* human *mortals* ——] Shakſpeare might have employed this epithet, which, at firſt ſight, appears redundant, to mark the difference between *men* and *fairies*. *Fairies* were not *human*, but they were yet *ſubject to mortality*. It appears from the Romance of *Sir Huon of Bordeaux*, that *Oberon* himſelf was mortal.

STEEVENS.

"This however (ſays Mr. Ritſon,) does not by any means appear to be the caſe. Oberon, Titania, and Puck, *never dye*; *the inferior agents muſt neceſſarily be ſuppoſed to enjoy the ſame privilege*; and the ingenious commentator may rely upon it, that the oldeſt woman in England never heard of *the death of a Fairy*. *Human mortals* is, notwithſtanding, evidently put in oppoſition to fairies who partook of a middle nature between *men* and *ſpirits*." It is a misfortune as well to the commentators, as to the readers of Shakſpeare, that ſo much of their time is obliged to be employed in explaining and contradicting unfounded conjectures and aſſertions. Spenſer, in his *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. x. ſays, (I uſe the words of Mr. Warton, Obſervations on Spenſer, Vol. I. p. 55.) "That man was firſt made by Prometheus, was called *Elfe*, who wandering over the world, at length arrived at the gardens of Adonis, where he found a female whom he called *Fay*.—The iſſue of *Elfe*

No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt:[8]—
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air,
That rheumatic diſeaſes do abound:[9]

and *Fay* were called *Fairies*, who ſoon grew to be a mighty people, and conquered all nations. Their eldeſt ſon Elfin governed America, and the next to him, named Elfinan, founded the city of Cleopolis, which was encloſed with a golden wall by Elfinine. His ſon Elfin overcame the Gobbelines; but of all fairies, Elfant was the moſt renowned, who built Panthea of chryſtal. To theſe ſucceeded Elfar, who ſlew two brethren giants; and to him Elfinor, who built a bridge of glaſs over the ſea, the ſound of which was like thunder. At length Elficleos ruled the Fairy-land with much wiſdom, and highly advanced its power and honour: he left two ſons, the eldeſt of which, fair Elferon, died a premature death, his place being ſupplied by the mighty Oberon; a prince, whoſe 'wide memorial' ſtill remains; who dying left Tanaquil to ſucceed him by will, ſhe being alſo called Glorian or Gloriana." I tranſcribe this pedigree, merely to prove that in Shakſpeare's time the notion of Fairies dying was generally known. REED.

7 ——*their* winter here;] *Here*, in this country.—I once inclined to receive the emendation propoſed by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer,—their winter *cheer*; but perhaps alteration is unneceſſary. "Their *winter*" may mean thoſe ſports with which country people are wont to beguile a winter's evening, at the ſeaſon of Chriſtmas, which, it appears from the next line was particularly in our author's contemplation:

"The wery *winter* nights reſtore the *Chriſtmas games*,
"And now the ſeſon doth invite to banquet towniſh dames."
Romeus and Juliet, 1562. MALONE.

8 *No night is now with* hymn or carol bleſt:—] Since the coming of Chriſtianity, this ſeaſon, [winter,] in commemoration of the birth of Chriſt, has been particularly devoted to feſtivity. And to this cuſtom, notwithſtanding the impropriety, *hymn or carol bleſt* certainly alludes. WARBURTON.

Hymns and carols, in the time of Shakſpeare, during the ſeaſon of Chriſtmas, were ſung every night about the ſtreets, as a pretext for collecting money from houſe to houſe. STEEVENS.

9 *That* rheumatick diſeaſes *do abound:*] *Rheumatick diſeaſes* ſignified in Shakſpeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatiſm*, but diſtillations from the head, catarrhs, &c. So, in a paper entitled "The State of Sir H. Sydney's bodie, &c. Feb. 1567;" *Sydney's Memorials*, Vol. I. p. 94: "—he hath verie much diſtempered diverſe parts of his bodie, as namely, his hedde, his ſtomach, &c.

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,

"And this same progeny of evils comes
"From our debate, from our dissention."

In all this there is no difficulty. All these calamities are the consequences of the dissention between Oberon and Titania; as seems to be sufficiently pointed out by the word *therefore*, so often repeated. Those lines which have it not, are evidently put in apposition with the preceding line in which that word is found.

MALONE.

[6] —— *this* distemperature,] Is, this *perturbation* of the elements.

STEEVENS.

By *distemperature*, I imagine is meant in this place, the perturbed state in which the king and queen had lived for some time past. MALONE.

[8] *Fall in the fresh* lap *of the crimson rose*;] To have "snow in the *lap* of June," is an expression used in *Northward Hoe*, 1607, and Shakspeare himself in *Coriolanus*, talks of the "consecrated snow that lies on Dian's *lap*:" and Spenser in his *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ii. has:

"And fills with flow'rs fair Flora's painted *lap*."

STEEVENS.

This thought is elegantly expressed by Goldsmith in his *Traveller*:

"And winter lingering chills the *lap* of May."

M. MALON.

[4] —— *Hyems'* chin,] Dr. Grey, not inelegantly, conjectures, that the poet wrote:

"—on old Hyems' *chill* and icy crown."

It is not indeed easy to discover how a chaplet can be placed on *the chin*. STEEVENS.

I believe this peculiar image of Hyem's *chin* must have come from Virgil, (Æneid iv. 253) through the medium of the translation of the day:

"—— *tum flumina* mento
"*Precipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba*." S. W.

Thus translated by Phaer, 1561:

"—— and from his hoary beard adowne,
"The streames of waters fall; with yce and frost his face doth frowne."

This singular image was, I believe, suggested to our poet by Golding's translation of Ovid, Book II:

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From our debate, from our diſſention;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why ſhould Titania croſs her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.[7]

[7] ——*henchman.*] Page of honour. This office was aboliſhed by queen Elizabeth. Grey.

The office might be aboliſhed at court, but probably remained in the city. Glapthorne, in his comedy called *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1640, has this paſſage:

" ——I will teach his *bench-boys*,
" Serjeants, and trumpeters to act, and ſave
" The city all that charges."

So, again:

" When ſhe was lady may'reſs, and you humble
" As her trim *bench-boys*."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Chriſtmas Maſque*: " —he ſaid grace as well as any of the ſheriff's *bench-boys*."

Skinner derives the word from Hine A. S. quaſi domeſticus famulus. Spelman from Hengſtman, equi curator, ἱππεκορος.

Steevens.

In a letter to the Earl of Shrewſbury dated 11th of December 1565, it is ſaid, " Her Highneſs (i. e. Queen Elizabeth) hathe of late, wherat ſome doo moche marvell, diſſolved the auncient office of *Henchemen*." (Lodge's *Illuſtrations*, Vol. I. p. 358.) On this paſſage Mr. Lodge obſerves that *Henchmen* were " a certain number of youths, the ſons of gentlemen, who ſtood or walked near the perſon of the monarch on all publick occaſions. They are mentioned in the ſumptuary ſtatutes of the 4th of Edward the Fourth, and 24th of Henry VIII. and a patent is preſerved in the Fœdera, Vol. XV. 242, whereby Edward VI. gives to William Bukley, M. A. *propter gravitatem morum et doctrinæ abundantiam, officium docendi, erudiendi, atque inſtituendi adoleſcentulos vocatos* Henchmen; with a ſalary of 40l. per annum. *Henchman*, or *Heinſman*, is a German word, as Blount informs us in his *Gloſſographia*, ſignifying a *domeſtic*, whence our ancient term *Hind*, a ſervant in the houſe of a farmer. Dr. Percy, in a note on the Earl of Northumberland's houſhold-book, with leſs probability, derives the appellation from their cuſtom of ſtanding by the ſide, or *Haunch* of their Lord."

Reed.

Again: the eſtabliſhment of the houſhold of Edward IV. were " *xxxvj henchmen and yeomen, or more, as it pleyſeth the king, eatinge in the*

Tita. Set your heart at reſt,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'reſs of my order:
And, in the ſpiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath ſhe goſſip'd by my ſide;
And ſat with me on Neptune's yellow ſands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gait,
(Following her womb, then rich with my young 'ſquire,[8])

halle, &c. There was alſo *a maiſter of the henxmen, to ſhewe them the ſchoole of nurture, and learne them to ride, to wear their harneſſe; to have all curteſie—to teach them all languages, and other virtues, as harping, pipynge, ſinging, dauncing, with honeſt behavioure of temperaunce and patyence.*" MS. Harl. 293.

At the funeral of Henry VIII. nine *henchmen* attended with ſir Francis Bryan, *maſter of the henchmen.*

Strype's Eccl. Mem. v. 2. App. n. 1. TYRWHITT.

——*Henchman.* Quaſi haunch-man. One that goes behind another. *Pediſequus.* BLACKSTONE.

The learned commentator might have given his etymology ſome ſupport from the following paſſage in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV. ſc. iv:

" O Weſtmoreland, thou art a ſummer bird,
" Which ever in the *haunch* of winter ſings
" The lifting up of day." STEEVENS.

[8] *Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gait,*
Following *(her womb, then rich with my young 'ſquire,)*
Would imitate—] Perhaps the parentheſis ſhould begin ſooner; as I think Mr. Kenrick obſerves:

" *(Following her womb*, then rich with my young ſquire,)"

So, in Trulla's combat with Hudibras:

" ——— She preſs'd ſo home,
" That he retired, and *follow'd's bum.*"

And Dryden ſays of his *Spaniſh Friar*, " his great belly walks in ſtate *before him*, and his gouty legs come limping *after it.*"

FARMER.

I have followed this regulation, (which is likewiſe adopted by Mr. Steevens,) though I do not think that of the old copy at all liable to the objection made to it by Dr. Warburton. " She did

Would imitate; and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her ſake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theſeus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:[8]
We ſhall chide down-right, if I longer ſtay.

[*Exeunt* TITANIA, *and her train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'ſt
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;

not, ſhe ſays' follow the ſhip whoſe motion ſhe imitated; for that failed on the water, ſhe on land." But might ſhe not on land move in the ſame direction with the ſhip at ſea, which certainly would outſtrip her? and what is this but [illegible]?

[illegible], according to the preſent regulation, muſt mean—[illegible], &c. according to the old regulation it muſt refer to "embarked traders." MALONE.

[8] [illegible] The ancient copies read—

"Not for thy [illegible] kingdom.—Fairies, away."

By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted the uſeleſs adjective [illegible], the following ſubſtantive, being [illegible], in an earlier inſtance, as a triſyllable.

STEEVENS.

And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.[9]

[9] ——*Thou remember'ſt*
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.] The firſt thing obſervable on theſe words is, that this action of the *mermaid* is laid in the ſame time and place with Cupid's attack upon the *veſtal*. By the *veſtal* every one knows is meant queen Elizabeth. It is very natural and reaſonable then to think that the *mermaid* ſtands for ſome eminent perſonage of her time. And if ſo, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of ſatire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude that this perſon was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to ſpeak openly, either in praiſe or diſpraiſe. All this agrees with Mary queen of Scots, and with no other. Q. Elizabeth could not bear to hear her commended; and her ſucceſſor would not forgive her ſatiriſt. But the poet has ſo well marked out every diſtinguiſhed circumſtance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his ſecret meaning. She is called a *mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom ſituate in the ſea, and 2. her beauty, and intemperate luſt:

" ——— *Ut turpiter atrum*
" *Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne.*"

for as Elizabeth for her chaſtity is called a *veſtal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *mermaid*. 3. An ancient ſtory may be ſuppoſed to be here alluded to. The emperor Julian tells us, Epiſtle 41. that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muſes, who overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the ſame cauſe, and the ſame iſſue.

——*on a dolphin's back,*] This evidently marks out that diſtinguiſhing circumſtance of Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France, ſon of Henry II.

Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the moſt accompliſhed princeſs of her age. The French writers tell us, that, while ſhe was in that court, ſhe pronounced a Latin oration in the great hall of the Louvre, with ſo much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,)

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;] By the *rude sea* is meant Scotland encircled with the ocean; which rose up in arms against the regent, while she was in France. But her return home presently quieted those disorders: and had not her strange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, she might have passed her whole life in peace. There is the greater justness and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always sings in storms:

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's musick.] Thus concludes the description, with that remarkable circumstance of this unhappy lady's fate, the destruction she brought upon several of the English nobility, whom she drew in to support her cause. This, in the boldest expression of the sublime, the poet images by *certain stars shooting madly from their spheres:* By which he meant the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great duke of Norfolk, whose projected marriage with her was attended with such fatal consequences. Here again the reader may observe a peculiar justness in the imagery. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to destruction by her songs. To which opinion Shakspeare alludes in his *Comedy of Errors:*

"*O train me not, sweet* mermaid, with thy note,
"*To* drown me *in thy sister's flood of tears.*"

On the whole, it is the noblest and justest allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the speaker. And on these occasions Shakspeare always excels himself. He is borne away by the magic of his enthusiasm, and hurries his reader along with him into these ancient regions of poetry, by that power of verse, which we may well fancy to be like what,

"——*Olim fauni vatesque canebant.*" WARBURTON.

And certain *stars shot* madly *from their spheres,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"And little *stars shot from their fixed places.*" MALONE.

Every reader may be induced to wish that the foregoing allusion, pointed out by so acute a critic as Dr. Warburton, should remain uncontroverted; and yet I cannot dissemble my doubts concerning it.—— Why is the *three-warned* Queen of Scotland stiled a SEA-MAID? and is it probable that Shakspeare (who understood his own political as well as poetical interest,) should have ventured such a panegyric on this ill-fated Princess, during the reign of her rival Elizabeth? If it was unintelligible to his audience, it was thrown away; if obvious, there was danger of offence to her Majesty.

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: [2] a certain aim he took

" A ſtar diſ-orb'd," however, (See *Troilus and Creſſida*,) is one of our author's favourite images; and he has no where ſo happily expreſſed it as in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— the good *ſtars*, that were my former guides,
" *Have empty left their orbs*, and *ſhot* their fires
" Into th' abyſm of hell."

To theſe remarks may be added others of a like tendency, which I met with in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. " That a compliment to Queen Elizabeth was intended in the expreſſion of the *fair Veſtal throned in the Weſt*, ſeems to be generally allowed; but how far Shakſpeare deſigned, under the image of the Mermaid, to figure Mary Queen of Scots, is more doubtful. If by the *rude ſea grew civil at her ſong*, is meant, as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes, that the tumults of Scotland were appeaſed by her addreſs, the obſervation is not true; for that *ſea* was in a ſtorm during the whole of Mary's reign. Neither is the figure juſt, if by the *ſtars ſhooting madly from their ſpheres to hear the ſea-maid's muſick*, the poet alluded to the fate of the Earls of Northumberland and Weſtmoreland, and particularly of the Duke of Norfolk, whoſe projected marriage with Mary, was the occaſion of his ruin. It would have been abſurd and irreconcileable to the good ſenſe of the poet, to have repreſented a nobleman *aſpiring* to marry a Queen, by the image of a ſtar *ſhooting* or *deſcending* from its ſphere."

See alſo Mr. Ritſon's obſervations on the ſame ſubject. On account of their length, they are given at the end of the play.

STEEVENS.

[2] *Cupid* all arm'd:] *All arm'd*, does not ſignify *dreſſed in panoply*, but only enforces the word *armed*, as we might ſay, *all booted*.

JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

" Or where proud Cupid ſat *all arm'd* with fire."

Again, in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the 4th book of the *Æneid:*

" *All* utterly I could not ſeem forſaken."

Again, in *K. Richard III:*

" His horſe is ſlain, and *all* on foot he fights."

Shakſpeare's compliment to queen Elizabeth has no ſmall degree of propriety and elegance to boaſt of. The ſame can hardly be ſaid of the following, with which the tragedy of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599, concludes. *Death* is the ſpeaker, and vows he will ſpare

" ——— none but ſacred *Cynthia's* friend,
" Whom *Death* did fear before her life began;
" For holy fates have grav'n it in their tables,

At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt;[3]
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts:
But I might ſee young Cupid's fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'reſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.[4]
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little weſtern flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it, love-in-idleneſs.[5]

" That *Death* ſhall die, if he attempt her end
" Whoſe life is heav'n's delight, and *Cynthia's* friend."

If incenſe was thrown in cart-loads on the altar, this propitious deity was not diſguſted by the ſmoke of it. STEEVENS.

[3] *At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt*;] A compliment to queen Elizabeth. POPE.

It was no uncommon thing to introduce a compliment to her majeſty in the body of a play. So, again in *Tancred and Giſmunda*, 1592:

" There lives a virgin, one without compare,
" Who of all graces hath her heavenly ſhare;
" In whoſe renowne, and for whoſe happie days,
" Let us record this Pæan of her praiſe." *Cantant.*

STEEVENS.

[4] —— *fancy-free.*] i. e. exempt from the power of love. Thus in *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke*, written by Churchyard, *Chaſtity* deprives Cupid of his Bow, and preſents it to her Majeſty: " —and becauſe that the Queene had choſen the beſt life, ſhe gave the Queene Cupid's Bow, to learne to ſhoote at whome ſhe pleaſed: *ſince none coulde wounde her highneſſe hart*, it was meete (ſaid Chaſtitie) that ſhe ſhould do with Cupid's Bowe and arrowes what ſhe pleaſed." STEEVENS.

[5] *And maidens call it*, love-in-idleneſs.] This is as fine a metamorphoſis as any in *Ovid*. With a much better moral, intimating that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed. WARBURTON.

I believe the ſingular beauty of this metamorphoſis to have been quite accidental, as the poet is of another opinion, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Act I. ſc. iv:

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She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible;[7]
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

DEM. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is Lyſander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll ſlay, the other ſlayeth me.[8]
Thou told'ſt me, they were ſtol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,[9]

7 —— *I am* inviſible;] I thought proper here to obſerve, that, as Oberon and Puck his attendant, may be frequently obſerved to ſpeak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are deſigned by the poet to be ſuppoſed on the ſtage during the greateſt part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they pleaſe, as ſpirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interpoſition, without being ſeen, or heard, but when to their own purpoſe. THEOBALD.

See *Tempeſt*, page 41, note 5. STEEVENS.

8 *The one I'll* ſlay, *the other* ſlayeth *me.*] The old copies read—
"The one I'll *ſtay*, the other *ſtayeth* me. STEEVENS.

Dr. Thirlby ingeniouſly ſaw it muſt be, as I have corrected in the text. THEOBALD.

9 —— *and* wood *within this wood,*] Wood, *or* mad, wild, raving. POPE.

In the third part of the Counteſs of Pembroke's *Ivy-Church*, 1591, is the ſame quibble on the word:
"Daphne goes to the *woods*, and vowes herſelf to Diana;
"Phœbus grows ſtark *wood* for love and fancie to Daphne."
We alſo find the ſame word in Chaucer, in the character of the *Monke*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 184:
"What ſhulde he ſtudie, and make himſelven *wood*?"
Spenſer alſo uſes it, *Aegl. gue III. March*:
"Thyſelf was ſo wanton, and ſo *wode*."
"The name *Woden*," ſays Verſtegan in his *Reſtitution of Decayed Intelligence*, [illegible]: "ſignifies fierce or furious; and in like ſenſe we ſtill retain it, ſaying when one is in a great rage, that he is *wood*, or taketh on as if he were *wood*." STEEVENS.

Becauſe I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron,[2] for my heart
Is true as ſteel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I ſhall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I ſpeak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plaineſt truth
Tell ~~you~~—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your ſpaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Uſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me,)
Than to be uſed as you uſe your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
For I am ſick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am ſick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modeſty[3] too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not;

[2] *You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;*
But yet you draw not iron,] I learn from Edward Fenton's *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 1569, that—"there is now a dayes a kind of adamant which draweth unto it fleſhe, and the ſame ſo ſtrongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together, two mouthes of contrary perſons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offendyng any parte of him."
STEEVENS.

[3] —— impeach *your modeſty* ——] i. e. bring it into queſtion. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. ſc. ii:
"And doth *impeach* the freedom of the ſtate,
"If they deny him juſtice." STEEVENS.

To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.[3]
It is not night, when I do ſee your face,[4]
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;[5]
For you, in my reſpect, are all the world:
Then how can it be ſaid, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.

Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you.[6]
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chaſe;
The dove purſues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tiger: Bootleſs ſpeed!
When cowardice purſues, and valour flies.

[3] ——*for that.*] i. e. For *leaving the city*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[4] *It is not night, when I do ſee your face*, &c.] This paſſage is paraphraſed from two lines of an ancient poet [Tibullus]:

" ——*Tu nocte vel atra*
" *Lumen, et in ſolis tu mihi turba locis.*" JOHNSON.

As the works of King David might be more familiar to Shakſpeare than Roman poetry, perhaps on the preſent occaſion, the eleventh verſe of the 139th Pſalm, was in his thoughts. " Yea, the darkneſs is no darkneſs with thee, but the night is as clear as the day." STEEVENS.

[5] *Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company*;] The ſame thought occurs in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

" A wilderneſs is populous enough,
" [illegible] had thy heavenly company." MALONE.

[6] *[illegible] a heart as you.*]

" [illegible] *genus omne ferarum.*" OVID.

[illegible]

" [illegible] more kinder than mankind." S. W.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions;[7] let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me miſchief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love ſo well.[8]

[*Exeunt* Dem. *and* Hel.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.—

Re-enter Puck.

Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon[9] the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips[2] and the nodding violet[3] grows;

[7] *I will not ſtay thy* queſtions;] Though Helena certainly puts a few inſignificant *queſtions* to Demetrius, I cannot but think our author wrote—*queſtion*, i. e. diſcourſe, converſation. So, in *As you like it*: "I met the duke yeſterday, and had much *queſtion* with him." Steevens.

[8] *To* die upon *the hand*, &c.] To *die upon*, &c. in our author's language, I believe, means—"to *die by* the hand." So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"I'll die *on him* that ſays ſo, but yourſelf." Steevens.

[9] ——*whereon*——] The old copy reads—*where*. Mr. Malone ſuppoſes *where* to be uſed as a diſſyllable; but offers no example of ſuch a pronunciation. Steevens.

[2] *Where* ox-lips——] The *oxlip* is the greater *cowſlip*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XV:

"To ſort theſe flowers of ſhowe, with other that were ſweet,
"The cowſlip then they couch, and th' *oxlip* for her meet."

Steevens.

[3] ——*the* nodding *violet*——] i. e. that declines its head, like a drowſy perſon. Steevens.

Quite over-canopied with luſh woodbine,[8]
With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine:
There ſleeps Titania, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flowers with dances and delight;
And there the ſnake throws her enamel'd ſkin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove:
A ſweet Athenian lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he eſpies
May be the lady: Thou ſhalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.[9]
Effect it with ſome care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than ſhe upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the firſt cock crow.

Puck. Fear not my lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo.
[*Exeunt.*

[8] *Quite over-canopied with* luſh *woodbine,*] All the old editions read—*luſcious* woodbine.

On the margin of one of my folios an unknown hand has written *luſh* woodbine, which, I think, is right. This hand I have ſince diſcovered to be Theobald's. JOHNSON.

Luſh is clearly preferable in point of ſenſe, and abſolutely neceſſary in point of metre. Oberon is ſpeaking in rhime; but *woodbine*, as hitherto accented upon the firſt ſyllable, cannot poſſibly correſpond with *eglantine*. The ſubſtitution of *luſh* will reſtore the paſſage to its original harmony, and the author's idea. RITSON.

I have inſerted *luſh* in the text, as it is a word already uſed by Shakſpeare in *The Tempeſt*, Act II:

"How *luſh* and luſty the graſs looks? how green?"

Both *luſh* and *luſcious* (ſays Mr. Henley) are words of the ſame origin.

Dr. Farmer, however, would omit the word *quite*, as a uſeleſs expletive, and read—

"O'er-canopied with luſcious woodbine." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *the* man——*hath* on.] I deſire no ſurer evidence to prove that the broad Scotch pronunciation once prevailed in England, than ſuch a rhyme as the firſt of theſe words affords to the ſecond. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter TITANIA *with her train.*

TITA. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy ſong;[2]
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:[3]

[2] — *a* roundel, *and a fairy ſong*;] *Rounds*, or *roundels*, were like the preſent country dances, and are thus deſcribed by Sir John Davies, in his Orcheſtra, 1622:

" Then firſt of all he doth demonſtrate plain
" The motions ſeven that are in nature found,
" *Upward and downward, forth, and back again,*
" *To this ſide, and to that, and turning round*;
" Whereof a thouſand brawls he doth compound,
" Which he doth teach unto the multitude,
" And ever with a turn they muſt conclude.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
" Thus when at firſt love had them marſhalled,
" As erſt he did the ſhapeleſs maſs of things,
" He taught them *rounds* and *winding hays* to tread,
" And about trees to caſt themſelves in rings:
" As the two Bears whom the firſt mover flings
" With a ſhort turn about heaven's axle-tree,
" In a round dance for ever wheeling be." REED.

A *roundel*, *rondill*, or *roundelay*, is ſometimes uſed to ſignify a ſong beginning or ending with the ſame ſentence; *redit in orbem*.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, has a chapter *On the roundel, or ſphere*, and produces what he calls *A general reſemblance of the roundel to God, the world, and the queen.* STEEVENS.

A *roundel* is, as I ſuppoſe, *a circular dance.* Ben Jonſon ſeems to call *the rings* which ſuch dances are ſuppoſed to make in the graſs, *rondels.* Vol. V. *Tale of a Tub*, p. 23:

" I'll have no *rondels*, I, in the queen's paths."

TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Boke of the Governour by Sir Thomas Elyot*, 1537: " In ſtede of theſe we have now baſe daunces, bargenettes, pavyons, turgions, and *roundes*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Then*, for *the third part of a minute, hence:*] Dr. Warburton reads—

" ——*for the third part of the* midnight—."

Some, to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe buds;[4]
Some, war with rear-mice[5] for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats; and ſome, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint ſpirits:[6] Sing me now aſleep;
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

But the perſons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a *minute* might not be a very ſhort time to do ſuch work in. The critick might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy beſtows on the *cowſlip*. But Shakſpeare, throughout the play, has preſerved the proportion of other things in reſpect of theſe tiny beings, compared with whoſe ſize, a cowſlip might be tall, and to whoſe powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age. STEEVENS.

4 —*in the* muſk-roſe *buds*;] What is at preſent called the *Muſk Roſe*, was a flower unknown to Engliſh botaniſts in the time of Shakſpeare. About fifty years ago it was brought into this country from Spain. STEEVENS.

5 ——*with* rear-mice——] A *rere-mouſe* is a bat, a *mouſe* that *rears* itſelf from the ground by the aid of wings. So, in *Albertus Wallenſtein*, 1640:

" Half-ſpirited ſouls, who ſtrive on *rere-mice* wings."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *New Inn*:

" ——I keep no ſhades
" Nor ſhelters, I, for either owls or *rere-mice*."

Again, in Golding's tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*, B. IV. edit. 1587, p. 58. b:

" And we in Engliſh language bats or *reremice* call the ſame."

Gawin Douglas, in his Prologue to Maphæus's 13th book of the *Æneid*, alſo applies the epithet *leathern* to the wings of the Bat:

" Up gois the *bak* with her pelit *leddren* flicht." STEEVENS.

6 ——quaint *ſpirits*:] For this Dr. Warburton reads againſt all authority:

" ——*quaint* ſports."——

But Proſpero, in *The Tempeſt*, applies *quaint* to Ariel. JOHNSON.

" Our quaint *ſpirits*." Dr. Johnſon is right in the word, and Dr. Warburton in the interpretation. A *ſpirit* was ſometimes uſed for a *ſport*. In Decker's play, *If it be not good, the Devil is in It*, the king of Naples ſays to the devil Ruffman, diſguiſed in the character of Shalcan: " Now Shalcan, ſome new *ſpirit*? *Ruff.* A thouſand wenches ſtark-naked to play at *leap-frog*. *Omnes.* O rare ſight!" FARMER.

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1. *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, ſtand ſentinel.[7]
[*Exeunt* Fairies. TITANIA *ſleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou ſeeſt, when thou doſt wake,
[*ſqueezes the flower on* Titania's *eye-lids.*
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languiſh for his ſake:
Be it ounce,[8] or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtled hair,
In thy eye that ſhall appear
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake, when ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it ſo, Lyſander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.

Lys. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lyſander; for my ſake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie ſo near.

[7] *Hence, away*; &c.] This, according to all the editions, is made part of the ſong; but, I think, without ſufficient reaſon, as it appears to be ſpoken after the ſong is over. In the quarto 1600, it is given to the 2d Fairy; but the other diviſion is better. STEEVENS.

[8] *Be it ounce,*] The ounce is a ſmall tiger, or tiger-cat. JOHNSON.

Lrs. O, take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my innocence;[9]
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.[2]
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two boſoms interchained[3] with an oath;
So then, two boſoms, and a ſingle troth.
Then, by your ſide no bed-room me deny;
For, lying ſo, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beſhrew[4] my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to ſay, Lyſander lied.

[9] *O, take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my* innocence;] Lyſander in the language of love profeſſes, that as they have one heart, they ſhall have one bed; this Hermia thinks rather too much, and intreat him to *lye further off.* Lyſander anſwers:

" *O, take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my* innocence;"

Underſtand *the meaning of my innocence,* or *my innocent meaning.* Let no ſuſpicion of ill enter thy mind. JOHNSON.

[2] *Love takes the meaning, in love's* conference.] In the converſation of thoſe who are aſſured of each other's kindneſs, not *ſuſpicion* but *love takes the meaning.* No malevolent interpretation is to be made, but all is to be received in the ſenſe which *love* can find, and which *love* can dictate. JOHNSON.

The latter line is certainly intelligible as Dr. Johnſon has explained it; but, I think, it requires a ſlight alteration to make it connect well with the former. I would read:

" *Love* take *the meaning in love's conference.*"

That is, Let *love take the meaning.* TYRWHITT.

There is no occaſion for alteration. The idea is exactly ſimilar to that of St. Paul: " Love thinketh no evil." HENLEY.

[3] ——*interchained*—] Thus the quartos; the folio *interchanged.* STEEVENS.

[4] *Now much* beſhrew, *&c.*] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a ſiniſter wiſh, and means the ſame as if ſhe had ſaid " now *ill befall* my manners," &c. It is uſed by Heywood in his *Iron Age,* 1632:

" *Beſhrew* your amorous rhetorick,"

Again,

" Well, Paris, I *beſhrew* you, with my heart."

STEEVENS.

But, gentle friend, for love and courteſy
Lie further off; in human modeſty
Such ſeparation, as, may well be ſaid,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be diſtant; and good night, ſweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy ſweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his reſt!

Her. With half that wiſh the wiſher's eyes be preſs'd! [*They ſleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the foreſt have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,[3]
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flower's force in ſtirring love.
Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, ſleeping ſound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoul! ſhe durſt not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courteſy.[4]

See Minſheu's etymology of it, which ſeems to be an imprecation or wiſh of ſuch evil to one, as the venomous biting of the *ſhrew-mouſe*. TOLLET.

[3] *But Athenian* found *I none*,] Thus the quarto, 1600, printed by Fiſher. That by Roberts, and the folio, 1623, read: "—*find* I none." STEEVENS.

[4] *Near this lack-love, kill-courteſy.*] The old copies read—
"Near this lack-love, *this* kill-courteſy."
Mr. Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer, for the ſake of the meaſure, leave out *this lack-love*. I have only omitted—*this*. STEEVENS.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:[5]
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid.[6]
So awake, when I am gone;
For I muſt now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

HEL. Stay, though thou kill me, ſweet Demetrius.

DEM. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HEL. O, wilt thou darkling leave me?[7] do not ſo.

DEM. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.
[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.

Might we not adhere to the old copy, and at the ſame time preſerve the meaſure, by printing the line thus:

" Near this lack-love, this kill-court'ſy.

We meet with the ſame abbreviation in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

" They all ſtrain *court'ſy*, who ſhall cope him firſt."

MALONE.

Court'ſy can never be admitted at the end of a verſe, the penult being always ſhort. STEEVENS.

[5] *All the power this charm doth* owe:] i. e. all the power it *poſſeſſes.* So, in *Othello:*

" Shall never medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep
" Which thou *ow'dſt* yeſterday." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *let love forbid*
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid.] So, in *Macbeth:*

" Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
" Hang upon his pent-houſe lid." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *wilt thou* darkling *leave me?*] i. e. in the dark. So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: " —we'll run away with the torch, and leave them to fight *darkling.*" The word is likewiſe uſed by Milton. STEEVENS.

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace!
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.[8]
Happy is Hermia, whereſoe'er ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed, and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt tears:
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſh'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beaſts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monſter, fly my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſs of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's ſphery eyne?—
But who is here? Lyſander! on the ground!
Dead? or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:—
Lyſander, if you live, good ſir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy ſweet ſake. [*Waking.*
Tranſparent Helena! Nature here ſhows art,[9]
That through thy boſom makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!

Hel. Do not ſay ſo, Lyſander; ſay not ſo:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?

Again, in *King Lear*: "And ſo the candle went out, and we were left *darkling*." Ritson.

[8] ——*my grace.*] My acceptableneſs, the favour that I can gain. Johnson.

[9] ——*Nature* [here] *ſhews art,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—Nature *her* ſhews art,—perhaps the error of the preſs for—Nature ſhews her art. The editor of the ſecond folio changed *her* to *here*. Malone.

I admit the word—*here*, as a judicious correction of the ſecond folio. *Here*, means—*in the preſent inſtance*. On *this occaſion*, ſays Lyſander, the work of nature reſembles that of art, viz. (as our author expreſſes it in the *Lover's Complaint*,) an object "glaz'd with cryſtal." Steevens.

Yet Hermia ſtill loves you: then be content.

Lrs. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd;
And reaſon ſays you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their ſeaſon:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reaſon;[2]
And touching now the point of human ſkill,[3]
Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will,[4]

[2] ——*till now* ripe *not to reaſon*;] i. e. do not *ripen* to it. *Ripe*, in the preſent inſtance, is a verb. So, in *As you like it*:

"And ſo, from hour to hour, we *ripe*, and *ripe*—."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——touching *now the* point *of human ſkill*,] i. e. my ſenſes being now at the utmoſt height of perfection. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"I have *touch'd* the higheſt *point* of all my greatneſs."

STEEVENS.

[4] *Reaſon becomes the* marſhal *to my will*,] That is, My will now follows reaſon. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Thou *marſhal'ſt* me the way that I was going."

STEEVENS.

A modern writer [*Letters of Literature*, 8vo. 1785,] contends that Dr. Johnſon's explanation is inaccurate. The meaning, ſays he, is, "my will now obeys the command of my reaſon, not my will follows my reaſon. *Marſhal* is a director of an army, of a turney, of a feaſt. Sydney has uſed *marſhal* for *herald* or pourſuivant, but improperly."

Of ſuch flimzy materials are many of the *hyper-criticiſms* compoſed, to which the labours of the editors and commentators on Shakſpeare have given riſe. Who does not at once perceive, that Dr. Johnſon, when he ſpeaks of the will *following* reaſon, uſes the word not literally, but metaphorically? "My will *follows* or obeys *the dictates* of reaſon." Or that, if this were not the caſe, he would yet be juſtified by the context, (And *leads* me—) and by the paſſage quoted from *Macbeth*?—The heralds, diſtinguiſhed by the names of "*pourſuivants* at arms," were likewiſe called *marſhals*. See Minſheu's DICT. 1617, in v. MALONE.

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.[2]

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deſerve this ſcorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deſerve a ſweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good ſooth, you do,
In ſuch diſdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you lord of more true gentleneſs.[3]
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lys. She ſees not Hermia:—Hermia, ſleep thou there;
And never may'ſt thou come Lyſander near!
For, as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomach brings;
Or, as the hereſies, that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceive;
So thou, my ſurfeit, and my hereſy,
Of all be hated; but the moſt of me!
And all my powers, addreſs your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

Her. [*ſtarting.*] Help me, Lyſander, help me! do thy beſt,
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt!

[2] ——*leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook*
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" — . what obſcur'd in this fair volume lies,
" Find written in the margin of *his eyes*,
" This *precious book of love*." STEEVENS.

[3] — *true gentleneſs.* *Gentleneſs* is equivalent to what, in modern language, we ſhould call the *ſpirit of a gentleman*. PERCY.

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ACT III. SCENE I.[6]

The ſame. The Queen of Fairies lying aſleep.

Enter QUINCE,[7] SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal: This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-houſe; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What ſay'ſt thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thiſby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, Pyramus muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf; which the ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

Snout. By'rlakin, a parlous fear.[8]

[6] In the time of Shakſpeare there were many companies of players, ſometimes five at the ſame time, contending for the favour of the publick. Of theſe ſome were undoubtedly very unſkilful and very poor, and it is probable that the deſign of this ſcene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival houſe, and is therefore honoured with an aſs's head. JOHNSON.

[7] *Enter Quince, &c.*] The two quartos 1600, and the folio, read only, *Enter the Clowns.* STEEVENS.

[8] *By'rlakin, a parlous fear.*] By our *ladykin*, or *little lady*, as *ifakins* is a corruption of *by my faith*. The former is uſed in *Preſton's Cambyſes*

"The clock hath ſtricken vive, ich think, *by laken.*"

Star. I believe, we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better aſſurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a prologue; and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.[9]

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with yourſelves: to bring in, God ſhield us! a lion among ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue muſt tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his

Again, in *Magnificence*, an interlude, written by Skelton, and printed by Raſtell:

"*By our lakin*, ſyr, not by my will."

Parlous is a word corrupted from *perilous*, i. e. dangerous. So Phaer and Twyne tranſlate the following paſſage in the *Æneid*, Lib. VII. 302:

"*Quid Syrtes, aut Scylla mihi? quid vaſta Charybdis*
"*Profuit?*"
"What good did Scylla me? What could prevail Charybdis wood?
"Or Sirtes *parlous* ſands?" Steevens.

9 ——*in eight and ſix.*] i. e. in alternate verſes of eight and ſix ſyllables. Malone.

face muſt be ſeen through the lion's neck; and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wiſh you, or, I would requeſt you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no ſuch thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.[a]

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thiſby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine, that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

[a] *No, I am no ſuch thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.*] There are probably many temporary alluſions to particular incidents and characters ſcattered through our author's plays, which gave a poignancy to certain paſſages, while the events were recent, and the perſons pointed at, yet living.—In the ſpeech now before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuſcript collection of anecdotes, ſtories, &c. entitled, *Merry Paſſages and Jeaſts*, MS. *Harl.* 6395:

"There was a ſpectacle preſented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others *Harry Goldingham* was to repreſent *Arion* upon the dolphin's backe; but finding his voice to be verye hoarſe and unpleaſant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his diſguiſe, and *ſwears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honeſt Harry Goldingham*; which blunt diſcoverie pleaſed the queene better than if it had *gone* through in the right way:—yet he could order his voice to an inſtrument exceeding well."

The collector of these *Merry Paſſages* appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Eſtrange. Malone.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a caſement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay; or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay, he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent, the perſon of moon-ſhine. Then, there is another thing: we muſt have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thiſby, ſays the ſtory, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What ſay you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall: and let him have ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough-caſt about him, to ſignify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny ſhall Pyramus and Thiſby whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down, every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake;[3] and ſo every one according to his cue.

[3] ——*that* brake;] *Brake*, in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies a *thicket* or *furze-buſh*. So, in the ancient copy of the *Nutbrowne Mayde*, 1521:

" ——————for, dry or wete
" Ye muſt lodge on the playne;
" And us aboſe none other roſe
" But a *brake buſh*, or twayne."

Again, in Milton's *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*:

" Run to your ſhrowds within theſe *brakes* and trees."

STEEVENS.

Brake in the weſt of England is uſed to expreſs a large extent of ground overgrown with furze, and appears both here and in the next ſcene to convey the ſame idea. HENLEY.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

PUCK. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

QUIN. Speak, Pyramus:—Thiſby, ſtand forth.

PYR. Thiſby, the flowers of odious ſavours ſweet,—

QUIN. Odours, odours.

PYR. —— odours ſavours ſweet:
So doth thy breath,[4] *my deareſt Thiſby dear.—*
But, hark, a voice! ſtay thou but here a while,[5]
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

PUCK. A ſtranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here![6]
[*aſide.—Exit.*

THIS. Muſt I ſpeak now?

[4] *So* doth *thy breath,*] The old copies concur in reading:
" So *hath* thy breath,"——
Mr. Pope made the alteration, which ſeems to be neceſſary. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ſtay thou but here a* while,] The verſes ſhould be alternately in rhime: but *ſweet* in the cloſe of the firſt line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpoſe. The author, doubtleſs, gave it:
" —— ſtay thou but here a *whit,*"
i. e. a little while: for ſo it ſignifies, as alſo any thing of no price or conſideration; a trifle: in which ſenſe it is very frequent with our author. THEOBALD.

Nothing, I think, is got by the change. I ſuſpect two lines to have been loſt; the firſt of which rhymed with " ſavours ſweet," and the other with " here a while." The line before appears to me to refer to ſome thing that has been loſt. MALONE.

[6] —— *than e'er play'd* here!] I ſuppoſe he means in that theatre where the piece was acting. STEEVENS.

Quin. Ay, marry, muſt you: for you muſt underſtand, he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

This. *Moſt radiant Pyramus, moſt lilly-white of hue,*
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant brier,
Moſt briſky juvenal,[7] *and eke moſt lovely Jew,*
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you anſwer to Pyramus: you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all.[8]—Pyramus enter; your cue is paſt; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter Puck, *and* Bottom *with an aſs's head.*

This. O,—*As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. *If I were fair,*[9] *Thiſby, I were only thine:*—

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted. Pray, maſters! fly, maſters! help!

[*Exeunt* Clowns.

[7] ——*juvenal,*] i. e. young man. So, Falſtaff, "—the *juvenal* thy maſter." Steevens.

[8] ——cues *and all.*] A *cue,* in ſtage cant, is the laſt words of the preceding ſpeech, and ſerves as a hint to him who is to ſpeak next. So *Othello:*

"Were it my *cue* to fight, I ſhould have known it
"Without a prompter."

Again, in *The Return from Parnaſſus:*

"Indeed, maſter *Kempe,* you are very famous: but that is as well for works in print, as your part in *cue.*" *Kempe* was one of *Shakſpeare's* fellow comedians. Steevens.

[9] *If I were fair,* &c.] Perhaps we ought to point thus: If I were, [i. e. as true, &c.] fair Thiſby, I were only thine. Malone.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through brier;[2]
Sometime a horſe I'll be, ſometime a hound,
A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.[3]

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I ſee on thee?[4]

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs' head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bleſs thee, Bottom! bleſs thee! thou art tranſlated. [*Exit.*

[2] *Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through brier;*] Here are two ſyllables wanting. Perhaps, it was written:
"*Through bog,* through mire,"—— JOHNSON.
So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. VI. c. viii.
"Through hills, through dales, *through buſhes and through briars,*
"Long thus ſhe bled," &c. MALONE.
The alliteration evidently requires ſome word beginning with a *b*. We may therefore read:
"Through bog, *through burn,* through buſh, through brake, through brier." RITSON.

[3] —— *to make me* afeard.] *Afear* is from *to fear*, by the old form of the language, as *an hungered*, from *to hunger*. So *adry*, for *thirſty*. JOHNSON.

[4] *O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I ſee on thee?*] It is plain by Bottom's anſwer, that Snout mentioned an *aſs's head*. Therefore we ſhould read:
Snout. *O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I ſee on thee?*
An aſs's head? JOHNSON.

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Bot. *The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark,*
The plain-ſong cuckoo gray,[8]
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer, nay;—

for, indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry, *cuckoo*, never ſo?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the firſt view, to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.[9]

on a line in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, often ridiculed by the poets of our author's time:

" What outcry calls me from my naked bed?"

The *Spaniſh Tragedy* was entered on the Stationers' books in 1592. Malone.

[8] —plain-ſong *cuckoo*, &c.] That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of ſtrains, ſings in *plain ſong*, or in *plano cantu*; by which expreſſion the uniform modulation or ſimplicity of the *chaunt* was anciently diſtinguiſhed, in oppoſition to *prick-ſong*, or variegated muſick ſung by note. Skelton introduces the birds ſinging the different parts of the ſervice of the funeral of his favourite ſparrow: among the reſt is the cuckoo. P. 227. edit. Lond. 1736:

" But with a large and a long
" To kepe juſt *playne ſonge*
" Our chanters ſhall be your *cuckow*," &c. T. Warton.

Again, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*:

" Our life is a *plain ſong* with cunning penn'd."

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot's Inviſible Comedy*, &c.

" The cuckoo ſings not worth a groat,
" Becauſe ſhe *never changeth note*." Steevens.

[9] *Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,*
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the firſt view, to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.] Theſe lines are in one quarto of 1600, the firſt folio of 1623, the ſecond of 1632, and the third of 1664, &c. ranged in the following order:

Bot. Methinks, miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: And yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek,[a] upon occaſion.

Tita. Thou art as wiſe as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not deſire to go;
Thou ſhalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit, of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.

This reading I have inſerted, not that it can ſuggeſt any thing better than the order to which the lines have been reſtored by Mr. Theobald from another quarto, [Fiſher's,] but to ſhow that ſome liberty of conjecture muſt be allowed in the reviſal of works ſo inaccurately printed, and ſo long neglected. JOHNSON.

[a] ——*gleek,*] Joke or ſcoff. POPE.

Gleek was originally a game at cards. The word is often uſed by other ancient comic writers, in the ſame ſenſe as by our author. So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

"There's *gleek* for you, let me have my gird."

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife:*

"The more that I get her, the more ſhe doth *gleek* me."

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617:

"Meſſieur Benedetto galled Peratio with this *gleek.*"

Mr. Lambe obſerves in his notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of *The Battle of Floddon*, that in the North to *gleek* is to *deceive*, or *beguile*; and that the reply made by the queen of the fairies, proves this to be the meaning of it. STEEVENS.

And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,[2]
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſſneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.—
Peas-bloſſom! Cobweb! Moth! and Muſtard-ſeed!

Enter four Fairies.

1. *Fai.* Ready.
2. *Fai.* And I.
3. *Fai.* And I.
4. *Fai.* Where ſhall we go?[3]

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,[4]
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags ſteal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,[5]

[2] ——jewels *from the* deep,] So, in *King Richard III.*

" —— reflecting *gems*
" That woo'd the ſlimy bottom of the *deep*." STEEVENS.

[3] 4. Fai. *Where ſhall we go?*] In the ancient copies, this, and the three preceding ſpeeches, are given to the Fairies collectively.

By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted a uſeleſs repetition of—" *and I*," which overloaded the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *dewberries*,] *Dewberries* ſtrictly and properly are the fruit of one of the ſpecies of wild bramble called the creeping or the leſſer bramble: but as they ſtand here among the more delicate fruits, they muſt be underſtood to mean raſpberries, which are alſo of the bramble kind. T. HAWKINS.

Dewberries are *gooſeberries*, which are ſtill ſo called in ſeveral parts of the kingdom. HENLEY.

[5] —— *the fiery glow-worm's eyes*,] I know not how Shakſpeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own obſervation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail. JOHNSON.

To have my love to bed, and to ariſe;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courteſies.

1. *Fai.* Hail, mortal![6]

2. *Fai.* Hail!

3. *Fai.* Hail!

4. *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy, heartily.—I beſeech, your worſhip's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance,[7]

The blunder is not in Shakſpeare, but in thoſe who have conſtrued too literally a poetical expreſſion. It appears from every line of his writings that he had ſtudied with attention the book of nature, and was an accurate obſerver of any object that fell within his notice. He muſt have known that the light of the glow-worm was ſeated in the tail; but ſurely a poet is juſtified in calling the luminous part of a glow-worm the *eye*. It is a liberty we take in plain proſe; for the point of greateſt brightneſs in a furnace is commonly called the *eye* of it.

Dr. Johnſon might have arraigned him with equal propriety for ſending his fairies to *light* their tapers at the fire of the glow-worm, which in *Hamlet* he terms *uneffectual:*

"The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
"And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire." M. Mason.

[6] Hail, *mortal!*] The old copies read—hail, mortal, *hail!* The ſecond *hail* was clearly intended for another of the fairies, ſo as that each of them ſhould addreſs Bottom. The regulation now adopted was propoſed by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

[7] *I ſhall deſire* you of *more acquaintance,*] This line has been very unneceſſarily altered. The ſame mode of expreſſion occurs in *Luſty Juventus*, a morality:

"I ſhall deſire *you of* better acquaintance."

Such phraſeology was very common to many of our ancient writers.

So, in *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599:

"I do deſire you *of* more acquaintance."

Again, in Golding's Verſion of the 14th Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis:*

good maſter Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.—Your name, honeſt gentleman?[8]

Peas. Peas-bloſſom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to miſtreſs Squaſh, your mother,[9] and to maſter Peaſcod, your father. Good maſter Peas-bloſſom, I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beſeech you, ſir?

Mus. Muſtard-ſeed.

Bot. Good maſter Muſtard-ſeed, I know your

" ——— he praid
" Him earneſtly, with careful voice, *of* furthrance and *of* aid."

Again, in Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit*, 1621:

" ——craving you *of* more acquaintance." Steevens.

The alteration in the modern editions was made on the authority of the firſt folio, which reads in the next ſpeech but one—" I ſhall deſire *of you* more acquaintance." But the old reading is undoubtedly the true one.

So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix:

" If it be I, *of pardon I you pray*." Malone.

[8] ——*good maſter Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.—Your name, honeſt gentleman?*] In *The Maydes Metamorphoſis*, a comedy by Lyly, there is a dialogue between ſome foreſters and a troop of fairies, very ſimilar to the preſent:

" *Maſſe.* I pray, ſir, what might I call you?
" 1. *Fai.* My name is Penny.
" *Mop.* I am ſorry I cannot purſe you.
" *Friſco.* I pray you, ſir, what might I call you?
" 2. *Fai.* My name is Cricket.
" *Friſ.* I would I were a chimney for your ſake."

The Maid's Metamorphoſis was not printed till 1600, but was probably written ſome years before. Mr. Warton ſays, (*Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 393.) that Lyly's laſt play appeared in 1597. Malone.

[9] ——*miſtreſs* Squaſh, *your mother*,] A *ſquaſh* is an immature peaſcod. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act I. ſc. v:

" —as a *ſquaſh* is, before 'tis a peaſcod." Steevens.

patience[2] well: that ſame cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your houſe: I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good maſter Muſtard-ſeed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;
And when ſhe weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity.
Tie up my love's tongue,[3] bring him ſilently.

[*Exeunt.*

[2] ——*patience*—] The Oxford edition reads—*I know your* parentage *well.* I believe the correction is right. JOHNSON.

Parentage was not eaſily corrupted to *patience.* I fancy, the true word is, *paſſions*, ſufferings.

There is an ancient ſatirical Poem entitled—" The Poor Man's *Paſſions*, [i. e. ſufferings,] or Poverty's *patience.*" *Patience* and *Paſſions* are ſo alike in ſound, that a careleſs tranſcriber or compoſitor might eaſily have ſubſtituted the former word for the latter. FARMER.

Theſe words are ſpoken ironically. According to the opinion prevailing in our author's time, muſtard was ſuppoſed to excite to choler. See note on *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. ſc. iii. REED.

Perhaps we ſhould read—" I know you *paſſing* well." M. MASON.

[3] ——*my* love's *tongue*,] The old copies read—" my *lover's* tongue." STEEVENS.

Our poet has again uſed *lover* as a monoſyllable in *Twelfth Night*:

" Sad true *lover* never find my grave." MALONE.

In the paſſage quoted from *Twelfth Night*, " *true lover*" is evidently a miſtake for—" *true-love*," a phraſe which occurs in the very ſcene before us:

" And laid the love-juice on ſome *true love's* ſight."

Lover, in both the foregoing inſtances, I muſt therefore ſuppoſe to have been a printer's blunder for *love*; and have therefore continued Mr. Pope's emendation in the text. How is *lover* to be pronounced as a monoſyllable? STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter OBERON.

OBE. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my meſſenger.—How now, mad ſpirit?
What night-rule[4] now about this haunted grove?

PUCK. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love.
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches,[5] rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian ſtalls,

4 ——*what* night-rule—] *Night-rule* in this place ſhould ſeem to mean, what frolick of the night, what revelry is going forward? So, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

" Marry, here is good *rule!*"

Again:

" —why how now ſtriſe! here is pretty *rule!*"

It appears, from the old ſong of *Robin Goodfellow*, in the third volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, that it was the office of this waggiſh ſpirit " to viewe [or ſuperintend] the night-ſports." STEEVENS.

5 ——*patches*,] *Patch* was in old language uſed as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the ſame import as we uſe *ragga-muffin*, or *tatterdemalion*. JOHNSON.

Puck calls the players, " a crew of *patches*." A common opprobrious term, which probably took its riſe from *Patch*, cardinal Wolſey's fool. In the weſtern counties, *croſs-patch* is ſtill uſed for *perverſe, ill-natur'd fool*. T. WARTON.

The name was rather taken from the *patch'd* or *pyed* coats worn by the fools or jeſters of thoſe times.

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Or ruſſet-pated choughs,[7] many in ſort,[8]
Riſing and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the ſky;
So, at his ſight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our ſtamp,[9] here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.

The folio reads—*mimmick*; perhaps for *mimick*, a word more familiar than that exhibited by one of the quartos, for the other reads—*mimick*. STEEVENS.

Mimmick is the reading of the folio. The quarto printed by Fiſher has—*mimick*; that by Roberts, *mimick*: both evidently corruptions. The line has been explained as if it related to *Thiſbe*; but it does not relate to her, but to *Pyramus*. Bottom had juſt been playing that part, and had retired into a brake; (according to Quince's direction: "When you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake.") "Anon his *Thiſbe* muſt be anſwered, *And forth my mimick* (i. e. my actor) *comes*." In this there ſeems no difficulty.

Mimick is uſed as ſynonymous to *actor*, by Decker, in his *Gul's Hornebooke*, 1609: "Draw what troop you can from the ſtage after you; the *mimicks* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow room." Again, in his *Satiromaſtix*, 1602: "Thou [B. Jonſon] haſt forgot how thou ambledſt in a leather pilch by a play-waggon in the highway, and took it mad *Jeronymo's* part, to get ſervice amongſt the *mimicks*." MALONE.

[7] ——choughs,] The *chough* is a bird of the daw kind. It is mentioned alſo in *Macbeth*:

"By magot-pies, and *choughs*, and rooks," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſort*,] Company. So above:

"——————*your hearts* ſort;"

and in Waller:

"*A ſort* [illegible] *Begbere's ſtreet*." JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's *Widow*, 1611:

"—though we never lead any other company than a *ſort* of quart-pots." STEEVENS.

[9] *And, at our ſtamp.*] This ſeems to be a vicious reading. Fairies are never repreſented ſtamping, or of a ſize that ſhould give force to a ſtamp, nor could they have diſtinguiſhed the ſtamps of Puck from thoſe of their own companions. I read:

"*And, a ſtump here o'er and o'er one falls.*"

So Drayton:

"*I mean by the headleſs ſtalk,*
"*Like to a ſtubbed tree be ſeen,*

Their ſenſe, thus weak, loſt with their fears, thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel ſnatch;
Some, ſleeves; ſome, hats: [2] from yielders all things catch.

" *And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels;*
" *Alas, his brain was dizzy.*——
" *At length upon his feet he gets,*
" *Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,*
" *And as again he forward ſets,*
" *And through the buſhes ſcrambles,*
" *A ſtump doth trip him in his pace,*
" *Down fell poor Hob upon his face,*
" *And lamentably tore his caſe,*
" *Among the briers and brambles.*" JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading. The *ſtump* of a fairy might be efficacious though not loud; neither is it neceſſary to ſuppoſe, when ſupernatural beings are ſpoken of, that the ſize of the agent determines the force of the action. That fairies did *ſtamp* to ſome purpoſe, may be known from the following paſſage in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus.*—" Vero ſaltum *adeo profundè in terram impreſſerant*, ut locus inſigni ardore orbiculariter pereſus, non parit arenti redivivum ceſpite gramen." Shakſpeare's own authority, however, is moſt deciſive. See the concluſion of the firſt ſcene of the fourth act:

" Come, my queen, take hand with me,
" And *rock* the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be."

STEEVENS.

Honeſt Reginald Scott, ſays, " Our grandams maides were wont to ſet a boll of milke before Incubus, and his couſin Robin Good-fellow, for grinding of malt or muſtard, and ſweeping the houſe at midnight: and—that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good wife of the houſe, having compaſſion of his nakedneſs, laid anie clothes for him beeſides his meſſe of white bread and milke, which was his ſtanding fee. For in that caſe he ſaith, What have we here? Hemton, hamton, here will I never more tread nor *ſtampen*." *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 85.

RITSON.

[2] *Some, ſleeves; ſome, hats:*] There is the like image in Drayton, of queen Mab and her fairies flying from Hobgoblin:

" *Some tore a ruff, and ſome a gown,*
" *'Gainſt one another juſtling;*

I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet Pyramus tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs,)
Titania wak'd, and ſtraightway lov'd an aſs.

Obe. This falls out better than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet latch'd[3] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him ſleeping,—that is finiſh'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his ſide;
That, when he wak'd, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.

Obe. Stand cloſe; this is the ſame Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe;
For thou, I fear, haſt given me cauſe to curſe.
If thou haſt ſlain Lyſander in his ſleep,
Being o'er ſhoes in blood,[4] plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

" *They flew about like chaff i' th' wind,*
" *For haſte ſome left their maſks behind,*
" *Some could not ſtay their gloves to find,*
" *There never was ſuch buſtling.*" Johnson.

[3] —*latch'd*—] Or letch'd, lick'd over, *lecher*, to lick, French. Hanmer.

In the North, it ſignifies to *infect*. Steevens.

[4] *Being o'er ſhoes in blood,*] An alluſion to the proverb, *Over ſhoes, over boots.* Johnson.

So in, *Macbeth:*

" ——— *I am in blood*
" *Stept in ſo far,*" &c. Steevens.

The ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have ſtol'n away
From ſleeping Hermia? I'll believe as ſoon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.[5]
It cannot be, but thou haſt murder'd him;
So ſhould a murderer look; ſo dead,[6] ſo grim.

Dem. So ſhould the murder'd look; and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering ſphere.

Her. What's this to my Lyſander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

[5] —— noon-tide *with the Antipodes.*] Dr. Warburton would read—*i' th' antipodes*, which Mr. Edwards ridicules without mercy. The alteration is certainly not neceſſary, but it is not ſo unlucky, as he imagined. Shirley has the ſame expreſſion in his *Andromana:*

" To be a whore, is more unknown to her,
" Then what is done *in the antipodes.*"

In for *among* is frequent in old language. Farmer.

The familiarity of the general idea, is ſhown by the following paſſage in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" And dwell one month *with the* Antipodes."

Again, in *K. Richard II:*

" While we were wandring *with the* Antipodes."

Steevens.

[6] ——*ſo* dead,] All the old copies read—*ſo dead*; in my copy of it, ſome reader has altered *dead* to *dread*. Johnson.

Dead ſeems to be the right word, and our author again uſes it in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act I. ſc. iii:

" Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
" So dull, ſo *dead* in look, ſo woe-begone." Steevens.

So alſo, in Greene's *Doraſtus and Fawnia:* " —if thou marry in age, thy wife's freſh colours will breed in thee *dead* thoughts and ſuſpicion." Malone.

Dem. I had rather give his carcaſe to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my ſake;
Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping?[7] O brave touch![8]
Could not a worm, an adder, do ſo much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.

Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood:[9]
I am not guilty of Lyſander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

[7] *Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake,*
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping?] She means, Haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping, whom, when awake, thou didſt not dare to look upon? Malone.

[8] —*O brave* touch!] *Touch* in Shakſpeare's time was the ſame with our *exploit*, or rather *ſtroke*. A brave touch, a noble ſtroke, *un grand coup*. "*Maſon was very merry, pleaſantly playing both with the ſharpeſt touches of many curſt boys, and the ſmall diſcretion of many lewd ſchoolmaſters.*" Aſcham. Johnson.

A *touch* anciently ſignified a *trick*. In the old black letter ſtory of *Howleglas*, it is always uſed in that ſenſe: "—for at all times he did ſome mad *touch*." Steevens.

[9] —— *miſpris'd* mood:] Miſtaken; ſo below *miſpriſion* is miſtake. Johnson.

Mood is *anger*, or perhaps rather in this place, *capricious fancy*. Malone.

I rather conceive that—"*on* a miſpriz'd *mood*" is put for—"*in* a miſpriz'd *mood*;" i. e. "*in* a miſtaken *manner*." The propoſition—*on*, is licentiouſly uſed by ancient authors. When Mark Antony ſays that Auguſtus Cæſar "dealt *on* lieutenantry," he does not mean that he "dealt his blows *on* lieutenants," but that he "dealt *in* them;" i. e. achieved his victories *by* their conduct. Steevens.

Dem. An if I could,[2] what ſhould I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to ſee me more.—
And from thy hated preſence part I ſo:[3]
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe;
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. [*Lies down.*

Obe. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on ſome true-love's ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer[4]
With ſighs of love, that coſt the freſh blood dear:[5]

[2] An if *I could*, &c.] This phraſeology was common in Shakſpeare's time. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. ſc i:

"*An if* a man did need a poiſon now."

Again, in *Lodge's Illuſtrations*, Vol. I. p. 85: "—meanys was made unto me to ſee *an yff* I wold appoynt," &c. Reed.

[3] —*part I* ſo:] *So*, which is not in the old copy, was inſerted for the ſake of both metre and rhime, by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[4] —*pale of* cheer—] *Cheer*, from the Italian *cara*, is frequently uſed by old Engliſh writers for countenance. Even Dryden ſays—

"Pale at the ſudden ſight, ſhe chang'd her *cheer*."

Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786. Steevens.

[5] —— ſighs *of love, that* coſt the freſh blood dear:] So, in *King Henry VI.* we have "blood-conſuming,"—"blood-drinking,"

By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, againſt ſhe do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.[5] [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,[6]
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as gloriouſly
As the Venus of the ſky.—
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, miſtook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be!

and "blood-ſucking ſighs." All alluding to the ancient ſuppoſition that every ſigh was indulged at the expence of a drop of blood. Steevens.

[5] *Swifter than arrow from the* Tartar's bow.] So, in the 10th Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*: tranſlated by Golding, 1567:

"——— and though that ſhe
"Did fly as *ſwift* as arrow from a *Turkye bowe*."

Douce.

"A *Tartar's* painted *bow* of lath" is mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet*. Steevens.

[6] *Hit with Cupid's archery,*] This alludes to what was ſaid before:

"——*the bolt of Cupid fell:*
"*It fell upon a little weſtern flower,*
"*Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound.*"

Steevens.

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Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddeſs, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne?
Cryſtal is muddy. O, how ripe in ſhow
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' ſnow,[7]
Fann'd with the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand: O let me kiſs
This princeſs of pure white,[8] this ſeal of bliſs![9]

Hel. O ſpite! O hell! I ſee you all are bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courteſy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt join, in ſouls,[2] to mock me too?

[7] ——*Taurus' ſnow,*] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Aſia. Johnson.

[8] *This* princeſs *of pure white,*] Thus all the editions as low as Sir Thomas Hanmer's. He reads:

"*This* pureneſs *of pure white*;"

and Dr. Warburton follows him. The old reading may be juſtified from a paſſage in ſir Walter Raleigh's *Diſcovery of Guiana*, where the pine-apple is called *The princeſs of fruits*. Again, in *Wyat's Poems*, "Of beauty *princeſſe* chief." Steevens.

In *The Winter's Tale* we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion:

"——good ſooth, ſhe is
"The *queen of curds and cream.*" Malone.

[9] ——*ſeal of bliſs!*] He has in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, the ſame image:

"*But my kiſſes bring again,*
"Seals of love, *but ſeal'd in vain.*" Johnson.

More appoſitely, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"My play-fellow, your *hand*; this kingly *ſeal*,
"And plighter of high hearts." Steevens.

[2] ——*join*, in ſouls,] i. e. join heartily, unite in the ſame mind. Shakſpeare in *K. Henry V.* uſes an expreſſion not unlike this:

"*For we will hear, note, and believe* in heart;"

i. e. heartily believe: and in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, he talks of electing with *ſpecial ſoul*. In *Troilus and Creſſida*, Ulyſſes, relating the character of Hector as given him by Æneas, ſays:

If you were men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle lady ſo;
To vow, and ſwear, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When, I am ſure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena;

" ——with *private ſoul*
" Did in great Ilion thus tranſlate him to me."

And, in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605, is the ſame expreſſion as that for which I contend:

" Happy, *in ſoul*, only by winning her."

Again, in a maſque called *Luminalia*, or *the Feſtival of Light*, 1637:

" You that are chief *in ſouls*; as in your blood."

Again, in *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595:

" ——whoſe ſubverſion *in ſoul* they have vow'd."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. XII. ch. lxxv:

" Could all; *in ſoul*, of very God ſay as an Ethnick ſaid
" To one that preached Hercules?"——

Again, in our author's *Twelfth Night*:

" And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true *in ſoul*."

Sir T. Hanmer would read—*in flouts*; Dr. Warburton, *inſolents*. STEEVENS.

I rather believe the line ſhould be read thus:

" But you muſt join, *ill* ſouls, to mock me too?"

Ill is often uſed for *bad, wicked*. So, in *The Sea Voyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV, ſc. i:

" They did begin to quarrel like *ill* men;"

which I cite the rather, becauſe *ill* had there alſo been changed into *in*, by an error of the preſs, which Mr. Sympſon has corrected from the edition 1647. TYRWHITT.

This is a very reaſonable conjecture, though I think it hardly right. JOHNSON.

We meet with this phraſe in an old poem by Robert Dabourne:

" ——Men ſhift their faſhions—
" They are *in ſouls* the ſame." FARMER.

A ſimilar phraſeology is found in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
" To accuſe this worthy man, but *in* foul mouth
" To call him villain!" MALONE.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,[3]
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your deriſion! none, of noble ſort,[4]
Would ſo offend a virgin; and extort
A poor ſoul's patience,[5] all to make you ſport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not ſo;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.

Dem. Lyſander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as gueſt-wiſe, ſojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,[6]

[3] *A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,* &c.] This is written much in the manner and ſpirit of Juno's reproach to Venus in the fourth book of the *Æneid*:

" Egregiam vero laudem et ſpolia ampla refertis,
" Tuque puerque tuus; magnum et memorabile nomen,
" Una dolo divûm ſi fœmina victa duorum eſt."

STEEVENS.

[4] —*none, of noble* ſort,] *Sort* is here uſed for *degree* or *quality*. So, in the old ballad of *Jane Shore*:

" Long time I lived in the court,
" With lords and ladies of great *ſort*." MALONE.

[5] ——— extort
A poor ſoul's patience,] Harraſs, torment. JOHNSON.

[6] *My heart* with *her but, as gueſt-wiſe, ſojourn'd;*
And now to Helen it is home return'd,] The ancient copies read—" *to* her." Dr. Johnſon made the correction, and exemplified the ſentiment by the following paſſage from Prior:

" No matter what beauties I ſaw in my way,
" They were but my viſits; but thou art my *home*."

STEEVENS.

So, in our author's 109th Sonnet:

" That is my *home* of love, if I have rang'd,
" Like him that travels, I *return* again." MALONE.

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Her. You ſpeak not as you think; it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpite of me.
Injurious Hermia! moſt ungrateful maid!
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſters' vows,[6] the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?[7]
All ſchool-days' friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,[8]
Have with our needs[9] created both one flower,

[6] *The ſiſters' vows.*] We might read more elegantly,—*The* ſiſter *vows*, and a few lines lower,—*All ſchool-day* friendſhip. The latter emendation was made by Mr. Pope; but changes merely for the ſake of elegance ought to be admitted with great caution. MALONE.

[7] *For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?*] The firſt folio omits the word—*and*. I have received it from the folio 1632. Mr. Malone reads—*now*. STEEVENS.

The editor of the ſecond folio, to complete the metre, introduced the word *and*;—"O, *and* is all forgot?" It ſtands ſo aukwardly, that I am perſuaded it was not the author's word. MALONE.

——*O, and is all forgot?*] Mr. Gibbon obſerves, that in a poem of Gregory Nazianzen on his own life, are ſome beautiful lines which burſt from the heart, and ſpeak the pangs of injured and loſt friendſhip, reſembling theſe. He adds "Shakſpeare had never read the poems of Gregory Nazianzen: he was ignorant of the Greek language; but his mother tongue, the language of nature, is the ſame in Cappadocia and in Britain."
Gibbon's Hiſt. Vol. III. p. 15. REED.

[8] ——artificial *gods*,] *Artificial* is ingenious, artful. STEEVENS.

[9] *Have with our* needs, *&c.*] Moſt of our modern editors, with the old copies, have—*needles*; but the word was probably written by Shakſpeare *needs*, (a common contraction in the inland counties at this day) otherwiſe the verſe will be inharmonious. See Gammer Gurton's *Needle*.

Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one ſtem:
So, with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.[4]

Again, in ſir Arthur Gorges' tranſlation of Lucan, 1614:

" Thus Cato ſpake, whoſe feeling words
" Like pricking *neelds*, or points of ſwords," &c.

Again, in Stanyhurſt's *Virgil*, 1582:

" —on *neeld*-wrought carpets."

The ſame ideas occur in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" ——————ſhe
" Would ever with Marina be:
" Be't when they weav'd the ſleded ſilk,
" With fingers long, ſmall, white as milk,
" Or when ſhe would with ſharp *neeld* wound
" The cambrick," &c.

Again, *ibid.*

" Deep clerks ſhe dumbs, and with her *neele* compoſes
" Nature's own ſhape."

In the age of Shakſpeare many contractions were uſed. Ben Jonſon has *wher* for *whether* in the prologue to his *Sad Shepherd*; and in the earl of Sterline's *Darius* is *ſport* for *ſupport*, and *towards* for *towards*.

Of the eviſceration and extenſion of words, however, T. Churchyard affords the moſt numerous and glaring inſtances; for he has not ſcrupled even to give us *rune* inſtead of *ruin*, and *mieſt* inſtead of *miſt*, when he wants rhimes to *ſoon*, and *crieſt*. STEEVENS.

In the old editions of theſe plays many words of two ſyllables are printed at length, though intended to be pronounced as one. Thus *ſpirit* is almoſt always ſo written, though often uſed as a monoſyllable; and *whether*, though intended often to be contracted, is always, (I think, improperly,) written at length. MALONE.

[4] *Two of the firſt*, like *coats in heraldry*,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.] The old copies read—*life* coats, &c. STEEVENS.

And will you rent our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems that you ſcorn me.

Hel. Have you not ſet Lyſander, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did ſpurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? Wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lyſander
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,
And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate;

The true correction of the paſſage I owe to the friendſhip and communication of the ingenious Martin Folkes, eſq.—Two of the *firſt, ſecond,* &c. are terms peculiar in heraldry, to diſtinguiſh the different *quarterings* of *coats.* THEOBALD.

Theſe are, as Theobald obſerves, terms peculiar to heraldry; but that obſervation does not help to explain them.—Every branch of a family is called a *houſe*; and none but the *firſt* of the *firſt houſe* can bear the arms of the family, without ſome diſtinction. *Two of the firſt,* therefore, means *two coats of the firſt houſe,* which are properly *due but to one.* M. MASON.

According to the rules of heraldry, the *firſt* houſe only, (e. g. a father who has a ſon living, or an elder brother as diſtinguiſhed from a younger,) has a right to bear the family coat. The ſon's coat is diſtinguiſhed from the father's by a label; the younger brother's from the elder's by a mullet. The ſame creſt is common to both. Helena therefore means to ſay, that ſhe and her friend were as cloſely united, as much *one* perſon, as if they were *both of the firſt* houſe; as if they both had the privilege *due but to one* perſon, (viz. to him of the firſt houſe,) the right of bearing the family coat without any diſtinguiſhing mark. MALONE.

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I ſwear by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe, that ſays I love thee not.

Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, ſir:—he will [8]
Seem to break looſe; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let looſe;
Or I will ſhake thee from me, like a ſerpent.

Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jeſt?

[8] *No, no, ſir:—he will*, &c.] This paſſage, like almoſt all thoſe in theſe plays in which there is a ſudden tranſition, or the ſenſe is haſtily broken off, is much corrupted in the old copies. My text [*No, no; he'll—ſir,*] is formed from the quarto printed by Fiſher and the firſt folio. The words "*he'll*" are not in the folio, and *Sir* is not in the quarto. Demetrius, I ſuppoſe, would ſay, No, no; he'll *not have reſolution to diſengage himſelf from Hermia.* But turning abruptly to Lyſander, he addreſſes him ironically:—"Sir, ſeem to break looſe;" &c. MALONE.

No critical remedy is nearer at hand, than a ſuppoſition that obſcure paſſages are ſentences deſignedly abrupt and imperfect.—Lyſander calls Hermia an "Æthiop." "No, no, ſir:" replies Demetrius; i. e. ſhe is none; and then ironically ſpeaks to her of Lyſander, as of one whoſe ſtruggle to break looſe is merely a pretended effort. He next addreſſes his provocation perſonally to Lyſander.—I have left the text as I found it; only reading (for the ſake of metre,) *be will*, inſtead of *be'll*. STEEVENS.

Hel. Yes, 'ſooth; and ſo do you.

Lrs. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not truſt your word.

Lrs. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lyſander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, ſince night, you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?

Lrs. Ay, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of queſtion, doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jeſt,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-bloſſom![9]
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And ſtol'n my love's heart from him?

9 *O me! you* juggler! *you canker-bloſſom!*] *Juggler* in this line is uſed as a triſyllable: So again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

"She and the dauphin have been *juggling*."

So alſo *tickling*, *wreſtler*, and many more. MALONE.

——*you* canker-bloſſom!] The *canker-bloſſom* is not in this place the bloſſom of the *canker* or *wild roſe*, which our author alludes to in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act I. ſc. iii:

"I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace:"

but a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So, in this play, Act II. ſc. iii:

"Some to kill *cankers* in the muſk-roſe buds."

STEEVENS.

Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs? What, will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet! why ſo? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures, ſhe hath urg'd her height;
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? ſpeak;
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt;[a]
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not ſtrike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than myſelf,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be ſo bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counſels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your ſtealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me

[a] ——— *curſt*;] i. e. ſhrewiſh or miſchievous.
Thus in the old proverbial ſaying: "*Curſt* cows have ſhort horns." Steevens.

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Then cruſh this herb into Lyſander's eye;
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,[7]
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream, and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to Athens ſhall the lovers wend,[8]
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this muſt be done with haſte;
For night's ſwift dragons[9] cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines Aurora's harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned ſpirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,[a]

[7] —virtuous *property,*] Salutiferous. So he calls, in *The Tempeſt*, *poiſonous dew*, wicked *dew*. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*wend,*] i. e. go. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:
" Hopeleſs and helpleſs doth Ægeon *wend*." STEEVENS.

[9] *For* night's ſwift dragons, *&c.*] So, in *Cymbeline*, Act II. ſc. ii:
" Swift, *ſwift*, ye *dragons* of the *night!*"
See my note on this paſſage, concerning the vigilance imputed to the ſerpent tribe. STEEVENS.

This circumſtance Shakſpeare might have learned from a paſſage in Golding's Tranſlation of Ovid, which he has imitated in *The Tempeſt*:
" Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal war did ſet,
" And brought aſleep the *dragon* fell, *whoſe eyes were never ſhet*." MALONE.

[a] ——*damned ſpirits all,*
That in croſs-ways *and* floods *have burial,*] i. e. The ghoſts of ſelf-murderers, who are buried in croſs-roads; and of thoſe who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the

Already to their wormy beds[3] are gone;
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully themſelves exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.[4]

Obe. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I with the morning's love have oft made ſport;[5]

ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of ſepulture had never been regularly beſtowed on their bodies. That the waters were ſometimes the place of reſidence for *damned ſpirits*, we learn from the ancient bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, ſo to date:

" Let ſome preeſt a goſpel ſaye
" For doute of *ſondes in the flode.*" STEEVENS.

[3] —*to their* wormy beds—] This periphraſis for the *grave* has been borrowed by Milton, in his Ode *on the death of a fair Infant*:
" Or that thy beauties lie in *wormy bed.*" STEEVENS.

[4] —— black-brow'd night.] So, in *King John*;
" Why, here walk I, in the *black brow* of *night.*"
STEEVENS.

[5] *I with the* morning's love *have oft made ſport*;] Thus all the old copies, and I think, rightly. Tithonus was the huſband of Aurora, and Tithonus was no *young* deity.

Thus, in *Aurora*, a collection of ſonnets, by lord Sterline, 1604:
" And why ſhould *Tithon* thus, whoſe day grows late,
" Enjoy *the morning's love?*"

Again, in *The Paraſitaſter*, by J. Marſton, 1606:
" *Aurora* yet keeps chaſte *old Tithon's* bed;
" Yet bluſhes at it when ſhe riſes."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. iii:
" As faire *Aurora* riſing haſtily,
" Doth by her bluſhing tell that ſhe did lye
" All night in *old Tithonus' frozen* bed."

Again, in *The Faithful Shepherdeſs* of Fletcher:
" —— O, lend me all thy red,
" Thou ſhame-fac'd morning, when from *Tithon's* bed
" Thou riſeſt *ever-maiden!*"

How ſuch a waggiſh ſpirit as the King of the Fairies might make ſport with an antiquated lover, or his miſtreſs in his abſence, may be eaſily underſtood. Dr. Johnſon reads with all the modern editors, " I with the *morning light*," &c. STEEVENS.

Will not this paſſage bear a different explanation? By the *morning's love* I apprehend Cephalus, the mighty hunter and paramour

And, like a foreſter, the groves may tread,
Even till the eaſtern gate,[5] all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair bleſſed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt-green ſtreams.
But, notwithſtanding, haſte; make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day. [*Exit* OBE.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lrs. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? ſpeak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lrs. I will be with thee ſtraight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[*Exit* LYS. *as following the voice.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lyſander! ſpeak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In ſome buſh? Where doſt thou hide thy head?

of *Aurora*, is intended. The context, "And, like a foreſter," &c. ſeems to ſhow that the chace was the *ſport* which *Oberon* boaſts he partook with the *morning's love*. HOLT WHITE.

[5] *Even till the eaſtern gate*, &c.] What the fairy Monarch means to inform Puck of, is this. That he was not compelled, like meaner ſpirits, to vaniſh at the firſt appearance of the dawn. STEEVENS.

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Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place;
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?[6]

Again, in Drayton's *Nymphidia:*

" *Hob, hob,* quoth Hob, God ſave thy grace."

It was not, however, as has been aſſerted, the appropriate exclamation, in our author's time, of this eccentric character; the Devil himſelf having, if not a better, at leaſt an older, title to it. So, in *Hiſtriomaſtix* (as quoted by Mr. Steevens in a note on *King Richard III.*) a *roaring devil* enters, with the *Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other, crying

" *Ho, ho, ho!* theſe babes mine are all."

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle:*

" But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devil cry *ho, ho, ho?*"

And, in the ſame play:

" By the maſſe, ich ſaw him of late cal up a great blacke devill.

" O, the knave cryed *ho, ho,* he roared and he thundred."

So, in the *Epitaph* attributed to Shakſpeare:

" *Hob!* quoth the devill, 'tis my John o'Combe."

Again, in Goulart's *Hiſtories*, 1607:

" The fellow . . . coming to the ſtove . . . ſawe the *Diuells* in horrible formes, ſome ſitting, ſome ſtanding, others walking, ſome ramping againſt the walles, but al of them aſſoone as they beheld him ran unto him, crying *Hob, Hob,* what makeſt thou here?"

Again, in the ſame book:

" The *black gueſts* returned no anſwere, but roared and cryed out, *Hob* ſirra let alone the child, or we will teare thee all to pieces."

Indeed, from a paſſage in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606, (as quoted in the new edition of Dodſley's Old Plays) I ſuſpect that this ſame " knaviſh ſprite" was ſometimes introduced on the ſtage as a demi-devil: " I'll rather," it is one Robin Goodfellow who ſpeaks, " put on my *ſtaſhing noſe*, and my *ſtaining* face, and come wrap'd in a calf's ſkin, and cry *ho, ho.*" See alſo, *Grim the Collier of Croydon.* RITSON.

The ſong above alluded to may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 203. MALONE.

[6] *Where art thou?*] For the ſake of the meaſure, which is otherwiſe imperfect, I ſuppoſe we ought to read—

" Where art thou *now?*"

Demetrius, conceiving Lyſander to have ſtill been ſhifting his ground, very naturally aſks him where he is *at that inſtant.*

STEEVENS.

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'ſt me. Thou ſhalt buy this dear,[7]
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee:
Now, go thy way. Faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be viſited.
[*Lies down and ſleeps.*

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: ſhine, comforts, from the eaſt;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From theſe that my poor company deteſt:—
And, ſleep, that ſometime ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company.[8] [*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here ſhe comes, curſt, and ſad:—
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires.

[7] ——*buy this dear,*] i. e. *thou ſhalt dearly pay for this.* Though this is ſenſe, and may well enough ſtand, yet the poet perhaps wrote *thou ſhalt 'by it dear.* So, in another place, *thou ſhalt* aby it. So, *Milton,* "*How* dearly I abide *that boaſt ſo vain.*" Johnson.

[8] *Steal me a while from mine own company.*] Thus alſo in an addreſs to ſleep, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra,* 1599:
"That from ourſelves ſo ſteal'ſt ourſelves away."
Steevens.

Here will I reſt me, till the break of day.
Heavens ſhield Lyſander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep ſound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* Lysander's *eye.*
When thou wak'ſt,
Thou tak'ſt[7]
True delight
In the ſight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown:
Jack ſhall have Jill;[8]
Nought ſhall go ill;
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all ſhall be well.[9] [*Exit* Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. *ſleep.*

[7] *When thou wak'ſt,*
Thou tak'ſt, &c.] The ſecond line would be improved, I think, both in its meaſure and conſtruction, if it were written thus:
When thou wak'ſt,
See *thou tak'ſt,*
True delight, &c. Tyrwhitt.

[8] *Jack ſhall have Jill*; &c.] Theſe three laſt lines are to be found among *Heywood's Epigrams on three hundred Proverbs.* Steevens.

[9] —— *all ſhall be* well.] *Well* is ſo bad a rhyme to *ill*, that I cannot help ſuppoſing our author wrote—*ſtill.* i. e. all this diſcord ſhall ſubſide in a calm, become huſh'd and quiet. So, in *Othello:*
" —— Ha! no more moving?
" *Still* as the grave." Steevens.

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Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur Cobweb; good monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd humble-bee on the top of a thiſtle; and, good monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourſelf too much in the action, monſieur; and, good monſieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you over-flown[4] with a honey-bag, ſignior.—Where's monſieur Muſtard-ſeed?

Muſt. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,[5] monſieur Muſtard-ſeed. Pray you, leave your courteſy, good monſieur.

Muſt. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monſieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb[6] to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, monſieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair do but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick: let us have the tongs[7] and the bones.

4 ——*over-ſtown*——] It ſhould be *overflow'd*; but it appears from a rhyme in another play that the miſtake was our author's. MALONE.

I perceive no miſtake. *Overſtown* is the participle paſſive. See Johnſon's Dict. STEEVENS.

5 ——*neif*,] i. e. fiſt. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Act II. ſc. x:
"*Sweet knight, I kiſs thy* neif." GREY.

6 ——*cavalero Cobweb*—] Without doubt it ſhould be *Cavalero Peas-bloſſom*; as for *cavalero Cobweb*, he had juſt been diſpatched upon a perilous adventure. GREY.

7 ——*the* tongs—] The old ruſtic muſick of the *tongs and key*. The folio has this ſtage direction.—"*Muſicke Tongs, Rurall Muſicke.*" STEEVENS.

Tita. Or, ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that ſhall ſeek
The ſquirrel's hoard,[8] and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me; I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.[9]
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honeyſuckle,[2]

[8] *The ſquirrel's* hoard,] *Hoard* is here employed as a diſſyllable. STEEVENS.

[9] —*and be* all ways *away.*] i. e. diſperſe yourſelves, and ſcout out ſeverally, in your *watch*, that danger approach us from no quarter. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—"be *always.*" Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Mr. Upton reads:

"*And be away—away.*" JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath would read—and be *always i' th' way.* STEEVENS.

[2] *So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honeyſuckle,*
Gently entwiſt,—the female *ivy ſo*
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.] What does the *woodbine* entwiſt? The *honey-ſuckle.* But the *woodbine* and *honey ſuckle* were, till now, but two names for one and the ſame plant. Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Madre Selva* by *woodbine* or *honnie-ſuckle.* We muſt therefore find a ſupport for the *woodbine* as well as for the *ivy.* Which is done by reading the lines thus:

"*So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honey-ſuckle,*
"*Gently entwiſt the* maple; *ivy ſo*
"*Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.*"

The corruption might happen by the firſt blunderer dropping the *p* in writing the word *maple*, which word thence became *male.* A

Gently entwiſt,—the female ivy[a] ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They ſleep.*

following tranſcriber, for the ſake of a little ſenſe and meaſure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female*; and then tacked it as an epithet to *ivy*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads:

"*So doth the* woodrine *the ſweet honey ſuckle*,"

for bark of the wood. Shakſpeare perhaps only meant, ſo the leaves involve the flower, uſing *woodbine* for the plant, and *honey-ſuckle* for the flower; or perhaps Shakſpeare made a blunder. JOHNSON.

The thought is Chaucer's. See his *Troilus and Creſſeide*, v. 1236, Lib. III:

"And as about a tre with many a twiſt
"Bitrent and writhin is the ſwete *woodbinde*,
"Gan eche of hem in armis other winde."

What Shakſpeare ſeems to mean, is this—*So the woodbine*, i. e. *the ſweet honey-ſuckle, doth gently entwiſt the barky fingers of the elm, and ſo does the female ivy enring the ſame fingers.* It is not unfrequent in the poets, as well as other writers, to explain one word by another which is better known. The reaſon why Shakſpeare thought *woodbine* wanted illuſtration, perhaps is this. In ſome counties, by *woodbine* or *woodbind* would have been generally underſtood the ivy, which he had occaſion to mention in the very next line. In the following inſtance from *Old Fortunatus*, 1600, *woodbind* is uſed for *ivy*:

"And, as the running *wood-bind*, ſpread her arms
"To choak thy with'ring boughs in her embrace."

And Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, enforces the ſame diſtinction that Shakſpeare thought it neceſſary to make:

"*Woodbin* that beareth the *honey-ſuckle*." STEEVENS.

This paſſage has given riſe to various conjectures. It is certain, that the *wood-bine* and the *honey-ſuckle* were ſometimes conſidered as different plants. In one of Taylor's poems, we have

"The *woodbine*, primroſe, and the cowſlip fine,
"The *honiſuckle*, and the daffadill."

But I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. The old writers did not always carry the auxiliary verb forward, as Mr. Capell ſeems to ſuppoſe by his alteration of *enrings* to *enring*. So biſhop Lowth, in his excellent *Introduction to Grammar*, p. 126, has without reaſon corrected a ſimilar paſſage in our tranſlation of St. *Matthew*. FARMER.

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Seeking ſweet ſavours[3] for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers;
And that ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flourets' eyes,[4]
Like tears, that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleaſure, taunted her,
And ſhe, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did aſk of her her changeling child;
Which ſtraight ſhe gave me, and her fairy ſent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of this Athenian ſwain;
That he awaking when the other do,[5]

To this cuſtom the conduct of Olivia (See *Twelfth Night*, &c. ante.) bears ſufficient teſtimony:

" A contract of eternal bond of love, &c.
" Strengthen'd by *interchangement of your rings.*" STEEVENS.

[3] —*ſweet* ſavours—] Thus Roberts's quarto and the firſt folio. Fiſher's quarto reads—*favours*; which, taken in the ſenſe of ornaments, ſuch as are worn at weddings, may be right. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*flourets'* eyes.] The *eye* of a flower is the technical term for its center. Thus Milton, in his *Lycidas*, v. 139:

" Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd *eyes.*" STEEVENS.

[5] *That he awaking when the* other *do*,] Such is the reading of the old copies, and ſuch was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age; though the modern editors have departed from it.—So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: " —and unbound the reſt, and then came in the *other.*"

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: " For the *other*, Sir John, let me ſee," &c.

So, in the epiſtle prefixed to *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, by Thomas Naſhe, 4to. 1592: " I hope they will give me leave to think there be fooles of that art, as well as of all *other.*" MALONE.

May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But firſt I will releaſe the fairy queen.
Be, as thou waſt wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower[6]
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my ſweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what viſions have I ſeen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an aſs.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came theſe things to paſs?
O, how mine eyes do loath this viſage now!

Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, muſick call; and ſtrike more dead
Than common ſleep, of all theſe five the ſenſe.[7]

Tita. Muſick, ho! muſick; ſuch as charmeth ſleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, muſick. [*Still muſick.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.

[6] *Dian's bud* o'er *Cupid's flower* ——] The old copies read—*or* Cupid's. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. The herb now employed is ſtyled *Diana's bud*, becauſe it is applyed as an antidote to that charm which had conſtrained Titania to dote on Bottom with "the foul of *love*." Malone.

Dian's bud, is the bud of the *Agnus Caſtus*, or *Chaſte Tree*. *Cupid's flower*, is the *Viola tricolor*, or *Love in Idleneſs*. Steevens.

[7] —— *of all theſe* five *the ſenſe*.] The old copies read—theſe *fine*; but this moſt certainly is corrupt. My emendation needs no juſtification. The *five*, that lay aſleep on the ſtage were Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom.—Dr. Thirlby likewiſe communicated this very correction. Theobald.

Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, ſolemnly,
Dance in duke Theſeus' houſe triumphantly,
And bleſs it to all fair poſterity: [8]
There ſhall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theſeus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in ſilence ſad,
Trip we after the night's ſhade: [9]

[8] *Dance in duke Theſeus' houſe triumphantly,*
And bleſs it to all fair *poſterity:*] We ſhould read:
" ——— *to all* far *poſterity.*"
i. e. to the remoteſt poſterity. Warburton.

Fair poſterity is the right reading.

In the concluding ſong, where Oberon bleſſes the nuptial bed, part of his benediction is, that the poſterity of Theſeus ſhall be *fair:*

" *And the blots of nature's hand*
" *Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;*
" *Never mole, hare-lip, nor ſcar,*
" *Nor mark prodigious, ſuch as are*
" *Deſpiſed in nativity,*
" *Shall upon their children be.*" M. Mason.

——*to all fair* proſperity:] I have preferred this, which is the reading of the firſt and beſt quarto, printed by Fiſher, to that of the other quarto and the folio, (*poſterity,*) induced by the following lines in a former ſcene:

" ——your warrior love
" To Theſeus muſt be wedded, and you come
" To give their bed joy and *proſperity.*" Malone.

[9] *Then, my queen, in ſilence ſad,*
Trip we after the night's ſhade:] *Sad* ſignifies only grave, ſober; and is oppoſed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the ſinging of the morning lark. So, in *The Winter's Tale,* Act IV: " *My father and the gentlemen are in* ſad *talk.*" For *grave* or *ſerious.* Warburton.

A ſtatute 3 Henry VII. c. xiv. directs certain offences committed in the king's palace, to be tried by twelve *ſad* men of the king's houſhold. Blackstone.

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Uncouple in the weſtern valley; go:—
Deſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear [5]
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; [6] for, beſides the groves,

[5] ——*they bay'd the* bear ——] Thus all the old copies. And thus in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, v. 2020. Tyrwhitt's edit:

" The hunte yſtrangled with the wild *beres*."

Bearbaiting was likewiſe once a diverſion eſteemed proper for royal perſonages, even of the ſofter ſex. While the princeſs Elizabeth remained at Hatfield Houſe, under the cuſtody of Sir Thomas Pope, ſhe was viſited by queen Mary. The next morning they were entertained with a grand exhibition of *bearbaiting, with which their highneſſes were right well content.* See Life of Sir Thomas Pope, cited by Waston in his Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, Vol. II. p. 391. STEEVENS.

In *The Winter's Tale* Antigonus is deſtroyed by a *bear*, who is chaced by hunters. See alſo our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

" For now ſhe hears it is no gentle chaſe,
" But the blunt boar, rough *bear*, or lion proud."

MALONE.

Holinſhed, with whoſe hiſtories our poet was well acquainted, ſays " the *beare* is a beaſt commonlie hunted in the Eaſt countrie." See Vol. I. p. 206; and in p. 226, he ſays, " Alexander at vacant time hunted the tiger, the pard, the bore, and the *beare*." Pliny, Plutarch, &c. mention bear-hunting. Turberville, in his *Book of Hunting*, has two chapters on hunting the *bear*. As the perſons mentioned by the poet are foreigners of the heroic ſtrain, he might perhaps think it nobler ſport for them to hunt the *bear* than the *boar*. Shakſpeare muſt have read the *Knight's Tale* in Chaucer, wherein are mentioned Theſeus's " white alandes [grey-hounds] to huntin at the lyon, or the wild *bere*." TOLLET.

[6] —*ſuch gallant* chiding;] *Chiding* in this inſtance means only *ſound*. So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

" As doth a rock againſt the *chiding* flood."

The ſkies, the fountains,[7] every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: [8] I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred[9] out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd,[2] ſo ſanded; [3] and their heads are hung

Again, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1608:

" ——I take great pride
" To hear ſoft muſick, and thy ſhrill voice *chide*."

Again, in the 22d chapter of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" ——drums and trumpets *chide*."— STEEVENS.

[7] *The ſkies, the* fountains,] Inſtead of *fountains*, Mr. Heath would read—*mountains*. The change had been propoſed to Mr. Theobald, who has well ſupported the old reading, by obſerving that Virgil and other poets have made rivers, lakes, &c. reſponſive to ſound:

" Tum vero exoritur clamor, ripæque *lacus*que
" Reſponſant circa, et cœlum tonat omne tumultu."

MALONE.

[8] *Seem*'d *all one mutual cry*:] The old copies concur in reading —*ſeem*; but, as Hippolyta is ſpeaking of time *paſt*, I have adopted Mr. Rowe's correction. STEEVENS.

[9] *My hounds are bred*, &c.] This paſſage has been imitated by Lee in his *Theodoſius*:

" Then through the woods we chac'd the foaming boar,
" With hounds that open'd like Theſſalian bulls;
" Like tygers flew'd, and ſanded as the ſhore,
" With ears and cheſts that daſh'd the morning dew."

MALONE.

[2] *So flew'd*,] Sir T. Hanmer juſtly remarks, that *flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound. Arthur Golding uſes this word in his tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*, finiſhed 1567, a book with which Shakſpeare appears to have been well acquainted. The poet is deſcribing Actæon's hounds, B. III. p. 34. b. 1575. Two of them, like our author's, were of Spartan kind; bred from a Spartan bitch and a Cretan dog:

" —with other twaine, that had a ſyre of Crete,
" And dam of Sparta: tone of them called Jollyboy, a great
" And *large-flew'd* hound."

Shakſpeare mentions Cretan hounds (with Spartan) afterwards in this ſpeech of Theſeus. And Ovid's tranſlator, Golding, in

With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;[3]
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Theſſalian bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theſſaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, ſoft; what nymphs are theſe?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep:
And this, Lyſander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of[4] their being here together.

The. No doubt, they roſe up early, to obſerve
The rite of May;[5] and, hearing our intent,

the ſame deſcription, has them both in one verſe, ibid. p. 34. a.

" This latter was a hounde of Crete, the other was of Spart."

T. Warton.

[2] *So ſanded*;] So marked with ſmall ſpots. Johnson.

Sandy'd means of a ſandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound. Steevens.

[3] *With ears that ſweep away the morning dew*;] So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

" —— the fierce Theſſalian hounds,
" With their flag ears, ready to ſweep the dew
" From their moiſt breaſts." Steevens.

[4] *I wonder* of—] The modern editors read—I wonder *at*, &c. But changes of this kind ought, I conceive, to be made with great caution; for the writings of our author's contemporaries furniſh us with abundant proofs that many modes of ſpeech, which now ſeem harſh to our ears, were juſtified by the phraſeology of former times. In *All's well that ends well*, we have:

" —— thou diſlik'ſt
" *Of* virtue, for the name." Malone.

[5] —— *they roſe up early, to obſerve*
The rite of May,] The rite of this month was once ſo univerſally obſerved, that even authors thought their works would obtain a more favourable reception, if publiſhed on *May-Day*. The following is a title page to a metrical performance by a once celebrated poet, Thomas Churchyard.

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Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have ſtol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my conſent;
Of my conſent that ſhe ſhould be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.[6]
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by ſome power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the ſnow,[7] ſeems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,[8]
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

[6] *Fair Helena in* fancy *following me.*] *Fancy* is here taken for *love* or *affection*, and is oppoſed to *fury*, as before:

" *Sighs and tears, poor* Fancy's *followers.*"

Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in, his *fancy*. *Flower-fancier*, for a floriſt, and *bird-fancier*, for a lover and feeder of birds, are colloquial words. Johnson.

So, in Barnaby Googe's *Cupido Conquered*, 1563:

" The cheyſe of them was Iſmenis,
" Whom beſt Diana lov'd,
" And next in place ſat Hyale
" Whom *Fancye* never mov'd."

Again, in *Hymen's Triumph*, a Maſque by Daniel, 1623:

" With all perſuaſions ſought to win her mind
" To *fancy* him."

Again:

" Do not enforce me to accept a man
" I cannot *fancy*." Steevens.

[7] ——*as* doth *the ſnow.*] The word *doth* which ſeems to have been inadvertently omitted, was ſupplied by Mr. Capell. The emendation here made is confirmed by a paſſage in *K. Henry V.*:

" —— *as doth* the melted ſnow
" Upon the vallies." Malone.

[8] —— *an idle* gawd,] See note on this word, p. 7. Steevens.

The object, and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I ſaw Hermia:[9]
But, like in ſickneſs,[2] did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this diſcourſe we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.[3]

[*Exeunt* Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus *and train.*

Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall, and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When every thing ſeems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.[4]

[9] ——*ere I* ſaw *Hermia:*] The old copies read—ere I *ſee*—. Steevens.

[2] ——*like* in *ſickneſs,*] So, in the next line—"as *in* health—." The old copies erroneouſly read—"like *a* ſickneſs." I owe the preſent correction to Dr. Farmer. Steevens.

[3] *Come, Hippolyta.*] I ſuppoſe, for the ſake of meaſure, we ſhould read—"Come *my* Hippolyta." Steevens.

[4] *And I have found Demetrius like a* jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.] Hermia had obſerved that things appeared *double* to her. Helena replies, *ſo methinks*; and

Dem. It ſeems to me,[9]

then ſubjoins, that Demetrius was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to ſomething which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property ſure of a jewel: or, if you will, of none but a falſe one. We ſhould read:

" *And I have found Demetrius like a* gemell,
" *Mine own, and not mine own.*"

From *Gemellus*, a *twin*. For Demetrius had that night acted two ſuch different parts, that ſhe could hardly think them both played by one and the ſame Demetrius; but that there were twin Demetriuſes like the two Soſias in the farce. From *Gemellus* comes the French, *Gemeau* or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle*: So, in Macon's tranſlation of *The Decameron of Boccace*— " *Il avoit trois filles plus âgées que les maſles, des quelles les deux qui eſtoient* jumelles *avoient quinze ans.*" Quatrieme Jour. Nov. 3.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious enough to deſerve to be true.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has been accuſed of coining the word, *gemell*: but Drayton has it in the preface to his *Baron's Wars*. " The *quadrin* doth never double; or to uſe a word of heraldrie, never bringeth forth *gemels*." FARMER.

Again:

" —unleſs they had been all *gemels* or couplets."

STEEVENS.

Helena, I think, means to ſay, that having *found* Demetrius *unexpectedly*, ſhe conſidered her property in him as inſecure as that which a perſon has in a jewel that he has *found* by *accident*; which he knows not whether he ſhall retain, and which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own*. She does not ſay, as Dr. Warburton has repreſented, that Demetrius *was like a jewel*, but that ſhe had *found him*, like a jewel, &c.

A kindred thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——by ſtarts
" His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
" *Of what he has, and has not.*"

The ſame kind of expreſſion is found alſo in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" Where ev'ry ſomething, being blent together,
" Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
" *Expreſſ, and not expreſt.*" MALONE.

See alſo, Mr. Heath's REVISAL, p. 57. REED.

[9] *It ſeems to me,*] Thus the folio. The quartos begin this ſpeech as follows:

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he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool,[3] if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man[4] hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it ſhall be call'd Bottom's Dream, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke:[5] Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death.[6] [*Exit.*

[3] ——*patch'd fool,*] That is, a fool in a particolour'd coat. JOHNSON.

[4] *The eye of man,* &c.] He is here blundering upon the ſcriptural paſſage of "Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things," &c. 1. Cor. ii. 9. DOUCE.

[5] ——*the latter end of* the *play, before the duke:*] i. e. the play in which he was to perform. The old copies read—"*a* play." I have not ſcrupled to place the preſent emendation, which is Mr. Ritſon's, in the text. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*I ſhall ſing it* at her *death.*] At *whoſe* death? In Bottom's ſpeech there is no mention of any ſhe-creature, to whom this relative can be coupled. I make not the leaſt ſcruple but Bottom, for the ſake of a jeſt, and to render his *exhibition*, as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, ſaid;—*I ſhall ſing it after death.* He, as Pyramus, is kill'd upon the ſcene; and ſo might promiſe to riſe again at the concluſion of the interlude, and give the duke his dream by way of ſong. The ſource of the corruption of the text is very obvious. The *f* in *after* being ſunk by the vulgar pronunciation, the copyiſt might write it from the ſound,—*a'ter*: which the wiſe editors not underſtanding, concluded, two words were erroneouſly got together; ſo, ſplitting them, and clapping in an *h*, produced the preſent reading—*at her.* THEOBALD.

Theobald might have quoted the following paſſage in *The Tempeſt* in ſupport of his emendation. "This is a very ſcurvy tune for a man to *ſing at his funeral.*"—Yet I believe the text is right. MALONE.

SCENE II.

Athens. *A Room in* Quince's *Houſe.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

QUIN. Have you ſent to Bottom's houſe? is he come home yet?

STAR. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

FLU. If he come not, then the play is marr'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

QUIN. It is not poſſible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to diſcharge Pyramus, but he.

FLU. No; he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

QUIN. Yea, and the beſt perſon too: and he is a very paramour, for a ſweet voice.

FLU. You muſt ſay, paragon: a paramour is, God bleſs us! a thing of nought.[7]

——*at her death.*] He may mean *the death of Thiſbe*, which his head might be at preſent full of; and yet I cannot but prefer the happy conjecture of Mr. Theobald to my own attempt at explanation. STEEVENS.

[7] — *a* thing *of nought.*] This Mr. Theobald changes with great pomp to *a thing of naught*; i. e. a *good for nothing thing.* JOHNSON.

A thing of nought may be the true reading. So, in *Hamlet:*

" *Ham.* The king is a *thing*——
" *Guil.* A *thing* my lord?
" *Ham. Of nothing.*"

See the note on this paſſage.

Paramour being a word which Flute did not underſtand, he may deſign to ſay that it had *no* meaning, i. e. was *a thing of nought.*

Mr. M. Maſon, however, is of a different opinion. " The ejaculation, (ſays he) *God bleſs us!* proves that Flute imagined he was ſaying a naughty word." STEEVENS.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Maſters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.[8]

Flu. O ſweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he loſt ſix-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'ſcaped ſix-pence a-day: an the duke had not given him ſix-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deſerv'd it: ſix-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.[9]

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders: but aſk me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, ſweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel to-

[8] ——*made men.*] In the ſame ſenſe as in *The Tempeſt*, "*any monſter in England* makes *a man.*" JOHNSON.

[9] ——*ſixpence a day, in Pyramus, or nothing.*] Shakſpeare has already ridiculed the title-page of *Cambyſes* by Thomas Preſton; and here he ſeems to allude to him, or ſome other perſon who, like him, had been penſioned for his dramatic abilities. *Preſton* acted a part in John Ritwiſe's play of *Dido* before queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1564; and the queen was ſo well pleaſed, that ſhe beſtowed on him a penſion of *twenty* pounds a year, which is little more than *a ſhilling a day.* STEEVENS.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, and Attendants.*

HIP. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

THE. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,[4]
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,[5]
Are of imagination all compact:[6]
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,[7]

[4] ——*such* seething *brains*,] So, in *The Tempest*:
"———— thy *brains*,
"Now useless, *boil'd* within thy scull." STEEVENS.

We meet with the same expression in *The Winter's Tale*: "Would any but these *boil'd brains* of three and twenty hunt this weather?" MALONE.

[5] *The lunatick, the lover, and the poet*,] An ingenious modern writer supposes that our author had here in contemplation Orestes, Mark Antony, and himself; but I do not recollect any passage in his works that shows him to have been acquainted with the story of Agamemnon's son,—*scelerum furiis agitatus Orestes*: and indeed, if even such were found, the supposed allusion would still remain very problematical. MALONE.

[6] *Are of imagination all compact*:] i. e. made up of mere imagination. So, in *As You Like It*:
"If he, *compact* of jars, grow musical." STEEVENS.

[7] That is, *the madman: the lover, all as frantick*.] Such is the reading of all the old copies; instead of which, the modern editors have given us—
"The madman: *while* the lover," &c. STEEVENS.

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:[8]
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,[9]
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining ſome fear,
How eaſy is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancy's images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy;[a]
But, howſoever, ſtrange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and freſh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

[8] *Sees Helen's beauty in a* brow of Egypt:] By "a brow of Egypt" Shakſpeare means no more than the *brow of a gipſy*. So much for ſome ingenious modern's ideal *Cleopatra*. See note 5. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *in a fine frenzy rolling,*] This ſeems to have been imitated by Drayton in his *Epiſtle to J. Reynolds on Poets and Poetry*: deſcribing Marlowe, he ſays:

"—— that *fine madneſs* ſtill he did retain,
"Which rightly ſhould poſſeſs a *poet's* brain."

MALONE.

[a] —— *conſtancy*;] Conſiſtency, ſtability, certainty. JOHNSON.

Lrs. More than to us
Wait on [2] your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what maſks, what dances ſhall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call Philoſtrate.[3]

Philost. Here, mighty Theſeus.

The. Say, what abridgment [4] have you for this evening?
What maſk? what muſick? How ſhall we beguile

[2] *Wait* on ——] The old copies have—wait *in*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[3] *Call Philoſtrate.*] In the folio, 1623, it is, Call *Egeus*, and all the ſpeeches afterwards ſpoken by Philoſtrate, except that beginning, "No, my noble lord," &c. are there given to that character. But the modern editions, from the quartos 1600, have rightly given them to Philoſtrate, who appears in the firſt ſcene as maſter of the revels to Theſeus, and is there ſent out on a ſimilar kind of errand.

In *The Knight's Tale* of Chaucer, Arcite, under the name of *Philoſtrate*, is ſquire of the chamber to *Theſeus*. Steevens.

[4] *Say, what* abridgment, &c.] By *abridgment* our author may mean a dramatick performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. So, in *Hamlet*, Act II. ſc. vii. he calls the players "*abridgments, abſtracts*, and *brief chronicles of the time.*"

Again, in *K. Henry V.*:

"Then brook *abridgment*; and your eyes advance
"After your thoughts——."

It may be worth while, however, to obſerve, that in the North the word *abatement* had the ſame meaning as *diverſion* or *amuſement*. So, in the Prologue to the 5th Book of G. Douglas's verſion of the Æneid:

"Ful mony merv *abatements* followis here." Steevens.

Does not *abridgment* in the preſent inſtance, ſignify *amuſement to beguile the tedious hours*? or, in one word, *paſtime*?
Henley.

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That is ſome ſatire, keen, and critical,[2]
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief ſcene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thiſbe; very tragical mirth.
Merry and tragical?[3] Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wonderous ſtrange ſnow.[4]
How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?

of learning. This piece firſt appeared in quarto, with others 1591. The oldeſt edition of this play now known is dated 1600. If Spenſer's poem be here intended, may we not preſume that there is ſome earlier edition of this? But however, if the alluſion be allowed, at leaſt it ſeems to bring the play below 1591.
T. WARTON.

[2] ——*keen, and* critical,] *Critical* here means *criticiſing, cenſuring.* So, in *Othello:*
"*O, I am nothing if not* critical." STEEVENS.

[3] *Merry and tragical?*] Our poet is ſtill harping on *Cambyſes,* of which the firſt edition might have appeared in 1569-70; when "an Enterlude, a lamentable Tragedy full of pleaſant myrth" was licenſed to John Alde. Regiſt. Stat. fol. 184. b. STEEVENS.

[4] *That is, hot ice,* and *wonderous ſtrange* ſnow.] The nonſenſe of this line ſhould be corrected thus:
"That is, hot ice, *a* wonderous ſtrange *ſhow.*"
WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton reads, not improbably:
"And wonderous ſtrange *black ſnow.*" JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*wondrous ſcorching ſnow.* Mr. Pope omits the line entirely. I think the paſſage needs no change, on account of the verſification; for *wonderous* is as often uſed as *three,* as it is as *two* ſyllables. The meaning of the line is—
"——*hot ice,* and ſnow of *as ſtrange a quality.*"
There is, however, an ancient pamphlet entitled, "*Tarlton's Deviſe upon this unlooked for* grete ſnowe." And perhaps the paſſage before us may contain ſome alluſion to it. This work is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company; as alſo, "A ballet of a Northerne Man's report of the *wonderful greate ſnowe* in the Southerne parts," &c. STEEVENS.

As there is no antitheſis between *ſtrange* and *ſnow,* as there is between *hot* and *ice,* I believe we ſhould read—"and wonderous *ſtrong* ſnow." M. MASON.

Philost. A play there is, my lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himſelf.
Which, when I ſaw rehears'd, I muſt confeſs,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories[5]
With this ſame play, againſt your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,[6]

In ſupport of Mr. Maſon's conjecture it may be obſerved that the words *ſtrong* and *ſtrange* are often confounded in our old plays.

Mr. Upton's emendation alſo may derive ſome ſupport from a paſſage in *Macbeth*:

"——when they ſhall be opened, *black* Macbeth
"Shall ſeem as pure as *ſnow*." Malone.

[5] ——*unbreath'd memories*——] That is, unexerciſed, unpractiſed memories. Steevens.

[6] *Unleſs you can find ſport in their* intents,] Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to *ſtretch* and *can* an *intent*, I ſuſpect a line to be loſt. Johnson.

To *intend* and to *attend* were anciently ſynonymous. Of this uſe ſeveral inſtances are given in a note on the third ſcene of the firſt

Extremely ſtretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.[7]
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* Philostrate.

Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.

The. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be,[8] to take what they miſtake:
And what poor duty cannot do,[9]

act of *Othello*. *Intents* therefore may be put for the object of their *attention*. We ſtill ſay a perſon is *intent* on his buſineſs.
Steevens.

[7] ——*never any thing can be amiſs,*
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.] Ben Jonſon in *Cynthia's Revels* has employed this ſentiment of humanity on the ſame occaſion, when Cynthia is preparing to ſee a maſque:
"Nothing which duty and deſire to pleaſe,
"Bears written on the forehead, comes amiſs."
Steevens.

[8] *Our ſport ſhall be*, &c.] Voltaire ſays ſomething like this of Louis XIV. who took a pleaſure in ſeeing his courtiers in confuſion when they ſpoke to him.
I am told, however, by a writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, for Nov. 1786, that I have aſſigned a malignant inſtead of a humane ſentiment to Theſeus, and that he really means—*We will accept with pleaſure even their blundering attempt.* Steevens.

[9] *And what poor duty cannot do,*] The defective metre of this line ſhews that ſome word was inadvertently omitted by the tranſcriber or compoſitor. Mr. Theobald ſupplied the defect by reading "And what poor *willing* duty," &c. Malone.

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And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

PHILOST. So pleaſe your grace, the prologue is addreſt.[4]

THE. Let him approach. [*Flouriſh of Trumpets.*[5]

Enter Prologue.

PROL. *If we offend, it is with our good will.*
That you ſhould think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To ſhow our ſimple ſkill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpite.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you ſhould here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

THE. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

LYS. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt;

[4] —— *addreſt.*] That is, ready. So, in *K. Henry V:*
" To-morrow for our march we are *addreſt.*"
STEEVENS.

[5] *Flouriſh of trumpets.*] It appears from *The Gals Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609, that the prologue was anciently uſher'd in by trumpets. " Preſent not yourſelfe on the ſtage (eſpecially at a new play) until the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor in his cheekes, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue that hee's upon point to enter." STEEVENS.

he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue, like a child on a recorder;[6] a ſound, but not in government.[7]

The. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thisbe, Wall, Moonſhine, *and* Lion, *as in dumb ſhow.*[8]

Prol. " Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this ſhow;
" But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
" This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
" This beauteous lady Thiſby is, certáin.[9]

[6] ——*on a* recorder;] Lord Bacon in his natural hiſtory, cent. iii. ſect. 221, ſpeaks of *recorders* and flutes at the ſame inſtant, and ſays, that the *recorder* hath a leſs bore, and a greater, above and below; and elſewhere, cent. ii. ſect. 187, he ſpeaks of it as having ſix holes, in which reſpect it anſwers to the Tibia minor or Flajolet of Merſennus. From all which particulars it ſhould ſeem that the flute and the *recorder* were different inſtruments, and that the latter in propriety of ſpeech was no other than the flagelet. *Hawkins's Hiſtory of Muſick*, Vol. IV. p. 479. Reed.

Shakſpeare introduces the ſame inſtrument in *Hamlet*; and *Milton* ſays:

" To the ſound of ſoft *recorders.*"

The *recorder* is mentioned in many of the old plays. Steevens.

[7] ——*but not in government.*] That is, not regularly, according to the tune. Steevens.

Hamlet, ſpeaking of a *recorder*, ſays, — " *Govern* theſe ventages with your fingers and thumb; give it breath with your mouth; and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſic."—This explains the meaning of *government* in this paſſage. M. Mason.

[8] In this place the folio, 1623, exhibits the following prompter's direction. *Tawyer with a trumpet before them.* Steevens.

[9] *This beauteous lady Thiſby is*, certáin.] A burleſque was here

" This man, with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
" Wall, that vile wall which did theſe lovers ſunder:
" And through wall's chink, poor ſouls, they are content
" To whiſper; at the which let no man wonder.
" This man, with lantern, dog, and buſh of thorn,
" Preſenteth moon-ſhine: for, if you will know,
" By moon-ſhine did theſe lovers think no ſcorn
" To meet at Ninus' tomb,[2] there, there to woo.
" This griſly beaſt, which by name lion hight,[3]
" The truſty Thiſby, coming firſt by night,
" Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:

intended on the frequent recurrence of "*certain*" as a bungling rhime in poetry more ancient than the age of Shakſpeare.

Thus in a ſhort poem entitled "*A lytell treatyſe called the dyſputacyon or the complaynte of the herte through perced with the lokynge of the eye. Imprynted at Lodon in Fletyſtrete at ye ſygne of the ſonne by Wynkyn de Worde.*"

" And houndes ſyxeſcore and mo *certayne*—
" To whome my thought gan to ſtrayne *certayne*—
" Whan I had fyrſt ſyght of her *certayne*—
" In all honoure ſhe hath no pere *certayne*—
" To loke upon a fayre Lady *certayne*—
" As moch as is in me I am contente *certayne*—
" They made there both two theyr promyſſe *certayne*—
" All armed with margaretes *certayne*—
" Towardes Venus when they ſholde go *certayne*—," &c.

STEEVENS.

[2] [illegible] Ninus' tomb, &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thiſbe of Babylon*:

" Thei ſettin markes ther metingis ſhould be,
" There king Ninus was graven undir a tre."

Again:

" And as ſhe ran her [illegible] ſhe let fall," &c.

Again, Golding in his verſion of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, B. IV. has a ſimilar line:

" And [illegible] away for haſte, ſhe let her [illegible] fall."

STEEVENS.

[3] —— [illegible] *Lion hight.*] As all the other parts of this ſpeech are [illegible] rhyme, excepting that it cloſes with a con-

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" Let lion, moon-ſhine, wall, and lovers twain,
" At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain."
[*Exeunt* Prol. THISBE, Lion, *and* Moonſhine.

THE. I wonder, if the lion be to ſpeak.

DEM. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many aſſes do.

WALL. " In this ſame interlude, it doth befall,
" That I, one Snout by name, preſent a wall:
" And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
" That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
" Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thiſby,
" Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
" This loam, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone, doth ſhow
" That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo:
" And this the cranny is,[5] right and ſiniſter,
" Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper."

" Fie, frantike fabulators, furibund, and fatuate,
" Out, oblatrant, oblict, obſtacle, and obſecate.
" Ah addict algoes, in acerbitie acclamant,
" Magnall in miſchief, malicious to mugilate,
" Repriving your Roy ſo renowned and radiant."

In *Tuſſer's Huſbandry*, p. 104, there is a poem of which every word begins with a T; and in the old play entitled, *The Hiſtorie of the Two valiant Knights, Syr Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sheeld, Sonne to the King of Denmark; and Clamydes the White Knight, Son to the King of Suauia*, 1599, is another remarkable inſtance of alliteration:

" Bringing my bark to Denmark here, to bide the bitter broyle
" And beating blowes of billows high," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *And this the* cranny *is,*] So, in Golding's *Ovid*, 1567:

" The wall that parted houſe from houſe *had* riuen *therein a cranny*
" Which ſhronke at making of the wall. This fault not markt of any
" Of many hundred yeares before (what doth not loue eſpie)
" Theſe *louers* firſt of all found out, and made a way thereby
" To talk to gither *ſecretly*, and through the ſame did goe
" Their louing *whiſperings* verie light and ſafely to and fro."
RITSON.

The. Would you deſire lime and hair to ſpeak better?

Dem. It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſe, my lord.[6]

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: ſilence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night! O night with hue ſo black!
"O night, which ever art, when day is not!
"O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
"I fear my Thiſby's promiſe is forgot!—
"And thou, O wall, O ſweet, O lovely wall,
"That ſtand'ſt between her father's ground and mine;
"Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
"Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne. [Wall *holds up his fingers.*
"Thanks, courteous wall: Jove ſhield thee well for this!
"But what ſee I? No Thiſby do I ſee.
"O wicked wall,[7] through whom I ſee no bliſs;
"Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

[6] *It is the wittieſt* partition *that ever I heard* diſcourſe, *my lord.*] Demetrius is repreſented as a punſter: I believe the paſſage ſhould be read: This is the wittieſt *partition*, that ever I heard *in diſcourſe.* Alluding to the many ſtupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time. Shakſpeare himſelf, as well as his contemporaries, uſes *diſcourſe* for *reaſoning:* and he here avails himſelf of the double ſenſe; as he had done before in the word, *partition.* Farmer.

[7] *O wicked wall,* &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Legend of Thiſbe:*
"Thus would thei ſaine, alas! thou *wicked wal,*" &c.
Steevens.

Pyr. No, in truth, ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me*, is Thiſby's cue; ſhe is to enter now, and I am to ſpy her through the wall. You ſhall ſee, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder ſhe comes.

Enter Thisbe.

This. "O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moans,
"For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
"My cherry lips have often kiſs'd thy ſtones;
"Thy ſtones with lime and hair knit up in thee."[1]

Pyr. "I ſee a voice: now will I to the chink,
"To ſpy an I can hear my Thiſby's face.
"Thiſby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
"And like Limander am I truſty ſtill."[2]

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."[2]

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was ſo true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiſs me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. "I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all."[3]

[1] ——— *knit up in thee.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*knit vp againe.* Steevens.

[2] *And like Limander*, &c.] Limander and Helen, are ſpoken by the blundering player, for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. Johnson.

[3] *I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all.*] So Golding's *Ovid*:
"When night drew nere, they bade adew, and eche gave kiſſes ſweete
"Unto the parget on their ſide, the which did never meete."
Ritson.

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Enter Lion *and* Moonſhine.

Lion. " You, ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
" The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,
" May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
" When lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
" Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
" A lion fell, nor elſe no lion's dam: [5]

immediately upon Theſeus ſaying this, Enter Lion and Moonſhine. It ſeems very probable therefore, that our author wrote,

" —— *in a* moon *and a lion.*"

the one having a creſcent and a lanthorn before him, and repreſenting the *man* in the *moon*; the other in a lion's hide. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald reads—a *moon* and a lion, and the emendation was adopted by the ſubſequent editors; but, I think, without neceſſity. The conceit is furniſhed by the perſon who repreſents the lion, and enters covered with the hide of that beaſt, and Theſeus only means to ſay, that the [illegible] who repreſented the moon, and came in at the ſame time, with a lantern in his hand, and a buſh of thorns at his back, was as much a beaſt as he who performed the part of the lion. MALONE.

Here [illegible], *a* moon, *and a* lion. I cannot help ſuppoſing that we ſhould have it, a *moon-calf*. The old copies read a [illegible]: poſſibly [illegible] was the marginal interpretation of *moon-calf*; and being more intelligible, got into the text.

The [illegible] was no new character on the ſtage, and is here introduced in ridicule of ſuch exhibitions. Ben Jonſon in one of his maſques, called *News from the New World in the Moon*, makes his [illegible] doubt of the perſon who brings the intelligence. " I muſt ſee his dog at his girdle, and the buſh of thorns at his back, ere I believe it. —" Thoſe, replies one of the heralds, are [illegible] *the ſtage.*" FARMER.

[illegible] *Snug the joiner, am*

[illegible] That is, that I am Snug the joiner, [illegible] a lion, nor a lion's dam. Dr. Johnſon has [illegible] in a note [illegible], that [illegible] in the phraſeology of our [illegible] often related to two members

" For if I ſhould as lion come in ſtrife
" Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion; and the fox carries the gooſe.

The. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his diſcretion, and let us liſten to the moon.

Moon. " This lantern doth the horned moon preſent:"

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. " This lantern doth the horned moon preſent;
" Myſelf the man i'th'moon do ſeem to be."

The. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt: the man ſhould be put into the lantern: How is it elſe the man i'the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you ſee, it is already in ſnuff.[6]

of a ſentence. though only expreſſed in the latter. So in the play juſt mentioned.

" ——contempt *nor* bitterneſs
" Were in his pride or ſharpneſs."

The reading of the text is that of the folio. The quartos read—that I *as* Snug the joiner, &c. Malone.

[6] —— *in* ſnuff.] An equivocation. *Snuff* ſignifies both the cinder of a candle, and haſty anger. Johnson.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: Would, he would change!

The. It appears, by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courteſy, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lrs. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, ſilence; here comes Thiſbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—."

[*The* Lion *roars.* THISBE *runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thiſbe.

Hip. Well ſhone, moon.—Truly, the moon ſhines with a good grace.

The. Well mous'd, lion.[7]

[*The* Lion *tears* THISBE'S *mantle, and exit.*

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"You'll mar the light, by taking it *in ſnuff.*"

STEEVENS.

[7] *Well mous'd, lion.*] So in an ancient bl. l. ballad on this ſtory, intitled, *The Constant and true Lover*, &c.

"And having worried thus the ſame,

"Thither he went whence firſt he came."

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"Approach, ye furies fell![2]
"O fates! come, come;
"Cut thread and thrum;[3]
"Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"[4]

[2] *Approach, ye furies fell!*] Somewhat like this our poet might possibly have recollected in "a lytell treatyse cleped *La Connaissance d'amours*. Printed by Richard Pynson." no date:

"O ye moost cruell and rabbyshe lions fell,
"Come nowe and teare the corps of Pyramus!
"Ye sauage beestes that in these rockes dwell,
"If blode to you be so delicious,
"Come and gnawe my wretched body dolorous!
"And on the kerchef with face pale and tryst,
"He loked ofte, and it right swetely kist." STEEVENS.

Approach, ye furies fell!

O fates! come, come, &c.] The poet here, and in the following lines spoken by Thisbe,

"O sisters three,
"Come, come to me,
"With hands as pale as milk—"

probably intended to ridicule a passage in *Damon and Pythias*, by Richard Edwards, 1582:

"Ye *furies*, all at once
"On me your torments trie:—
"Gripe me, you greedy greefs,
"And present pangues of death,
"*You sisters three, with cruel handes*
"*With speed come stop my breath!*" MALONE.

[3] —— *cut thread and* thrum;] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop*. WARNER.

So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637:

"—— no rough pelt of *thrums*,
"To sight with weather."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 16th Iliad:

"And tapestries all golden fring'd, and curl'd with *thrumbs* behind."

So, in Howell's letter to Sir Paul Neale, knt. "Translations are like the wrong side of a Turkey carpet, which useth to be full of *thrums* and knots, and nothing so even as the right side."

The thought is borrowed from Don Quixote. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *and* quell!] To *quell* is to murther, to destroy. So, in the 12th pageant of the *Lusus Coventriæ*, commonly called the *Corpus Christi Play*. MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii:

The. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look ſad.

Hip. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. " O, wherefore, nature, didſt thou lions frame?
" Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
" Which is—no, no—which was the faireſt dame,
" That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd, with cheer.[5]
" Come, tears, confound;[6]
" Out, ſword, and wound
" The pap of Pyramus:
" Ay, that left pap,
" Where heart doth hop:[7]—
" Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
" Now am I dead,
" Now am I fled;
" My ſoul is in the ſky:
" Tongue, loſe thy light!
" Moon, take thy flight!
" Now die, die, die, die, die.
[*Dies.* *Exit* Moonſhine.

" That he the lawe may here do,
" With ſtonys her to *quell.*" Steevens.

[5] ——*cheer.*] i. e. countenance. So, in Chaucer's *Clerke's Tale*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 8117:
" —— paſſing any wight
" Of ſo yong age, as wel in *chere* as dede." Steevens.

[6] *Come, tears,* confound;] Thus in Golding's *Ovid:*
" — one night (he ſayd) ſhall louers two *confounde.*" Ritson.

[7] *Ay, that left* pap,
Where heart doth hop:] Leſt our author ſhould ſeem chargeable with an inefficient rhyme, it ought to be remembered that the broad pronunciation, now almoſt peculiar to the Scotch, was anciently current in England. Throughout the old copies of Shakſpeare's Plays, " *tattered*" is always ſpelt " *tottered*" *Pap* therefore was ſounded, *Pop.* The context reminds us of a paſſage in the ſeventh Satire of Juvenal—
" —— *læva* in parte *mamillæ*
" Nil *ſalit*"—— Steevens.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Leſs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a ſurgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an aſs.[6]

Hip. How chance moonſhine is gone, before Thiſbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by ſtar-light.—Here ſhe comes; and her paſſion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks, ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one, for ſuch a Pyramus: I hope, ſhe will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance,[7] which Pyramus, which Thiſbe, is the better.[8]

Lys. She hath ſpied him already, with thoſe ſweet eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe moans,[9] *videlicet.*——

[6] ——*and proves an aſs.*] The character of Theſeus throughout this play is more exalted in its humanity, than its greatneſs. Though ſome ſenſible obſervations on life, and animated deſcriptions fall from him, as it is ſaid of Iago, *you ſhall taſte him more to a ſoldier than a man*, which is a diſtinction he is here ſtriving to deſerve, though with little ſucceſs; as in ſupport of his pretenſions he never riſes higher than a *pun*, and frequently ſinks as low as a *quibble*. Steevens.

[7] *A mote will turn the balance,*] The old copies have—*moth*; but Mr. Malone very juſtly obſerves that *moth* was merely the ancient mode of ſpelling *mote*. So, in *King Henry V*: "Waſh every *moth* (i. e. *mote*) out of his conſcience." Steevens.

[8] The firſt quarto makes this ſpeech a little longer, but not better. Johnson.

The paſſage omitted is,—"He for a man, God warn'd us; ſhe for a woman, God bleſs us." Steevens.

[9] *And thus ſhe moans,*] The old copies concur in reading—*means*, which Mr. Theobald changed into—"means;" and the next ſpeech of Thiſbe appears to countenance his alteration:

"Lovers, make *moan*." Steevens.

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" Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
" Are gone, are gone:
" Lovers, make moan!
" His eyes were green as leeks.[9]
" O ſiſters three,
" Come, come, to me,
" With hands as pale as milk;
" Lay them in gore,
" Since you have ſhore
" With ſhears his thread of ſilk.
" Tongue, not a word:—
" Come, truſty ſword;
" Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
" And farewel, friends;—
" Thus Thiſby ends:
" Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies.*

The. Moonſhine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the

but this cannot be right: Thiſbe has before celebrated her Pyramus, as

" Lilly-white of hue."

It ſhould be:

" Theſe lips lilly,
" This noſe cherry."

This mode of poſition adds not a little to the burleſque of the paſſage. Farmer.

We meet with ſomewhat like this paſſage in George Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, 1595.

" Her corall lippes, her *crimſon chinne*.—Thou art a flouting knave. Her corall lippes, her *crimſon chinne!*" Steevens.

[9] *His eyes were* green *as leeks.*] Thus alſo the Nurſe in *Romeo and Juliet*, ſpeaking of Paris, ſays,

" —— an eagle, madam,
" Hath not ſo *green*, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye."

See note on this paſſage. Steevens.

epilogue, or to hear a Bergomaſk dance,[4] between two of our company?[5]

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himſelf in Thiſbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is, truly; and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Bergomaſk: let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of* Clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt fairy time.
I fear, we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-groſs play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait[6] of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

4 ——*a Bergomaſk dance,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer obſerves in his *Gloſſary*, that this is a dance after the manner of the peaſants of *Bergomaſco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it became alſo a cuſtom to imitate their manner of dancing. Steevens.

5 —*our company?*] At the concluſion of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Buſh*, there ſeems to be a ſneer at this character of *Bottom*; but I do not very clearly perceive its drift. The beggars have reſolved to embark for England, and exerciſe their profeſſion there. One of them adds:

" ——we have a courſe;——
" The ſpirit of *Bottom*, is grown bottomleſs."

This may mean, that either the publick grew indifferent to bad actors, to plays in general, or to characters, the humour of which conſiſted in blunders. Steevens.

6 —— heavy *gait* —] i. e. *ſlow paſſage, progreſs*. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: " You muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is *ſlow-gaited*." In another play we have—" *heavy-gaited* toads." Steevens.

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

PUCK. Now the hungry lion roars,[7]
And the wolf behowls the moon;[8]
Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taſk fordone.[9]

[7] *Now the hungry lion roars*, &c.] It has been juſtly obſerved by an anonymous writer, that "among this aſſemblage of familiar circumſtances attending midnight, either in England or its neighbouring kingdoms, Shakſpeare would never have thought of intermixing the exotick idea of the *hungry lion roaring*, which can be heard no nearer than in the deſarts of Africa, if he had not read in the 104th Pſalm: 'Thou makeſt darkneſs that it may be *night*, wherein all the beaſts of the foreſt do move; the *lions roaring* after their prey, do ſeek their meat from God." MALONE.

Shakſpeare might have found the *midnight roar of the Lion* aſſociated with the *howl of the Wolf*, in Phaer's tranſlation of the following lines in the ſeventh Æneid:

Hinc exaudiri gemitus iræque *leonum*
Vincla recuſantum, et *ſera ſub nocte rudentum*;
——— ac formæ magnorum *ululare luporum*.

I do not, however, perceive the juſtneſs of the foregoing anonymous writer's obſervation. Puck, who could "encircle the earth in forty minutes," like his fairy miſtreſs, might have ſnuffed "the ſpiced Indian air;" and conſequently an image, foreign to Europeans, might have been obvious to him. He therefore, was at liberty to

"Talk as familiarly of *roaring lions*,
"As maids of fifteen do of puppy-dogs."

Our poet, however, inattentive to little proprieties, has ſometimes introduced his wild beaſts in regions where they are never found. Thus in *Arden*, a foreſt in French Flanders, we hear of a *lion*, and a *bear* deſtroys Antigonus in *Bohemia*. STEEVENS.

[8] *And the wolf behowls the moon*:] In the old copies: "And the wolf *behowls* the moon." As 'tis the deſign of theſe lines to characterize the animals, as they preſent themſelves at the hour of midnight; and as the wolf is not juſtly characterized by ſaying he *behowls* the moon, which other beaſts of prey, then awake, do: and as the ſounds theſe animals make at that ſeaſon, ſeem alſo intended to be repreſented, I make no queſtion but the poet wrote:

"*And the wolf* behowls *the moon*."

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Now it is the time of night,[2]
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the preſence of the ſun,
Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallow'd houſe:
I am ſent, with broom, before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.[3]

9 ——*fordone.*] i. e. overcome. So Spenſer, *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. x. ſt. 33:

" And many ſouls in dolour had *foredone.*"

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607:

" —fore-wearied with ſtriving, and *fore-done* with the tyrannous rage of her enemy."

Again, in the ancient metrical Romance of *Sir Bevis of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

" But by the other day at none,
" Theſe two dragons were *foredone.*" STEEVENS.

2 *Now it is the time of night*, &c.] So, in *Hamlet*:

" 'Tis *now* the very witching *time of night*,
" When *churchyards* yawn—." STEEVENS.

3 *I am ſent, with broom, before,*
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.] Cleanlineſs is always neceſſary to invite the reſidence and the favour of fairies:

Theſe make our girls their ſlutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their ſhoe
The houſe for cleanly ſweeping. Drayton.

JOHNSON.

To ſweep the duſt behind the door, is a common expreſſion, and a common practice in large old houſes; where the doors of halls and galleries are thrown backward, and ſeldom or ever ſhut.

FARMER.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their Train.*

OBE. Through this houſe give glimmering light,[4]
By the dead and drowſy fire:
Every elf, and fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

TITA. Firſt, rehearſe this ſong by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we ſing, and bleſs this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

OBE. Now, until the break of day,[5]
Through this houſe each fairy ſtray.

[4] *Through this houſe give glimmering light,*] Milton perhaps had this picture in his thought:

And glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom. Il Penſeroſo.

So Drayton:

Hence ſhadows, ſeeming idle ſhapes
Of little friſking elves and apes,
To earth do make their wanton 'ſcapes,
As hope of paſtime haſtes them.

I think it ſhould be read:

Through this houſe in *glimmering light.* JOHNSON.

[5] *Now, until,* &c.] This ſpeech, which both the old quartos give to Oberon, is in the edition of 1623, and in all the following, printed as the ſong. I have reſtored it to Oberon, as it apparently contains not the bleſſing which he intends to beſtow on the bed, but his declaration that he will bleſs it, and his orders to the fairies how to perform the neceſſary rites. But where then is the ſong?—I am afraid it is gone after many other things of greater value. The truth is that two ſongs are loſt. The ſeries of the ſcene is this; after the ſpeech of Puck, Oberon enters, and calls his fairies to a ſong, which ſong is apparently wanting in all the copies. Next

To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be;[5]
And the iſſue, there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate.
So ſhall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, hare-lip,[6] nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious,[7] ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—

Titania leads another ſong, which is indeed loſt like the former, though the editors have endeavoured to find it. Then Oberon diſmiſſes his fairies to the deſpatch of the ceremonies.

The ſongs, I ſuppoſe were loſt, becauſe they were not inſerted in the players' parts, from which the drama was printed.

JOHNSON.

[5] *To the beſt* bride-bed *will we,*
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be;] We learn from "Articles ordained by *K. Henry VII.* for the Regulation of his Houſehold," that this ceremony was obſerved at the Marriage of a Princeſs. "—All men at her comming in to bee voided, except woemen, till ſhee bee brought to her bedd; and the man both; he ſittinge in his bedd in his ſhirte, with a gowne caſt about him. Then the Biſhoppe, with the Chaplaines, to come in, and *bleſſe the bedd:* then everie man to avoide without any drinke, ſave the twoe eſtates, if they liſte, priviely." p. 129. STEEVENS.

[6] ——hare-lip,] This defect in children ſeems to have been ſo much dreaded, that numerous were the charms applied for its prevention. The following might be as efficacious as any of the reſt. "If a woman with chylde have her ſmocke ſlyt at the neather ende or ſkyrt thereof, &c. the ſame chylde that ſhe then goeth withall, ſhall be ſafe from having a cloven or *hare lippe.*" Thomas Lupton's *Fourth Book of Notable Thinges*, 4to. bl. l. STEEVENS.

[7] *Nor mark* prodigious,] *Prodigious* has here its primitive ſignification of *portentous*. So, in *K. Richard III:*

"If ever he have child, abortive be it,
"*Prodigious*, and untimely brought to light." STEEVENS.

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Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honeſt Puck,[2]
If we have unearned luck[3]
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,[4]
We will make amends, ere long:
Elſe the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands,[5] *if we be friends,*
And Robin ſhall reſtore amends.

[*Exit.*[6]

[2] ——*an* honeſt *Puck*,] See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, &c. Act II. ſc. i. on the words—"*ſweet* Puck." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*unearned luck*—] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deſerved. STEEVENS.

[4] *Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue*,] That is, if we be diſmiſſed without hiſſes. JOHNSON.

So, in J. Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607:

"But the nymph, after the cuſtom of diſtreſt tragedians, whoſe firſt act is entertained with a *ſnaky ſalutation*," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *Give me your hands*,] That is, Clap your hands. Give us your applauſe. JOHNSON.

[6] Wild and fantaſtical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleaſure which the author deſigned. Fairies in his time were much in faſhion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenſer's poem had made them great. JOHNSON.

See pp. 53, 54, 55.

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, &c. &c. &c.] Dr. Warburton, whoſe ingenuity and acuteneſs have been long admired, is now, I believe, pretty generally thought to have ſome times ſeen not only what no other perſon would ever have been able to diſcover, but what, in reality, unleſs in his own playful imagination, did not exiſt. Criticiſm is a taliſman, which has, on more than one occaſion, diſpelled the illuſions of this mighty magician. I ſhall not diſpute, that, by the *fair veſtal*, Shakſpeare intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who, I am willing to believe, at the age of ſixty eight, was no leſs *chaſte* than *beautiful*;

but whether any other part of Oberon's ſpeech have an allegorical meaning or not, I preſume, in direct oppoſition to Dr. Warburton, to contend that it agrees with any other rather than with Mary Queen of Scots. The "mixture of ſatire and panegyrick" I ſhall examine anon: I only wiſh to know, for the preſent, why it would have been "inconvenient for the author to ſpeak openly" in "diſpraiſe" of the Scotiſh Queen. If he meant to pleaſe "the imperial votreſs," no incenſe could have been half ſo grateful as the blackeſt calumny. But, it ſeems, "her ſucceſſor would not forgive her ſatiriſt." Who then was her "ſucceſſor" when this play was written? Mary's ſon, James? I am perſuaded that, had Dr. Warburton been better read in the hiſtory of thoſe times, he would not have found this monarch's ſucceſſion quite ſo certain, at that period, as to have prevented Shakſpeare, who was by no means the refined ſpeculatiſt he would induce one to ſuppoſe, from gratifying the "fair veſtal" with ſentiments ſo agreeable to her. However, if "the poet has ſo well marked out every diſtinguiſhing circumſtance of her life and character, in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his ſecret meaning," there is an end of all controverſy. For, though the ſatire would be cowardly, falſe and infamous, yet, ſince it was couched under an allegory, which, while perſpicuous as glaſs to Elizabeth, would have become opake as a mill-ſtone to her ſucceſſor, Shakſpeare, lying as ſnug as his own Ariel in a cowſlip's bell, would have had no reaſon to apprehend any ill conſequences from it. Now, though our ſpeculative bard might not be able to foreſee the ſagacity of the Scotiſh king in ſmelling out a plot, as I believe it was ſome years after that he gave any proof of his excellence that way, he could not but have heard of his being an admirable witch-finder; and, ſurely, the ſkill requiſite to detect a witch muſt be ſufficient to develope an allegory; ſo that I muſt needs queſtion the propriety of the compliment here paid to the poet's prudence. Queen Mary "is called a *Mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom ſituate in the ſea." In that reſpect at leaſt Elizabeth was as much a mermaid as herſelf. "And 2. her beauty and intemperate luſt; for as Elizabeth for her chaſtity is called a Veſtal, this unfortunate lady, on a contrary account, is called a *mermaid*." All this is as falſe as it is fooliſh: The mermaid was never the emblem of luſt; nor was the "gentle Shakſpeare" of a character or diſpoſition to have inſulted the memory of a murdered princeſs by ſo infamous a charge. The moſt abandoned libeler, even Buchanan himſelf, never accuſed her of "intemperate luſt;" and it is pretty well underſtood at preſent that, if either of theſe ladies were remarkable for her purity, it was *not* Queen Elizabeth. "3. An ancient ſtory may be ſuppoſed to be here alluded to; the Emperor Julian tells us that the *Sirens* (which with all the modern poets are *mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muſes, who

overcoming them took away their wings." Can any thing be more ridiculous? *Mermaids* are half women and half *fiſhes:* where then are their wings? or what poſſible uſe could they make of them if they had any? The *Sirens* which Julian ſpeaks of were partly women and partly *birds:* ſo that "the polluſion," as good-man Dull hath it, by no means "holds in the exchange." "The quarrels between Mary and Elizabeth had the ſame cauſe and the ſame iſſue." That is, they contended for precedency, and Elizabeth overcoming took away the others *wings.* The ſecret of their conteſt for precedency ſhould ſeem to have been confined to Dr. Warburton: It would be in vain to enquire after it in the hiſtory of the time. The Queen of Scots, indeed, flew for refuge to her treacherous rival, (who is here again the mermaid of the allegory, alluring to deſtruction, by her ſongs or fair ſpeeches,) and wearing, it ſhould ſeem, like a cherubim, her wings on her neck, Elizabeth, who was determined ſhe ſhould fly no more, in her eagerneſs to tear them away, happened inadvertently to take off her head. The ſituation of the poet's mermaid, *on a dolphin's back*, "evidently marks out that diſtinguiſhing circumſtance in Mary's fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of France." A mermaid would ſeem to have but a ſtrangely aukward ſeat on the back of a dolphin; but that, to be ſure, is the poet's affair, and not the commentators: the latter, however, is certainly anſwerable for placing a Queen on the back of her huſband: a very extraordinary ſituation one would think, for a married lady; and of which I only recollect a ſingle inſtance, in the common print of "a poor man loaded with miſchief." Mermaids are ſuppoſed to ſing, but their *dulcet and harmonious breath* muſt in this inſtance to ſuit the allegory, allude to "thoſe great abilities of genius and learning," which rendered Queen Mary "the moſt accompliſhed princeſs of her age." This compliment could not fail of being highly agreeable to the "fair Veſtal." "By the rude ſea is meant Scotland *incircled with the ocean*, which roſe up in arms againſt the regent, while ſhe [Mary] was in France. But her return home quieted theſe diſorders: and had not her ſtrange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, ſhe might have paſſed her whole life in peace." Dr. Warburton whoſe ſkill in geography, ſeems to match his knowledge of hiſtory and acuteneſs in allegory, muſt be allowed the ſole merit of diſcovering Scotland to be an *iſland.* But, as to the diſorders of that country being quieted by the Queen's return, it appears from hiſtory to be full as peaceable before as it is at any time after that event. Whether, in the reviſal or continuance of theſe diſorders, ſhe, or her ideot huſband, or fanatical ſubjects were moſt to blame, is a point upon which doctors ſtill differ; but, it is evident, that, if the enchanting ſong of the commentators mermaid civilized the rude ſea for a time, it was only to render it, in an inſtant, more boiſterous than ever: thoſe great

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LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.*

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PERSONS represented.*

Ferdinand, *King of* Navarre.
Biron
Longaville, } *Lords, attending on the King.*
Dumain,
Boyet,
Mercade, } *Lords, attending on the Princeſs of* France.
Don Adriano de Armado, *a fantaſtical* Spaniard.
Sir Nathaniel, *a Curate.*
Holofernes, *a Schoolmaſter.*
Dull, *a Conſtable.*
Coſtard, *a Clown.*
Moth, *Page to* Armado.
A Foreſter.

Princeſs of France.
Roſaline,
Maria, } *Ladies, attending on the Princeſs.*
Katharine,
Jaquenetta, *a country Wench.*

Officers, and others, attendants on the King and Princeſs.

SCENE, Navarre.

* This enumeration of the perſons was made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

KING. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſter'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death;
When, ſpite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour, which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires,—
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force:
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our court ſhall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have ſworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-ſcholars, and to keep thoſe ſtatutes,
That are recorded in this ſchedule here:
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names;
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oath,[2] and keep it too.

[2] ——*your deep* oath,] The old copies have—*oaths*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Long. I am reſolv'd: 'tis but a three years' faſt;
The mind ſhall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all theſe living in philoſophy.[3]

Biron. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already ſworn,
That is, To live and ſtudy here three years.
But there are other ſtrict obſervances:
As, not to ſee a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beſide;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taſks, too hard to keep;
Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.[4]

[3] *With all theſe living in* philoſophy.] The ſtyle of the rhyming ſcenes in this play is often entangled and obſcure. I know not certainly to what *all theſe* is to be referred; I ſuppoſe he means, that he finds *love*, *pomp*, and *wealth* in *philoſophy*. JOHNSON.

By *all theſe*, Dumain means the King, Biron, &c. to whom he may be ſuppoſed to point, and with whom he is going to live in philoſophical retirement. A. C.

[4] *Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.*] The words as they ſtand, will expreſs the meaning intended, if pointed thus:

Not to ſee ladies — ſtudy — faſt — not ſleep.

Biron is recapitulating the ſeveral taſks impoſed upon him *viz.* not to ſee ladies, to ſtudy, to faſt, and not to ſleep: but Shakſpeare, by a common poetical licenſe, though in this paſſage injudiciouſly

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Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that moſt vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To ſeek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falſely blind[6] the eyeſight of his look:
Light, ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkneſs lies,
Your light grows dark by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by.[7]
Study is like the heaven's glorious ſun,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſaucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others' books.
Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.[8]

[6] ——*while truth the while*
Doth falſely *blind*—] *Falſely* is here, and in many other places, the ſame as *diſhoneſtly* or *treacherouſly*. The whole ſenſe of this gingling declamation is only this, that *a man by too cloſe ſtudy may read himſelf blind*, which might have been told with leſs obſcurity in fewer words. Johnson.

[7] *Who dazzling ſo, that eye ſhall be his* heed,
And give him light that was *it blinded by.*] This is another paſſage unneceſſarily obſcure: the meaning is, that when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, *by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that* fairer *eye ſhall be his heed*, his *direction* or *lode-ſtar*, (See Midſummer-Night's Dream) *and give him light that was blinded by it.* Johnson.
The old copies read—*it was.* Corrected by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

[8] *Too much to know, is, to know nought but* fame;
And every godfather can give a name.] *The conſequence*, ſays

King. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding![9]

Long. He weeds the corn, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The ſpring is near, when green geeſe are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reaſon nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhime.

Long. Biron is like an envious ſneaping froſt,[2]
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.

Biron. Well, ſay I am; why ſhould proud ſummer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in an abortive birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in May's new-fangled ſhows;
But like of each thing, that in ſeaſon grows.[3]

Biron, *of too much knowledge*, is not any real ſolution of doubts, but mere empty *reputation*. That is, *too much knowledge gives only fame, a name which every godfather can give likewiſe*. JOHNSON.

9 Proceeded *well, to ſtop all good proceeding!*] To *proceed* is an academical term, meaning, *to take a degree*, as *he* proceeded *bachelor in phyſick*. The ſenſe is, *he has taken his degrees in the art of hindering the degrees of others*. JOHNSON.

I don't ſuſpect that Shakſpeare had any academical term in contemplation, when he wrote this line. *He has proceeded well*, means only, he has *gone on well*. M. MASON.

2 —— ſneaping *froſt*,] So *ſneaping winds* in *The Winter's Tale*: To *ſneap* is to *check*, to *rebuke*. Thus alſo, Falſtaff, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "I will not undergo this *ſneap*, without reply." STEEVENS.

3 *Why ſhould I joy in an abortive* birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in May's new-fangled ſhows;
But like of each thing, that in ſeaſon grows.] As the greateſt part

So you, to ſtudy now it is too late,
Climb o'er the houſe [4] to unlock the little gate.

of this ſcene (both what precedes and follows) is ſtrictly in rhimes, either *ſucceſſive*, *alternate*, or *triple*, I am perſuaded, that the copyiſts have made a ſlip here. For by making a *triplet* of the three laſt lines quoted, *birth* in the cloſe of the firſt line is quite deſtitute of any rhime to it. Beſides, what a diſpleaſing identity of ſound recurs in the middle and cloſe of this verſe?

Than wiſh a ſnow *in May's new-fangled* ſhows:

Again; *new fangled ſhows* ſeems to have very little propriety. The flowers are not *new-fangled*; but the earth is *new-fangled* by the profuſion and variety of the flowers, that ſpring on its boſom in May. I have therefore ventured to ſubſtitute *earth*, in the cloſe of the third line, which reſtores the *alternate* meaſure. It was very eaſy for a negligent tranſcriber to be deceived by the rhime immediately preceding; ſo miſtake the concluding word in the ſequent line, and corrupt it into one that would chime with the other. THEOBALD.

I rather ſuſpect a line to have been loſt after "an abortive birth." For *an* in that line the old copies have *any*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

By theſe *ſhows* the poet means *Maygames*, at which a *ſnow* would be very unwelcome and unexpected. It is only a periphraſis for *May*. T. WARTON.

I have no doubt that the more obvious interpretation is the true one. So, in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale:*

"And freſher than *May* with *flowres new*,"—.

So alſo, in our poet's *K. Richard II:*

"She came *adorned* hither, like ſweet *May*."

i. e. as the ground is in that month enamelled by the gay diverſity of flowers which the ſpring produces.

Again, in *The Deſtruction of Troy*, 1619: "At the entry of the month of May, when the earth is attired and adorned with diverſe flowers," &c. MALONE.

I concur with Mr. Warton: for with what propriety can the flowers which every year produces with the ſame identical ſhape and colours, be called—*new-fangled?* The ſports of May might be annually diverſified, but its natural productions would be invariably the ſame. STEEVENS.

[4] *Climb o'er the houſe*, &c.] This is the reading of the quarto, 1598, and much preferable to that of the folio—

"That were to climb o'er the houſe to unlock the gate."

MALONE.

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[*Reads.*] Item, *If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he ſhall endure ſuch publick ſhame as the reſt of the court can poſſibly deviſe.*—
This article, my liege, yourſelf muſt break;
For, well you know, here comes in embaſſy
The French king's daughter, with yourſelf to ſpeak,—
A maid of grace, and cómplete majeſty,—
About ſurrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princeſs hither.

King. What ſay you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.

King. We muſt, of force, diſpenſe with this decree;
She muſt lie here[7] on mere neceſſity.

and why he ſhould immediately arraign it as a dangerous law, ſeems to be very inconſiſtent. In the next place, it is much more natural for Biron to make this reflexion, who is cavilling at every thing; and then for him to purſue his reading over the remaining articles.—As to the word *gentility*, here, it does not ſignify that rank of people called, *gentry*; but what the French expreſs by, *gentileſſe*, i. e. *elegantia, urbanitas*. And then the meaning is this: Such a law for baniſhing women from the court, is dangerous, or injurious, *to politeneſs, urbanity*, and the more refined pleaſures of life. For men without women would turn brutal, and ſavage, in their natures and behaviour. THEOBALD.

[7] —— lie *here* —] Means *reſide* here, in the ſame ſenſe as an ambaſſador is ſaid to *lie* leiger. See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid*, Act II. ſc. ii:

Biron. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years' ſpace:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace:[8]
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me,
I am forſworn on mere neceſſity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subſcribes.*
And he, that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame:
Suggeſtions[9] are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation[2] granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:

" Or did the cold Muſcovite beget thee,
" That *lay* here *leiger*, in the laſt great froſt?"

Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's Definition: " An ambaſſador is an honeſt man ſent to *lie* (i. e. reſide) abroad for the good of his country." Reed.

[8] *Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace:*] Biron, amidſt his extravagances, ſpeaks with great juſtneſs againſt the folly of vows. They are made without ſufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by ſome unforeſeen neceſſity. They proceed commonly from a preſumptuous confidence, and a falſe eſtimate of human power. Johnson.

[9] *Suggeſtions*——] Temptations. Johnson.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" And theſe led on by your *ſuggeſtion.*" Steevens.

[2] ——*quick recreation*—] Lively ſport, ſpritely diverſion. Johnson.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— the *quick* comedians
" Extemporally will ſtage us." Steevens.

One, whom the muſick of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny:[9]

[9] *A man of complements, whom right and wrong*
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny:] As very bad a play as this is, it was certainly Shakſpeare's, as appears by many fine maſter-ſtrokes ſcattered up and down. An exceſſive complaiſance is here admirably painted, in the perſon of one who was willing to make even *right* and *wrong* friends: and to perſuade the one to recede from the accuſtomed ſtubbornneſs of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her oppoſite, rather than he would incur the imputation of ill-breeding in keeping up the quarrel. And as our author, and Jonſon his contemporary, are confeſſedly the two greateſt writers in the drama that our nation could ever boaſt of, this may be no improper occaſion to take notice of one material difference between Shakſpeare's worſt plays and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and Jonſon moſt to his acquired parts and learning. This, if attended to, will explain the difference we ſpeak of. Which is this, that, in Jonſon's bad pieces, we do not diſcover the leaſt traces of the author of the *Fox* and *Alchemiſt*; but in the wildeſt and moſt extravagant notes of Shakſpeare, you every now and then encounter ſtrains that recognize their divine compoſer. And the reaſon is this, that Jonſon owing his chief excellence to art, by which he ſometimes ſtrained himſelf to an uncommon pitch, when he unbent himſelf, had nothing to ſupport him; but fell below all likeneſs of himſelf; while Shakſpeare, indebted more largely to nature than the other to his acquired talents, could never, in his moſt negligent hours, ſo totally diveſt himſelf of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with amazing force and ſplendour. WARBURTON.

This paſſage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely verſed in ceremonial diſtinctions, one who could diſtinguiſh in the moſt delicate queſtions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakſpeare's time, did not ſignify, at leaſt did not only ſignify verbal civility, or phraſes of courteſy, but according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the ſame manner, and on the ſame principles of ſpeech with *accompliſhment*. *Complement* is, as Armado well expreſſes it, *the varniſh of a complete man*.
JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's opinion may be ſupported by the following paſſage in *Lingua*, or *The Combat of the Tongue and the five Senſes for Superiority*, 1607:—" after all faſhions and of all colours, with rings,

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Biron. Armado is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire-new words,[9] faſhion's own knight.

Long. Coſtard the ſwain, and he, ſhall be our ſport;
And, ſo to ſtudy, three years is but ſhort.

Enter Dull, *with a letter, and* Costard.

Dull. Which is the duke's own perſon?[a]

Biron. This, fellow; What would'ſt?

Dull. I myſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his grace's tharborough:[1] but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

[9] ——fire-new *words,*] "i. e. (ſays an intelligent writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786) words newly coined, new from the forge. *Fire-new, new off the iron*, and the Scottiſh expreſſion *brand-new*, have all the ſame origin." The ſame compound epithet occurs in *K. Richard III:*

"Your *fire-new* ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current."

Steevens.

[a] *Which is the* duke's *own perſon?*] The king of Navarre in ſeveral paſſages, through all the copies, is called the *duke:* but as this muſt have ſprung rather from the inadvertence of the editors than a forgetfulneſs in the poet, I have every where, to avoid confuſion, reſtored *king* to the text. Theobald.

The princeſs in the next act calls the king—"this virtuous *duke*;" a word which, in our author's time, ſeems to have been uſed with great laxity. And indeed, though this were not the caſe, ſuch a fellow as Coſtard may well be ſuppoſed ignorant of his true title. Malone.

I have followed the old copies. Steevens.

[1] ——*tharborough:*] i. e. *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a conſtable. Sir J. Hawkins.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having:[4] God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?[5]

Long. To hear meekly, ſir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall give us cauſe to climb[6] in the merrineſs.

Cost. The matter is to me, ſir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.[7]

[4] *A high hope for a low* having:] In old editions:

" *A high hope for a low* heaven;"

A *low heaven*, ſure, is a very intricate matter to conceive. I dare warrant, I have retrieved the poet's true reading; and the meaning is this: " Though you hope for high words, and ſhould have them, it will be but a low acquiſition at beſt." This our poet calls a *low having:* and it is a ſubſtantive which he uſes in ſeveral other paſſages. THEOBALD.

It is ſo employed in *Macbeth*, Act I:

" ——great prediction
" Of noble *having*, and of royal hope."

Heaven, however, may be the true reading, in alluſion to the gradations of happineſs promiſed by *Mohammed* to his followers. So, in the comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

" Oh, how my ſoul is rapt to a *third heaven!*"

STEEVENS.

[5] *To hear? or forbear* hearing?] One of the modern editors plauſibly enough, reads.

" To hear? or forbear *laughing?*" MALONE.

[6] ——*as the* ſtile *ſhall give us cauſe to* climb—] A quibble between the *ſtile* that muſt be *climbed* to paſs from one field to another, and *ſtyle*, the term expreſſive of manner of writing in regard to language. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*taken* with the manner.] i. e. in the fact. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: " —and, being taken *with the manner*, had nothing to ſay for himſelf." STEEVENS.

A forenſick term. A thief is ſaid to be taken with the manner,

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, ſir; all thoſe three: I was ſeen with her in the manor houſe, ſitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, ſir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a woman: for the form,—in ſome form.

Biron. For the following, ſir?

Cost. As it ſhall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

King. [reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and ſole dominator of Navarre, my ſoul's earth's God, and body's foſtering patron,—*

Cost. Not a word of Coſtard yet.

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is, in telling true, but ſo, ſo.[7]

King. Peace.

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost.—of other men's ſecrets, I beſeech you.

King. So it is, beſieged with ſable-colour'd melan-

i. e. *mainour* or *manour*, (for ſo it is written in our old law-books,) when he is apprehended with the thing ſtolen in his poſſeſſion. The thing that he has taken was called *mainour*, from the Fr. *manier*, manu tractare. Malone.

[7] ——*but ſo*, ſo.] The ſecond *ſo* was added by Sir T. Hanmer, and adopted by the ſubſequent editors. Malone.

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Cost. Still me.

King.—which, as I remember, hight Coſtard,

Cost. O me!

King.—ſorted and conſorted, contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with[9]*—O with—but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith.*

Cost. With a wench.

King.—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more ſweet underſtanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-eſteemed duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the meed of puniſhment, by thy ſweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and eſtimation.

Dull. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you; I am Antony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (ſo is the weaker veſſel called, which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain,) I keep her as a veſſel of thy law's fury;[2] *and ſhall, at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the beſt for the worſt. But, ſirrah, what ſay you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confeſs the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

[9] —— with—*with*—] The old copy reads—*which* with. The correction is Mr. Theobald's. Malone.

[2] —veſſel *of thy law's fury*;] This ſeems to be a phraſe adopted from ſcripture. See Epiſt. to the Romans, ix. 22. "—the *veſſel* of wrath." Mr. M. Maſon would read—*vaſſal* inſtead of *veſſel*. Steevens.

Cost. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.[3]

King. It was proclaim'd a year's impriſonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, ſir; I was taken with a damoſel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damoſel.

Cost. This was no damoſel neither; ſir, ſhe was a virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, ſir.

Cost. This maid will ſerve my turn, ſir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your ſentence; You ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado ſhall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron ſee him deliver'd o'er.—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.—
[*Exeunt.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I ſuffer for the truth, ſir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the ſour cup of proſ-

[3] *I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.*] So *Falſtaff*, in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV*:

" —it is the diſeaſe of not liſtening, the malady of not *marking*, that I am troubled withal." STEEVENS.

perity! Affliction may one day ſmile again, and till then, Sit thee down, ſorrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the ſame. Armado's *Houſe.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

ARM. Boy, what ſign is it, when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

MOTH. A great ſign, ſir, that he will look ſad.

ARM. Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp.[4]

MOTH. No, no; O lord, ſir, no.

ARM. How can'ſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender juvenal?[5]

MOTH. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough ſenior.

ARM. Why tough ſenior? why tough ſenior?

MOTH. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

[4] —— *dear* imp.] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell, in his laſt letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the* imp *his ſon.* It is now uſed only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our author's time it was ambiguous, in which ſtate it ſuits well with this dialogue. JOHNSON.

Piſtol ſalutes King Henry V. by the ſame title. STEEVENS.

The word literally means a *graff, ſlip, ſcion, or ſucker:* and by metony my comes to be uſed for a boy or child. The imp, *his ſon,* is no more than his *infant ſon.* It is now ſet apart to ſignify *young fiends*; as *the devil and his imps.*

Dr. Johnſon was miſtaken in ſuppoſing this a word of dignity. It occurs in *The Hiſtory of Celeſtina the Faire,* 1596: "— the gentleman had three ſonnes, very ungracious *impes,* and of a wicked nature." RITSON.

[5] —— *my tender* juvenal?] *Juvenal* is *youth.* So, in *The Noble Stranger,* 1640:

"Oh, I could hug thee for this, my jovial *juvinell.*"

STEEVENS.

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Arm. I have promiſed to ſtudy three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, ſir.

Arm. Impoſſible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the ſpirit of a tapſter.[7]

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gameſter, ſir.

Arm. I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am ſure, you know how much the groſs ſum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the baſe vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, ſir, is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? Now here is three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how eaſy it is to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you.[8]

[7] *I am ill at* reckoning, *it fitteth the ſpirit of a* tapſter.] Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:* "A *tapſter's arithmetick* may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total." STEEVENS.

[8] Moth. *And how eaſy it is to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you.*] Bankes's *horſe*, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Walter Raleigh (*Hiſtory of the World, firſt Part*, p. 178.) ſays, "If *Banks* had lived in older times, he would have ſhamed all the inchanters in the world: for whoſoever was moſt famous among them, could never maſter, or inſtruct any beaſt as he did his horſe." And ſir Kenelm Digby (*A Treatiſe on Bodies*, ch. xxxviii. p. 393.) obſerves: "That his horſe would reſtore a glove to the due owner, after the maſter had whiſpered the man's name in his ear; would tell the juſt number of pence in any piece of ſilver coin, newly ſhowed him by his maſter; and even obey preſently his command, in diſcharging himſelf of his excrements, whenſoever he had bade him." DR. GREY.

Arm. A moſt fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher. [*Aſide.*

Bankes's horſe is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakſpeare; among the reſt, by Ben Jonſon, in *Every Man out of his Humour:* "He keeps more ado with this monſter, than ever *Bankes* did with his *horſe.*"

Again, in *Hall's Satires*, Lib. IV. ſat. ii:

"More than who vies his pence to view ſome tricke
"Of ſtrange *Morocco's* dumbe arithmeticke."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's 134th *Epigram:*

"Old *Banks* the jugler, our Pythagoras,
"Grave tutor to the *learned horſe*," &c.

The fate of this man and his very docile animal, is not exactly known, and, perhaps, deſerves not to be remembered. From the next lines, however, to thoſe laſt quoted, it ſhould ſeem as if they had died abroad:

"———— Both which
"Being, beyond ſea, burned for one witch,
"Their ſpirits tranſmigrated to a cat."

Among the entries at Stationers'-Hall is the following,; Nov. 14, 1595. "A ballad ſhewing the ſtrange qualities of a young nagg called *Morocco.*"

Among other exploits of this celebrated beaſt, it is ſaid that he went up to the top of St. Paul's; and the ſame circumſtance is likewiſe mentioned in *The Guls Horn-booke*, a ſatirical pamphlet by Decker, 1609: "—From hence you may deſcend to talk about the *horſe* that went up, and ſtrive, if you can, to know his *keeper*; take the day of the month, and the number of the ſteppes, and ſuffer yourſelf to believe verily that it was not a *horſe*, but ſomething elſe in the likeneſs of one."

Again, in *Chreſtoleros*, or Seven Bookes of Epigrames, written by T. B. [Thomas Baſtard] 1598, Lib. III. ep. 17:

"*Of Bankes's Horſe.*

"*Bankes* hath a horſe of wondrous qualitie,
"For he can fight, and piſſe, and dance, and lie,
"And finde your purſe, and tell what coyne ye have:
"But *Bankes* who taught your horſe to ſmell a knave?"

STEEVENS.

In 1595, was publiſhed a pamphlet intitled, *Maroccus Extaticus, or Banks's bay Horſe in a Trance. A diſcourſe ſet downe in a merry dialogue between Bankes and his beaſt: anatomizing ſome abuſes and bad trickes of this age*, 4to; prefixed to which, was a print of the horſe ſtanding on his hind legs with a ſtick in his mouth, his maſter with a ſtick in his hand and a pair of dice on the ground. Ben Jonſon hints at the unfortunate cataſtrophe of both man and horſe,

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs, I am in love: and, as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo I am in love with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take deſire pri-

which I find happened at Rome, where to the diſgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt by order of the pope, for magicians. See Don Zara del Fogo, 12mo. 1660. p. 114. Reed.

The following repreſentation of Bankes and his Horſe, is a fac-ſimile from a rude wooden frontiſpiece to the pamphlet mentioned by Mr. Reed.

Stevens.

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but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampſon had ſmall reaſon for it. He, ſurely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was ſo, ſir; for ſhe had a green wit.

Arm. My love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Moth. Moſt maculate thoughts,[2] maſter, are maſk'd under ſuch colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, aſſiſt me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; moſt pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For bluſhing[3] cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white ſhown:
Then, if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know;
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.[4]
A dangerous rhime, maſter, againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?[5]

[2] *Moſt* maculate *thoughts*,] So the firſt quarto, 1598. The folio has *immaculate*. To avoid ſuch notes for the future, it may be proper to apprize the reader, that where the reading of the text does not correſpond with the folio, without any reaſon being aſſigned for the deviation, it is always warranted by the authority of the firſt quarto. MALONE.

[3] *For* bluſhing —] The original copy has—*bluſh* in. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] *Which* native *ſhe doth* owe.] i. e. of which ſhe is *naturally poſſeſſed*.—To *owe* is to *poſſeſs*. So, in *Macbeth*:
" —— the diſpoſition that I *owe*." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *the King and the Beggar?*] See Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, in three vols. STEEVENS.

Moth. The world was very guilty of ſuch a ballad ſome three ages ſince: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digreſſion [5] by ſome mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Coſtard; [6] ſhe deſerves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my maſter. [*Aſide.*

Arm. Sing, boy; my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I ſay, ſing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be paſt.

[5] ——*my* digreſſion—] *Digreſſion* on this occaſion ſignifies the act of going out of the right way, *tranſgreſſion*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,
" *Digreſſing* from the valour of a man." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

" ——my *digreſſion* is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
" That it will live engraven on my face." MALONE.

[6] ——*the* rational *hind Coſtard*;] Perhaps, we ſhould read—*the* irrational *hind*, &c. TYRWHITT.

The *rational hind*, perhaps, means only the *reaſoning brute*, the *animal with ſome ſhare of reaſon*. STEEVENS.

I have always read *irrational hind:* if *hind* be taken in it's *beſtial* ſenſe, Armado makes Coſtard a *female*. FARMER.

Shakſpeare uſes it in its *beſtial* ſenſe in *Julius Cæſar*, Act I. ſc. iii. and as of the maſculine gender:

" He were no *lion*, were not Romans *hinds*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. ſc. iii. " —you are a ſhallow cowardly *hind*, and you lie." STEEVENS.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

DULL. Sir, the duke's pleaſure is, that you keep Coſtard ſafe: and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' muſt faſt three days a-week: For this damſel, I muſt keep her at the park; ſhe is allowed for the day-woman.[5] Fare you well.

ARM. I do betray myſelf with bluſhing.—Maid.

JAQ. Man.

ARM. I will viſit thee at the lodge.

JAQ. That's hereby.[6]

ARM. I know where it is ſituate.

JAQ. Lord, how wiſe you are!

ARM. I will tell thee wonders.

JAQ. With that face?[7]

ARM. I love thee.

JAQ. So I heard you ſay.

ARM. And ſo farewell.

JAQ. Fair weather after you!

DULL. Come,[8] Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQUENETTA.

[5] ——*for the* day-woman.] "i. e. for the *dairy-maid. Dairy*, ſays Johnſon in his Dictionary, is derived from *day*, an old word for *milk*. In the northern counties of Scotland, a *dairy-maid* is at preſent termed a *day* or *dey*." *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

[6] *That's* hereby.] Jaquenetta and Armado are at croſs purpoſes. *Hereby* is uſed by her (as among the vulgar in ſome counties) to ſignify—*as it may happen*. He takes it in the ſenſe of *juſt by*. STEEVENS.

[7] *With that face?*] This cant phraſe has oddly laſted till the preſent time; and is uſed by people who have no more meaning annexed to it, than Fielding had; who putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, thinks it neceſſary to apologize (in a note) for its want of ſenſe, by adding—"that it was taken verbatim, from very polite converſation." STEEVENS.

[8] *Come, &c.*] To this line in the firſt quarto, and the firſt folio,

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Arm. I do affect[9] the very ground, which is baſe, where her ſhoe, which is baſer, guided by her foot, which is baſeſt, doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, (which is a great argument of falſhood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falſely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampſon was ſo tempted; and he had an excellent ſtrength: yet was Solomon ſo ſeduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-ſhaft[2] is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn;[3] the paſſado he reſpects not, the duello he regards not: his diſgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour! ruſt, rapier![4] be ſtill, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporal god of rhime, for, I am ſure, I ſhall turn ſonneteer.[5] Deviſe wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

[9] ——*affect*—] i. e. love. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XII. ch. lxxiv:

"But this I know, not Rome affords whom more you might *affect*,
"Than her," &c. Steevens.

[2] ——butt-*ſhaft*—] i. e. an arrow to ſhoot at *butts* with. The *butt* was the place on which the mark to be ſhot at was placed. Thus *Othello* ſays—

"——here is my *butt*,
"And very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail." Steevens.

[3] *The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn*;] See the laſt act of *As You Like It*, with the notes. Johnson.

[4] ——*ruſt, rapier!*] So, in *All's well that ends well:*

"*Ruſt, ſword!* cool bluſhes, and Parolles, live!"
Steevens.

[5] ——*ſonneteer.*] The old copies read only—*ſonnet.* Steevens.
The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. Malone.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the ſame. A Pavilion and Tents at a diſtance.

Enter the Princeſs of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boy. Now, madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits:[5]
Conſider who the king your father ſends;
To whom he ſends; and what's his embaſſy:
Yourſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem;
To parley with the ſole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs Navarre; the plea of no leſs weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;[6]

[5] ——*your* deareſt *ſpirits*:] *Dear*, in our author's language, has many ſhades of meaning. In the preſent inſtance and the next, it appears to ſignify—*beſt*, *moſt powerful*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe*;] Rowe has borrowed and dignified this ſentiment in his *Royal Convert*. The Saxon Princeſs is the ſpeaker:

" Whate'er I am
" Is of myſelf, by native worth exiſting,
" Secure, and independent of thy praiſe:
" Nor let it ſeem too proud a boaſt, if minds
" By nature great, are conſcious of their greatneſs,
" And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery."
STEEVENS.

Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's tongues:[5]
I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wiſe
In ſpending your wit in the praiſe of mine.
But now to taſk the taſker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noiſe abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent court:
Therefore to us ſeemeth it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs,[6] we ſingle you
As our beſt-moving fair ſolicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick deſpatch,
Impórtunes perſonal conference with his grace.
Haſte, ſignify ſo much; while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

Bor. Proud of employment, willingly I go.
[*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

[5] *Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,*
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's *tongues:*] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

"That love is merchandiz'd, whoſe rich eſteeming
"The owner's tongue doth publiſh every where."

MALONE.

Chapman here ſeems to ſignify the *ſeller*, not, as now commonly, the *buyer*. *Cheap* or *cheaping* was anciently the *market*; *chapman* therefore is *marketman*. The meaning is, that *the eſtimation of beauty depends not on the* uttering or *proclamation of the ſeller, but on the eye of the buyer*. JOHNSON.

[6] Bold *of your worthineſs,*] i. e. *confident* of it. STEEVENS.

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(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil,)
Is a ſharp wit match'd with [8] too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't ſo?

Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.

Prin. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little [9] of that good I ſaw,
Is my report, to his great worthineſs.

Rosa. Another of theſe ſtudents at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor,)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

[8] ——match'd *with*—] Is *combined* or *joined* with. Johnson.

[9] *And much too little*, &c.] i. e. And my report of the good I ſaw, is much too little *compared* to his great worthineſs. Heath.

Prin. God bleſs my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath,[2]
Were all addreſs'd[3] to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to beſiege his court,)
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies maſk.*

Enter King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, *and Attendants.*

King. Fair princeſs, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too baſe to be mine.

King. You ſhall be welcome, madam, to my court.

[2] —competitors *in oath,*] i. e. confederates. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"It is not Cæſar's natural vice to hate
"Our great *competitor.*" Steevens.

[3] *Were all* addreſs'd—] To *addreſs* is to *prepare.* So, in *Hamlet:*

"——it lifted up its head, and did *addreſs*
"Itſelf to motion." Steevens.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have ſworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forſworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will ſhall break it; will, and nothing elſe.

King. Your ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where[3] now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath ſworn-out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my lord,
And ſin to break it:[4]
But pardon me, I am too ſudden-bold;
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit.

[*Gives a paper.*

King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.

Prin. You will the ſooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me ſtay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?[5]

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

[3] *Where*——] *Where* is here uſed for *whereas*. So, in *Pericles*, Act I. ſc. i:

"*Where* now you're both a father and a ſon."

See note on this paſſage. Steevens.

[4] And *ſin to break it:*] Sir T. Hanmer reads:

"Not *ſin to break it:*"

I believe erroneouſly. The princeſs ſhows an inconvenience very frequently attending raſh oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. Johnson.

[5] Roſ. *Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?*] Thus the folio. In the firſt quarto, this dialogue paſſes between *Catharine* and Biron. It is a matter of little conſequence. Malone.

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On payment[5] of a hundred thouſand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,[6]
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain ſo gelded[7] as it is.
Dear princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding, 'gainſt ſome reaſon, in my breaſt,
And go well ſatisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,

[5] ——*and not demands,*
On *payment*, &c.] The former editions read:
" ——*and not demands*
" One *payment of a hundred thouſand crowns,*
" *To have his title live in Aquitain.*"
I have reſtored, I believe, the genuine ſenſe of the paſſage. Aquitain was pledged, it ſeems, to Navarre's father, for 200,000 crowns. The French king pretends to have paid one moiety of this debt, (which Navarre knows nothing of) but demands this moiety back again: inſtead whereof (ſays Navarre) he ſhould rather pay the remaining moiety, and *demand* to have Aquitain re-delivered up to him. This is plain and eaſy reaſoning upon the fact ſuppos'd; and Navarre declares, he had rather receive the reſidue of his debt, than detain the province mortgaged for ſecurity of it.
THEOBALD.
The two words are frequently confounded in the books of our author's age. See a note on *King John*, Act III. ſc. iii. MALONE.

[6] ——depart *withal*,] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently ſynonymous. So, in *K. John:*
" Hath willingly *departed* with a part."
Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*
" Faith, ſir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money."
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*gelded*——] To this phraſe Shakſpeare is peculiarly attached. It occurs in *The Winter's Tale, King Richard II. King Henry IV. King Henry VI.* &c. &c. but never leſs properly than in the preſent formal ſpeech, addreſſed by a king to a maiden princeſs.
STEEVENS.

In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paid.

King. I do proteſt, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arreſt your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me ſo.

Boyet. So pleaſe your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound;
To-morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.

King. It ſhall ſuffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reaſon I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthineſs:
You may not come, fair princeſs, in my gates;
But here without you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem yourſelf lodg'd in my heart,
Though ſo denied fair harbour in my houſe.
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel:
To-morrow ſhall we viſit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your grace!

King. Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee in every place!
[*Exeunt* King *and his train.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to ſee it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool ſick?[8]

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My phyſick ſays, I.[9]

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. No *poynt*,[a] with my knife.

Biron. Now, God ſave thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. [*Retiring.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that ſame?[3]

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Roſaline her name.

[8] *Is the* fool *ſick?*] She means perhaps his *heart*. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

"*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a *merry heart*."

"*Beat.* Yes, my lord; I thank it, poor *fool*, it keeps on the windy ſide of care." MALONE.

[9] *My phyſick ſays*, I.] She means to ſay, *ay*. The old ſpelling of the affirmative particle has been retained here for the ſake of the rhime. MALONE.

[a] No *poynt*,] So, in *The Shoemaker's Holliday*, 1600:

"——tell me where he is.

"No *point*. Shall I betray my brother?" STEEVENS.

No *point* was a negation borrowed from the French. See the note on the ſame words, Act V. ſc. ii. MALONE.

[3] *What lady is that ſame?*] It is odd that Shakſpeare ſhould make *Dumain* enquire after *Roſaline*, who was the miſtreſs of *Biron*, and neglect *Katharine*, who was his own. *Biron* behaves in the ſame manner. No advantage would be gained by an exchange of names, becauſe the laſt ſpeech is determined to *Biron* by *Maria*, who gives a character of him after he has made his exit. Perhaps *all* the ladies wore maſks but the princeſs. STEEVENS.

They certainly did. See p. 215, where Biron ſays to Roſaline "Now fair befal your *maſk!*" MALONE.

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Not a word with him but a jeſt.

Boyet. And every jeſt but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Too hot ſheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ſhips?
No ſheep, ſweet lamb, unleſs we feed on your lips.[5]

Mar. You ſheep, and I paſture; Shall that finiſh the jeſt?

Boyet. So you grant paſture for me.
[*Offering to kiſs her.*

Mar. Not ſo, gentle beaſt;
My lips are no common, though ſeveral they be.[6]

[5] ——*unleſs we feed on your lips.*] Our author has the ſame expreſſion in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"*Feed* where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale;
"*Graze on my lips.*" MALONE.

[6] *My lips are no common, though* ſeveral *they be.*] *Several* is an incloſed field of a private proprietor; ſo Maria ſays, *her lips* are *private property.* Of a lord that was newly married, one obſerved that he grew fat; "Yes," ſaid ſir Walter Raleigh, "any beaſt will grow fat, if you take him from the *common* and graze him in the *ſeveral.*" JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

"——my ſheep have quite diſgreſt
"Their bounds, and leap'd into the *ſeveral.*"

Again, in Green's *Diſputation*, &c. 1592: "rather would have mewed me up as a henne, to have kept that *ſeverall* to himſelf by force," &c. Again, in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600:

"Of late he broke into a *ſeverall*
"That does belong to me."

Again, in Fenton's *Tragical Diſcourſes*, 4to, bl. l. 1597.—"he entered *commons* in the place which the olde John thought to be reſerved *ſeverall* to himſelf," p. 64. b. Again, in *Holinſhed's Hiſt. of England*, B. VI. p. 150,—"not to take and pale in the commons, to enlarge their *ſeveralles.*" STEEVENS.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:

My lips are no common, though ſeveral *they be.*] In Dr. Johnſon's note upon this paſſage, it is ſaid that SEVERAL *is an incloſed field of a private proprietor.*

Dr. Johnſon has totally miſtaken this word. In the firſt place it ſhould be ſpelled *ſeverell.* This does not ſignify an incloſed field or private property, but is rather the property of every landholder in the pariſh. In the unincloſed pariſhes in Warwickſhire and other counties, their method of tillage is thus. The land is divided into three fields, one of which is every year fallow. This the farmers plough and manure, and prepare for bearing wheat. Betwixt the lands, and at the end of them, ſome little graſs land is interſperſed, and there are here and there ſome little patches of green ſwerd. The next year this ploughed field bears wheat, and the graſs land is preſerved for hay; and the year following the proprietors ſow it with beans, oats, or barley, at their diſcretion; and the next year it lies fallow again; ſo that each field in its turn is fallow every third year; and the field thus fallowed is called the *common field*, on which the cows and ſheep graze, and have herdſmen and ſhepherds to attend them, in order to prevent them from going into the two other fields which bear corn and graſs. Theſe laſt are called the *ſeverell*, which is not ſeparated from the common by any fence whatever; but the care of preventing the cattle from going into the *ſeverell*, is left to the herdſmen and ſhepherds; but the herdſmen have no authority over a town bull, who is permitted to go where he pleaſes in the *ſeverell.* DR. JAMES.

Holinſhed's *Deſcription of Britain*, p. 33, and Leigh's *Accedence of Armourie*, 1597, p. 52. ſpell this word like Shakſpeare. Leigh alſo mentions the town bull, and ſays, "all *ſeverells* to him are common." TOLLET.

My lips are no common, though ſeveral *they be.*] A play on the word *ſeveral*, which, beſides its ordinary ſignification of *ſeparate, diſtinct*, likewiſe ſignifies in unincloſed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the *common* field. In Minſheu's Dictionary, 1617, is the following article: "To SEVER from others. Hinc nos paſcua et campos ſeorſim ab aliis ſeparatos *Severels* dicimus." In the margin he ſpells the word as Shakſpeare does—*ſeverels.*—Our author is ſeldom careful that his compariſons ſhould anſwer on both ſides. If *ſeveral* be under-

The civil war of wits were much better uſed
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abuſed.

Boyet. If my obſervation, (which very ſeldom lies,)
By the heart's ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes,[7]
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle, affected.

Prin. Your reaſon?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed:
His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,[8]
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be;
All ſenſes to that ſenſe did make their repair,
To feel only looking[9] on faireſt of fair:
Methought, all his ſenſes were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in cryſtal for ſome prince to buy;

ſtood in its ruſtick ſenſe, the adverſative particle ſtands but awkwardly. To ſay, that *though* land is *ſeveral*, it is not a *common*, ſeems as unjuſtifiable as to aſſert, that *though* a houſe is a cottage, it is not a palace. MALONE.

[7] By *the heart's* ſtill rhetorick, *diſcloſed with* eyes,] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſalind*, 1594:

"Sweet *ſilent rhetorick* of perſuading *eyes*;
"*Dumb eloquence*—." MALONE.

[8] *His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,*] That is, *his tongue being impatiently deſirous to ſee as well as ſpeak.* JOHNSON.

Although the expreſſion in the text is extremely odd, I take the ſenſe of it to be that *his tongue envied the quickneſs of his eyes, and ſtrove to be as rapid in its utterance, as they in their perception.*—*Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

[9] *To* feel *only looking*—] Perhaps we may better read:

"*To* feed *only* by *looking*——." JOHNSON.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Another part of the ſame.

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

ARM. Warble, child; make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

MOTH. *Concolinel*——[3] [*Singing.*

ARM. Sweet air!—Go, tenderneſs of years; take this key, give enlargement to the ſwain, bring him feſtinately hither;[4] I muſt employ him in a letter to my love.

[3] *Concolinel*—] Here is apparently a ſong loſt. JOHNSON.

I have obſerved in the old comedies, that the ſongs are frequently omitted. On this occaſion the ſtage direction is generally—*Here they ſing*—or, *Cantant.* Probably the performer was left to chooſe his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the diſcretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumſtance in *K. Edward IV.* P. II. 1619:—"Jockey is led whipping over the ſtage, ſpeaking ſome words, but of no importance."

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:

"Here they two talk, and rail *what they liſt.*"

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"He places all things in order, *ſinging* with the ends of old ballads as he does it."

Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courteſan*, 1605:

"*Cantat Gallice.*" But no ſong is ſet down.

Again, in the 5th *Act:*

"*Cantat ſaltatque cum Cithara.*"

Not one out of the many ſongs ſuppoſed to be ſung in Marſton's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, are inſerted; but inſtead of them, *cantant.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——feſtinately *hither*;] i. e. haſtily. Shakſpeare uſes the adjective *feſtinate*, in *King Lear:* "Adviſe the Duke where you are going, to a moſt *feſtinate* preparation." STEEVENS.

Moth. Maſter, will you win your love with a French brawl?[5]

Arm. How mean'ſt thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete maſter: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet,[6] humour it with turning up your eye-lids; ſigh a note, and ſing a note; ſometime through the throat, as if you ſwallowed love with ſinging love; ſometime through the noſe, as if you ſnuff'd up love by ſmelling love; with your hat penthouſe-like, o'er the ſhop of your eyes; with your arms croſs'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a ſpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting;[7] and keep not too long in

[5] ——*a French* brawl?] A *brawl* is a kind of dance, and (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves) ſeems to be what we now call a *cotillon*.

In *The Malcontent* of Marſton, I meet with the following account of it: "The *brawl!* why 'tis but two ſingles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverſe of ſix rounds: do this twice, three ſingles ſide galliard trick of twenty coranto pace; a figure of eight, three ſingles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's maſque of *Time Vindicated:*

"The Graces did them footing teach;
"And, at the old Idalian *brawls*,
"They danc'd your mother down." STEEVENS.

So, in Maſſinger's *Picture*, Act II. ſc. ii:

"'Tis a *French brawl*, an apiſh imitation
"Of what you really perform in battle." TOLLET.

[6] ——canary *to it with your feet*,] *Canary* was the name of a ſpritely nimble dance. THEOBALD.

[7] ——*like a man after the old painting*;] It was a common trick among ſome of the moſt indolent of the ancient maſters, to place the hands in the boſom or the pockets, or conceal them in ſome other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of repreſenting them, or to diſguiſe their own want of ſkill to employ them with grace and propriety. STEEVENS.

one tune, but a ſnip and away: Theſe are compliments,[8] theſe are humours; theſe betray[9] nice wenches—that would be betray'd without theſe; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that moſt are affected to theſe.[2]

Arm. How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

Moth. By my penny of obſervation.[3]

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horſe is forgot.[4]

[8] —*Theſe are* complements,] Dr. Warburton has here changed *complements* to *compliſhments*, for *accompliſhments*, but unneceſſarily. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*theſe betray*, &c.] The former editors:—*theſe betray* nice wenches, *that would be betray'd without theſe, and make* them *men of note.* But who will ever believe, that the old attitudes and affectations of *lovers*, by which they betray young *wenches*, ſhould have power to make theſe young wenches, *men of note?* His meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young *girls*, but make the *men* taken notice of too, who affect them. THEOBALD.

[2] ——*and make them men of note, (do you note,* men?) *that are moſt affected to theſe.*] i. e. and make thoſe men who are moſt affected to ſuch accompliſhments, men of note.—Mr. Theobald, without any neceſſity, reads—and make *the* men of note, &c. which was, I think, too haſtily adopted in the ſubſequent editions. One of the modern editors, inſtead of—"do you note, *men?*" with great probability reads—do you note *me?*" MALONE.

[3] *By my* penny *of obſervation.*] Thus Sir T. Hanmer, and his reading is certainly right. The alluſion is to the famous old piece, called a *Pennyworth of Wit.* The old copy reads—*pen.* FARMER.

The ſtory Dr. Farmer refers to, was certainly printed before Shakſpeare's time. See Langham's *Letter*, &c. RITSON.

[4] Arm. *But O,—but O,*——

Moth.—*the* hobby-horſe *is forgot.*] In the celebration of May-day, beſides the ſports now uſed of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dreſſed up repreſenting Maid Marian; another like a friar; and another roſe on a hobby-horſe, with bells jingling, and painted ſtreamers. After the Reformation took place, and preciſians multiplied, theſe latter rites were looked upon to favour of paganiſm; and then Maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby-horſe, were turned out of the games.

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Arm. Ha, ha! what ſayeſt thou?

Moth. Marry, ſir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, ſir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and ſlow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honeſt maſter; or rather, maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo:[6]
Is that lead ſlow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoke of rhetorick!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—

[6] *You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo:*] How is he too ſwift for ſaying that lead is ſlow? I fancy we ſhould read, as well to ſupply the rhyme as the ſenſe:

You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo ſo ſoon:
Is that lead ſlow, ſir, which is fir'd from a gun?

JOHNSON.

The meaning, I believe, is, *You do not give yourſelf time to think, if you ſay ſo*; or, as Mr. M. Maſon explains the paſſage, "You are too haſty in ſaying that: you have not ſufficiently conſidered it."

Swift, however, means ready at replies. So, in Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604:

"I have eaten but two ſpoonfuls, and methinks I could diſcourſe both *ſwiftly* and wittily, already." STEEVENS.

Swift is here uſed, as in other places, ſynonymouſly with *witty*. I ſuppoſe the meaning of *Atalanta's better part*, in *As You Like It*, is her *wit*—the *ſwiftneſs* of her mind. FARMER.

So, in *As you like it*: "He is very *ſwift* and ſententious." Again in *Much ado about nothing*:

"Having ſo *ſwift* and excellent a wit."

On reading the letter which contained an intimation of the Gunpowder-plot in 1605, King James ſaid, that "the ſtyle was more *quick* and pithie than was uſual in paſquils and libels."

MALONE.

I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, ſweet welkin,[7] I muſt ſigh in thy face:
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth *and* Costard.

Moth. A wonder, maſter; here's a Coſtard broken[8] in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*;[9] no ſalve in the mail, ſir:[2] O ſir, plantain, a plain plan-

[7] *By thy favour, ſweet* welkin,] *Welkin* is the ſky, to which Armado, with the falſe dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for ſighing in its face. Johnson.

[8] ——*here's a* Coſtard *broken*—] i. e. a head. So, in *Hycke Scorner:*

" I wyll rappe you on the *coſtard* with my horne."

Steevens.

[9] ——*no* l'envoy;] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verſes to each piece, which either ſerved to convey the moral, or to addreſs the poem to ſome particular perſon. It was frequently adopted by the ancient Engliſh writers.

So, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606:

" Well ſaid: now to the *L'Envoy*."—All the *Tragedies* of *John Bochas*, tranſlated by Lidgate, are followed by a *L'Envoy*.

Steevens.

[2] ——*no ſalve in the* mail, ſir:] The old folio reads—*no ſalve in* thee *male, ſir*, which, in another folio, is, *no ſalve in the male, ſir*. What it can mean, is not eaſily diſcovered: if *mail* for a *packet* or *bag* was a word then in uſe, *no ſalve in the mail* may mean, no

tain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no ſalve, ſir, but a plantain!

ſalve in the mountebank's budget. Or ſhall we read—*no enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy—in the* vale, *ſir—O ſir, plantain.* The matter is not great, but one would wiſh for ſome meaning or other.

JOHNSON.

Male or *mail* was a word then in uſe. Reynard the fox ſent Kayward's head in a *male*. So likewiſe, in *Tamburlane*, or the *Scythian Shepherd*, 1590:

"Open the *males*, yet guard the treaſure ſure."

I believe Dr. Johnſon's firſt explanation to be right.

STEEVENS.

Male, which is the reading of the old copies, is only the ancient ſpelling of *mail*. So, in Taylor the Water-Poet's Works, (*Character of a Bawd*,) 1630:—"the cloathe-bag of counſel, the capcaſe, fardle, pack, *male*, of friendly toleration." The quarto 1598, and the firſt folio, have—*thee* male. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

I can ſcarcely think that Shakſpeare had ſo far forgotten his little ſchool-learning, as to ſuppoſe the Latin verb *ſalvé*, and the Engliſh ſubſtantive, *ſalve*, had the ſame pronunciation; and yet without this, the quibble cannot be preſerved. FARMER.

The ſame quibble occurs in *Ariſtippus*, or *The Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630:

"*Salve*, Maſter Simplicius.

"*Salve* me; 'tis but a *Surgeon's complement.*" STEEVENS.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*no ſalve in* them all, *ſir.*

TYRWHITT.

This paſſage appears to me to be nonſenſe as it ſtands, incapable of explanation. I have therefore no doubt but we ſhould adopt the amendment propoſed by Tyrwhitt, and read——No ſalve in *them* all, Sir.

Moth tells his maſter, that *there was a Coſtard* with a *broken ſhin:* and the Knight, ſuppoſing that Moth has ſome conceit in what he ſaid, calls upon him to explain it.—*Some riddle*, ſays he, *ſome enigma. Come—thy l'envoy,—begin.* But Coſtard ſuppoſing that he was calling for theſe things, in order to apply them to his broken ſhin, ſays, he will not have them, as they were none of them ſalves, and begs for a plain plantain inſtead of them. This is clearly the meaning of Coſtard's ſpeech, which provokes the illuſtrious Armado to laugh at the *inconſiderate, who takes ſalve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for ſalve.*

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The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the gooſe came out of door,
And ſtay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the gooſe came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the gooſe: Would you deſire more?

Cost. The boy hath ſold him a bargain, a gooſe, that's flat:—
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your gooſe be fat.—
To ſell a bargain well, is as cunning as faſt and looſe:
Let me ſee a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat gooſe.

Cost. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By ſaying, that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; Thus came your argument in:
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought;
And he ended the market.[4]

[4] *And he ended the market.*] Alluding to the proverb——*Three*

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Coſtard broken in a ſhin?[5]

Moth. I will tell you ſenſibly.

Cost. Thou haſt no feeling of it, Moth; I will ſpeak that *l'envoy*:—
I, Coſtard, running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirrah Coſtard, I will enfranchiſe thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I ſmell ſome *l'envoy*, ſome gooſe, in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immur'd, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Bear this ſignificant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him money.*] for the beſt ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

women and a gooſe, make a market. Tre donne et un occa fan un mercato. Ital. Ray's Proverbs. Steevens.

[5] ——*how was there a* Coſtard *broken in a ſhin?*] *Coſtard* is the name of a ſpecies of apple. Johnson.

It has been already obſerved that the *head* was anciently called the *coſtard*. So, in *K. Richard III.* "Take him over the *coſtard* with the hilt of thy ſword." A *coſtard* likewiſe ſignified a *crab-ſtick*. So, in *The Loyal Subject* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I hope they'll crown his ſervice."——
"With a *coſtard*." Steevens.

Moth. [Like] the ſequel, I.[6]—Signior Coſtard, adieu.

Cost. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh! my incony Jew![7]— [*Exit* Moth.

[6] *Like the ſequel, I.*] *Sequele*, in French, ſignifies a great man's train. The joke is, that a ſingle page was all his train. THEOBALD.

I believe this joke exiſts only in the apprehenſion of the commentator. *Sequelle*, by the French, is never employed but in a derogatory ſenſe. They uſe it to expreſs the *gang* of a highwayman, but not the *train* of a lord; the followers of a rebel, and not the attendants on a general. Thus Holinſhed, p. 639.—" to the intent that by the extinction of him and his *ſequeale*, all civil warre and inward diviſion might ceaſe," &c. Moth uſes *ſequel* only in the literary acceptation.

Mr. Heath obſerves that the meaning of Moth is,—" I follow you as cloſe as the ſequel does the premiſes." STEEVENS.

Moth alludes to the *ſequel* of any ſtory, which follows a preceding part, and was in the old ſtory-books introduced in this manner: " Here followeth the *ſequel* of ſuch a ſtory, or adventure." So *Hamlet* ſays, " But is there no *ſequel* at the heels of this mother's admonition?" M. MASON.

[7] —*my* incony Jew!] *Incony* or *kony* in the north ſignifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. It is plain therefore, we ſhould read:

" ——*my kincony* jewel." WARBURTON.

I know not whether it be right, however ſpecious, to change *Jew* to *Jewel*. *Jew*, in our author's time, was, for whatever reaſon, apparently a word of endearment. So, in *The Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" *Moſt briſky juvenal, and eke moſt lovely* Jew."

JOHNSON.

The word is uſed again in the 4th act of this play:

" ——*moſt* incony *vulgar wit*."

In the old comedy called *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602, I met with it again. A maid is ſpeaking to her miſtreſs about a gown:

" ——*it makes you have a moſt* inconie *body*."

Cony and *incony* have the ſame meaning. So, Metaphor ſays in Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*:

" O ſuperdainty canon, vicar *inconey*."

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

" O, I have ſport *inconey* i'faith."

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Cost. Well, I will do it, ſir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

Cost. I ſhall know, ſir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

Cost. I will come to your worſhip to-morrow morning.

Biron. It muſt be done this afternoon. Hark, ſlave, it is but this;—
The princeſs comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And Roſaline they call her: aſk for her;
And to her white hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd-up counſel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[*Gives him money.*

Cost. Guerdon,—O ſweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: [8] Moſt

[8] Coſt. *Guerdon,—O ſweet* guerdon! *better than* remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: *&c.*] *Guerdon*, i. e. reward.

So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

"Speak on, I'll *guerdon* thee whate'er it be."

Perhaps guerdon is a corruption of *regardum*, middle Latin.

The following parallel paſſage in *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profeſſion of Serving-men, or the Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. 1578, was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

"There was, ſayth he, a man, (but of what eſtate, degree, or calling, I will not name, leſt thereby I might incurre diſpleaſure of anie,) that comming to his friendes houſe, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertained, and well uſed, as well of his friende the gentleman, as of his ſervantes; one of the ſayde ſervantes doing him ſome extraordinarie pleaſure during his abode there, at his departure he comes up to the ſayd ſervant, and ſaith unto him, Hold thee, here is a *remuneration* for thy paynes: which the ſervant receiving, gave him utterly for it (beſides his paynes) thankes, for it was but a *three-farthings* peece: and I holde thankes for the ſame a ſmall price, howſoever the market

ſweet guerdon!—I will do it, ſir, in print.[9]—Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

Biron. O!—And I, forſooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous ſigh;
A critick; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal ſo magnificent![2]
This wimpled,[3] whining, purblind, wayward boy;

goes. Now an other coming to the ſayd gentleman's houſe, it was the foreſayd ſervant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the ſervant unto him, ſayd, Holde thee, here is a *guerdon* for thy deſerts: now the ſervant payd no deerer for the *guerdon*, than he did for the *remuneration*; though the *guerdon* was *xid. farthing* better; for it was a *ſhilling*, and the other but a *three-farthinges*."

Shakſpeare was certainly indebted to this performance for his preſent vein of jocularity, the earlieſt edition of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, being printed in 1598. Steevens.

9 ——*in print.*] i. e. exactly, with the utmoſt nicety. It has been propoſed to me to read—*in point*, but I think, without neceſſity, the former expreſſion being ſtill in uſe.

So, in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602:

"Next, your ruff muſt ſtand *in print*."

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"I am ſure my huſband is a man *in print*, in all things elſe."

Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

"—this doublet ſits *in print*, my lord." Steevens.

2 *Than whom no mortal ſo* magnificent!] *Magnificent* here means, *glorying, boaſting*. M. Mason.

Terence alſo uſes *magnifica verba*, for vaunting, vainglorious words. *Uſque adeo illius ferre poſſum ineptias & magnifica verba.* Eunuch, Act IV. ſc. vi. Steevens.

3 *This* wimpled,] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakſpeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which repreſents the marriage of Cupid and Pſyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much plauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. In Iſaiah, iii. 22. we find: "—the mantles, and the *wimples*, and

This ſenior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;[4]
Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,

the criſping-pins;" and, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, to *wimple* is uſed as a verb:

" Here, I perceive a little rivelling
" Above my forehead, but I *wimple* it,
" Either with jewels, or a lock of hair." STEEVENS.

[4] *This* ſenior-junior, *giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid*;] The old reading is—This *ſignior Junio's*, &c. STEEVENS.

It was ſome time ago ingeniouſly hinted to me, (and I readily came into the opinion) that as there was a contraſt of terms in *giant-dwarf*, ſo, probably, there ſhould be in the word immediately preceding them; and therefore that we ſhould reſtore:

" *This* ſenior-junior, *giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.*"

i. e. this old young man. And there is, indeed, afterwards, in this play, a deſcription of Cupid which ſorts very aptly with ſuch an emendation:

" *That was the way to make his godhead wax,*
" *For he hath been* five thouſand *years a* boy."

The conjecture is exquiſitely well imagined, and ought by all means to be embraced, unleſs there is reaſon to think, that, in the former reading, there is an alluſion to ſome tale, or character in an old play. I have not, on this account, ventured to diſturb the text, becauſe there ſeems to me ſome reaſon to ſuſpect, that our author is here alluding to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*. In that tragedy there is a character of one Junius, a Roman captain, who falls in love to diſtraction with one of Bonduca's daughters; and becomes an arrant whining ſlave to this paſſion. He is afterwards cured of his infirmity, and is as abſolute a tyrant againſt the ſex. Now, with regard to theſe two extremes, Cupid might very probably be ſtyled Junius's giant-dwarf: a *giant* in his eye, while the dotage was upon him; but ſhrunk into a *dwarf*, ſo ſoon as he had got the better of it. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton has made a very ingenious conjecture on this paſſage. He reads:

" *This ſignior* Julio's *giant-dwarf*——"

Shakſpeare, ſays he, intended to compliment Julio Romano, who drew Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf. Dr. Warburton thinks, that by Junio is meant youth in general. JOHNSON.

There is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca* was written ſo early as the year 1598, when this play appeared. Even if it was then publiſhed, the ſuppoſed alluſion to

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Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors,[6]—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,[7]
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop![8]

[6] *Of trotting* paritors,] An *apparitor* or *paritor*, is an officer of the biſhop's court, who carries out citations; as citations are moſt frequently iſſued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under Cupid's government. JOHNSON.

[7] *And I to be a* corporal of his field,] *Corporals of the field* are mentioned in Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*; and Raleigh ſpeaks of them twice, Vol. I. p. 103, Vol. II. p. 367, edit. 1751. TOLLET.

This officer is likewiſe mentioned in Ben Jonſon's *New Inn*:

" As *corporal of the field*, maeſtro del campo."

Giles Clayton, in his *Martial Diſcipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. In one of Drake's *Voyages*, it appears that the captains Morgan and Sampſon, by this name, " had commandement over the reſt of the land-captaines." Brookeſby tells us, that " Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he ſaid was equal to that of a captain of horſe." FARMER.

It appears from Lord Strafford's *Letters*, Vol. II. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now, " in taking and carrying too and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

[8] *And* wear his colours *like a* tumbler's hoop!] The conceit ſeems to be very forced and remote, however it be underſtood. The notion is not that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a *tumbler* carries his *hoop*, hanging on one ſhoulder and falling under the oppoſite arm. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the *tumblers' hoops* were adorned with their maſter's colours, or with ribbands. *To wear his colours*, means to wear his *badge* or *cogniſance*, or to be his ſervant or retainer. So, in *Holinſhed's* Hiſt. of Scotland, p. 301: " The earle of Surrie gave to his ſervants this cogniſance (to wear on their left arm) which was a white lyon," &c. So, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 274: " All that ware the dukes ſign, or *colours*, were faine to hide them, conveying them from their necks into their boſome." Again, in Selden's *Duello*, chap. ii: " his eſquires cloathed in his *colours*." *Biron* hunters himſelf upon being a corporal of Cupid's field, and a ſervant of that great general and imperator. TOLLET.

What? I! I love![8] I ſue! I ſeek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing;[9] ever out of frame;

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear *a lady's colours*. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon: "—diſpatches his lacquey to her chamber early, to know what *her colours* are for the day, with purpoſe to apply his wear that day accordingly," &c. I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dreſſed out with ribbands, and in the poſition deſcribed by Dr. Johnſon. STEEVENS.

[8] *What?* I! *I love!*] A ſecond *what* had been ſupplied by the editors. I ſhould like better to read—What? *I!* I love!
TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is ſupported by the firſt line of the preſent ſpeech:
"And *I*, forſooth, in love! *I*, that have been love's whip—."
Sir T. Hanmer ſupplied the metre by repeating the word *What*.
MALONE.

[9] ——*like a German clock*,
Still a repairing;] The ſame alluſion occurs in *Weſtward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607:—"no *German clock*, no mathematical engine whatſoever, requires ſo much reparation," &c.
Again, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608:
"——ſhe conſiſts of a hundred pieces,
"Much like your *German clock*, and near allied:
"Both are ſo nice they cannot go for pride.
"Beſides a greater fault, but too well known,
"They'll ſtrike to ten, when they ſhould ſtop at one."
Ben Jonſon has the ſame thought in his *Silent Woman*, and Beaumont and Fletcher in *Wit without Money*.
Again, in Decker's *News from Hell*, &c. 1606,——"their wits (like wheels of *Brunſwick clocks*) being all wound up as far as they could ſtretch, were all going, but not one going truly."
The following extract is taken from a book called *The Artificial Clock-Maker*, 3d edit. 1714:—"Clock-making was ſuppoſed to have had its beginning in Germany within leſs than theſe two hundred years. It is very probable that our balance-clocks or watches, and ſome other automata, might have had their beginning there;" &c. Again, p. 91.——"Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century; and then clockwork was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, becauſe the ancient pieces are of German work."

And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may ſtill go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all;
And, among three, to love the worſt of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue, and groan;[2]
Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome Joan.[3]
[*Exit.*

A ſkilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been commonly made in England much more than one hundred years backward.

To the inartificial conſtruction of theſe firſt pieces of mechaniſm executed in Germany, we may ſuppoſe Shakſpeare alludes. The clock at Hampton-Court, which was ſet up in 1540, (as appears from the inſcription affixed to it) is ſaid to be the firſt ever fabricated in England. See, however, Letters of *The Paſton Family*, Vol. II. 2d edit. p. 31. STEEVENS.

"In ſome towns in Germany, (ſays Dr. Powel, in his *Human Induſtry*, 8vo. 1661,) there are very rare and elaborate clocks to be ſeen in their town-halls, wherein a man may read aſtronomy, and never look up to the ſkies.—In the town-hall of Prague there is a clock that ſhows the annual motions of the ſun and moon, the names and numbers of the months, days, and feſtivals of the whole year, the time of the ſun riſing and ſetting throughout the year, the equinoxes, the length of the days and nights, the riſing and ſetting of the twelve ſigns of the Zodiack, &c.—But the town of Straſburgh carries the bell of all other ſteeples of Germany in this point." Theſe elaborate clocks were probably often "out of frame." MALONE.

I have heard a French proverb that compares any thing that is intricate and out of order, to the coq de Straſburg that belongs to the machinery of the town-clock. S. W.

[2] ——*ſue, and groan;*] *And* which is not in either of the authen-

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For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that ſhoot,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt, the faireſt ſhoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not ſo.

Prin. What, what? firſt praiſe me, and again ſay, no?
O ſhort-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glaſs,[4] take this for telling true;
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

—My balde bucke lyves ſtyll to wayte upon yo.r L. and my Ladie's comyng hyther, w.ch I expect whenſoever ſhall pleas yow to apointe; onelé thys, thatt my *Ladie doe nott hytt hym* throgh the noſe, for marryng hys whyte face; howbeitt I knoe her Ladiſhipp takes pitie of my buckes, ſence the laſt tyme y.t pleaſed her to take the travell *to ſhote att them*," &c. Dated July, 1605. STEEVENS.

4 *Here, good my glaſs,*] To underſtand how the princeſs has her glaſs ſo ready at hand in a caſual converſation, it muſt be remembered that in thoſe days it was the faſhion among the French ladies to wear a looking-glaſs, as Mr. Bayle coarſely repreſents it, *on their bellies*; that is, to have a ſmall mirrour ſet in gold hanging at their girdle, by which they occaſionally viewed their faces or adjuſted their hair. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon, perhaps, is miſtaken. She had no occaſion to have recourſe to any other *looking-glaſs* than the Foreſter, whom ſhe rewards for having ſhown her to herſelf as in a mirror. STEEVENS.

Whatever be the interpretation of this paſſage, Dr. Johnſon is right in the hiſtorical fact. Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, is very indignant at the ladies for it: "They muſt have their *looking-glaſſes* carried with them, whereſoever they go: and good reaſon, for how elſe could they ſee the devil in them?" And in Maſſinger's *City Madam*, ſeveral women are introduced with *looking-glaſſes at their girdles*. FARMER.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſy in fair, fit for theſe days!
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to ſhow my ſkill,
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe, meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
When, for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:[5]
As I, for praiſe alone, now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.[6]

Boyet. Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf-ſovereignty[7]
Only for praiſe' ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praiſe: and praiſe we may afford
To any lady that ſubdues a lord.

[5] *When, for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,*
We bend to that the working of the heart:] The harmony of the meaſure, the eaſineſs of the expreſſion, and the good ſenſe in the thought, all concur to recommend theſe two lines to the reader's notice. Warburton.

[6] —— that *my heart means no ill.*] *That my heart means no ill,* is the ſame with *to whom my heart means no ill.* The common phraſe ſuppreſſes the particle, as *I mean him* [not *to* him] *no harm.* Johnson.

[7] —— *that* ſelf-*ſovereignty* —] Not a ſovereignty *over*, but *in*, themſelves. So, *ſelf*-ſufficiency, *ſelf*-conſequence, &c. Malone.

Enter COSTARD.

PRIN. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.[8]

COST. God dig-you-den all![9] Pray you, which is the head lady?

PRIN. Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

COST. Which is the greateſt lady, the higheſt?

PRIN. The thickeſt, and the talleſt.

COST. The thickeſt, and the talleſt! it is ſo; truth is truth.

An your waiſt miſtreſs, were as ſlender as my wit,
One of theſe maids' girdles for your waiſt ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickeſt here.

PRIN. What's your will, ſir? what's your will?

COST. I have a letter from monſieur Biron, to one lady Roſaline.

PRIN. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:

[8] —— *a member of the* commonwealth.] Here, I believe, is a kind of jeſt intended: a member of the *common*-wealth is put for one of the *common* people, one of the meaneſt. JOHNSON.

The Princeſs calls Coſtard a *member of the commonwealth*, becauſe ſhe conſiders him as one of the attendants on the King and his aſſociates in their *new-modelled ſociety*; and it was part of their original plan that Coſtard and Armado ſhould be *members* of it.
M. MASON.

[9] *God dig-you-den* —] A corruption of—*God give you good even.*
MALONE.

See my note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

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that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer[4] *than truth itſelf, have commiſeration on thy heroical vaſſal! The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate*[5] *king* Cophetua[6] *ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar* Zenelophon; *and he it was that might rightly ſay,* veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O baſe and obſcure vulgar!)* videlicet, *he came, ſaw, and overcame: he came, one; ſaw,*[7] *two; overcame, three. Who came? the king? why did he come? to ſee; Why did he ſee? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What ſaw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The concluſion is victory; On whoſe ſide? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whoſe ſide? the beggar's; The cataſtrophe is a nuptial; On whoſe ſide? the king's?—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for ſo ſtands the compariſon: thou the beggar; for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſs. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles? titles; For thyſelf? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine, in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

4 *More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer,* &c.] I would read, *fairer that fair,* more *beautiful,* &c. TYRWHITT.

5 ——*illuſtrate* —] for *illuſtrious.* It is often uſed by Chapman in his tranſlation of Homer. STEEVENS.

6 — *king Cophetua* —] The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid,* may be ſeen in *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry,* Vol. I. The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted. PERCY.

The poet alludes to this ſong in *Romeo and Juliet, Henry IV.* P. II. and *Richard II.* STEEVENS.

7 ——ſaw,] The old copies here and in the preceding line have —*ſee.* Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

Thus doſt thou hear[8] the Nemean lion roar
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou ſtrive, poor ſoul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtyle.

Prin. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it[9] erewhile.[2]

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantaſm,[3] a Monarcho;[4] and one that makes ſport

[8] *Thus doſt thou hear*, &c.] Theſe ſix lines appear to be a quotation from ſome ridiculous poem of that time. WARBURTON.

[9] ——*going o'er it*—] A pun upon the word *ſtile*. MUSGRAVE.

[2] ——*erewhile.*] Juſt now; a little while ago. So *Raleigh:* "*Here lies Hobbinol, our ſhepherd* while e'er." JOHNSON.

[3] A *phantaſm*,] On the books of the Stationers' Company, Feb. 6, 1608, is entered, "a book called *Phantaſm*, the *Italian Taylor and his Boy*; made by Mr. Armin, ſervant to his majeſty." It probably contains the hiſtory of *Monarcho*, of whom Dr. Farmer ſpeaks in the following note, to which I have ſubjoined two additional inſtances. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*a Monarcho*;] The alluſion is to a fantaſtical character of the time.—"Popular applauſe (ſays Meres) doth nouriſh ſome, neither do they gape after any other thing, but vaine praiſe and glorie,—as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court." p. 178. FARMER.

In Naſh's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, &c. 1595, I meet with the ſame alluſion:—"but now he was an inſulting monarch

To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:

above *Monarcho* the Italian, that ware crownes in his ſhoes, and quite renounced his natural Engliſh accents and geſtures, and wreſted himſelf wholly to the Italian puntilios, &c."

But one of the epitaphs written by Thomas Churchyard, and printed in a collection called his *Chaunce*, &c. 4to. 1580, will afford the moſt ample account of this extraordinary character. I do not therefore apologize for the length of the following extract:

" The *Phantaſticall Monarkes* Epitaphe.

" Though *Dant* be dedde, and *Marrot* lies in graue,
" And *Petrarks* ſprite bee mounted paſt our vewe,
" Yet ſome doe liue (that poets humours haue)
" To keepe old courſe with vains of verſes newe:
" Whoſe penns are preſt to paint out people plaine,
" That els a ſleepe in ſilence ſhould remaine:
" Come poore old man that boare the *Monarks* name,
" Thyne Epitaphe ſhall here ſet forthe thy fame.

" Thy climyng mynde aſpierd beyonde the ſtarrs,
" Thy loftie ſtile no yearthly titell bore:
" Thy witts would ſeem to ſee through peace and warrs,
" Thy tauntyng tong was pleaſant ſharpe and ſore.
" And though thy pride and pompe was ſomewhat vaine,
" The *Monarcke* had a deepe diſcourſyng braine:
" Alone with freend he could of wonders treate,
" In publike place pronounce a ſentence greate.

" No matche for fooles, if wiſemen were in place,
" No mate at meale to ſit with common ſort:
" Both grave of looks and fatherlike of face,
" Of judgement quicke, of comely forme and port.
" Moſte bent to words on hye and ſolempne daies,
" Of diet fine, and daintie diuerſe waies:
" And well diſpoſde, if Prince did pleaſure take,
" At any mirthe that he poore man could make.

" On gallant robes his greateſt glorie ſtood,
" Yet garments bare could never daunt his minde:
" He feard no ſtate, nor caerd for worldly good,
" Held eche thyng light as fethers in the winde.
" And ſtill he ſaied, the ſtrong thruſts weake to wall,
" When ſword bore ſwaie, the *Monarke* ſhould have all.

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Prin. To whom ſhouldſt thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good maſter of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Roſaline.

Prin. 'Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. 'Come, lords, away.'
Here, ſweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day. [*Exit* Princess *and Train.*

Boyet. Who is the ſuitor?[6] who is the ſuitor?

tis even he indeede, I do knowe him by his plume and his ſcarffe; he looks like a *Monarcho* of a very cholericke complexion, and as teaſty as a gooſe that hath young goſlings," &c. *B. Riche's Faults and Nothing but Faults*, p. 12. Reed.

[5] ——*Come*, lords, *away*.] Perhaps the Princeſs ſaid rather:
" ——*Come*, ladies, *away*."
The reſt of the ſcene deſerves no care. Johnson.

[6] *Who is the* ſuitor?] The old copies read—" Who is the *ſhooter?*" but it ſhould be who is the *ſuitor?* and this occaſions the quibble. " *Finely put on*," &c. ſeem only marginal obſervations. Farmer.

It appears that *ſuitor* was anciently pronounced *ſhooter*. So, in *The Puritan*, 1605: the maid informs her miſtreſs that ſome *archers* are come to wait on her. She ſuppoſes them to be *fletchers*, or arrow-ſmiths:

Enter the *ſuters*, &c.

" Why do you not ſee them before you? are not theſe *archers*, what do you call them, *ſhooters? Shooters* and *archers* are all one, I hope." Steevens.

Wherever Shakſpeare uſes words equivocally, as in the preſent inſtance, he lays his editor under ſome embarraſſment. When he told Ben Jonſon he would ſtand Godfather to his child, " and give him a dozen *latten* ſpoons," if we write the word as we have now done, the conceit, ſuch as it is, is loſt, at leaſt does not at once appear; if we write it *Latin*, it becomes abſurd. So, in *Much ado about nothing*, Dogberry ſays, " if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more *reaſons* in her balance." If we write the word thus, the conſtable's *equivoque*, poor as it is, is loſt, at leaſt to the eye. If we write *raiſins*, (between which word and *reaſons*,

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, ſhe that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.
Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?[1]

Ros. If we chooſe by the horns, yourſelf: come near.
Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, Boyet, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet. But ſhe herſelf is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

there was, I believe, no difference at that time of pronunciation,) we write nonſenſe. In the paſſage before us an equivoque was certainly intended; the words *ſhooter* and *ſuitor* being (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) pronounced alike in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Eſſays and Characters of a Priſon and Priſoners*, by G. M. 1618: "The king's guard are counted the ſtrongeſt *archers*, but here are better *ſuitors*." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, edit. 1623, (owing probably to the tranſcriber's ear having deceived him,)—

"——a grief that *ſuits*
"My very heart at root—."

inſtead of—a grief that *ſhoots*.

In Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained, the word *ſuitor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *ſhooter*. However, I have followed the ſpelling of the old copy, as it is ſufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

[1] *And who is your* deer?] Our author has the ſame play on this word in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act V. Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"I'll be thy park, and thou ſhalt be my *deer*."

MALONE.

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever[8] of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou can'ſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [ſinging.
Thou can'ſt not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can.
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Kat.

Cost. By my troth, moſt pleaſant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, ſays my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand![9] I'faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.[2]

[8] ——*queen Guinever*—] This was king Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her huſband. See the ſong of *The Boy and the Mantle*, in Dr. Percy's Collection.
In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, the elder Lovelеſs addreſſes Abigail, the old incontinent waiting-woman, by this name. Steevens.

[9] *Wide o' the bow hand!*] i. e. a good deal to the left of the mark; a term ſtill retained in modern archery. Douce.

[2] ——*the* clout.] The *clout* was the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it. Steevens.

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And his page o' t' other ſide, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a moſt pathetical nit!
Sola, ſola! [*Shouting within.*
[*Exit* COSTARD, *running.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter HOLOFERNES[7], *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

NATH. Very reverent ſport, truly; and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

7 *Enter* Holofernes,] There is very little perſonal reflexion in Shakſpeare. Either the virtue of thoſe times, or the candour of our author, has ſo effected, that his ſatire is, for the moſt part, general, and, as himſelf ſays,

" ——— *his taxing like a wild-goose flies,*
" *Unclaim'd of any man.*" ———

The place before us ſeems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is deſigned a particular character, a pedant and ſchoolmaſter of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a ſmall dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*, which in his epiſtle dedicatory he tells us, *is of little leſs value than Stephens's Treaſure of the Greek Tongue*, the moſt complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls thoſe who had criticiſed his works, *ſea-dogs or land-critics; monſters of men, if not beaſts rather than men; whoſe teeth are canibals, their toongs adders forks, their lips aſpes poiſon, their eyes baſiliſkes, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like ſwordes of Turks, that ſtrive which ſhall dive deepeſt into a* Chriſtian lying bound before them. Well therefore might the mild Nathaniel deſire Holofernes to *abrogate ſcurrility*. His profeſſion too is the reaſon that Holofernes deals ſo much in Italian ſentences.

There is an edition of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, printed in 1598, and ſaid to be *preſented before her highneſs this laſt Chriſtmas*, 1597. The next year 1598, comes out our John Florio, with his *World of Words*, recentibus odiis; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the ſtage. *There is another*

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *ſanguis*,—blood;[8] ripe as a pomewater,[9] who now hangeth

ſort of leering curs, that rather ſnarle than bite, whereof I could inſtance in one, who lighting on a good ſonnet *of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted ſo, called the author a Rymer—Let Ariſtophanes and his comedians make plaies, and ſcowre their mouths on Socrates; thoſe very mouths they make to viliſie, ſhall be the means to amplifie his virtue,* &c. Here Shakſpeare is ſo plainly marked out as not to be miſtaken. As to the *ſonnet* of *the gentleman his friend*, we may be aſſured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very ſonnet beginning with *The praiſeful princeſs*, &c. in which our author makes Holofernes ſay, *He will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facility.* And how much John Florio thought this *affectation argued facility*, or quickneſs of wit, we ſee in this preface where he falls upon his enemy, H. S. *His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unleſs it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half, as half an AS.* With a great deal more to the ſame purpoſe; concluding his preface in theſe words, *The reſolute John Florio.* From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that Shakſpeare choſe for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant, of Thubal Holoferne. WARBURTON.

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the ſatire of Shakſpeare is ſo ſeldom perſonal. It is of the nature of perſonal invectives to be ſoon unintelligible; and the author that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, deſtroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and ſacrifices the eſteem of ſucceeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the ſarcaſms, which, perhaps, in the author's time, *ſet the* playhouſe *in a roar*, are now loſt among general reflexions. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithſtanding the plauſibility of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre-conceptions. Before I read this note I conſidered the character of Holofernes as borrowed from the *Rhombus* of Sir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of paſtoral entertainment, exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, has introduced a ſchool-maſter ſo called, ſpeaking *a leaſh of languages at once*, and puzzling himſelf and his auditors with a jargon like that of Holofernes in the preſent play. Sidney himſelf might bring the character from Italy; for, as Peacham obſerves, the ſchoolmaſter has long been one of the ridiculous perſonages in the farces of that country. JOHNSON.

like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,[2]—the ſky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab,

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his ſuppoſition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the firſt affront. "The plaies, ſays he, that they plaie in England, are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies*; but repreſentations of *hiſtories* without any decorum."—The ſcraps of Latin and Italian are tranſcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted ſo much. The *affectation of the letter*, which *argues facilitie*, is likewiſe a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the ſonnets to his patrons.

"In Italie your lordſhip well hath ſeene
"Their manners, monuments, magnificence,
"Their language learnt, in ſound, in ſtyle, in ſenſe,
"Prooving by profiting, where you have beene.
"——To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*."

We ſee then, the character of the ſchoolmaſter might be written with leſs learning, than Mr. Colman conjectured: nor is the uſe of the word *thraſonical*, [See this play, Act V. ſc. i.] any argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakſpeare's time. Stanyhurſt writes, in a tranſlation of one of Sir Thomas More's epigrams:

"Lynckt was in wedlocke a loftye *thraſonical* huſsnuffe."

It can ſcarcely be neceſſary to animadvert any further upon what Mr. Colman has advanced in the appendix to his *Terence*. If this gentleman, at his leiſure from modern plays, will condeſcend to open a few old ones, he will ſoon be ſatisfied, that Shakſpeare was obliged to learn and repeat in the courſe of his profeſſion, ſuch Latin *fragments*, as are met with in his works. The formidable one, *ira furor brevis eſt*, which is quoted from *Timon*, may be found, not in plays only, but in every *critical* eſſay from that of king *James* to that of dean *Swift* inclusive. I will only add, that if Mr. Colman had previouſly looked at the panegyric on *Cartwright*, he could not ſo ſtrangely have miſrepreſented my argument from it: but thus it muſt ever be with the moſt ingenious men, when they talk *without-book*. Let me however take this opportunity of acknowledging the very genteel language which he has been pleaſed to uſe on this occaſion.

Mr. Warton informs us in his life of Sir *Thomas Pope*, that there was an old play of *Holophernes* acted before the princeſs Elizabeth in the year 1556. FARMER.

The verſes above cited, are prefixed to Florio's DICT. 1598. MALONE.

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Nath. Truly, maſter Holoſernes, the epithets are ſweetly varied, like a ſcholar at the leaſt: But, ſir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the firſt head.[3]

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation! yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *oſtentare*, to ſhow, as it were, his inclination,—after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, rathereſt, unconfirmed faſhion,—to inſert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I ſaid, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monſter ignorance, how deformed doſt thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the daintics that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not

[3] *But, ſir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the* firſt head—
——————*'twas a* pricket.] In a play called *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, I find the following account of the different appellations of deer, at their different ages:

"*Amoretto.* I cauſed the keeper to ſever the *raſcal deer* from the *bucks of the firſt head.* Now, ſir, a *buck* is the *firſt* year, a *fawn*; the *ſecond* year, a PRICKET; the *third* year, a SORRELL; the *fourth* year, a *ſoare*; the *fifth*, a *buck of the* FIRST HEAD; the *ſixth* year, a *compleat buck.* Likewiſe your *hart* is the *firſt* year, a *calfe*; the *ſecond* year, a *brocket*; the *third* year, a *ſpade*; the *fourth* year, a *ſtag*; the *ſixth* year, a *hart.* A *roe-buck* is the *firſt* year, a *kid*; the *ſecond* year, a *gird*; the *third* year, a *bemuſe*; and theſe are your ſpecial beaſts for chaſe."

Again, in *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612:—"I am but a *pricket*, a mere ſorell; my head's not harden'd yet." STEEVENS.

repleniſhed; he is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts;
And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be
(Which we of taſte and feeling are) for thoſe parts that do fructify in us more than he.[5]
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool:[6]

[5] *And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be (Which* we of taſte *and feeling are) for thoſe parts that do fructify in us more than he.*] The length of theſe lines was no novelty on the Engliſh ſtage. The Moralities afford ſcenes of the like meaſure. JOHNSON.

This ſtubborn piece of nonſenſe, as ſomebody has called it, wants only a particle, I think, to make it ſenſe. I would read:

"And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be,
"(Which we *of* taſte and feeling are,) for thoſe parts, that do fructify in us more than he."

Which in this paſſage has the force of *as*, according to an idiom of our language, not uncommon, though not ſtrictly grammatical. What follows is ſtill more irregular; for I am afraid our poet, for the ſake of his rhyme, has put *he* for *him*, or rather *in him*. If he had been writing proſe, he would have expreſſed his meaning, I believe, more clearly thus—*that do fructify in us more than in him.* TYRWHITT.

The old copies read—"which we taſte and feeling—" &c. I have placed Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation in the text. STEVENS.

Some examples confirming Dr. Johnſon's obſervation may be found at the end of *The Comedy of Errors*.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's laſt obſervation is fully ſupported by a ſubſequent paſſage:

"——and then we,
"Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of *ſhe*."
MALONE.

[6] *For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool, So, were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool.*] The meaning is, to be in a ſchool would as ill become a *patch*, or low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

But, *omne bene*, ſay I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna,[7] good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;
And raught not[8] to five weeks, when he came to fiveſcore.
The alluſion holds in the exchange.[9]

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the colluſion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I ſay, the alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I ſay the polluſion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I ſay beſide, that 'twas a pricket that the princeſs kill'd.

[7] *Dictynna,*] Old Copies—*Dictiſima.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Shakſpeare might have found this uncommon title for Diana, in the ſecond book of Golding's tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis:*

" *Dictynna* garded with her traine, and proud of killing deere." STEEVENS.

[8] *And* raught *not*—] i. e. *reach'd* not. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" —— the fatal fruit
" *Raught* from the golden tree of Proſerpine." STEEVENS.

[9] *The alluſion holds in the exchange.*] i. e. the riddle is as good when I uſe the name of Adam, as when you uſe the name of Cain. WARBURTON.

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Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw,[5] look how he claws him with a talent.[6]

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions: theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſhed in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occaſion: But the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you; and ſo may my pariſhioners; for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their ſons be ingenious, they ſhall want no inſtruction: if their daughters be capable,[7] I will put it to them: But, *vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur:* a ſoul feminine ſaluteth us.

This correction (ſays Mr. Malone) is confirmed by the rhyme: "A deer (he adds) during his third year is called a *forell.*" STEEVENS.

[5] *If a* talent *be a claw, &c.*] In our author's time the *talon* of a bird was frequently written *talent*. Hence the quibble here, and in *Twelfth Night*, "—let them uſe their *talents*." So, in *The Firſt Part of the Contention betweene the houſes of York and Lancaſter*, 1600:

"Are you the kite, Beaufort? where's your *talents?*"

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamberlaine*, 1590:

"——and now doth ghaſtly death
"With greedy *tallents* gripe my bleeding heart."

MALONE.

[6] ——claws *him with a talent.*] Honeſt Dull quibbles. One of the ſenſes of to *claw*, is to flatter. So, in *Much ado about nothing*: "—laugh when I am merry, and *claw* no man in his humour." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*if their daughters be* capable, &c.] Of this *double entendre*, deſpicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themſelves, in their unſucceſsful comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage*. STEEVENS.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, maſter perſon.

Hol. Maſter perſon,—*quaſi* perſ-on.[8] And if one ſhould be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, maſter ſchoolmaſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogſhead! a good luſtre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a ſwine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good maſter parſon, be ſo good as read me this letter; it was given me by Coſtard, and ſent me from Don Armatho: I beſeech you, read it.

HOL. *Fauſte, precor gelidâ*[9] *quando pecus omne ſub umbrâ*

Capable is uſed equivocally. One of its ſenſes was *reaſonable*; endowed with a ready capacity to learn. So, in *King Richard III*:

" O 'tis a parlous boy,
" Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable*."

The other wants no explanation. MALONE.

[8] ——*quaſi* perſ-on.] So, in *Holinſhed*, p. 953:

" Jerom was vicar of Stepnie, and Garrard was *perſon* of Honie-lane." Again, in *The Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell*, 1560:

" And ſend ſuch whens home to our *perſon* or vicar."

I believe, however, we ſhould write the word—pers-*one*. The ſame play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of *Falſtaff*. STEEVENS.

The words *one* and *on* were, I believe, pronounced nearly alike, at leaſt in ſome counties, in our author's time; the quibble, therefore, that Mr. Steevens has noted, may have been intended as the text now ſtands. In the ſame ſtyle afterwards Moth ſays, " Offer'd by a child to an old man, which is *wit-old*. MALONE.

Perſon, as Sir William Blackſtone obſerves in his *Commentaries*, is the original and proper term; *Perſona* eccleſiæ. MALONE.

[9] Hol. *Fauſte, precor gelidâ*—] Though all the editions concur to give this ſpeech to ſir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeni-

Ruminat,—and ſo forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

——*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.[a]

oully obſerved to me, it is evident it muſt belong to Holofernes. The Curate is employed in reading the letter to himſelf; and while he is doing ſo, that the ſtage may not ſtand ſtill, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating ſome verſe by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptiſta Spagnolus (ſirnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flouriſhed towards the latter end of the 15th century. THEOBALD.

Fauſte, precor gelidâ, &c.] A note of La Monnoye's on theſe very words in *Les Contes des Periers, Nov.* 42. will explain the humour of the quotation, and ſhew how well Shakſpeare has ſuſtained the character of this pedant.—*Il deſigne le Carme Baptiſte Mantuan, dont au commencement du* 16 *ſiecle on liſoit publiquement à Paris les Poeſies; ſi celebres alors, que, comme dit plaiſamment Farnabe, dans ſa preface ſur Martial, les Pedans ne faiſoient nulle difficulté de preferer à le* Arma virumque cano, *le* Fauſte precor gelida; *c'eſt-a-dire, à l'Eneide de Virgil les Eclogues de Mantuan, la premiere deſquelles commence par*, Fauſte, precor gelidâ. WARBURTON.

The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus the Carmelite were tranſlated before the time of Shakſpeare, and the Latin printed on the oppoſite ſide of the page for the uſe of ſchools. STEEVENS.

From a paſſage in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593, the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a ſchool-book in our author's time: "With the firſt and ſecond leafe he plaies very prettilie, and, in ordinarie terms of extenuating, verdits *Pierce Pennileſſe* for *a grammar-ſchool wit*; ſaies, his margine is as deeply learned as *Fauſte precor gelida*." A tranſlation of Mantuanus by George Turberville was printed in 8vo. in 1567. MALONE.

[a] ——*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.] Our author is applying the praiſes of Mantuanus to a common proverbial ſentence, ſaid of Venice. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* O Venice, Venice, he who has never ſeen thee, has thee not in eſteem. THEOBALD.

The proverb, as I am informed, is this; *He that ſees Venice little, values it much; he that ſees it much, values it little.* But I ſuppoſe

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Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that ſoul, that ſees thee without wonder;
(Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;)
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is muſick, and ſweet fire.[5]
Celeſtial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That ſings heaven's praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apoſtrophes, and ſo miſs the accent: let me ſupervize the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified;[6] but, for the elegancy,

[5] —— *thy* voice *his dreadful* thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is muſick *and ſweet fire.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" —— his *voice* was *propertied*
" As all the *tuned ſpheres*, and that to friends;
" But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the orb,
" He was as ratling *thunder.*" Malone.

[6] —— *Here are only numbers ratified*;] Though this ſpeech has all along been placed to ſir Nathaniel, I have ventured to join it to the preceding words of Holofernes; and not without reaſon. The ſpeaker here is impeaching the verſes; but ſir Nathaniel, as it appears above, thought them learned ones: beſides, as Dr. Thirlby obſerves, almoſt every word of this ſpeech fathers itſelf on the pedant. So much for the regulation of it: now, a little, to the contents.
And why, indeed, Naſo; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention imitary *is nothing.*

facility, and golden cadence of poeſy, *caret*. Ovidius Naſo was the man: and why, indeed, Naſo; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: ſo doth the hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the tired horſe[7] his rider. But, damoſella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, ſir, from one Monſieur Biron,[8] one of the ſtrange queen's lords.

Sagacity with a vengeance! I ſhould be aſhamed to own myſelf a piece of a ſcholar, to pretend to the taſk of an editor, and to paſs ſuch ſtuff as this upon the world for genuine. Who ever heard of *invention imitary?* Invention and imitation have ever been accounted two diſtinct things. The ſpeech is by a pedant, who frequently throws in a word of Latin amongſt his Engliſh; and he is here flouriſhing upon the merit of invention, beyond that of imitation, or copying after another. My correction makes the whole ſo plain and intelligible, that, I think, it carries conviction along with it. THEOBALD.

This pedantry appears to have been common in the age of Shakſpeare. The author of *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senſes for Superiority*, 1607, takes particular notice of it:

"I remember about the year 1602, many uſed this ſkew kind of language, which, in my opinion, is not much unlike the man, whom Ptolemy, the ſon of Lagus, king of Egypt, brought for a ſpectacle, half white half black." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*the* tired *horſe*—] The *tired* horſe was the horſe *adorned with ribands*,—The famous *Bankes's horſe* ſo often alluded to. Lilly, in his *Mother Bombie*, brings in a *Hackneyman* and Mr. *Halfpenny* at croſs-purpoſes with this word: "Why didſt thou boare the horſe through the eares?" "—It was for *tiring*." "He would never *tire*," replies the other. FARMER.

So, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, Part II. 1602:

"Slink to thy chamber then and *tyre* thee."

Again, in *What you Will*, by Marſton, 1607:

"My love hath *tyred* ſome fidler like Albano."

MALONE.

[8] *Ay, ſir, from one Monſieur* Biron,] Shakſpeare forgot himſelf in this paſſage. Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had ſaid, juſt before, that the letter had been "ſent to her from Don Armatho, and given to her by Coſtard." M. MASON.

Hol. I will overglance the ſuperſcript. *To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous Lady Roſaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing[9] to the perſon written unto:

Your Ladyſhip's in all deſired employment, BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried.—Trip and go, my ſweet;[2] deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Coſtard, go with me.—Sir, God ſave your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COST. *and* JAQ.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiouſly; and, as a certain father ſaith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours.[3] But, to return to the verſes; Did they pleaſe you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain

9 —writing—] Old Copies—*written*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The firſt five lines of this ſpeech were reſtored to the right owner by Mr. Theobald. Inſtead of Sir *Nathaniel*, the old copies have —*Sir Holofernes*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

2 Trip and go, *my ſweet*;] Perhaps originally the burthen of a ſong. So, in *Summer's Laſt Will and Teſtament*, by Naſhe, 1600:

" *Trip and go*, heave and hoe,
" Up and down, to and fro—." MALONE.

Theſe words are certainly part of an old popular ſong. There is an ancient muſical medley beginning, *Trip and go hey!* RITSON.

3 —— *colourable colours.*] That is ſpecious, or fair ſeeming appearances. JOHNSON.

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proved again on my ſide! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, ſhe hath one o' my ſonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool ſent it, and the lady hath it: ſweet clown, ſweeter fool, ſweeteſt lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[*Gets up into a tree.*

Enter the King, *with a paper.*

King. Ah me!

Biron. [*aſide.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, ſweet Cupid; thou haſt thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I'faith ſecrets.—

King. [reads.] *So ſweet a kiſs the golden ſun gives not*
To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the roſe,
As thy eye-beams, when their freſh rays have ſmote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:[6]
Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright
Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears[7] *of mine give light;*
Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep:

[6] *The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows:*] This phraſe however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, *the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks.* Shakſpeare, in one of his other pieces, uſes *night of dew* for *dewy night*, but I cannot at preſent recollect in which. Steevens.

[7] *Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright,*
Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears—] So, in our poet's *Venus and Adonis:*

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So rid'ſt thou triúmphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will ſhow:
But do not love thyſelf; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far doſt thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—
How ſhall ſhe know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, ſhade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*Steps aſide.*

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! liſten, ear.

BIRON. Now, in thy likeneſs, one more fool, appear! [*Aſide.*

LONG. Ah me! I am forſworn. [*Aſide.*

BIRON. Why, he comes in like a perjure,[8] wearing papers. [*Aſide.*

KING. In love, I hope;[9] Sweet fellowſhip in ſhame! [*Aſide.*

BIRON. One drunkard loves another of the name. [*Aſide.*

" But hers, which *through the cryſtal tears gave light,*
" Shone, *like the moon in water,* ſeen by night." MALONE.

[8] ——*he comes in like a perjure,*] The puniſhment of perjury is to wear on the breaſt a paper expreſſing the crime. JOHNSON.

Thus *Holinſh-d,* p. 838, ſpeaking of cardinal Wolſey, " —he ſo puniſhed perjurie with open puniſhment, and *open papers wearing,* that in his time it was leſs uſed."

Again, in *Leiceſter's Commonwealth,*—" the gentlemen were all taken and caſt into priſon, and afterwards were ſent down to Ludlow, there to *wear papers of perjury.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *In love, I hope*: &c.] In the old copy this line is given to Longaville. The preſent regulation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Long. Am I the firſt that have been perjur'd ſo?
[*Aſide.*

Biron. I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know: [*Aſide.*

Thou mak'ſt the triumviry, the corner-cap of ſociety,
The ſhape of love's Tyburn that hangs up ſimplicity.

Long. I fear, theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to move:
O ſweet Maria, empreſs of my love!
Theſe numbers will I tear, and write in proſe.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoſe: [*Aſide.*
Diſfigure not his ſlop.[2]

Long. This ſame ſhall go.—
[*He reads the ſonnet.*

'Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,)
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows, for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment.

[2] *O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoſe:*
Diſfigure not his ſlop.] The old copies read—*ſhop.* Steevens.

All the editions happen to concur in this error: but what agreement in ſenſe is there between Cupid's *hoſe* and his *ſhop?* or what relation can thoſe two terms have to one another? or, what, indeed, can be underſtood by Cupid's *ſhop?* It muſt undoubtedly be corrected, as I have reformed the text.

Slops are large and wide-knee'd breeches, the garb in faſhion in our author's days, as we may obſerve from old family pictures; but they are now worn only by boors and ſea-faring men: and we have dealers whoſe ſole buſineſs it is to furniſh the ſailors with ſhirts, jackets, &c. who are called *ſlop-men*, and their ſhops, *ſlop-ſhops.* Theobald.

I ſuppoſe this alludes to the uſual tawdry dreſs of Cupid, when he appeared on the ſtage. In an old tranſlation of *Caſa's Galateo* is this precept: "Thou muſt wear no garments, that be over much daubed with *garding*: that men may not ſay, thou haſt *Ganimedes* hoſen, or *Cupides* doublet." Farmer.

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Dum. O moſt divine Kate!

Biron. O moſt prophane coxcomb! [*Aſide.*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, ſhe is but corporal; there you lie.[7] *Aſide.*

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.[8]

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aſide.*

[7] *By earth, ſhe is* but *corporal*; *there you lie.*] Old edition:

" *By earth, ſhe is* not, corporal, *there you lie.*"

Dumain, one of the lovers, in ſpite of his vow to the contrary, thinking himſelf alone here, breaks out into ſhort ſoliloquies of admiration on his miſtreſs; and Biron, who ſtands behind as an eves-dropper, takes pleaſure in contradicting his amorous raptures. But Dumain was a young lord: he had no ſort of poſt in the army: what wit, or alluſion, then, can there be in Biron's calling him *corporal?* I dare warrant, I have reſtored the poet's true meaning, which is this. Dumain calls his miſtreſs divine, and the wonder of a mortal eye; and Biron in flat terms denies theſe hyperbolical praiſes. I ſcarce need hint, that our poet commonly uſes *corporal*, as *corporeal.* THEOBALD.

I have no doubt that Theobald's emendation is right.

The word *corporal* in Shakſpeare's time was uſed for *corporeal.* So, in *Macbeth*, " each *corporal* agent." Again:

" ——and what ſeem'd *corporal*, melted

" As breath into the wind."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" His *corporal* motion govern'd by my ſpirit."

This adjective is found in Bullokar's *Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, but *corporeal* is not.

Not is again printed for *but* in the original copy of *The Comedy of Errors*, and in other places. MALONE.

[8] ——*amber* coted.] To *cote* is to outſtrip, to overpaſs. So, in *Hamlet:*

" ——certain players

" We *coted* on the way."

Again, in Chapman's *Homer:*

" ——Words her worth had prov'd with deeds,

" Had more ground been allow'd the race, and *coted* far his ſteeds."

The beauty of *amber* conſiſts in its variegated *cloudineſs*, which *Dumain* calls *foulneſs.* The hair of his miſtreſs in varied ſhadows

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I ſay;
Her ſhoulder is with child. [*Aſide.*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as ſome days; but then no ſun muſt ſhine. [*Aſide.*

Dum. O that I had my wiſh!

Long. And I had mine! [*Aſide.*

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aſide.*

Biron. Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word? [*Aſide.*

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever ſhe
Reigns in my blood,[9] and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then inciſion
Would let her out in ſaucers;[2] Sweet miſpriſion!
[*Aſide.*

exceeded thoſe of amber. *Foul* may be uſed (as *Fair* often is) as a ſubſtantive. Steevens.

Quoted here, I think, ſignifies *marked, written down.* So, in *All's Well that ends Well:*

"He's *quoted* for a moſt perfidious knave."

The word in the old copy is—*coted*; but that (as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved in the laſt ſcene of this play) is only the old ſpelling of *quoted*, owing to the tranſcriber's truſting to his ear, and following the pronunciation. To *cote*, is elſewhere uſed by our author, with the ſignification of *over-take*, but that will by no means ſuit here. Malone.

The word here intended, though miſpelled, is *quoted*, which ſignifies *obſerved* or *regarded*, both here and in every place where it occurs in theſe plays; and the meaning is, that *amber itſelf is regarded as foul, when compared with her hair.* M. Mason.

[9] —— *but a fever ſhe*
Reigns in my blood,] So, in *Hamlet:*

"For, like the hectic, in my blood he rages."

Steevens.

[2] —— *why, then* inciſion
Would let her out in ſaucers;] It was the faſhion among the young

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aſide.*

Dum. *On a day, (alack the day!)*
Love, whoſe month is ever May,
Spied a bloſſom, paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;[3]
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, *thy cheeks may blow;*
Air, would I might triumph ſo![4]
But alack, my hand is ſworn,[5]
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:[6]

gallants of that age, to ſtab themſelves in the arms, or elſewhere, in order to drink their miſtreſs's health, or write her name in their blood, as a proof of their paſſion.

Thus in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, a gentleman gives the following deſcription of him, when in love with the King.—

" Thus he begins, thou light and life of creatures,
" Angel-ey'd King, vouchſafe at length thy favour;
" And ſo proceeds to *inciſion.*"

But the cuſtom is more particularly deſcribed in Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels*, where Phantaſte, deſcribing the different modes of making love, ſays—" A fourth with *ſtabbing* himſelf, and *drinking healths*, or writing *languiſhing letters in his blood.*"—And in the Palinode, at the end of the play, Amorphus ſays, " From *ſtabbing of arms*, &c. Good Mercury deliver us!" M. Mason.

[3] ——'gan *paſſage find*;] The quarto, 1598, and the firſt folio, have—*can.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the line next but one, *Wiſh* (the reading of the old copies) was corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[4] *Air, would I might triumph ſo!*] Perhaps we may better read:
" Ah! *would I might triumph ſo!*" Johnson.

[5] ——— *my hand* is *ſworn*,] A copy of this ſonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614, and reads:
" But, alas! my hand *hath* ſworn."

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King. Come, ſir, [*advancing.*] you bluſh; as his
your caſe is ſuch;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never ſonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſom, to keep down his heart.
I have been cloſely ſhrouded in this buſh,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty rhymes, obſerv'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion:
Ah me! ſays one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs[8] were gold, cryſtal the other's eyes:
You would for paradiſe break faith and troth;
[*To* Long.
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To* Dumain.
What will Birón ſay, when that he ſhall hear
A faith infring'd, which ſuch a zeal did ſwear?[9]
How will he ſcorn? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?

[8] One, *her hairs*——] The folio reads—*On* her hairs, &c. I ſome years ago conjectured that we ſhould read—*One*, her hairs were gold, &c. i. e. *the hairs of* one *of the ladies were of the colour of gold, and the eyes of the* other *as clear as cryſtal.* The king is ſpeaking of the panegyricks pronounced by the two lovers on their miſtreſſes. On examining the firſt quarto, 1598, I have found my conjecture confirmed; for ſo it reads. *One* and *on* are frequently confounded in the old copies of our author's plays. See a note on *King John*, Act III. ſc. iii. Malone.

[9] A *faith infring'd, which ſuch a zeal did ſwear?*] The repeated article A (which is wanting in the oldeſt copy) appears to have been judiciouſly reſtored by the editor of the folio 1632. At leaſt, I ſhall adopt his ſupplement, till ſome hardy critick ariſes and declares himſelf ſatisfied with the following line—

Faith infring*ed*, which ſuch *zeal* did ſwear—

in which "ze—al" muſt be employed as a diſſyllable. See Mr. Malone's note 7, p. 279. Steevens.

For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.

Biron. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:
[*Deſcends from the tree.*
Good heart, what grace haſt thou, thus to reprove
Theſe worms for loving,[2] that art moſt in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches;[3] in your tears,
There is no certain princeſs that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tuſh, none but minſtrels like of ſonneting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-ſhot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did ſee;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a ſcene of foolery I have ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen![4]
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a king transformed to a gnat![5]

[2] *Theſe* worms *for loving,*] So, in *The Tempeſt*, Proſpero addreſſing Miranda, ſays—
"Poor *worm*, thou art infected." Steevens.

[3] *Your eyes do make no* coaches;] Alluding to a paſſage in the king's *ſonnet:*
"No drop but as a *coach* doth carry thee." Steevens.
The old copy has—*couches.* Mr. Pope corrected it. Malone.

[4] ——teen!] i. e. grief. So, in *The Tempeſt:*
"To think o' the *teen* that I have turn'd you to."
Steevens.

[5] *To ſee a king transformed to a* gnat!] Mr. Theobald and the ſucceeding editors read—to a *knot.* Malone.
Knot has no ſenſe that can ſuit this place. We may read—*ſot.* The rhymes in this play are ſuch as that *ſat* and *ſot* may be well enough admitted. Johnson.
A *knot* is, I believe, a *true lover's knot*, meaning that the king lay'd
——*his wreathed arms athwart*
His loving boſom——
ſo long; i. e. remained ſo long in the lover's poſture, that he ſeem-

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confeſs, I confeſs.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the meſs:

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.
O, diſmiſs this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True true; we are four:—
Will theſe turtles be gone?

King. Hence, ſirs; away.

Cost. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay. [*Exeunt* Costard *and* Jaquenetta.

Biron. Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as fleſh and blood can be:
The ſea will ebb and flow, heaven ſhow his face;
Young blood will not obey an old decree:
We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands muſt we be forſworn.

King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhow ſome love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly Roſaline,
That, like a rude and ſavage man of Inde,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt,[7]
Bows not his vaſſal head; and, ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majeſty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inſpir'd thee now?

[7] —— *the gorgeous Eaſt.*] Milton has tranſplanted this into the third line of the ſecond book of *Paradiſe Loſt*:
"Or where *the gorgeous Eaſt*—." Steevens.

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O, 'tis the ſun, that maketh all things ſhine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine![3]
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may ſwear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black.[4]

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of night;[5]
And beauty's creſt becomes the heavens well.[6]

Biron. Devils ſooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light.

[3] *Is ebony like her? O wood divine!*] *Word* is the reading of all the editions that I have ſeen: but both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concurr'd in reading, (as I had likewiſe conjectured,)
" —— *O* wood *divine!*" THEOBALD.

[4] —— *beauty doth beauty lack,*
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black.] So, in our poet's 132d Sonnet:
" — thoſe two *mourning* eyes become thy face:—
" O, let it then as well beſeem thy heart
" To mourn for me;—
" Then will I ſwear, *beauty herſelf is black,*
" *And all they foul, that thy complexion lack.*"
See alſo his 127th Sonnet. MALONE.

[5] —— Black *is the badge of* hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl *of night*;] In former editions:
" —— *the* ſchool *of night.*"
Black being the *ſchool* of night, is a piece of myſtery above my comprehenſion. I had gueſſed, it ſhould be:
" —— *the* ſtole *of night:*"
but I have preferred the conjecture of my friend Mr. Warburton, who reads:
" —— *the* ſcowl *of night,*"
as it comes nearer in pronunciation to the corrupted reading, as well as agrees better with the other images. THEOBALD.

In our author's 148th Sonnet we have
" Who art as *black* as *hell*, as *dark* as night." MALONE.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and uſurping hair,[7]
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpéct;
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints itſelf black, to imitate her brow.

[6] *And beauty's* creſt *becomes the heavens well.*] *Creſt* is here properly oppoſed to *badge*. *Black*, ſays the king, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces the heaven is *the creſt of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. JOHNSON.

And beauty's *creſt* becomes the heavens well, i. e. the very *top*, the *height* of beauty, or the utmoſt degree of fairneſs, becomes the heavens. So the word *creſt* is explained by the poet himſelf in *King John*:

" ——— this is the very *top*
" The *height*, the *creſt*, or *creſt* unto the *creſt*
" Of murder's arms."

In heraldry, a *creſt* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakſpeare therefore aſſumes the liberty to uſe it in a ſenſe equivalent to *top* or *utmoſt height*, as he has uſed *ſpire* in *Coriolanus*:

" — to the *ſpire* and top of praiſes vouch'd."

So, in *Timon of Athens*: " — the *cap* of all the fools alive" is the top of them all, becauſe *cap* was the uppermoſt part of a man's dreſs. TOLLET.

Ben Jonſon, in *Love's Triumph through Calipolis*, a Maſque, ſays:

" To you that are by excellence a queen,
" The *top of beauty*," &c.

Again, in *The Mirror of Knighthood*, P. I. ch. xiv:

" — in the *top and pitch of all beauty*, ſo that theyr matches are not to bee had." STEEVENS.

[7] ——— and *uſurping hair*,] *And*, which is wanting in the old copies, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. *Uſurping hair* alludes to the faſhion, which prevailed among ladies in our author's time, of wearing falſe hair, or *periwigs*, as they were then called, before that kind of covering for the head was worn by men. The ſentiments here uttered by Biron may be found, in nearly the ſame words, in our author's 127th Sonnet. MALONE.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-ſweepers black.

Long. And, ſince her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their ſweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſh'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, ſir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſh'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face ſee. [*Shewing his ſhoe.*

Biron. O, if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread!

Dum. O vile! then as ſhe goes, what upward lies
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. O, nothing ſo ſure; and thereby all forſworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

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The nimble ſpirits in the arteries;[4]
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The ſinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forſworn the uſe of eyes;
And ſtudy too, the cauſer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a woman's eye?[5]
Learning is but an adjunct to ourſelf,
And where we are, our learning likewiſe is.
Then, when ourſelves we ſee in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to ſtudy, lords;
And in that vow we have forſworn our books;[6]
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers,[7] as the prompting eyes

" Or, if that ſurly ſpirit, melancholy,
" Had bak'd thy blood, and made it *heavy*, *thick*,
" Which elſe *runs tickling* up and down the veins," &c.
MALONE.

[4] *The nimble ſpirits in the* arteries;] In the old ſyſtem of phyſic they gave the ſame office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves; as appears from the name, which is derived from ἀὴρ τηρῶ.
WARBURTON.

[5] *Teaches ſuch* beauty *as a woman's eye?*] i. e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any author. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*our books*;] i. e. our true *books*, from which we derive moſt information;—the *eyes* of women. MALONE.

[7] *In leaden contemplation, have found out*
Such fiery numbers,] *Numbers* are, in this paſſage, nothing more than *poetical meaſures*. *Could you*, ſays Biron, *by ſolitary contemplation, have attained ſuch poetical* fire, *ſuch ſpritely numbers, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty?* JOHNSON.

In leaden *contemplation*,] So, in Milton's *Il Penſeroſo*:
" With a ſad, *leaden*, downward caſt."
Again, in Gray's *Hymn to Adverſity*:
" With *leaden* eye that loves the ground." STEEVENS.

Of beauteous tutors[8] have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow arts entirely keep the brain;[9]
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhow a harveſt of their heavy toil:
But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopp'd;[2]

[8] *Of* beauteous *tutors*—] Old Copies—*beauty's*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

[9] *Other ſlow arts entirely* keep *the brain*;] As we ſay, *keep* the houſe, or *keep* their bed. M. MASON.

[2] ——*the ſuſpicious head of* theft *is ſtopp'd*;] i. e. a lover in purſuit of his miſtreſs has his ſenſe of hearing quicker than a thief (who ſuſpects every ſound he hears) in purſuit of his prey. WARBURTON.

"*The ſuſpicious head of theft* is the *head ſuſpicious* of theft." "He watches like one that fears robbing," ſays Speed, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This tranſpoſition of the adjective is ſometimes met with. Grimme tells us, in *Damon and Pythias:*

"A *heavy* pouch *with golde* makes a light hart."

FARMER.

The *thief* is as watchful on his part, as the perſon who fears to be robbed, and Biron poetically makes *theft* a perſon. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Maſon might have countenanced his explanation, by a paſſage in the third part of *K. Henry VI:*

"*Suſpicion* always haunts the guilty mind:
"The *thief* doth fear each buſh an officer:"

and yet my opinion concurs with that of Dr. Farmer; though his explanation is again controverted, by a writer who ſigns himſelf *Lucius* in *The Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. "The *ſuſpicious*

Love's feeling is more ſoft, and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled[2] ſnails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus groſs in taſte:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Heſperides?[3]
Subtle as ſphinx; as ſweet, and muſical,
As bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair;[4]

head of theft (ſays he) is the ſuſpicious head of *the thief*. There is no man who liſtens ſo eagerly as a thief, or whoſe ears are ſo acutely upon the ſtretch." STEEVENS.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. MALONE.

[2] —— cockled —] i. e. inſhelled, like the fiſh called a *cockle*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Still climbing trees in the* Heſperides?] Our author had heard or read of "the gardens of the Heſperides," and ſeems to have thought that the latter word was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; as we ſay, the gardens of the *Tuilleries*, &c.

Our poet's contemporaries, I have lately obſerved, are chargeable with the ſame inaccuracy. So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, by Robert Greene, 1598:

"Shew thee the tree, leav'd with refined gold,
"Whereon the fearful dragon held his ſeat,
"That watch'd *the garden*, call'd HESPERIDES."

The word may have been uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, a poem, 1597:

"And, like the dragon of the Heſperides,
"Shutteth the garden's gate,—" MALONE.

[4] *As bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair*;] This expreſſion, like that other in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, of——

"*Orpheus' harp was ſtrung with poets' ſinews*,"

is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the ſun, is repreſented with golden hair; ſo that a lute ſtrung with his hair, means no more than ſtrung with gilded wire. WARBURTON.

"——as ſweet and muſical
"As bright Apollo's lute *ſtrung with his hair*."

The author of the *Reviſal* ſuppoſes this expreſſion to be allegorical, p. 138. "Apollo's lute ſtrung with ſunbeams, which in poetry are called hair." But what idea is conveyed by Apollo's lute *ſtrung with ſunbeams*? Undoubtedly the words are to be taken in their literal ſenſe; and in the ſtile of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very ſame ſort of conception occurs

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Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;

much the ſame thought occurs in *The Shepherd Arſileus' reply to Syrenus' Song*, by Bar. Yong; publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

" Unleſſe mild *Love* poſſeſſe your amorous breaſts,
" If you ſing not to him, your ſongs *do wearie*."

Dr. Warburton has raiſed the idea of his author, by imputing to him a knowledge, of which, I believe, he was not poſſeſſed; but ſhould either of theſe explanations prove the true one, I ſhall offer no apology for having made him ſtoop from the critick's elevation. I would, however, read,

" Makes *heaven drowſy with* its *harmony*."

Though the words *mark!* and *behold!* are alike uſed to beſpeak or ſummon attention, yet the former of them appears ſo harſh in Dr. Warburton's emendation, that I read the line ſeveral times over before I perceived its meaning. To *ſpeak* the *voice* of the gods, appears to me as defective in the ſame way. Dr. Warburton, in a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, obſerves, that to *ſpeak a ſound* is a *barbariſm*. To *ſpeak a voice* is, I think, no leſs reprehenſible.

STEEVENS.

The meaning is, whenever love ſpeaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert. HEATH.

Makes *heaven drowſy with the harmony.*] The old copies read—*make*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. More correct writers than Shakſpeare often fall into this inaccuracy when a noun of multitude has preceded the verb. In a former part of this ſpeech the ſame error occurs: " —— each of you *have* forſworn—."

For *makes*, r. *make*. So, in *Twelfth Night*: " —for every *one* of theſe *letters are* in my name."

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

" The *venom* of ſuch *looks*, we fairly hope,
" *Have* loſt their quality."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" The *poſture* of your *blows are* yet unknown."

Again, more appoſitely, in *K. John*:

" How oft the *ſight* of *means* to do ill deeds
" *Make* ill deeds done,"

So Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:

" The *outſide* of her *garments were* of lawn."

See alſo the ſacred writings: " The *number* of the *names* together *were* about an hundred and twenty." Acts i. 15. MALONE.

Few paſſages have been more canvaſſed than this. I believe, it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing:

O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:[6]

And when love ſpeaks (the voice of all) the gods
Make heaven drowſy with thy harmony.

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in *Timon*, is ſaid to *ſpeak with every tongue*; and *the gods* (being drowſy themſelves *with the harmony*) are ſuppoſed to make heaven drowſy. If one could poſſibly ſuſpect Shakſpeare of having read *Pindar*, one ſhould ſay, that the idea of muſic making the hearers drowſy, was borrowed from the firſt Pythian. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps here is an accidental tranſpoſition. We may read, as I think, ſome one has propoſed before:

" The voice *makes* all the gods
" *Of* heaven drowſy with the harmony." FARMER.

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowſy, the preſent commentator might infer from the effect it uſually produces on himſelf. In *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613, however, is an inſtance which ſhould weigh more with the reader:

" Howl forth ſome ditty, that vaſt hell may ring
" With charms all potent, earth *aſleep to bring.*"

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" —— muſic call, and ſtrike more dead
" Than common *ſleep*, of all theſe five the ſenſe."

STEEVENS.

So alſo, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

" ——— ſoftly pray;
" Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends,
" Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
" Will whiſper *muſick* to my wearied ſpirit."

Again, in *Pericles*, 1609:

" ——— Moſt *heavenly muſick!*
" It nips me into liſtening, and *thick ſlumber*
" Hangs on mine eyes.—Let me reſt." MALONE.

[6] *From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:*] In this ſpeech I ſuſpect a more than common inſtance of the inaccuracy of the firſt publiſhers:

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,

and ſeveral other lines, are as unneceſſarily repeated. Dr. Warburton was aware of this, and omitted two verſes, which Dr. Johnſon has ſince inſerted. Perhaps the players printed from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what

They ſparkle ſtill the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That ſhow, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were, theſe women to forſwear;
Or, keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wiſdom's ſake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's ſake, a word that loves all men;[7]

had undergone his reviſal. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies. STEEVENS.

This and the two following lines, are omitted by Warburton, not from inadvertency, but becauſe they are repeated in a ſubſequent part of the ſpeech. There are alſo ſome other lines repeated in the like manner. But we are not to conclude from thence, that any of theſe lines ought to be ſtruck out. Biron repeats the principal topicks of his argument, as preachers do their text, in order to recall the attention of the auditors to the ſubject of their diſcourſe. M. MASON.

[7] ——*a word that loves all men*;] We ſhould read:
" ——*a word all* women *love*."
The following line:
" *Or for men's ſake (the authors of* theſe *women*;)"
which refers to this reading, puts it out of all queſtion.
WARBURTON.

Perhaps we might read thus, tranſpoſing the lines:
Or for love's ſake, a word that loves all men;
For women's ſake, by whom we men are men;
Or for men's ſake, the authors of theſe women.
The antitheſis of *a word that all men love*, and *a word which loves all men*, though in itſelf worth little, has much of the ſpirit of this play. JOHNSON.

There will be no difficulty, if we correct it to " men's ſakes, the authors of theſe *words*." FARMER.

I think no alteration ſhould be admitted in theſe four lines, that deſtroys the artificial ſtructure of them, in which, as has been obſerved by the author of the *Reviſal*, the word which terminates every line, is prefixed to the word *ſake* in that immediately following. TOLLET.

——*a word that loves all men*;] i. e. that is pleaſing to all men. So, in the language of our author's time,—*it likes me well, for it pleaſes me.* Shakſpeare uſes the word thus licentiouſly, merely for

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Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair miſtreſs: in the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape;
For revels, dances, maſks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love,[2] ſtrewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! Allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;[3]
And juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure.[4]

[*Exeunt.*

[2] *Fore-run fair* Love,] i. e. Venus. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"Now for the love of *Love*, and *her* ſoft hours—."
MALONE.

[3] ——*ſow'd cockle reap'd no corn*;] This proverbial expreſſion intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falſhood. The following lines lead us to this ſenſe.
WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's firſt interpretation of this paſſage, which is preſerved in Mr. Theobald's edition,—"if we don't take the proper meaſures for winning theſe ladies, we ſhall never achieve them,"—is undoubtedly the true one. HEATH.

Mr. Edwards, however, approves of Dr. Warburton's ſecond thoughts. MALONE.

[4] *If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure.*] Here Mr. Theobald ends the third act. JOHNSON.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Another part of the ſame.

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

HOL. Satis quod ſufficit.[5]

NATH. I praiſe God for you, ſir: your reaſons at dinner have been[6] ſharp and ſententious; pleaſant without ſcurrility, witty without affection,[7] audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſy. I did converſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

[5] *Satis quod ſufficit.*] i. e. Enough's as good as a feaſt. STEEVENS.

[6] —*your reaſons at dinner have been,* &c.] I know not well what degree of reſpect Shakſpeare intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finiſhed repreſentation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to his character of the ſchool-maſter's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Caſtiglione will ſcarcely be found to comprehend a rule for converſation ſo juſtly delineated, ſo widely dilated, and ſo nicely limited.

It may be proper juſt to note, that *reaſon* here, and in many other places, ſignifies *diſcourſe*; and that *audacious* is uſed in a good ſenſe for *ſpirited, animated, confident. Opinion* is the ſame with *obſtinacy* or *opiniatreté.* JOHNSON.

So again, in this play:

" Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak *audaciouſly.*"

Audacious was not always uſed by our ancient writers in a bad ſenſe. It means no more here, and in the following inſtance from Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman,* than *liberal* or *commendable boldneſs:*

" ——ſhe that ſhall be my wife, muſt be accompliſhed with courtly and *audacious* ornaments." STEEVENS.

[7] —*without* affection,] i. e. without affectation. So, in *Hamlet:* " —No matter that might indite the author of *affection.*" Again, in *Twelfth Night,* Malvolio is call'd " an *affection'd* aſs." STEEVENS.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,[8] his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.[9] He is too picked,[1] too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such

[8] ——— *his tongue* filed,] Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser, are frequent in their use of this phrase. Ben Jonson has it likewise. Steevens.

[9] ——— *thrasonical.*] The use of the word *thrasonical* is no argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakspeare's time. Farmer.

It is found in Bullokar's *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616. Malone.

[1] *He is too* picked,] To have the beard *piqued* or shorn so as to end in a point, was, in our authour's time, a mark of a traveller affecting foreign fashions: so says the Bastard in *K. John*:

" ——— *I catechise*
" *My* piqued *man of countries.*" Johnson.

See a note on *K. John*, Act I. and another on *K. Lear*, where the reader will find the epithet *piqued* differently spelt and interpreted.

Piqued may allude to the length of the shoes then worn. Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changeling*, says:—" We weare our forked shoes almost as long again as our feete, not a little to the hindrance of the action of the foote; and not only so, but they prove an impediment to reverentiall devotion, for our bootes and shooes are so long snouted, that we can hardly kneele in God's house." Steevens.

I believe *picked* (for so it should be written) signifies *nicely drest* in general, without reference to any particular fashion of dress. It is a metaphor taken from birds, who dress themselves by *picking out* or *pruning*, their broken or superfluous feathers. So Chaucer uses the word, in his description of Damian dressing himself, *Cant. Tales*, ver. 9885: " He kembeth him, he *proineth* him and *piketh*." And Shakspeare in this very play, uses the corresponding word *pruning* for *dressing*, Act IV. sc. iii:

" ——— or spend a minute's time
" In *pruning* me———"

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Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone?*——*bone*, for *benè*: *Priſcian* a little ſcratch'd; 'twill ſerve.

Enter Armado, Moth, *and* Costard.

Nath. *Videſne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra! [*To* Moth.

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not ſirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

ſerve.] Why ſhould *infamy* be explained by making *frantick*, *lunatick*? It is plain and obvious that the poet intended the pedant ſhould coin an uncouth affected word here, *infanie*, from *infamia* of the Latins. Then, what a piece of unintelligible jargon have theſe learned criticks given us for Latin? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have reſtored the paſſage to its true purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo*, bone, intelligo.

The curate, addreſſing with complaiſance his brother pedant, ſays, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *Terence* find *bone vir*; but the pedant, thinking he had miſtaken the adverb, thus deſcants on it.

Bone?——*bone* for *bene*. Priſcian *a little ſcratched: 'twill ſerve.* Alluding to the common phraſe, *Diminuis* Priſciani *caput*, applied to ſuch as ſpeak falſe Latin. Theobald.

There ſeems yet ſomething wanting to the integrity of this paſſage, which Mr. Theobald has in the moſt corrupt and difficult places very happily reſtored. For *ne intelligis domine? to make frantick, lunatick*, I read (nonne *intelligis, domine?*) to *be mad, frantick, lunatick*. Johnson.

Inſanie appears to have been a word anciently uſed. In a book entitled, *The Fall and evil Succeſſe of Rebellion from Time to Time*, &c. written in verſe by Wilfride Holme, imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman; without date, (though from the concluding ſtanza, it appears to have been produced in the 8th year of the reign of Henry VIII.) I find the word uſed:

" In the days of ſixth Henry, Jack Cade made a brag,
" With a multitude of people; but in the conſequence,
" After a little *inſanie* they fled tag and rag,
" For Alexander Iden he did his diligence." Stevens.

I ſhould rather read—" it inſinuateth *men* of inſanie."

Farmer.

Hol. Moſt military ſir, ſalutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtolen the ſcraps.[6] [*To* Costard *aſide.*

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-baſket of words![7] I marvel, thy maſter hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not ſo long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:*[8] thou art eaſier ſwallowed than a flap-dragon.[9]

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monſieur, [*To* Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—

What is a, b, ſpelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia,* with a horn added.

[6] *They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtolen the ſcraps.*] So, in *Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem,* by Thomas Naſhe, 1594: "The phraſe of ſermons, as it ought to agree with the ſcripture, ſo heed muſt be taken, that their whole ſermon ſeem not *a banquet of the broken fragments of* ſcripture." Malone.

[7] ——*the* alms-baſket *of words!*] i. e. the refuſe of words. The refuſe meat of great families was formerly ſent to the priſons. So, in *The Inner Temple Maſque,* 1619, by T. Middleton: "his perpetual lodging in the King's Bench, and his ordinary out of the *baſket.*" Again, in *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in It,* 1612: "He muſt feed on beggary's *baſket.*" Steevens.

The refuſe meat of families was put into a *baſket* in our author's time, and given to the poor. So, in Florio's *Second Frutes,* 1591: "Take away the table, fould up the cloth, and put all thoſe pieces of broken meat into a *baſket* for the *poor.*" Malone.

[8] —*honorificabilitudinitatibus:*] This word, whenceſoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longeſt word known. Johnson.

It occurs likewiſe in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan,* 1604:

"His diſcourſe is like the long word *honorificabilitudinitatibus;* a great deal of ſound and no ſenſe." I meet with it likewiſe in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff,* &c. 1599. Steevens.

[9] ——*a* flap-dragon.] A *flap-dragon* is a ſmall inflammable ſubſtance, which topers ſwallow in a glaſs of wine. See a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. *ult.* Steevens.

Moth. Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis,* thou conſonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The ſheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.[2]

Arm. Now, by the ſalt wave of the Mediterraneum, a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit:[3] ſnip, ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

[2] Moth. *The third of the five vowels,* &c.] In former editions: *The* laſt *of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the* fifth, *if I.*

Hol. *I will repeat them,* a, e, I,——

Moth. *The ſheep: the other two concludes it*; o, u.

Is not the *laſt* and the *fifth* the ſame *vowel?* Though my correction reſtores but a poor conundrum, yet if it reſtores the poet's meaning, it is the duty of an editor to trace him in his loweſt conceits. By O, U, Moth would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the ſheep ſtill, either way; no matter which of us repeats them. THEOBALD.

[3] ——— *a quick* venew *of wit:*] A *venew* is the technical term for *a bout* at the fencing-ſchool. So, in *The Four Prentices of London,* 1615:

" ——in the fencing-ſchool
" To play a *venew.*" STEEVENS.

A *venue,* as has already been obſerved, is not a *bout* at fencing, but a *hit.* " A ſweet touch of wit, (ſays Armado,) a ſmart *hit.*" So, in *The Famous Hiſtorie of Captain Thomas Stukely,* b. l. 1605: " — for forfeits, and *venyes* given, upon a wager, at the ninth button of your doublet, thirty crowns." MALONE.

Notwithſtanding the poſitiveneſs with which my ſenſe of the word *venue* is denied, my quotation ſufficiently eſtabliſhes it; for who ever talked of *playing* a *hit* in a fencing ſchool? STEEVENS.

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Hol. The poſterior of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choſe; ſweet and apt, I do aſſure you, ſir, I do aſſure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do aſſure you, very good friend:—For what is inward[5] between us, let it paſs:—I do beſeech thee, remember thy courteſy;—I beſeech thee, apparel thy head:[6]—and among other impor-

[5] ——*inward*—] i. e. confidential. So, in *King Richard III*:
"Who is moſt *inward* with the noble duke?" Steevens.

[6] *I do beſeech thee*, remember thy courteſy;—*I beſeech thee, apparel thy head:*] I believe the word *not* was inadvertently omitted by the tranſcriber or compoſitor; and that we ſhould read—I do beſeech thee, remember *not* thy courteſy—Armado is boaſting of the familiarity with which the king treats him, and intimates ("but let that paſs,") that when he and his Majeſty converſe, the king lays aſide all ſtate, and makes him wear his hat: "*I do beſeech thee*, (will he ſay to me) *remember* not *thy courteſy*; do not obſerve any ceremony with me; *be covered*." "The putting off the hat at the table (ſays Florio in his *Second Frutes*, 1591,) is a kind of *courteſie* or ceremonie rather to be avoided than otherwiſe."

Theſe words may, however, be addreſſed by Armado to Holofernes, whom we may ſuppoſe to have ſtood uncovered from reſpect to the Spaniard.

If this was the poet's intention, they ought to be included in a parentheſis. To whomſoever the words are ſuppoſed to be addreſſed, the emendation appears to me equally neceſſary. It is confirmed by a paſſage in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*: "Give me your neif, mounſieur Muſtardſeed. Pray you, *leave your courteſie*, mounſier."

In *Hamlet*, the prince, when he deſires Oſrick to "put his bonnet to the right uſe," begins his addreſs with the ſame words which Armado uſes: but unluckily is interrupted by the courtier, and prevented (as I believe) from uſing the very word which I ſuppoſe to have been accidentally omitted here.

"*Ham. I beſeech you, remember*—
"*Oſr.* Nay, good my lord, for my eaſe, in good faith."

In the folio copy of this play we find in the next ſcene:
"O, that your face were ſo full of o's—"
inſtead of—were *not* ſo full, &c. Malone.

tunate and moſt ſerious deſigns,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that paſs:—for I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his grace (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,[7] with my muſtachio: but ſweet heart, let that paſs. By the world, I recount no fable; ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his greatneſs to impart to Armado, a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world: but let that paſs.—The very all of all is,—but, ſweet heart, I do implore ſecrecy,—that the king would have me preſent the princeſs, ſweet chuck,[8] with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, underſtanding that the curate, and your ſweet ſelf, are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Hol. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be render'd by our aſſiſtance,—the king's command, and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princeſs; I ſay, none ſo fit as to preſent the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

By "remember thy courteſy" I ſuppoſe Armado means—*remember that all this time thou art ſtanding with thy hat off.* STEEVENS.

[7] ——*dally with my* excrement,] The author calls the beard *valour's excrement* in *The Merchant of Venice.* JOHNSON.

[8] ——*chuck,*] i. e. chicken; an ancient term of endearment. So, in *Macbeth:*

"Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt *chuck*—"

STEEVENS.

Hol. Joſhua, yourſelf; myſelf, or this gallant gentleman,[8] Judas Maccabæus; this ſwain, becauſe of his great limb or joint, ſhall paſs Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, ſir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpoſe.

Moth. An excellent device! ſo, if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry; *well done, Hercules! now thou cruſheſt the ſnake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious;[9] though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the reſt of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myſelf.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not,[2] an antick. I beſeech you, follow.

[8] —— *myſelf*, or *this gallant gentleman*,] The old copy has—*and* this, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. We ought, I believe, to read in the next line—ſhall paſs *for* Pompey the great. If the text be right, the ſpeaker muſt mean that the ſwain ſhall, in repreſenting Pompey, *ſurpaſs* him, "becauſe of his great limb." MALONE.

"Shall *paſs* Pompey the great," ſeems to mean, ſhall *march* in the proceſſion for him; *walk* as his repreſentative. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *to make an offence gracious*;] i. e. to convert an offence againſt yourſelves, into a dramatic propriety. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *if this* fadge *not*,] i. e. ſuit not. Several inſtances of the uſe of this word are given in *Twelfth Night*. STEEVENS.

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Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax;[3]
For he hath been five thouſand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your ſiſter.

Kath. He made her melancholy, ſad, and heavy;
And ſo ſhe died: had ſhe been light, like you,
Of ſuch a merry, nimble, ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a grandam ere ſhe died:
And ſo may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouſe,[4] of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in ſnuff;[5]
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

[3] —— *to make his god-head* wax;] To *wax* anciently ſignified to *grow*. It is yet ſaid of the moon, that ſhe *waxes* and *wanes*.
So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I:
" I view thoſe wanton brooks that *waxing* ſtill do wane."
Again, in Lyly's *Love's Metamorphoſes*, 1601:
" Men's follies will ever *wax*, and then what reaſon can make them wiſe?"
Again, in the *Polyolbion*, Song V:
" The ſtem ſhall ſtrongly *wax*, as ſtill the trunk doth wither."
STEEVENS.

[4] —— mouſe,] This was a term of endearment formerly. So, in *Hamlet*:
" Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his *mouſe*."
MALONE.

[5] —— *taking it* in ſnuff;] *Snuff* is here uſed equivocally for *anger*, and the *ſnuff of a candle*. See more inſtances of this conceit in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Act I. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it ſtill i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reaſon; for, Paſt cure is ſtill paſt care.[6]

Prin. Well bandied both; a ſet of wit [7] well play'd.
But Roſaline, you have a favour too:
Who ſent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witneſs this.
Nay, I have verſes too, I thank Birón:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſs on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

[6] ——*for, Paſt* cure *is ſtill paſt* care.] The old copy reads—paſt *care* is ſtill paſt *cure*. The tranſpoſition was propoſed by Dr. Thirlby, and, it muſt be owned, is ſupported by a line in *K. Richard II:*

"Things paſt *redreſs* are now with me paſt *care*."

So alſo in a pamphlet entitled *Holland's Leaguer*, 4to. 1632: "She had got this adage in her mouth, Things paſt *cure*, paſt *care*." —Yet the following lines in our author's 147th Sonnet ſeem rather in favour of the old reading:

"Paſt cure I am, now reaſon is paſt care,
"And frantick mad with evermore unreſt." Malone.

[7] —— *a* ſet *of wit*—] A term from tennis. So, in *K. Henry V:*

"——— play a *ſet*
"Shall ſtrike his father's crown into the hazard."

Steevens.

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praiſe.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils!' How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not ſo full of O's![8]

Kath. A pox of that jeſt! and beſhrew all ſhrows![9]

[7] *'Ware* pencils!] The former editions read:
"Were *pencils*"——
Sir T. Hanmer here rightly reſtored:
"'Ware *pencils*"——
Roſaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Katharine for painting. JOHNSON.

Johnſon miſtakes the meaning of this ſentence; it is not a reproach, but a cautionary threat. Roſaline ſays that Biron had drawn her picture in his letter; and afterwards playing on the word *letter*, Katharine compares her to a text B. Roſaline in reply adviſes her to beware of pencils, that is of drawing likeneſſes, leſt ſhe ſhould retaliate; which ſhe afterwards does, by comparing her to a red dominical letter, and calling her marks of the ſmall pox oes.
M. MASON.

[8] —*ſo full of* O's!] Shakſpeare talks of "—fiery *O's* and eyes of light," in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Pox of that jeſt! and beſhrew all ſhrows!*] "*Pox* of that jeſt!" Mr. Theobald is ſcandalized at this language from a princeſs. But there needs no alarm—the *ſmall pox* only is alluded to; with which it ſeems, Katharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expreſſed, "her face was full of O's." Daviſon has a canzonet on his lady's ſickneſſe of the *poxe*: and Dr. Donne writes to his ſiſter: "at my return from Kent, I found *Pegge* had the *Poxe*—I humbly thank God, it hath not much diſfigured her." FARMER.

A pox of that jeſt! &c.] This line which in the old copies is given to the princeſs, Mr. Theobald rightly attributed to Katharine. The metre, as well as the mode of expreſſion, ſhew that—"*I* beſhrew," the reading of theſe copies, was a miſtake of the tranſcriber.
MALONE.

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And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigal wits in bootleſs rhymes;
And ſhape his ſervice wholly to my beheſts;[3]
And make him proud to make me proud that jeſts![4]
So portent-like[5] would I o'erſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my fool, and I his fate.

[3] ——*wholly to my* beheſts,] The quarto, 1598, and the firſt folio, read—to my *device*. The emendation, which the rhyme confirms, was made by the editor of the ſecond folio, and is one of the very few corrections of any value to be found in that copy. MALONE.

Mr. Malone, however, admits three other corrections from the ſecond folio, in this very ſheet. STEEVENS.

[4] *And make him proud to make me proud that jeſts!*] The meaning of this obſcure line ſeems to be, *I would make him proud to flatter me who make a mock of his flattery.*
Edinburgh Magazine for Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

[5] *So* portent-*like*, &c.] In former copies:
So pertaunt-*like*, *would I o'er-ſway his ſtate*,
That he ſhould be my fool, *and I his* fate.
In old farces, to ſhow the inevitable approaches of death and deſtiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his ſtratagems to avoid Death or *Fate*; which very ſtratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of *Fate*. To this Shakſpeare alludes again in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" ——*merely thou art* Death's Fool;
" *For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun*,
" *And yet run'ſt towards him ſtill*——"
It is plain from all this, that the nonſenſe of *pertaunt-like*, ſhould be read, *portent-like*, i. e. I would be his fate or deſtiny, and, like a *portent*, hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forebode*, but to *influence*. So the Latins called a perſon deſtined to bring miſchief, *fatale portentum*.
WARBURTON.

The emendation appeared firſt in the Oxford edition. MALONE.

Until ſome proof be brought of the exiſtence of ſuch characters as *Death* and the *Fool*, in old farces, (for the mere aſſertion of Dr. Warburton is not to be relied on,) this paſſage muſt be literally underſtood, independently of any particular alluſion. The old reading might probably mean—" ſo *ſcoffingly* would I o'erſway," &c. The initial letter in Stowe, mentioned by Mr. Reed in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, here cited, has been altogether miſunderſtood. It is only

Prin. None are ſo[6] ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wiſdom hatch'd,
Hath wiſdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with ſuch exceſs,
As gravity's revolt to wantonneſs.[7]

Mar. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrong a note,
As foolery in the wiſe, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in ſimplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am ſtabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Againſt your peace: Love doth approach diſguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be ſurpris'd:
Muſter your wits; ſtand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

a copy from an older letter which formed part of a Death's Dance, in which *Death* and the *Fool* were always repreſented. I have ſeveral of theſe alphabets. Douce.

[6] *None are ſo*, &c.] Theſe are obſervations worthy of a man who has ſurveyed human nature with the cloſeſt attention. Johnson.

[7] —— *to wantonneſs.*] The quarto, 1598, and the firſt folio have —to *wantons be.* For this emendation we are likewiſe indebted to the ſecond folio. Malone.

Prin. Saint Dennis to ſaint Cupid![8] What are they,
That charge their breath againſt us? ſay, ſcout, ſay.

Boyet. Under the cool ſhade of a ſycamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome half an hour:
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt
The king and his companions: warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you ſhall overhear;
That, by and by, diſguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knaviſh page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embaſſage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, *an angel ſhalt thou ſee;*
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly.
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the ſhoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before:

[8] *Saint Dennis, to ſaint Cupid!*]——The princeſs of France invokes, with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppoſe his power to that of Cupid. JOHNSON.

Johnſon cenſures the Princeſs for invoking with ſo much levity the patron of her country, to oppoſe his power to that of Cupid; but that was not her intention. Being determined to engage the King and his followers, ſhe gives for the word of battle St. Dennis, as the King, when he was determined to attack her, had given for the word of battle St. Cupid:

"Saint Cupid then, and ſoldiers to the field."

M. MASON.

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Their purpoſe is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his ſeveral miſtreſs; which they'll know
By favours ſeveral, which they did beſtow.

Prin. And will they ſo? the gallants ſhall be taſk'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be maſk'd;
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace,
Deſpite of ſuit, to ſee a lady's face.—
Hold, Roſaline, this favour thou ſhalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my ſweet, and give me thine;
So ſhall Birón take me for Roſaline.—
And change you favours too; ſo ſhall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours moſt in ſight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to croſs theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their ſeveral counſels they unboſom ſhall
To loves miſtook; and ſo be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occaſion that we meet,
With viſages diſplay'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd ſpeech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face.[4]

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the ſpeaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

[4] ——her *face.*] The firſt folio, and the quarto, 1598, have—*his* face. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne'er come in,[5] if he be out.
There's no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So ſhall we ſtay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with ſhame.
[*Trumpets ſound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet ſounds; be maſk'd, the maſkers come. [*The ladies maſk.*

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in Ruſſian habits, and maſked*; Moth, *Muſicians, and Attendants.*

Moth. *All hail, the richeſt beauties on the earth!*

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.[6]

Moth. *A holy parcel of the faireſt dames,*
[The ladies turn their backs to him.
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Biron. *Their eyes,* villain, *their eyes.*

Moth. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! Out—*

Boyet. True; *out,* indeed.

[5] ——— *will* ne'er *come in,*] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—will *e'er.* The correction was made in the ſecond folio. Malone.

[6] *Beauties no richer than rich taffata.*] i. e. the taffata maſks they wore to conceal themſelves. All the editors concur to give this line to Biron; but, ſurely, very abſurdly: for he's one of the zealous admirers, and hardly would make ſuch an inference. Boyet is ſneering at the parade of their addreſs, is in the ſecret of the ladies' ſtratagem, and makes himſelf ſport at the abſurdity of their proem, in complimenting their beauty, when they were maſk'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmoſt propriety. Theobald.

Moth. *Out of your favours, heavenly ſpirits, vouch-*
ſafe
Not to behold—

Biron. *Once to behold,* rogue.

Moth. *Once to behold with your ſun-beamed eyes,*
——with your ſun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not anſwer to that epithet;
You were beſt call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectneſs? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would theſe ſtrangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princeſs?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.

Ros. What would they, ſay they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them ſo be gone.

Boyet. She ſays, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a meaſure with her on this graſs.

Boyet. They ſay, that they have meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a meaſure[1] with you on this graſs.

[1] *To tread a* meaſure —] The meaſures were dances ſolemn and ſlow. They were performed at court, and at public entertainments of

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That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhow the ſunſhine of your face,
That we, like ſavages, may worſhip it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Bleſſed are clouds, to do as ſuch clouds do!
Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars,[8] to ſhine
(Thoſe clouds remov'd,) upon our wat'ry eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now requeſt'ſt but moon-ſhine in the water.

King. Then, in our meaſure do but vouchſafe one change:
Thou bid'ſt me beg; this begging is not ſtrange.

Ros. Play, muſick, then: nay, you muſt do it ſoon. [*Muſick plays.*
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now ſhe's chang'd.

King. Yet ſtill ſhe is the moon, and I the man.[9]
The muſick plays; vouchſafe ſome motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchſafe it.

King. But your legs ſhould do it.

Ros. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

[8] *Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars,*] When queen Elizabeth aſked an ambaſſador how he liked her ladies, *It is hard,* ſaid he, *to judge of ſtars in the preſence of the ſun.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——*the man.*] I ſuſpect, that a line which rhimed with this, has been loſt. MALONE.

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends:—
Court'ſy, ſweet hearts;[2] and ſo the meaſure ends.

King. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.

King. Prize you yourſelves; What buys your company?

Ros. Your abſence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and ſo adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am beſt pleas'd with that.
[*They converſe apart.*

Biron. White-handed miſtreſs, one ſweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and ſugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow ſo nice,)
Metheglin, wort, and malmſey;—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen ſweets.

Prin. Seventh ſweet, adieu!
Since you can cog,[3] I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in ſecret.

Prin. Let it not be ſweet.

Biron. Thou griev'ſt my gall.

[2] Court'ſy, *ſweet hearts*;] See *Tempeſt*: Vol. III. p. 40.
"*Court'ſied* when you have and kiſs'd—." Malone.

[3] *Since you can* cog,] To *cog*, ſignifies *to falſify the dice*, and *to falſify a narrative*, or *to lye*. Johnson.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[*They converſe apart.*

Dum. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you ſo? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Pleaſe it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converſe apart.*

Kath. What, was your viſor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reaſon, lady, why you aſk.

Kath. O, for your reaſon! quickly, ſir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your maſk,
And would afford my ſpeechleſs viſor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;[4]—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourſelf in theſe ſharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaſte lady? do not ſo.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

[4] Veal, *quoth the Dutchman*;] I ſuppoſe by *veal*, ſhe means *well*, founded as foreigners uſually pronounce that word; and introduced merely for the ſake of the ſubſequent queſtion. Malone.

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Will they not, think you, hang themſelves to night?
Or ever, but in viſors, ſhow their faces?
This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all[6] in lamentable caſes!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Birón did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.

Mar. Dumain was at my ſervice, and his ſword:
No *point*, quoth I;[7] my ſervant ſtraight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville ſaid, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, ſickneſs as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute-caps.[8]

[6] O! *they were all*, &c.] *O*, which is not found in the firſt quarto or folio, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] *No* point, *quoth I*;] *Point* in French is an adverb of negation; but, if properly ſpoken, is not ſounded like the point of a ſword. A quibble, however, is intended. From this and the other paſſages it appears, that either our author was not well acquainted with the pronunciation of the French language, or it was different formerly from what it is at preſent.

The former ſuppoſition appears to me much the more probable of the two.

In *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, Philomuſus ſays—"Tit, tit, tit, *non poynte*; *non debet fieri*," &c. See alſo Florio's Italian Dict. 1598, in v. "Punto.—never a whit;—*no point*, as the Frenchmen ſay." MALONE.

[8] ——*better wits have worn plain ſtatute-caps.*] This line is not univerſally underſtood, becauſe every reader does not know that a ſtatute cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Roſaline declares that her expectation was diſappointed by theſe courtly ſtudents, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education. JOHNSON.

But will you hear? the king is my love ſworn.

Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my ſervice born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as ſure as bark on tree.

Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of queen Elizabeth. "Beſides the bills paſſed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiſs to be taken notice of—it concerned the queen's care for employment for her poor ſort of ſubjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers; providing, that all above the age of ſix years, (except the nobility and ſome others) ſhould on *ſabbath days* and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and dreſt in England, upon penalty of ten groats." *Strype's Annals* of Queen Elizabeth, Vol. II. p. 74. Grey.

This act may account for the diſtinguiſhing mark of Mother *Red-cap*. I have obſerved that mention is made of this ſign by ſome of our ancient pamphleteers and playwriters, as far back as the date of the act referred to by Dr. Grey. *If that your cap be wool*—became a proverbial ſaying. So, in *Hans Beerpot*, a comedy, 1618:

"You ſhall not flinch; *if that your cap be wool*,
"You ſhall along." Steevens.

I think my own interpretation of this paſſage is right. Johnson.

Probably the meaning is—*better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not in general remarkable for ſallies of imagination. In Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub ſays, "——though my huſband be a citizen, and his *cap's made of wool*, yet I have wit." Again, in the *Family of Love*, 1608: "'Tis a law enacted by the common-council of *ſtatute-caps*."

Again, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, 1606:

"——in a bowling alley in a *flat cap* like a *ſhop-keeper*."

That theſe ſumptuary laws, which dictated the form and materials of caps, the dimenſions of ruffs, and the length of ſwords, were executed with great exactneſs but little diſcretion, by a ſet of people placed at the principal avenues of the city, may be known from the following curious paſſage in a letter from Lord Talbot to the Earl of Shrewſbury, June 1580. "The French Imbaſidore, Mounſwer Mouiſer, ridinge to take the ayer, in his returne cam thowrowe Smithfield; and ther, at the bars, was ſteayed by thos officers that ſitteth to cut ſourds, by reaſon *his raper was longer than the ſtatute*: He was in a great feauric, and dreawe his raper. In the meane ſeaſon my Lord Henry Seamore cam, and ſo ſteayed the matt.r Hir

Boyet. Madam, and pretty miſtreſſes, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own ſhapes; for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like ſweet roſes in this ſummer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, maſk'd, are roſes in their bud:
Diſmaſk'd, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roſes blown.[9]

Majeſtie is greatlie ofended wth the ofiſers, in that they wanted jugement." See Lodge's *Illuſtrations of Britiſh Hiſtory*, Vol. II. p. 228. STEEVENS.

The ſtatute mentioned by Dr. Grey was repealed in the year 1597. The epithet by which theſe ſtatute caps are deſcribed, "*plain* ſtatute caps," induces me to believe the interpretation given in the preceding note by Mr. Steevens, the true one. The king and his lords probably wore *hats* adorned with feathers. So they are repreſented in the print prefixed to this play in Mr. Rowe's edition, probably from ſome ſtage tradition. MALONE.

9 *Fair ladies, maſk'd, are roſes in their bud:*
Diſmaſk'd, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhown,
Are angels vailing *clouds, or roſes blown.*] This ſtrange nonſenſe, made worſe by the jumbling together and tranſpoſing the lines, I directed Mr. Theobald to read thus:

Fair ladies maſk'd are roſes in their bud:
Or angels veil'd in *clouds: are roſes blown,*
Diſmaſk'd, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhown.

But he, willing to ſhow how well he could improve a thought, would print it:

Or angel-veiling *clouds*——

i. e. clouds which veil angels: and by this means gave us, as the old proverb ſays, *a cloud for a Juno.* It was Shakſpeare's *purpoſe* to compare a fine lady to an angel; it was Mr. Theobald's *chance*

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And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[*Exeunt* Princess,[3] Ros. Kath. *and* Maria.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair ſir, God ſave you! Where is the princeſs?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Pleaſe it your majeſty,
Command me any ſervice to her thither?

King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and ſo will ſhe, I know, my lord.
[*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;[4]
And utters it again when God doth pleaſe:

[3] *Exeunt Princeſs*, &c.] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth act here. Johnson.

[4] ——pecks *up wit*, as pigeons peas;] This expreſſion is proverbial:

" Children pick up words *as pigeons peas*,
" And utter them again as God ſhall pleaſe."

See *Ray's Collection*. Steevens.

Pecks is the reading of the firſt quarto. The folio has—*picks*. That *pecks* is the true reading, is aſcertained by one of Naſhe's tracts; *Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem*, 1594: " The ſower ſcattered ſome ſeede by the highway ſide, which the ſoules of the ayre *peck'd up*." Malone.

He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and waſſels,[5] meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and liſp:[6] Why, this is he,
That kiſs'd away his hand in courteſy;
This is the ape of form, monſieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can ſing
A mean moſt meanly;[7] and, in uſhering,

[5] ——*waſſels*,] *Waſſels* were meetings of ruſtic mirth and intemperance. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——Antony,
" Leave thy laſcivious *waſſels*"——

See note on *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. vii. STEEVENS.

Waes heal, that is, be of health, was a ſalutation firſt uſed by the lady Rowena to King Vortiger. Afterwards it became a cuſtom in villages, on new year's eve and twelfth-night, to carry a *Waſſel* or *Waiſſail* bowl from houſe to houſe, which was preſented with the Saxon words above mentioned. Hence in proceſs of time *waſſel* ſignified intemperance in drinking, and alſo a meeting for the purpoſe of feſtivity. MALONE.

[6] *He can* carve *too, and* liſp:] The character of Boyet, as drawn by Biron, repreſents an accompliſhed ſquire of the days of Chivalry, particularly in the inſtances here noted.—" Le jeune Ecuyer apprenoit long-temps dans le ſilence cet art de *bien parler*, lorſqu'en qualité d'*Ecuyer* TRANCHANT, il étoit debout dans les repas & dans les feſtins, occupé à *couper les viandes* avec la propreté, l'addreſſe & l'elegance convenables, et à les faire diſtribuer aux nobles convives dont il étoit environné. Joinville, dans ſa jeuneſſe, avoit rempli à la cour de Saint Louis *cet office*, qui, dans les maiſons des Souverains, étoit quelquefois exercé par leurs propres enfans." *Memoires ſur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, Tom. I. p. 16. HENLEY.

I cannot cog, (ſays Falſtaff in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*,) and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe *liſping* hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel—." On the ſubject of *carving* ſee Vol. III. p. 335, n. 5. MALONE.

[7] *A* mean *moſt meanly*; &c.] The *mean*, in muſic, is the tenor. So, Bacon: " The treble cutteth the air ſo ſharp, as it returneth

And conſciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princeſs, *uſher'd by* Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, *and attendants.*

Biron. See where it comes! — Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man ſhow'd thee? and what art thou now?[9]

King. All hail, ſweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.

tooth of the *Horſe-whale*, Morſe, or Walrus, as appears by King Alfred's preface to his Saxon tranſlation of *Oroſius*.
Holt White.

[9] —— *Behaviour, what wert thou,*
Till this man ſhow'd thee? and what art thou now?] Theſe are two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *manners*, and value themſelves ſo much upon teaching, as a thing no where elſe to be learnt, is a modeſt ſilent accompliſhment under the direction of nature and common ſenſe, which does its office in promoting ſocial life without being taken notice of. But that when it degenerates into ſhow and parade, it becomes an unmanly contemptible quality. Warburton.

What is told in this note is undoubtedly true, but is not comprized in the quotation. Johnson.

Till this man ſhow'd thee?] The old copies read—"Till this *mad* man," &c. Steevens.

An error of the preſs. The word *mad* muſt be ſtruck out.
M. Mason.

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We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Ruſſian habit: here they ſtay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jeſt is dry to me.—Fair, gentle ſweet,[4]
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh: when we greet[5]
With eyes beſt ſeeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

days, means according to the manner of the times.—*Gives undeſerving praiſe*, means praiſe to what does not deſerve it.
M. Mason.

4 Fair, *gentle ſweet*,] The word *fair*, which is wanting in the two elder copies, was reſtored by the ſecond folio. Mr. Malone reads—"*My* gentle ſweet."

"My *fair*, *ſweet* honey monarch" occurs in this very ſcene, p. 349. Steevens.

Sweet is generally uſed as a ſubſtantive by our author, in his addreſſes to ladies. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——When you ſpeak, *ſweet*,
"I'd have you do it ever."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"And now, good *ſweet*, ſay thy opinion."

Again, in *Othello*:

"——O, *my ſweet*,
"I prattle out of tune."

The editor of the ſecond folio, with leſs probability, (as it appears to me,) reads—*fair*, gentle, ſweet. Malone.

5 ——*when we greet*, &c.] This is a very lofty and elegant compliment. Johnson.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you leſs.

Ros. Which of the viſors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what viſor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that viſor; that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhow'd the better face.

King. We are deſcried: they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highneſs ſad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll ſwoon! Why look you pale?—
Sea-ſick, I think, coming from Muſcovy.

Biron. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?—
Here ſtand I, lady; dart thy ſkill at me;
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout;
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Ruſſian habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in viſor to my friend;[5]
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's ſong:

[5] ——*my* friend;] i. e. miſtreſs. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: "——he hath got his *friend* with child." Steevens.

Taffata phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three-pil'd hyperboles,[6] ſpruce affectation,[7]
Figures pedantical; theſe ſummer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation:
I do forſwear them: and I here proteſt,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſs'd
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—ſo God help me, la!—
My love to thee is ſound, ſans crack or flaw.

Ros. *Sans* SANS, I pray you.[8]

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am ſick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us ſee;—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*,[9] on thoſe three;

[6] Three-pil'd *hyperboles*,] A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Autolycus ſays:
"I have worn *three-pile*." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*ſpruce* affectation,] The old copies read—*affection*. STEEVENS.

The modern editors read—*affectation*. There is no need of change. We already in this play have had *affection* for *affectation*; —"witty without *affection*." The word was uſed by our author and his contemporaries, as a quadriſyllable; and the rhyme ſuch as they thought ſufficient. MALONE.

In *The Merry Wives of Windſor* the word *affectation* occurs, and was moſt certainly deſigned to occur again in the preſent inſtance. No ear can be ſatisfied with ſuch rhymes as *affection* and *oſtentation*. STEEVENS.

[8] Sans SANS, *I pray you*.] It is ſcarce worth remarking, that the conceit here is obſcured by the punctuation. It ſhould be written *Sans* SANS, i. e. *without* SANS; without French words: an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the laſt line of his ſpeech, though juſt before he had *forſworn* all *affectation* in phraſes, terms, &c. TYRWHITT.

[9] *Write, Lord have mercy on us*,] This was the inſcription put upon the door of the houſes infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himſelf and his companions; and purſuing

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King. Teach us, ſweet madam, for our rude tranſgreſſion
Some fair excuſe.

Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here, but even now, diſguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?[2]

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.

Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſwear.[3]

King. Deſpiſe me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Roſaline,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he ſwore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.

[2] ——*well* advis'd?] i. e. acting with ſufficient deliberation. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"My liege I am *advis'd* in what I ſay." Steevens.

[3] ——*you* force *not to forſwear.*] *You force not* is the ſame with *you make no difficulty.* This is a very juſt obſervation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with leſs reluctance. Johnson.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. X. ch. 59:

"—he *forced* not to hide how he did err." Steevens.

King. What mean you madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, ſir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.

Prin. Pardon, me, ſir, this jewel did ſhe wear;
And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either;[3] I remit both twain.—
I ſee the trick on't;—Here was a conſent,[4]
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To daſh it like a Chriſtmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany,[5]
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight,[6] ſome Dick,—
That ſmiles his cheek in years;[7] and knows the trick

[3] *Neither of either;*] This ſeems to have been a common expreſſion in our author's time. It occurs in *The London Prodigal*, 1605, and other comedies. Malone.

[4] ——— *a* conſent,] i. e. *a conſpiracy*. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:

" ——— the ſtars
" That have *conſented* to king Henry's death."

Steevens.

[5] ——— *zany*,] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a groſs mimic. So, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

" ——— ſung ———
" To every ſcuerall *zanie's* inſtrument."

Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

" Laughs them to ſcorn, as man doth buſy apes,
" When they will *zany* men." Steevens.

[6] ——— *ſome* trencher-knight,] See the following page:

" And ſtand between her back, ſir, and the fire,
" Holding a *trencher*,"—&c. Malone.

To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,

7 ——*ſome* Dick,—

That ſmiles his cheek in years;] Mr. Theobald ſays, he *cannot for his heart, comprehend the meaning of this phraſe.* It was not his heart but his head that ſtood in his way. *In years*, ſignifies, into wrinkles. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" *With mirth and* laughter *let old* wrinkles *come.*"

See the note on that line——But the Oxford editor was in the ſame caſe, and ſo alters it to *ſleers.* WARBURTON.

Webſter, in his *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, makes Caſtruchio declare of his lady: " She cannot endure merry company, for ſhe ſays much *laughing* fills her too full of the *wrinckle.*" FARMER.

Again, in *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607:

" That light and quick, with *wrinkled laughter* painted."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*: " —he doth *ſmile his cheek* into more lines than is in the new map," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copies read—in *yeeres, Jeers*, the preſent emendation, which I propoſed ſome time ago, I have ſince obſerved, was made by Mr. Theobald. Dr. Warburton endeavours to ſupport the old reading, by explaining *years* to mean *wrinkles*, which belong alike to laughter and old age. But allowing the word to be uſed in that licentious ſenſe, ſurely our author would have written, not *in*, but *into*, years—i. e. *into* wrinkles, as in a paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Twelfth-Night:* " —he does *ſmile his cheek into* more *lines* than is in the new map," &c. The change being only that of a ſingle letter for another nearly reſembling it, I have placed *jeers* (formerly ſpelt *jeeres*) in my text. The words—*jeer, flout*, and *mock*, were much more in uſe in our author's time than at preſent. In *Othello*, 1622, the former word is uſed exactly as here:

" And mark the *jeers*, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
" That dwell in every region of his *face.*"

Out-roaring DICK was a celebrated ſinger, who, with William Wimbars, is ſaid by Henry Chettle, in his KIND HARTS DREAME, to have got twenty ſhillings a day by ſinging at Braintree fair, in Eſſex. Perhaps this itinerant droll was here in our author's thoughts. This circumſtance adds ſome ſupport to the emendation now made. From the following paſſage in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600, it ſeems to have been a common term for a noiſy ſwaggerer:

" O he, ſir, he's a deſperate *Dick* indeed;
" Bar him your houſe."

Again, in Kemp's *Nine daies Wonder*, &c. 4to. 1600:

" A boy arm'd with a poking ſtick
" Will dare to challenge *cutting Dick.*"

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You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;[2]
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden ſword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage,[3] this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting ſtraight! Peace; I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou parteſt a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, ſir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, ſir; but it is vara fine,
For every one purſents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not ſo, ſir; under correction, ſir; I hope, it is not ſo:
You cannot beg us,[4] ſir, I can aſſure you, ſir; we know what we know:

[2] ——*Go, you are* allow'd;] i. e. you may ſay what you will; you are a licenſed fool, a common jeſter. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "*There is no ſlander in an* allow'd *fool.*" Warburton.

[3] *Hath this brave* manage,] The old copy has *manager*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[4] *You cannot* beg *us*,] That is, we are not fools; our next relations cannot *beg* the wardſhip of our perſons and fortunes. One of the legal teſts of a *natural* is to try whether he can number. Johnson.

It is the wardſhip of *Lunaticks* not *Ideots* that devolves upon the next relations. Shakſpeare, perhaps, as well as Dr. Johnſon, was not aware of the diſtinction. Douce.

It was not the *next relation* only who begg'd the wardſhip of an ideot. "A rich fool was begg'd by a lord of the king; and the

I hope, ſir, three times thrice, ſir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, ſir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, ſir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning, ſir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, ſir, the parties themſelves, the actors, ſir, will ſhow whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they ſay, but to parfect one man,—e'en one poor man;[4] Pompion the great, ſir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleaſed them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to ſtand for him.[5]

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

lord coming to another nobleman's houſe, the fool ſaw the picture of a fool in the hangings, which he cut out; and being chidden for it, anſwered, you have more cauſe to love me for it; for if my lord had ſeen the picture of the fool in the hangings, he would certainly have begg'd them of the king, as he did my lands."

Cabinet of Mirth, 1674.

Ritson.

4 ——*one man*,—e'en *one poor man*;] The old copies read—*in* one poor man. For the emendation I am anſwerable. The ſame miſtake has happened in ſeveral places in our author's plays. See my note in *All's Well that ends Well*, Act I. ſc. iii.—"You are ſhallow, madam," &c. Malone.

5 *I know not the degree of the worthy*; &c.] This is a ſtroke of ſatire which, to this hour, has loſt nothing of its force. Few performers are ſolicitous about the hiſtory of the character they are to repreſent. Steevens.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, ſir; we will take ſome care. [*Exit* COSTARD.

King. Birón, they will ſhame us, let them not approach.

Biron. We are ſhame-proof, my lord: and 'tis ſome policy
To have one ſhow worſe than the king's and his company.

King. I ſay, they ſhall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how:
Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it preſents,
Their form confounded makes moſt form in mirth;[6]
When great things labouring periſh in their birth.[7]

[6] *That ſport beſt pleaſes, which doth leaſt know how:*
Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Die *in the zeal of* them *which* it *preſents,*
Their form, &c.] The old copies read—of *that* which it preſents. STEEVENS.

The third line may be read better thus:

——*the contents*
Die in the zeal of him *which* them *preſents.*

This ſentiment of the Princeſs is very natural, but leſs generous than that of the Amazonian Queen, who ſays, on a like occaſion, in *The Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"*I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,*
"*Nor duty in his ſervice periſhing.*" JOHNSON.

This paſſage, as it ſtands, is unintelligible.—Johnſon's amendment makes it grammatical, but does not make it ſenſe. What does he mean by the contents which die in the zeal of him who preſents them? The word *content,* when ſignifying an affection of the mind, has no plural. Perhaps we ſhould read thus:—

Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the content
Lies in the zeal of *thoſe* which it preſent——

A ſimilar ſentiment, and on a ſimilar occaſion, occurs in *A Midſummer Night's Dream,* when Philoſtrate ſays of the play they were about to exhibit:

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Enter ARMADO.[8]

ARM. Anointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royal ſweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO *converſes with the* KING, *and delivers him a paper.*]

PRIN. Doth this man ſerve God?

BIRON. Why aſk you?

PRIN. He ſpeaks not like a man of God's making.

ARM. That's all one, my fair, ſweet, honey monarch: for, I proteſt, the ſchool-maſter is exceeding fantaſtical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they ſay, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal couplement![9] [*Exit* ARMADO.

KING. Here is like to be a good preſence of worthies: He preſents Hector of Troy; the ſwain, Pompey the great; the pariſh curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Macchabæus.

And if theſe four worthies[2] in their firſt ſhow thrive,
Theſe four will change habits, and preſent the other five.

"The mountains *labour'd*, and a mouſe was born."
MALONE.

[8] *Enter* Armado.] The old copies read—*Enter* Braggart.
STEEVENS.

[9] *I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal* couplement!] This ſingular word is again uſed by our author in his 21ſt Sonnet:
"Making a *couplement* of proud compare—" MALONE.

[2] *And if theſe four worthies*, &c.] Theſe two lines might have been deſigned as a ridicule on the concluſion of *Selimus*, a tragedy, 1594:

Biron. There is five in the firſt ſhow.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-prieſt, the fool, and the boy:—
Abate a throw at novum;[3] and the whole world again,
Cannot prick out five ſuch, take each one in his vein.[4]

King. The ſhip is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the* King, Princess, *&c.*

" If this firſt part, gentles, do like you well,
" The ſecond part ſhall greater murders tell."

Steevens.

I rather think Shakſpeare alludes to the ſhifts to which the actors were reduced in the old theatres, one perſon often performing two or three parts. Malone.

[3] Abate *a throw at* novum;] *Novum* (or *novem*) appears from the following paſſage in Green's *Art of Legerdemain*, 1612, to have been ſome game at dice: " The principal uſe of them (the dice) is at *novum*," &c. Again, in *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640: " The principal uſe of langrets is at *novum*; for ſo long as a payre of bard cater treas be walking, ſo long can you caſt neither 5 nor 9—for without cater treay, 5 or 9, you can never come." Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd:* " What ware deal you in? cards, dice, bowls, or pigeon-holes; ſort them yourſelves, either paſſage, *novum*, or mum-chance." Steevens.

Abate throw—is the reading of the original and authentick copies; the quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623.

A *bare* throw, &c. was an arbitrary alteration made by the editor of the ſecond folio. I have added only the article, which ſeems to have been inadvertently omitted. I ſuppoſe the meaning is, Except or put the chance of the dice out of the queſtion, and the world cannot produce five ſuch as theſe. *Abate*, from the Fr. *abatre*, is uſed again by our author, in the ſame ſenſe, in *All's well that ends well:*

" —— thoſe *'bated*, that inherit but the fall
" Of the laſt monarchy."

" A *bare* throw at novum" is to me unintelligible. Malone.

[4] *Cannot* prick *out*, &c.] Dr. Grey propoſes to read—*pick* out.

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.[5]

Enter COSTARD *arm'd, for* Pompey.

Cost. *I Pompey am,*——
Boyet. You lie, you are not he.
Cost. *I Pompey am,*——
Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.[6]

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "Could the world *pick* thee out three ſuch enemies again?" The old reading, however, may be right. To *prick out*, is a phraſe ſtill in uſe among gardeners. To *prick* may likewiſe have reference to *vein*. STEEVENS.

Pick is the reading of the quarto, 1598: Cannot *prick* out,—that of the folio, 1623. Our author uſes the ſame phraſe in his 20th Sonnet, in the ſame ſenſe;—*cannot point out by a puncture or mark.* Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"Will you be *prick'd* in number of our friends?"

MALONE.

To *prick* out, means to chooſe out, or to mark as choſen. The word, in this ſenſe, frequently occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* where Falſtaff receives his recruits from Juſtice Shallow:

"Here's Wart—Shall I *prick* him, Sir John?
"A woman's tailor, Sir—ſhall I *prick* him?
"Shadow will ſerve for ſummer. *Prick* him."

M. MASON.

[5] *Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 31. is "The order of a ſhowe intended to be made Aug. 1, 1621."

"Firſt, 2 woodmen, &c.

"St. George fighting with the dragon.

"The 9 worthies in compleat armor with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his eſquires to beare before him his ſhield and penon of armes, dreſſed according as theſe lords were accuſtomed to be: 3 Aſſaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Chriſtians.

"After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deedes of the 9 worthye women."

Such a pageant as this, we may ſuppoſe it was the deſign of Shakſpeare to ridicule. STEEVENS.

"This ſort of proceſſion was the uſual recreation of our anceſtors at Chriſtmas and other feſtive ſeaſons. Such things, being chiefly plotted and compoſed by ignorant people, were ſeldom committed to writing, at leaſt with the view of preſervation, and are of courſe

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Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the beſt worthy.

Enter Nathaniel *arm'd, for* Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth, I ſpread my conquering might:
My 'ſcutcheon plain declares, that I am Aliſander.

Boyet. Your noſe ſays, no, you are not; for it ſtands too right.[7]

Biron. Your noſe ſmells, no, in this, moſt tender-ſmelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is diſmay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;—

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right; you were ſo, Aliſander.

Biron. Pompey the great,——

Coſt. Your ſervant, and Coſtárd.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Aliſander.

Coſt. O, ſir, [*To* Nath.] you have overthrown Aliſander the conqueror! You will be ſcraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool,[8] will be given

[7] —— *it ſtands* too right.] It ſhould be remembered, to reliſh this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his ſhoulders. Steevens.

[8] ——— *lion, that holds his poll-ax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool,*] This alludes to the arms given in the old hiſtory of *The Nine Worthies,*

to A-jax:[9] he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to ſpeak! run away for ſhame, Aliſander. [NATH. *retires.*] There, an't ſhall pleaſe you; a fooliſh mild man; an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, inſooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Aliſander, alas, you ſee, how 'tis;—a little o'er-parted:[2]—But there are worthies a coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

PRIN. Stand aſide, good Pompey.

to "Alexander, the which did beare geules, a lion or, *ſciante in a chayer*, holding a battle-ax argent." Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, 1597, p. 23. TOLLET.

9 —*A-jax:*] There is a conceit of *Ajax* and *a jakes*. JOHNSON.

This conceit, paltry as it is, was uſed by Ben Jonſon, and Camden the antiquary. Ben, among his *Epigrams*, has theſe two lines:

"And I could wiſh, for their eternis'd ſakes,
"My muſe had plough'd with his that ſung *A-jax*."

So, Camden, in his *Remains*, having mentioned the French word *pet*, ſays, "Enquire, if you underſtand it not, of Cloacina's chaplains, or ſuch as are well read in *A-jax*."

Again, in *The Maſtive*, &c. a collection of epigrams and ſatires: no date:

"To thee, brave John, my book I dedicate,
"That wilt from *A-jax* with thy force defend it."

See alſo Sir John Harrington's *New Diſcourſe of a ſtale Subject, called, the Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, 1596; his *Anatomie of the Metamorphoſed Ajax*, no date; and *Ulyſſes upon Ajax*, 1596. All theſe performances are founded on the ſame conceit of *Ajax* and *A jakes*. To the firſt of them a licenſe was refuſed, and the author was forbid the court for writing it. His own copy of it, with MSS. notes and illuſtrations, and a MS. dedication to Thomas Markham, Eſq. is now before me. STEEVENS.

See alſo Dodſley's Collection of Old Plays, Vol. IX. p. 133. edition 1780. REED.

2 —*a little o'er*-parted:] That is, the *part* or character allotted to him in this piece is too conſiderable. MALONE.

Enter HOLOFERNES *arm'd, for* Judas, *and* MOTH *arm'd, for* Hercules.

HOL. Great Hercules is preſented by this imp,
Whoſe club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp,
Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his manus:
Quoniam, *he ſeemeth in minority;*
Ergo, *I come with this apology.*—
Keep ſome ſtate in thy *exit,* and vaniſh.
[*Exit* MOTH.

HOL. Judas I am,—

DUM. A Judas!

HOL. Not Iſcariot, ſir.—
Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

DUM. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

BIRON. A kiſſing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

HOL. Judas I am,—

DUM. The more ſhame for you, Judas.

HOL. What mean you, ſir?

BOYET. To make Judas hang himſelf.

HOL. Begin, ſir; you are my elder.

BIRON. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

HOL. I will not be put out of countenance.

BIRON. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

HOL. What is this?

BOYET. A cittern head.[3]

[3] *A* cittern head.] So, in *Fancies Chaſte and Noble*, 1638: "—A cittern-headed gew-gaw." Again, in Decker's *Match*

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Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monſieur Judas: it grows dark, he may ſtumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter Armado *arm'd, for* Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan[5] in reſpect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not ſo clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is beſt indued in the ſmall.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances[6] *the almighty, Gave Hector a gift,*—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

[5] *Hector was but a* Trojan—] A *Trojan*, I believe, was in the time of Shakſpeare, a cant term for a *thief*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: "Tut there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'ſt not of," &c. Again, in this ſcene, "—unleſs you play the *honeſt* Trojan," &c. Steevens.

[6] ——*of* lances—] i. e. of lance-men. So, in another of our author's plays:

"And turn our impreſt *lances* in our eyes." Steevens.

Long. Stuck with cloves.[6]

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man ſo breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,[7]
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I muſt rather give it the rein; for it runs againſt Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The ſweet war-man is dead and rotten; ſweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [*to the* Princeſs.] beſtow on me the ſenſe of hearing.

[Biron *whiſpers* Costard.

[6] *Stuck with cloves.*] An orange *ſtuck with cloves* appears to have been a common new-year's gift. So, Ben Jonſon, in his *Chriſtmas Maſque:* "he has an *orange* and roſemary, but not a *clove* to ſtick in it." A *gilt nutmeg* is mentioned in the ſame piece, and on the ſame occaſion.

The uſe, however, of an *orange*, &c. may be aſcertained from *The Second Booke of Notable Thinges* by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. l: "Wyne wyll be pleaſant in taſte and ſavour, if an *orenge* or a *Lymon* (ſtickt round about with *Cloaves*) be hanged within the veſſell that it touche not the wyne. And ſo the wyne wyll be preſerved from foyſtines and evyll ſavor." Steevens.

The quarto, 1598, reads—A *gift* nutmeg; and if a *gilt* nutmeg had not been mentioned by Ben Jonſon, I ſhould have thought it right. So we ſay, a *gift*-horſe, &c. Malone.

[7] ——*he would fight*, yea,] Thus all the old copies. Theobald very plauſibly reads—he would *fight ye*; a common vulgariſm. Steevens.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy ſweet grace's ſlipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far ſurmounted Hannibal,*—

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two months on her way.

Arm. What meaneſt thou?

Cost. Faith, unleſs you play the honeſt Trojan, the poor wench is caſt away: ſhe's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Doſt thou infamonize me among potentates? thou ſhalt die.

Cost. Then ſhall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates;[9] ſtir them on! ſtir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will ſup a flea.

9 ——— *more* Ates;] That is, more inſtigation. Ate was the miſchievous goddeſs that incited bloodſhed. Johnson.

So, in *K. John:*

"An *Até*, ſtirring him to war and ſtrife." Steevens.

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wore none, but a diſh-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Boyet. *True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen:* &c.] This is a plain reference to the following ſtory in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. (in the time of Edward the Confeſſor.) "Next after this (king Edward's firſt cure of the king's evil) mine authors affirm, that a certain man, named Viſunius Spileorne, the ſon of Ulmore of Nutgarſhall, who, when he hewed timber in the wood of Brutheullena, laying him down to ſleep after his ſore labour, the blood and humours of his head ſo congealed about his eyes, that he was thereof blind, for the ſpace of nineteen years; but then (as he had been moved in his ſleep) he *went woolward* and bare-footed to many churches, in every of them to pray to God for help in his blindneſs." Dr. Grey.

The ſame cuſtom is alluded to in an old collection of *Satyres, Epigrams*, &c.

"And when his ſhirt's a waſhing, then he muſt
"Go *woolward* for the time; he ſcorns it, he,
"That worth two ſhirts his laundreſs ſhould him ſee."

Again, in *A Mery Geſte of Robyn Hoode*, bl. l. no date:

"Barefoot, *woolward* have I hight,
"Thether for to go."

Again, in *Powell's Hiſtory of Wales*, 1584: "The Angles and Saxons ſlew 1000 prieſts and monks of Bangor, with a great number of lay-brethren, &c. who were come bare-footed and *woolward* to crave mercy," &c. Steevens.

In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils*, 1596, we have the character of a *ſwaſhbuckler:* "His common courſe is to go always untruſt; except when his *ſhirt is a waſhing*, and then he goes *woolward.*" Farmer.

Woolward—] "I have no ſhirt: I go *woolward* for penance." The learned Dr. Grey, whoſe accurate knowledge of our old hiſtorians has often thrown much light on Shakſpeare, ſuppoſes that this paſſage is a *plain reference* to a ſtory in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. But where is the connection or reſemblance between this monkiſh tale and the paſſage before us? There is nothing in the ſtory, as here related by Stowe, that would even put us in mind of this dialogue between Boyet and Armado, except the ſingular expreſſion *go woolward*; which, at the ſame time is not explained by the annotator, nor illuſtrated by his quotation. To *go woolward*, I believe, was a phraſe appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this ſenſe it ſeems to be uſed in *Pierce Plowman's Viſions*, Paſſ. xviii. fol. 96. b. edit. 1550:

Enter MERCADE.

MER. God ſave you, madam!

PRIN. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'ſt our merriment.

MER. I am ſorry, madam; for the news I bring,
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

PRIN. Dead, for my life.

MER. Even ſo; my tale is told.

BIRON. Worthies, away; the ſcene begins to cloud.

ARM. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have ſeen the day of wrong through the little hole of diſcretion,[5] and I will right myſelf like a ſoldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

" *Wolward* and wetſhod *went* I forth after
" As a rechleſs reuke, that of no wo retcheth,
" And yedeforth like a lorell," &c.

Skinner derives *woolward* from the Saxon wol, *plague*, ſecondarily *any great diſtreſs*, and weard, *toward*. Thus, ſays he, it ſignifies, " *in magno diſcrimine & expectatione magni mali conſtitutus.*" I rather think it ſhould be written *woolward*, and that it means *cloathed in wool*, and *not in linen*. This appears, not only from Shakſpeare's context, but more particularly from an hiſtorian who relates the legend before cited, and whoſe words Stowe has evidently tranſlated. This is Ailred abbot of Rievaulx, who ſays, that our blind man was admoniſhed, " Eccleſias numero octoginta *nudis pedibus* et *abſque linteis* circumire." *Dec. Scriptor.* 392. 50. The ſame ſtory is told by William of Malmſbury, *Geſt. Reg. Angl.* lib. ii. p. 91. edit. 1601. And in *Caxton's Legenda Aurea*, fol. 307. edit. 1493. By the way it appears, that Stowe's Vifunius Spileorne, ſon of Ulmore of Nutgarſhall, ought to be Wulwin, ſurnamed de Spillicote, ſon of Wulmar de Lutegarſhelle, now Ludgerſhall: and the wood of Brutheullena is the foreſt of Bruelle, now called Brill, in Buckinghamſhire. T. WARTON.

To this ſpeech in the old copy *Boy.* is prefixed, by which deſignation moſt of Moth's ſpeeches are marked. The name of *Boyet* is generally printed at length. It ſeems better ſuited to Armado's page than to Boyet, to whom it has been given in the modern editions. MALONE.

[5] *I have ſeen the day of* wrong *through the little hole of diſcretion,*] This has no meaning. We ſhould read, *the day of* right, i. e. I

King. How fares your majeſty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not ſo; I do beſeech you, ſtay.

Prin. Prepare, I ſay.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe
In your rich wiſdom, to excuſe, or hide,
The liberal[6] oppoſition of our ſpirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourſelves
In the converſe of breath,[7] your gentleneſs

have ſeen that a day will come when I ſhall have juſtice done me, and therefore I prudently reſerve myſelf for that time.

WARBURTON.

I believe it rather means, *I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received, with the eyes of diſcretion,* (i. e. not been too forward to reſent them) *and ſhall inſiſt on ſuch ſatisfaction as will not diſgrace my character, which is that of a ſoldier.* To have decided the quarrel in the manner propoſed by his antagoniſt, would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a ſoldier, and the pride of a Spaniard.

"*One may ſee day at a little hole,*" is a proverb in Ray's Collection: "Day-light will peep through a little hole," in Kelly's.

Again, in Churchyard's *Charge*, 1580. p. 9:

"At *little holes* the *date* is *ſeen.*" STEEVENS.

The paſſage is faulty; but Warburton has miſtaken the meaning of it, and the place in which the error lies.

Armado means to ſay, in his affected ſtyle, that "he had diſcovered that he was wronged, and was determined to right himſelf as a ſoldier;" and this meaning will be clearly expreſſed if we read it thus, with a very ſlight alteration:——"I have ſeen the *day* of wrong, through the little hole of diſcretion." M. MASON.

[6] ——*liberal*—] *Free to exceſs.* So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"——there they ſhow
"Something too *liberal.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *In the* converſe *of breath,*] Perhaps *converſe* may, in this line, mean *interchange.* JOHNSON.

Converſe of breath means no more than converſation "made up of breath," as our author expreſſes himſelf in *Othello.* Thus alſo in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"Therefore I ſcant this *breathing courteſy.*" STEEVENS.

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Yet, ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd; ſince, to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not; my griefs are double.[3]

Biron. Honeſt plain words[4] beſt pierce the ear of grief;—

So Lady Macbeth declares, "*That ſhe will* convince *the chamberlains with wine.*" JOHNSON.

If Johnſon was right with reſpect to the meaning of this paſſage, I ſhould think that the words, as they now ſtand, would expreſs it without the tranſpoſition which he propoſes to make. Place a comma after the word *it*, and *fain it would convince*, will ſignify the ſame as *fain would convince it*.—In reading, it is certain that a proper emphaſis will ſupply the place of that tranſpoſition. But I believe that the words *which fain it would convince*, mean only what it would wiſh to ſucceed in obtaining. To *convince* is to *overcome*; and to prevail in a ſuit which was ſtrongly denied, is a kind of conqueſt. M. MASON.

[3] *I underſtand you not; my griefs are* double.] I ſuppoſe, ſhe means, 1. on account of the death of her father; 2. on account of not underſtanding the king's meaning.—A modern editor, [Mr. Capell,] inſtead of *double*, reads *deaf*; but the former is not at all likely to have been miſtaken, either by the eye or the ear, for the latter. MALONE.

[4] *Honeſt plain words*, &c.] As it ſeems not very proper for Biron to court the princeſs for the king in the king's preſence at this critical moment, I believe the ſpeech is given to a wrong perſon. I read thus:

Prin. *I underſtand you not, my griefs are double:*
Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the ear of grief.
King. *And by theſe badges*, &c. JOHNSON.

Too many authors ſacrifice propriety to the conſequence of their principal character, into whoſe mouth they are willing to put more than juſtly belongs to him, or at leaſt the beſt things they have to ſay. The original actor of Biron, however, like *Bottom* in *The Midſummer Night's Dream*, might have wreſted this ſpeech from an inferior performer. I have been aſſured, that Mercutio's rhapſody concerning the tricks of Queen Mab, was put into the mouth of Romeo by the late Mr. Sheridan, as often as he himſelf performed that character in Ireland. STEEVENS.

And by theſe badges underſtand the king.
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to the oppoſed end of our intents:
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains;
All wanton as a child, ſkipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye
Full of ſtrange ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,[5]
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have miſbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Thoſe heavenly eyes, that look into theſe faults,

In a former part of this ſcene Biron ſpeaks for the king and the other lords, and being at length exhauſted, tells them, they muſt woo for themſelves. I believe, therefore, the old copies are right in this reſpect; but think with Dr. Johnſon that the line "Honeſt," &c: belongs to the princeſs. MALONE.

[5] *Full of* ſtrange *ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,*] The old copies read—Full of *ſtraying* ſhapes. Both the ſenſe and the metre appear to me to require the emendation which I ſuggeſted ſome time ago. "*ſtrange* ſhapes" might have been eaſily confounded by the ear with the words that have been ſubſtituted in their room. In *Coriolanus* we meet with a corruption of the ſame kind, which could only have ariſen in this way:

"——Better to ſtarve
"Than crave the *higher* [hire] which firſt we do deſerve."

The following paſſages of our author will, I apprehend, fully ſupport the correction that has been made:

"In him a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
"Applied to cautels, all *ſtrange forms* receives."
Lover's Complaint.

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"——the *impreſſion* of *ſtrange* kinds
"Is *form'd* in them, by force, by fraud, or ſkill."

In *K. Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have—*Forraging* blood of French nobility, inſtead of *Forrage in* blood, &c. Mr. Capell, I find, has made the ſame emendation. MALONE.

Suggeſted us[6] to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewiſe yours: we to ourſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe for ever to be true
To thoſe that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falſehood, in itſelf a ſin,
Thus purifies itſelf, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the embaſſadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy,
As bombaſt, and as lining to the time:[7]

[6] Suggeſted *us*—] That is, *tempted* us. Johnson.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Knowing that tender youth is ſoon *ſuggeſted*." Steevens.

[7] *As bombaſt, and as lining to the time:*] This line is obſcure. *Bombaſt* was a kind of looſe texture not unlike what is now called *wadding*, uſed to give the dreſſes of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increaſe of weight; whence the ſame name is given to a tumour of words unſupported by ſolid ſentiment. The princeſs, therefore, ſays, that they conſidered this courtſhip as but *bombaſt*, as ſomething to fill out life, which not being cloſely united with it, might be thrown away at pleaſure. Johnson.

Prince Henry calls Falſtaff, "—my ſweet creature of *bombaſt*." Steevens.

We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours the ambaſſadors of love;
And in our maiden council rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy,
As bombaſt and as lining to the time:
But more devout than theſe in our *reſpects,*
Have we not been, *and therefore met your loves*
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.

The ſixth verſe being evidently corrupted, Dr. Warburton propoſes to read:

But more devout than this (ſave *our reſpects*)
Have we not been;——

Dr. Johnſon prefers the conjecture of Sir Thomas Hanmer:

But more devout than this, in *our reſpects.*

I would read, with leſs violence, I think, to the text, though with the alteration of two words:

But more devout than theſe are your *reſpects*
Have we not ſeen,—— Tyrwhitt.

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Full of dear guiltineſs; and, therefore, this,—
If for my love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do aught, this ſhall you do for me:
Your oath I will not truſt; but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world;
There ſtay, until the twelve celeſtial ſigns
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this auſtere inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,[2]
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and laſt love;[3]
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me[4] by theſe deſerts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that inſtant, ſhut
My woeful ſelf up in a mourning houſe;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.[5]

[2] ——*and thin* weeds,] i. e. cloathing. MALONE.

[3] ——*and* laſt love;] I ſuſpect that the compoſitor caught this word from the preceding line, and that Shakſpeare wrote——laſt *ſtill*. If the preſent reading be right, it muſt mean,—"if it continue ſtill to deſerve the name of love." MALONE.

Laſt is a verb. If it *laſt* love, means, if it *continue* to be love. STEEVENS.

[4] *Come challenge, challenge me*—] The old copies read (probably by the compoſitor's eye glancing on a wrong part of the line) Come challenge *me*, challenge me, &c. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

[5] *Neither* intitled *in the other's heart.*] The quarto, 1598, reads—Neither *intiled*—; which may be right: neither of us having a *dwelling* in the heart of the other.

Our author has the ſame kind of imagery in many other places. Thus, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Shall *love* in *building* grow ſo ruinate?"

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt,[6]
The ſudden hand of death cloſe up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breaſt.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rank;[7]
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint:*

" *Love* lack'd a *dwelling*, and made him her place."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" O thou, that doſt *inhabit in my breaſt*,
" Leave not the *manſion* ſo long tenantleſs,
" Leſt growing ruinous the *building* fall." Malone.

We may certainly ſpeak, in general terms, of *building a manſion* for Love to dwell in, or, of that manſion when it is become a *Ruin*, without departure from elegance; but when we deſcend to ſuch particulars as *tiling-in* Love, a ſuſpicion will ariſe, that the technicals of the bricklayer have debaſed the imagery of the poet. I hope, therefore, that the ſecond *t* in the word intitled was an undeſigned omiſſion in the quarto, 1598, and, conſequently, that *intiled* was not the original reading. Steevens.

[6] *To* flatter up *theſe* powers of mine *with reſt*,] Dr. Warburton would read *fetter*, but *flatter* or *ſooth* is, in my opinion, more appoſite to the king's purpoſe, than *fetter*. Perhaps we may read:

To flatter on *theſe* hours of time *with reſt*;

That is, I would not deny to live in the hermitage, to make the year of delay paſs in quiet. Johnson.

[7] —— *are* rank;] The folio and quarto, 1598, read—are *rack'd*. Steevens.

——*your ſins are* rack'd;] i. e. *extended* " to the top of their bent." So, in *Much ado about nothing:*

" Why, then we *rack* the value."

Mr. Rowe and the ſubſequent editors read—are *rank*. Malone.

Rowe's emendation is every way juſtifiable. Things *rank* (not thoſe which are *racked*) need *purging*. Beſides, Shakſpeare has uſed the ſame epithet on the ſame occaſion in *Hamlet:*

" O! my *offence* is *rank*, it ſmells to heaven." Steevens.

A twelvemonth ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.[8]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honeſty;
With three-fold love I wiſh you all theſe three.

Dum. O, ſhall I ſay, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not ſo, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that ſmooth-fac'd wooers ſay:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you ſome.

Dum. I'll ſerve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet, ſwear not, leſt you be forſworn again.

Long. What ſays Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll ſtay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are ſo young.

[8] Biron. *And what to me, my love? and what to me?*
Roſ. *You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rank;*
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.] Theſe ſix verſes both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think ſhould be expunged; and therefore I have put them between crotchets: not that they were an interpolation, but as the author's draught, which he afterwards rejected, and executed the ſame thought a little lower with much more ſpirit and elegance. Shakſpeare is not to anſwer for the preſent abſurd repetition, but his actor-editors; who, thinking Roſaline's ſpeech too long in the ſecond plan, had abridg'd it to the lines above quoted; but, in publiſhing the play, ſtupidly printed both the original ſpeech of Shakſpeare, and their own abridgement of it. THEOBALD.

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Will hear your idle ſcorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befal what will befal,
I'll jeſt a twelvemonth in an hoſpital.[3]

Prin. Ay, ſweet my lord; and ſo I take my leave. [*To the* King.

King. No, madam: we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: theſe ladies' courteſy
Might well have made our ſport a comedy.

King. Come, ſir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majeſty, vouchſafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

I believe *dear* in this place, as in many others, means only *immediate, conſequential.* So, already in this ſcene:
——full of *dear* guiltineſs. Steevens.

[3] The characters of *Biron* and *Roſaline* ſuffer much by compariſon with thoſe of *Benedick* and *Beatrice.* We know that *Love's Labour's Loſt* was the elder performance; and as our author grew more experienced in dramatic writing, he might have ſeen how much he could improve on his own originals. To this circumſtance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of *Much ado about Nothing.* Steevens.

Arm. I will kiſs thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her ſweet love three years. But, moſt eſteemed greatneſs, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the owl and the cuckoo? it ſhould have followed in the end of our ſhow.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, *and others.*

This ſide is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the ſpring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

S O N G.

Spring. *When daiſies pied,*[4] *and violets blue,*
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver-white,
And cuckoo-buds[5] *of yellow hue,*
Do paint the meadows with delight,

[4] *When daiſies pied,* &c.] The firſt lines of this ſong that were tranſpoſed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald. Johnson.

[5] ——*cuckoo-buds*——] Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, ſays, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c. are called "in Engliſh *cuckoo-flowers*, in Norfolk *Canterbury-bells*, and at *Nampt-wich* in Cheſhire *ladie-ſmocks*." Shakſpeare, however, might not have been ſufficiently ſkilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has obſerved that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *cowſlips* are in French, of ſome called *coquu*, prime vere, and brayes de *coquu*. This he thinks will ſufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he ſuppoſes *cowſlip-buds* to be meant; and further directs the reader to Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the articles—*Cocu*, and *herbe a coqu*. Steevens.

Cuckoo-buds muſt be wrong. I believe *cowſlip-buds*, the true reading. Farmer.

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

II.

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

III.

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,*[6]
And Dick *the ſhepherd blows his nail,*[7]
And Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
And milk comes frozen home in pail,

Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of Ben Jonſon's Works, many years ago propoſed to read *crocus* buds. The cuckoo-flower, he obſerved, could not be called *yellow*, it rather approaching to the colour of white, by which epithet, Cowley, who was himſelf no mean botaniſt, has diſtinguiſhed it:

Albaque cardamine, &c. MALONE.

Crocus *buds* is a phraſe unknown to naturaliſts and gardeners. STEEVENS.

[6] *When icicles hang* by the wall,] i. e. from the eaves of the thatch or other roofing, from which in the morning icicles are found depending in great abundance, after a night of froſt. So, in *K. Henry IV:*

" Let us not *hang* like roping *icicles*,
" Upon our *houſes' thatch.*"

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IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw,[2]
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marian's *noſe looks red and raw,*
When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,[3]
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greaſy Joan *doth keel the pot.*

Again, fol. 131. b:

"With water on his finger ende
"Thyne hote tonge to *kele.*"

Mr. Lambe obſerves in his notes on the ancient metrical Hiſtory of *The Battle of Floddon*, that it is a common thing in the North "for a maid ſervant to take out of a boiling pot a *wheen*, i. e. a ſmall quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling wheen*. In this manner greaſy Joan keeled the pot."

"Gie me beer, and gie me grots,
"And lumps of beef to ſwum abeen;
"And ilka time that I ſtir the pot,
"He's hae frae me the *keeling wheen.*" STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *the parſon's* ſaw,] *Saw* ſeems anciently to have meant, not as at preſent, a proverb, a ſentence, but the whole tenor of any inſtructive diſcourſe. So, in the fourth chapter of the firſt book of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, tranſlated by Lidgate:

"Theſe old poetes in their *ſawes* ſwete
"Full covertly in their verſes do fayne," &c.

STEEVENS.

Yet in *As you like it*, our author uſes this word in the ſenſe of a ſentence, or maxim: "Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy *ſaw* of might," &c. It is, I believe, ſo uſed here. MALONE.

[3] *When roaſted* crabs, &c.] i. e. the wild apples ſo called. Thus, in *The Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"And ſometimes lurk I *in a goſſip's bowl,*
"In very likeneſs of a *roaſted crab.*"

Again, in *Like will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587:

"Now *a crab* in the fire were worth a good groat:
"That I might quaffe with my captain Tom Toſs-pot."

Arm. The words of Mercury are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*[4]

Again, in *Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600:

" Sitting in a corner, turning *crabs*,
" Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale." Stevens.

The bowl muſt be ſuppoſed to be filled with ale; a toaſt and ſome ſpice and ſugar being added, what is called *Lamb's wool* is produced. So, in *K. Henry V.* 1598 (not our author's play):

" Yet we will have in ſtore a *crab in the fire*,
" With nut-brown ale, that is full ſtale," &c. Malone.

[4] In this play, which all the editors have concurred to cenſure, and ſome have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it muſt be confeſſed that there are many paſſages mean, childiſh, and vulgar; and ſome which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are ſcattered through the whole many ſparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakſpeare. Johnson.

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 191.

This child of fancy, *that Armado hight*, &c.] This, as I have ſhown in the note in its place, relates to the ſtories in the books of chivalry. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature, may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer, who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and eſpecially as monſieur Huet, the biſhop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatiſe of the Origin of Romances, has ſaid little or nothing of theſe in that ſuperficial work. For having brought down the account of Romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon thoſe compoſed by the barbarous weſtern writers, which have now the name of Romances almoſt appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and inſtead of giving us an account of theſe books of chivalry, one of the moſt curious and intereſting parts of the ſubject he promiſed to treat of, he contents himſelf with a long account of the poems of the Provincial writers, called likewiſe romances; and ſo, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops his proper ſubject, and entertains us with another, that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were of all others the fondeſt of theſe fables, as ſuiting beſt their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew ſo exceſſive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable ſatire to bring them back to their ſenſes. The French

ſuffered an eaſier cure from their doctor Rabelais, who enough diſcredited the books of chivalry, by only uſing the extravagant ſtories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of ſatire againſt the *refined politicks* of his countrymen; of which they were as much poſſeſſed as the Spaniards of their *romantick bravery*: a *bravery* our Shakſpeare makes their characteriſtic in this deſcription of a Spaniſh gentleman:

A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire *of their mutiny:*
This child of fancy, *that Armado hight,*
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate,
In high-born words, *the worth of many a knight,*
From tawny *Spain,* loſt in the world's debate.*

The ſenſe of which is to this effect: *This gentleman,* ſays the ſpeaker, *ſhall relate to us the celebrated ſtories recorded in the old romances, and in their very ſtile.* Why he ſays *from tawny Spain,* is becauſe theſe romances, being of the Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country. He ſays, *loſt in the world's debate,* becauſe the ſubjects of thoſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Chriſtians againſt the Pagans were the general ſubject of the romances of chivalry. They all ſeem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkiſh hiſtorians: the one, who under the name of Turpin, archbiſhop of Rheims, wrote the Hiſtory and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers; to whom, inſtead of his father, they aſſigned the taſk of driving the Saracens out of France and the ſouth parts of Spain: the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.

Two of thoſe peers, whom the old romances have rendered moſt famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakſpeare makes Alençon, in the firſt part of Henry VI. ſay; "Froyſſard, a countryman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands bred, during the time Edward the third did reign." In the Spaniſh romance of *Bernardo del Carpio,* and in that of *Roncesvalles,* the feats

* *From tawny Spain,* &c.] This paſſage may, as Dr. Warburton imagines, be in alluſion to the Spaniſh Romances, of which ſeveral were extant in Engliſh, and very popular at the time this play was written. Such, for inſtance, as *Amadis de Gaule, Don Bellianis, Palmerin d'Oliva, Palmerin of England,* the *Mirrour of Knighthood,* &c. But he is egregiouſly miſtaken in aſſerting that "the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country," which, in fact, (except in an inſtance or two nothing at all to the preſent purpoſe) is never the caſe. If the words *loſt in the world's debate* will bear the editor's conſtruction, there are certainly many books of chivalry on the ſubject. I cannot, however, think that Shakſpeare was particularly converſant in works of this deſcription: But, indeed, the alternately rhyming parts, at leaſt, of the preſent play are apparently by an inferior hand; the remains, no doubt, of the *old platform.* RITSON.

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lykeneſſe of a gret dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in lengthe, as men ſeyn: for I have not ſeen hire. And they of the iſles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think then, theſe kind of ſtories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have leſs credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkiſh hiſtorian, who ſupplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffry of Monmouth. For it is not to be ſuppoſed, that theſe *children of fancy* (as Shakſpeare in the place quoted above, finely calls them, inſinuating that *fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*,) ſhould ſtop * in the midſt of ſo extraordinary a career, or confine themſelves within the liſts of the *terra firma*. From *him* therefore the Spaniſh romances took the ſtory of the Britiſh Arthur, and the knights of his round table, his wife Guenivar, and his conjurer Merlin. But ſtill it was the ſame ſubject, (eſſential to books of chivalry,) the wars of Chriſtians againſt Infidels. And, whether it was by blunder or deſign, they changed the Saxons into Saracens, I ſuſpect by deſign; for chivalry without a Saracen was ſo very lame and imperfect a thing, that even the wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and ſerved the knights to try their ſwords, and break their lances upon, was called by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saricino* and *Saraxino*; ſo cloſely were theſe two ideas connected.

In theſe old romances there was much religious ſuperſtition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The firſt romance of Launcelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the Hiſtory of Saint Greaal. This ſaint Greaal was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a veſſel by Joſeph of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Eleiſon of Montauban. For in thoſe days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were ſuppoſed to be the names of holy men. And as they made ſaints of the knights-errant, ſo they made knights-errant of their tutelary ſaints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in thoſe times being either a ſaint or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old romance of Launcelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and diſcipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himſelf. "Là confeſſion (ſays the preacher) ne vaut rien ſi le cœur

* "For it is not to be ſuppoſed, that theſe Children of Fancy, as Shakſpeare calls them, *inſinuating thereby that fancy hath its infancy as well as manhood*, ſhould ſtop," &c.]

I cannot conceive how Shakſpeare, by calling Armado the Child of Fancy, inſinuates that fancy hath its infancy as well as manhood. The ſhowing that a woman had a child, would be a ſtrange way of proving her in her infancy.—By calling Armado the Child of Fancy, Shakſpeare means only to deſcribe him as fantaſtical. M. Mason.

n'eſt repentant; et ſi tu es moult & eloigné de l'amour de noſtre Seigneur, tu ne peus eſtre recordé ſi non par trois choſes: premierement par la confeſſion de bouche; ſecondement par une contrition de cœur; tiercement par peine de cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle eſte la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & ſi te confeſſe en cette maniere & recois la diſcipline des mains de tes confeſſeurs, car c'eſt le ſigne de merite.—Or mande le roy ſes eveſques, dont grande partie avoit en l'oſt, & vinrent tous en ſa chapelle. Le roy vint devant eux tout nud en pleurant, & tenant ſon plein point de vint menuës verges, ſi les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en ſoupirant, qu'ils priſſent de luy vengeance, car je ſuis le plus vil pecheur, &c.—Apres prinſt diſcipline & d'eux & moult doucement la receut." Hence we find the divinity lectures of Don Quixote and the penance of his 'ſquire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Laſtly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himſelf, and diſturbance to the world, frequently ended his courſe, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monaſtery; or turned hermit, and became a ſaint in good earneſt. And this again will let us into the ſpirit of thoſe dialogues between Sancho and his maſter, where it is gravely debated whether he ſhould not turn ſaint or archbiſhop.

There were ſeveral cauſes of this ſtrange jumble of nonſenſe and religion. As firſt, the nature of the ſubject, which was a religious war or cruſade: ſecondly, the quality of the firſt writers, who were religious men; and thirdly, the end of writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpoſe. We learn, that Clement V. interdicted juſts and tournaments, becauſe he underſtood they had much hindered the cruſade decreed in the council of Vienna. "Torneamenta ipſa & haſtiludia ſive juxtas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea conſuevere frequentiús exerceri, ſpecialiter interdixit." *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed. I.* Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the deſign of the cruſades by turning the fondneſs for tilts and tournaments into that channel. Hence we ſee the books of knight-errantry ſo full of ſolemn juſts and torneaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c. Which wiſe project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight purpoſe it as the beſt means of ſubduing the Turk, to aſſemble all the knights-errant together by proclamation.* WARBURTON.

It is generally agreed, I believe, that this long note of Dr. Warburton's is, at leaſt, very much miſplaced. There is not a ſingle paſſage in the character of *Armado*, that has the leaſt relation to *any ſtory in any romance of chivalry*. With what propriety therefore a

* See Part II l. 5. c. 1.

diſſertation on the *origin and nature of theſe romances* is here introduced, I cannot ſee; and I ſhould humbly adviſe the next editor of Shakſpeare to omit it. That he may have the leſs ſcruple upon that head, I ſhall take this opportunity of throwing out a few remarks, which, I think, will be ſufficient to ſhow, that the learned writer's hypotheſis was formed upon a very haſty and imperfect view of the ſubject.

At ſetting out, in order to give a greater value to the information which is to follow, he tells us, that no other writer has given any tolerable account of this matter; and particularly,—that "*Monſieur Huet, the biſhop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatiſe of the Origin of Romances, has ſaid little or nothing of theſe* [books of chivalry] *in that ſuperficial work.*"—The fact is true, that *Monſieur Huet* has ſaid very little of Romances of chivalry; but the imputation, with which Dr. W. proceeds to load him, of—"*putting the change upon his reader,*" and "*dropping his proper ſubject*" for another, "*that had no relation to it more than in the name,*" is unfounded.

It appears plainly from *Huet's* introductory addreſs to *De Segrais*, that his object was to give ſome account of thoſe romances which were then popular in France, ſuch as the *Aſtrée* of *D'Urfé*, the *Grand Cyrus* of *De Scuderi*, &c. He defines the Romances of which he means to treat, to be "*fictions des aventures amoureuſes*;" and he excludes epic poems from the number, becauſe—"*Euſſe les poëmes ont pour ſujet une action militaire ou politique, et ne traitent d'amour que par occaſion; les Romans au contraire ont l'amour pour ſujet principal, et ne traitent la politique et la guerre que par incident. Je parle des Romans réguliers; car la plûpart des vieux Romans François, Italiens, et Eſpagnols ſont bien moins amoureux que militaires.*" After this declaration, ſurely no one has a right to complain of the author for not treating more at large of the old romances of chivalry, or to ſtigmatiſe his work as ſuperficial, upon account of that omiſſion. I ſhall have occaſion to remark below, that Dr. W. who, in turning over this *ſuperficial work*, (as he is pleaſed to call it,) ſeems to have ſhut his eyes againſt every ray of good ſenſe and juſt obſervation, has condeſcended to borrow from it a very groſs miſtake.

Dr. W's own poſitions, to the ſupport of which his ſubſequent facts and arguments might be expected to apply, are two; 1. *That Romances of chivalry being of Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country*; 2. *That the ſubject of theſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa.* The firſt poſition, being complicated, ſhould be divided into the two following; 1. *That romances of chivalry were of Spaniſh original*; 2. *That the heroes and the ſcene of them were generally of that country.*

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Africa, might be admitted with a ſmall amendment. If it ſtood thus; *the ſubject of* ſome, *or* a few, *of theſe romances were the cruſades*, &c. the poſition would have been incontrovertible; but then it would not have been either new, or fit to ſupport a ſyſtem.

After this ſtate of Dr. W.'s hypotheſis, one muſt be curious to ſee what he himſelf has offered in proof of it. Upon the *two firſt* poſitions he ſays not one word: I ſuppoſe he intended that they ſhould be received as axioms. He begins his illuſtration of his *third* poſition, by repeating it (*with a little change of terms*, for a reaſon which will appear.) "*Indeed* the wars *of the Chriſtians againſt* the Pagans *were the general ſubject of the romances of chivalry. They all ſeem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkiſh hiſtorians, the one, who, under the name of* Turpin, *archbiſhop of Rheims, wrote* the Hiſtory and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers;—*the other, our* Geoffry *of Monmouth.*" Here we ſee the reaſon for changing the terms of *cruſades* and *Saracens* into *wars* and *Pagans*; for, though the expedition of Charles into Spain, as related by the Pſeudo-Turpin, might be called a cruſade againſt the Saracens, yet, unluckily, our Geoffry has nothing like a cruſade, nor a ſingle Saracen in his whole hiſtory; which indeed ends before Mahomet was born. I muſt obſerve too, that the ſpeaking of Turpin's hiſtory under the title of "*the Hiſtory of the Atchievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers*," is inaccurate and unſcholarlike, as the fiction of a limited number of twelve peers is of a much later date than that hiſtory.

However, the ground-work of the romances of chivalry being thus marked out and determined, one might naturally expect ſome account of the firſt builders and their edifices; but inſtead of that we have a digreſſion upon *Oliver* and *Roland*, in which an attempt is made to ſay ſomething of thoſe two famous characters, not from the old romances, but from Shakſpeare, and Don Quixote, and ſome modern Spaniſh romances. My learned friend, the dean of Carliſle, has taken notice of the ſtrange miſtake of Dr. W. in ſuppoſing that the feats of *Oliver* were recorded under the name of *Palmerin de Oliva*; a miſtake, into which no one could have fallen, who had read the firſt page of the book. And I very much ſuſpect that there is a miſtake, though of leſs magnitude, in the aſſertion, that, "*in the Spaniſh romance of* Bernardo del Carpio, *and in that of* Ronceſvalles, *the feats of* Roland *are recorded under the name of* Roldan el Encantador." Dr. W.'s authority for this aſſertion was, I apprehend, the following paſſage of *Cervantes*, in the firſt chapter of Don Quixote. "*Mejor eſtava con* Bernardo del Carpio *porque en Ronceſvalles avia muerto à* Roldan el Encantado, *valiendoſe de la induſtria de Hercules, quando ahogò à Anteon el hijo de la Tierra entre los braços.*" Where it is obſervable, that *Cervantes* does not appear to ſpeak of more than one romance; he calls Roldan *el encantado*, and not *el encantador*; and moreover the word *encantado* is not to

be underſtood as an addition to Roldan's name, but merely as a participle, expreſſing that he was *enchanted*, or *made invulnerable by enchantment*.

But this is a ſmall matter. And perhaps *encantador* may be an error of the preſs for *encantado*. From this digreſſion Dr. W. returns to the ſubject of the old romances in the following manner. "*This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we ſay, the ſubject of the elder romances. And the firſt that was printed in Spain was the famous Amadis de Gaula.*" According to all common rules of conſtruction, I think the latter ſentence muſt be underſtood to imply, that *Amadis de Gaula* was *one of the elder romances*, and that the ſubject of it was *the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain*; whereas, for the reaſons already given, *Amadis*, in compariſon with many other romances, muſt be conſidered as *a very modern one*; and the ſubject of it has not the leaſt connection with *any driving of the Saracens whatſoever*.—But what follows is ſtill more extraordinary. "*When this ſubject was well exhauſted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the ſame nature. For after that the weſtern parts had pretty well cleared themſelves of theſe inhoſpitable gueſts; by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms againſt them into Greece and Aſia, to ſupport the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy ſepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the ſecond race or claſs. And as* Amadis de Gaula *was at the head of the firſt, ſo, correſpondently to the ſubject,* Amadis de Græcia *was at the head of the latter.*"—It is impoſſible I apprehend, to refer *this ſubject* to any antecedent but that in the paragraph laſt quoted, viz. *the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain*. So that, according to one part of the hypotheſis here laid down, the ſubject *of the driving the Saracens out of France and Spain*, was well exhauſted by the old romances (with *Amadis de Gaula* at the head of them) *before the Cruſades*; the firſt of which is generally placed in the year 1095: and, according to the latter part, the cruſades happened in the interval between *Amadis de Gaula*, and *Amadis de Græcia*; a ſpace of twenty, thirty, or at moſt fifty years, to be reckoned backwards from the year 1532, in which year an edition of *Amadis de Græcia* is mentioned by *Du Freſnoy*. What induced Dr. W. to place *Amadis de Græcia* at the head of his *ſecond race or claſs* of romances, I cannot gueſs. The fact is, that *Amadis de Græcia* is no more concerned in *ſupporting the Byzantine empire, and recovering the holy ſepulchre*, than *Amadis de Gaula* in *driving the Saracens out of France and Spain*. And a ſtill more pleaſant circumſtance is, that *Amadis de Græcia*, through more than nine tenths of his hiſtory, is himſelf a declared Pagan.

And here ends Dr. W.'s account of the old romances of chivalry, which he ſuppoſes to have had their ground-work in *Turpin's* hiſtory. Before he proceeds to the others, which had their ground-work in our *Geoffry*, he interpoſes a curious ſolution of a puzzling

queſtion concerning the origin of lying in romances.—" *Nor were the monſtrous embelliſhments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eaſtern tales, brought thence by travellers from their cruſades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a caſt peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eaſtern people. We have a proof of this in the Travels of Sir J. Maundevile.*"—He then gives us a ſtory of an enchanted dragon in the iſle of Cos, from Sir *J. Maundevile*, who wrote his Travels in 1356; by way of *proof*, that the tales of enchantments, &c. which had been current here in romances of chivalry for above two hundred years before, were brought by travellers from the Eaſt! The proof is certainly not concluſive. On the other hand, I believe it would be eaſy to ſhow, that, at the time when romances of chivalry began, our Europe had a very ſufficient ſtock of lies of her own growth, to furniſh materials for every variety of *monſtrous embelliſhment*. At moſt times, I conceive, and in moſt countries, imported lies are rather for luxury than neceſſity.

Dr. W. comes now to that other ground-work of the old romances, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. And him he diſpatches very ſhortly, becauſe, as has been obſerved before, it is impoſſible to find any thing in him to the purpoſe of *cruſades*, or *Saracens*. Indeed, in treating of Spaniſh romances, it muſt be quite unneceſſary to ſay much of *Geoffry*, as, whatever they have of "*the Britiſh Arthur and his conjurer Merlin*," is of ſo late a fabrick, that, in all probability, they took it from the more modern Italian romances, and not from *Geoffry's* own book. As to the doubt, "*Whether it or deſign that they changed the Saxons to Saracens*," I poſtpone the conſideration of it, till we have ſome S before us, in which king *Arthur* is introduced car againſt *Saracens*.

And thus, I think, I have gone through the ſeveral facts and arguments, which Dr. W. has advanced in ſupport of his *third* poſition. In ſupport of his *two firſt* poſitions, as I have obſerved already, he has ſaid nothing; and indeed nothing can be ſaid. The remainder of his note contains another hypotheſis concerning *the ſtrange jumble of nonſenſe and religion in the old romances*, which I ſhall not examine. The reader, I preſume, by this time is well aware, that Dr. W.'s information upon this ſubject is to be received with caution. I ſhall only take a little notice of one or two facts, with which he ſets out.—" *In theſe old romances there was much religious ſuperſtition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles.* The firſt romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the* Hiſtory of Saint Graal.—*So another is called* Kyrie eleiſon of Montauban. *For in thoſe days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were ſuppoſed to be the names of holy men.*—I believe no one, who has ever loo common romance of king *Arthur*, will be of opinion, that the part

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The two principal incidents of this play are to be found ſeparately in a collection of odd ſtories, which were very popular, at leaſt five hundred years ago, under the title of *Geſta Romanorum*. The firſt, *Of the bond*, is in ch. xlviii. of the copy which I chuſe to refer to, as the completeſt of any which I have yet ſeen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his fleſh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge; *the knight's miſtreſs*, diſguiſed, *in forma viri & veſtimentis pretioſis induta*, comes into court, and, by permiſſion of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She firſt offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his anſwer is—*Conventionem meam volo habere.*—Puella, cum hoc audiſſet, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium ſuper his quæ vobis dixero.—Vos ſcitis quod miles nunquam ſe obligabat ad aliud per literam niſi quod mercator habeat poteſtatem carnes ab oſſibus ſcindere, *ſine ſanguinis effuſione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; ſi vero ſanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum actionem habet.* Mercator, cum hoc audiſſet, ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut ſanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns ſe confuſum abſceſſit; & ſic vita militis ſalvata eſt, & nullum denarium dedit.

The other incident, *of the caſkets*, is in ch. xcix. of the ſame collection. A king of Apulia ſends his daughter to be married to the ſon of an emperor of Rome. After ſome adventures, (which are nothing to the preſent purpoſe,) ſhe is brought before the emperor; who ſays to her, "Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adverſa ſuſtinuiſti. Tamen ſi digna fueris ut uxor ejus ſis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vaſa. PRIMUM fuit *de auro puriſſimo* & lapidibus pretioſis interius ex omni parte, & plenum *oſſibus mortuorum*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio; *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit.* SECUNDUM vas erat *de argento* puro & gemmis pretioſis, plenum *terra*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit.* TERTIUM vas *de plumbo* plenum *lapidibus pretioſis interius & gemmis nobiliſſimis*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod deus diſpoſuit.* Iſta tria oſtendit puellæ, & dixit, ſi unum ex iſtis elegeris in quo commodum, & proficuum eſt, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis eſt commodum, ipſum non habebis." The young lady, after mature conſideration of the veſſels and their inſcriptions, chuſes the *leaden*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious ſtones, the emperor ſays: "Bona puella, bene elegiſti—ideo filium meum habebis."

From this abſtract of theſe two ſtories, I think it appears ſufficiently plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. That *of the caſkets* Shakſpeare might take from the

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PERSONS represented.[2]

Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, } *Suitors to* Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
Antonio, *the Merchant of* Venice:
Baſſanio, *his friend.*
Salanio,[3] }
Salarino, } *Friends to* Antonio *and* Baſſanio.
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew:
Tubal, *a* Jew, *his friend.*
Launcelot Gobbo, *a clown, ſervant to* Shylock.
Old Gobbo, *father to* Launcelot.
Salerio,[4] *a meſſenger from* Venice.
Leonardo, *ſervant to* Baſſanio.
Balthazar, } *ſervants to* Portia.
Stephano, }

Portia, *a rich heireſs:*
Neriſſa, *her waiting-maid.*
Jeſſica, *daughter to* Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, *Officers of the Court of Juſtice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, partly at Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia, *on the Continent.*

[2] In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the perſons. It was firſt made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

[3] It is not eaſy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called,—*Salanio, Salino,* and *Solanio.* STEEVENS.

[4] This character I have reſtored to the *Perſonæ Dramatis.* The name appears in the firſt folio: the deſcription is taken from the quarto. STEEVENS.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

Ant. In ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad;
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

Salar. Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your argoſies [5] with portly ſail,—
Like ſigniors and rich burghers of the flood,[6]

[5] ——*argoſies*—] A name given in our author's time to ſhips of great burthen, probably galleons, ſuch as the Spaniards now uſe in their Weſt India trade. JOHNSON.

In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkiſh Polity*, ch. xiv. it is ſaid, "Thoſe vaſt carracks called *argoſies*, which are ſo much famed for the vaſtneſs of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly ſo denominated from *Ragoſies*," i. e. ſhips of *Raguſa*, a city and territory on the gulf of Venice, tributary to the Porte. If my memory does not fail me, the *Raguſans* lent their laſt great ſhip to the king of Spain for the Armada, and it was loſt on the coaſt of Ireland. Shakſpeare, as Mr. Heath obſerves, has given the name of *Ragozine* to the pirate in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *burghers* of *the flood*,] Both ancient and modern editors have hitherto been content to read—"burghers *on* the flood," though a parallel paſſage in *As you like it*—

"—— native burghers *of* this deſolate city,"

might have led to the preſent correction. STEEVENS.

Or as it were the pageants of the ſea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'ſy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SALAN. Believe me, ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs,[5] to know where ſits the wind;
Peering[6] in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads:
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

SALAR. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy Andrew[7] dock'd in ſand,[8]
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,[9]

[5] *Plucking the graſs*, &c.] By holding up the graſs, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blaſt, the direction of the wind is found.

"*This way I uſed in ſhooting. When I was in the mydde way betwixt the markes, which was an open place, there I toke a fetbere, or a* lyttle graſſe, *and ſo learned how the wind ſtood.*" Aſcham.
JOHNSON.

[6] *Peering* ——] Thus the old quarto printed by Hayes, that by Roberts, and the firſt folio. The quarto of 1637, a book of no authority, reads—*prying*. MALONE.

[7] —— *Andrew* —] The name of the ſhip. JOHNSON.

[8] —— dock'd *in ſand*,] The old copies have—*docks*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] Vailing *her high top lower than her ribs*,] In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained: "It means *to put off the hat*, to *ſtrike ſail*, to *give ſign of ſubmiſſion*." So, in Stephen Goſſon's book, called *Playes confuted in ſeveral Actions*:—
"They might have *vailed* and bended to the king's idol."

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Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,[3]
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile,[4]
Though Neſtor ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

SALAN. Here comes Baſſanio, your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

SALAR. I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANT. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace the occaſion to depart.

SALAR. Good morrow, my good lords.

BASS. Good ſigniors both, when ſhall we laugh? Say, when!
You grow exceeding ſtrange; Muſt it be ſo?

tique biſrontine heads, which generally repreſent a young and ſmiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus; of Saturn and Apollo, &c. Theſe are not uncommon in collections of Antiques: and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim, &c. WARBURTON.

Here, ſays Dr. Warburton, Shakſpeare ſhows his knowledge in the antique: and ſo does Taylor the water-poet, who deſcribes Fortune, "Like a *Janus* with a *double-face*." FARMER.

[3] ——*peep through their eyes,*] This gives us a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half ſhut. WARBURTON.

[4] —— *their teeth* in way of ſmile,] Becauſe ſuch are apt enough to ſhow their teeth in anger. WARBURTON.

Salar. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours. [*Exeunt* Salarino *and* Salanio.

Lor. My lord Baſſanio,[5] ſince you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we muſt meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, ſignior Antonio;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it,[6] that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A ſtage, where every man muſt play a part,[7]
And mine a ſad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool:[8]

[5] *My lord Baſſanio,* &c.] This ſpeech [which by Mr. Rowe and ſubſequent editors was allotted to *Salanio,*] is given to *Lorenzo* in the old copies; and *Salarino* and *Salanio* make their *exit* at the cloſe of the preceding ſpeech. Which is certainly right. *Lorenzo* (who, with Gratiano, had only accompanied *Baſſanio,* till he ſhould find Antonio) prepares now to leave Baſſanio to his buſineſs; but is detained by *Gratiano,* who enters into a converſation with *Antonio.* Tyrwhitt.

I have availed myſelf of this judicious correction, by reſtoring the ſpeech to *Lorenzo,* and marking the exits of *Salarino* and *Salanio* at the end of the preceding ſpeech. Steevens.

[6] —— loſe *it,*] All the ancient copies read—*looſe*; a miſprint, I ſuppoſe, for the word ſtanding in the text. Steevens.

[7] *A* ſtage, *where every man muſt* play *a part,*] The ſame thought occurs in Churchyard's *Farewell to the world,* 1593:

" A worldling here, I muſt hie to my grave;
" For this is but a May-game mixt with woe,
" A borrowde roume *where we our Pageants play,*
" A *ſkaffold* plaine," &c.

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia,* Book II:

" She found the world but a weariſome *ſtage* to her, where ſhe *played a part* againſt her will." Steevens.

[8] *Let me play the Fool:*] Alluding to the common compariſon of

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks;—
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream[7] and mantle, like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtillneſs[8] entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſs'd in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark![9]
O, my Antonio, I do know of theſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who, I am very ſure,[2]
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears,[3]

human life to a ſtage-play. So that he deſires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a conſtant character in the old farces; from whence came the phraſe, *to play the fool.* WARBURTON.

[7] *There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages*
Do cream —] The poet here alludes to the manner in which the film extends itſelf over milk in ſcalding; and he had the ſame appearance in his eye when writing a foregoing line:
" With mirth and laughter let old *wrinkles* come."
So alſo, the author of *Buſſy d'Ambois:*
" Not any *wrinkle creaming* in their faces." HENLEY.

[8] —— *a wilful* ſtillneſs ——] i. e. an obſtinate ſilence. MALONE.

[9] —— *let no dog bark!*] This ſeems to be a proverbial expreſſion. So, in *Acolaſtus,* a comedy, 1540: " —— nor there ſhall *no dogge barke* at mine ententes." STEEVENS.

[2] —— who, *I am very ſure,*] The old copies read—*when,* I am very ſure. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] —— *would almoſt* damn *thoſe ears,*] Several old editions have it, *dam, damme,* and *daunt.* Some more correct copies, *damn.* The author's meaning is this; That ſome people are thought wiſe,

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Ant. Is that any thing now?[6]

Bass. Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is this ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhowing a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
I owe the moſt, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Baſſanio, let me know it;
And, if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,

[6] *Is that any thing* now?] All the old copies read, *is that any thing* now? I ſuppoſe we ſhould read—*is that any thing* new? JOHNSON.

The ſenſe of the old reading is,—Does what he has juſt ſaid amount to any thing, or mean any thing? STEEVENS.

Surely the reading of the old copies is right. Antonio aſks: Is that *any thing* now? and Baſſanio anſwers, that, *Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of* nothing —— the greateſt part of his diſcourſe is *not any thing*. TYRWHITT.

So, in *Othello*: "Can any thing be made of this?" The old copies, by a manifeſt error of the preſs, read—*It* is that, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extremeſt means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occaſions.

Bass. In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow[7] of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,[8]
That which I owe is loſt: but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,

[7] ——*when I had loſt one ſhaft,*
I ſhot his fellow, &c.] This thought occurs alſo in Decker's *Villanies diſcovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight*, &c. 4to. bl. l. "And yet I have ſeene a Creditor in Priſon weepe when he beheld the Debtor, and to lay out money of his owne purſe to free him: he *ſhot a ſecond arrow to find the firſt.*" I learn, from a MS. note by Oldys, that of this pamphlet there were no leſs that eight editions; the laſt in 1638. I quote from that of 1616. Steevens.

This method of finding a loſt arrow is preſcribed by P. Creſcentius in his Treatiſe *de Agricultura*, Lib. X. cap. xxviii. and is alſo mentioned in *Howel's Letters*, Vol. I. p. 183. edit. 1655. 12mo. Douce.

[8] ——*like a* wilful *youth*,] This does not at all agree with what he had before promiſed, that what followed ſhould be *pure innocence*. For *wilfulneſs* is not quite ſo *pure*. We ſhould read—*witleſs*, i. e. heedleſs; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his caſe, of a ſchool-boy; who, for want of *adviſed watch*, loſt his firſt arrow, and ſent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton confounds the time paſt and preſent. He has formerly loſt his money like a *wilful* youth; he now borrows more in *pure innocence*, without diſguiſing his former faults, or his preſent deſigns. Johnson.

Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

Ant. You know me well; and herein ſpend but time,
To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have:
Then do but ſay to me what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it:[9] therefore, ſpeak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometimes from her eyes[2]
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.

9 ——preſt *unto it:*] *Preſt* may not here ſignify *impreſs'd*, as into military ſervice, but *ready*. *Pret*, Fr. So, in *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607:

" What muſt be, muſt be; Cæſar's *preſt* for all."

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot*, &c. 1618:

" ——your good word
" Is ever *preſt* to do an honeſt man good."

Again, in the concluding couplet of Churchyard's *Warning to the Wanderers abroad*, 1593:

" Then ſhall my mouth, my muſe, my pen and all,
" Be *preſt* to ſerve at each good ſubject's call."

I could add twenty more inſtances of the word being uſed with this ſignification. Steevens.

2 ——ſometimes *from her eyes*—] So all the editions; but it certainly ought to be, *ſometime*, i. e. *formerly*, *ſome time ago*, at a *certain time*: and it appears by the ſubſequent ſcene, that Baſſanio was at Belmont with the Marquis de Montferrat, and ſaw Portia in her father's life time. Theobald.

It is ſtrange, Mr. Theobald did not know, that in old Engliſh, *ſometimes* is ſynonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than " *ſometimes* fellow of ſuch a college."
Farmer.

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to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs,[3] but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions: I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple. But this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chooſe me a huſband:—O me, the word chooſe! I may neither chooſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Neriſſa, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inſpirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts, of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chooſes his meaning, chooſes you,) will, no doubt, never be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe princely ſuitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

[3] —*ſuperfluity* comes *ſooner* by *white hairs*,] i. e. Superfluity ſooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old. We ſtill ſay, How did he *come by* it? MALONE.

Ner. Firſt, there is the Neapolitan prince.[4]

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe;[5] and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid, my lady his mother played falſe with a ſmith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.[6]

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who ſhould ſay, *An if you will not have me, chooſe:* he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

[4] ——— *the Neapolitan prince.*] The Neapolitans in the time of Shakſpeare, were eminently ſkilled in all that belongs to horſemanſhip; nor have they, even now, forfeited their title to the ſame praiſe. STEEVENS.

Though our author, when he compoſed this play, could not have read the following paſſage in Florio's tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in ſome other book of that time: "While I was a young lad, (ſays old Montaigne,) I ſaw the *prince* of Salmona, at *Naples*, manage a young, a rough, and fierce horſe, and ſhow all manner of horſemanſhip; to hold teſtons or reals under his knees and toes ſo faſt as if they had been nayled there, and all to ſhow his ſure, ſteady, and unmoveable ſitting." MALONE.

[5] *Ay, that's a* colt, *indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe;*] *Colt* is uſed for a witleſs, heady, gay youngſter, whence the phraſe uſed of an old man too juvenile, that he ſtill retains his *colt's tooth*. See *Henry VIII.* Act I. ſc. iii. See alſo Vol. V. p. 227. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *is there the county Palatine.*] I am almoſt inclined to believe, that Shakſpeare has more alluſions to particular facts and perſons than his readers commonly ſuppoſe. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Laſco, a Poliſh Palatine, who viſited England in our author's life-time, was eagerly careſſed, and ſplendidly entertained; but running in debt, at laſt ſtole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

County and *Count* in old language were ſynonymous.—The Count Alaſco was in London in 1583. MALONE.

Ner. How ſay you by the French lord, Monſieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man. In truth, I know it is a ſin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horſe better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throſtle[7] ſing, he falls ſtraight a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow: if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands: If he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I ſay nothing to him; for he underſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;[8] and you will come into the court and ſwear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the Engliſh. He is a proper man's picture;[9] But, alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? How oddly he is ſuited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hoſe in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

[7] ——*if a* throſtle—] Old Copies—*traſſel*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. The *throſtle* is the thruſh. The word occurs again, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"The *throſtle* with his note ſo true—." MALONE.

That the *throſtle* is a diſtinct bird from the *thruſh*, may be known from T. Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, quoted in a note on the foregoing paſſage in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. V. p. 81. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian*;] A ſatire on the ignorance of the young Engliſh travellers in our author's time. WARBURTON.

[9] ——*a* proper *man's picture*;] *Proper* is *handſome*. So, in *Othello*:

"This Ludovico is a *proper* man." STEEVENS.

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theſe lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit; unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caſkets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaſte as Diana, unleſs I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very abſence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a ſcholar, and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Baſſanio; as I think, ſo was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his maſter, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition[5] of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil,

[5] ——*the* condition——] i. e. the temper, qualities. So, in *Othello*: "—and then, of ſo gentle a *condition*!" Malone.

I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me than wive me. Come, Neriſſa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. *A publick Place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio ſhall be bound.

Shy. Antonio ſhall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you ſtead me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your anſwer.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an argoſy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I underſtand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,——and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad: But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there

is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient:—three thouſand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be aſſured you may.

Shy. I will be aſſured, I may; and, that I may be aſſured, I will bethink me: May I ſpeak with Antonio?

Bass. If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:[6] I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is ſignior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that, in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,[7]

[6] ——*the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:*] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakſpeare, drawn with more ſpirit, and juſt diſcrimination, than Shylock's. His language, alluſions, and ideas, are every where ſo appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. Henley.

[7] *If I can catch him once upon the hip,*] This, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, is a phraſe taken from the practice of wreſtlers; and (he might have added) is an alluſion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wreſtled with him. See Gen. xxxii. 24, &c.
Henley.

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Methought, you ſaid, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never uſe it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's ſheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take intereſt?

Shy. No, not take intereſt; not, as you would ſay,
Directly intereſt: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings [9] which were ſtreak'd, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands,[2]
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,[3]
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes; [4]

[9] —— *the* eanlings —] Lambs juſt dropt: from *ean*, *eaniti*. MUSGRAVE.

[2] —— *certain* wands,] A *wand* in our author's time was the uſual term for what we now call a *ſwitch*. MALONE.

[3] —— *of* kind,] i. e. of nature. So, Turbervile, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, p. 127:

"So great is the curteſy of *kind*, as ſhe ever ſeeketh to recompenſe any defect of hers with ſome other better benefit."

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:

"——— nothing doth ſo pleaſe her mind,
"As to ſee mares and horſes *do their kind*." COLLINS.

[4] —— *the* fulſome *ewes*;] *Fulſome*, I believe in this inſtance, means laſcivious, obſcene. The ſame epithet is beſtowed on the night, in *Acolaſtus his After-Witte*. By S. N. 1600:

"Why ſhines not Phœbus in the *fulſome* night?"

In the play of *Muleaſſes the Turk*, Madam *Fulſome* a *Bawd* is introduced. The word, however, ſometimes ſignifies offenſive in ſmell. So, in Chapman's verſion of the 17th *Book of the Odyſſey*:

"—and fill'd his *fulſome* ſcrip," &c.

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were Jacob's.[5]
This was a way to thrive,[6] and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, ſir, that Jacob ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold and ſilver, ewes and rams?

It is likewiſe uſed by Shakſpeare in *King John*, to expreſs ſome quality offenſive to nature:

" And ſtop this gap of breath with *fulſome* duſt."

Again, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587:

" Having a ſtrong ſent and *fulſome* ſmell, which neither men nor beaſtes take delight to ſmell unto."

Again, ibid:

" Boxe is naturally dry, juiceleſſe, *fulſomely* and loathſomely ſmelling."

Again, in Arthur Golding's Tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*, B. XV:

" But what have you poore ſheepe miſdone, a cattell meek and meeld,
" Created for to manteine man, whoſe *fulſome* dugs doe yeeld
" Sweete nectar," &c. STEEVENS.

Minſheu ſuppoſes it to mean *nauſeous* in ſo high a degree as to excite vomiting. MALONE.

[5] —— *and thoſe were Jacob's.*] See Geneſis, xxx. 37, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *This was a way to thrive*, &c.] So, in the ancient ſong of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*:

" His wife muſt lend a ſhilling,
" For every weeke a penny,
" Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,
" If that you will have any.
" And ſee, likewiſe, you keepe your day,
" Or elſe you loſe it all:
" This was the living of the wife,
" Her *cow* ſhe did it call."

Her *cow*, &c. ſeems to have ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare Shylock's argument for uſury. PERCY.

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt:[4]—
But note me, ſignior.

Ant. Mark you this, Baſſanio,
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.[5]
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath![6]

Shy. Three thouſand ducats,—'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, ſhall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my uſances:[7]

[4] —— *I make it* breed *as faſt*:] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Foul cank'ring ruſt the hidden treaſure frets;
"But gold that's put to uſe more gold *begets*." Malone.

[5] *The devil can cite ſcripture*, &c.] See St. Matthew. iv. 6. Henley.

[6] *O, what a goodly outſide* falſhood *hath!*] *Falſehood*, which as *truth* means *honeſty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not ſtand for *falſhood* in general, but for the diſhoneſty now operating. Johnson.

[7] —— *my* uſances:] *Uſe* and *Uſance* are both words anciently employ'd for *uſury*, both in its favourable and unfavourable ſenſe. So, in *The Engliſh Traveller*, 1633:

"Give me my *uſe*, give me my principal."

Again,

"A toy; the main about five hundred pounds,
"And the *uſe* fifty." Steevens.

Mr. Ritſon aſks, whether Mr. Steevens is not miſtaken in ſaying that *uſe* and *uſance*, were anciently employed for *uſury*. "*Uſe* and *uſance*, (he adds) mean nothing more than *intereſt*; and the former word is ſtill uſed by country people in the ſame ſenſe." That Mr. Steevens however is right reſpecting the word in the text, will appear from the following quotation. "I know a

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What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible,
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whiſpering humbleneſs,
Say this,——
Fair ſir, you ſpit on me on wedneſday laſt;
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for theſe courteſies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendſhip take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)[3]
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you ſtorm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit

[3] *A* breed for barren *metal of his friend?*] A *breed*, that is intereſt money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would inſtruct us in the argument on which the advocates againſt uſury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itſelf. And to ſet off the abſurdity of this kind of uſury, he put *breed* and *barren* in oppoſition. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this paſſage. Old Meres ſays, "Uſurie and encreaſe by gold and ſilver is unlawful, becauſe againſt nature; nature hath made them *ſterill* and *barren*, and uſurie makes them *procreative*." Farmer.

The honour of ſtarting this conceit belongs to Ariſtotle. See *De Repub.* Lib. I. Holt White.

Thus both the quarto printed by Roberts, and that by Heyes, in 1600. The folio has—a breed *of*. Malone.

Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindneſs.

Shy. This kindneſs will I ſhow:—
Go with me to a notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and, in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaſeth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay, there is much kindneſs in the Jew.

Bass. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity.[4]

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what theſe Chriſtians are;
Whoſe own hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip:

[4] ——dwell *in my neceſſity.*] To *dwell* ſeems in this place to mean the ſame as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the ſenſes of *habitation* and *continuance*. JOHNSON.

If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will ſeal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purſe the ducats ſtraight;
See to my houſe, left in the fearful guard[5]
Of an unthriſty knave; and preſently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Chriſtian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms,[6] and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on; in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*left in the* fearful guard, &c.] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be truſted, but gives cauſe of fear. To *fear* with ſufficiently to *give* as well as *feel terrours*. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"A mighty and a *fearful* head they are." STEEVENS.

[6] *I like not fair terms,*] Kind words, good language. JOHNSON.

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Bars me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But, if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit,[2] to yield myſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourſelf, renowned prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets,
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,—
That ſlew the Sophy,[3] and a Perſian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand;
So is Alcides beaten by his page;[4]

[2] *And hedg'd me by his* wit,] I ſuppoſe we may ſafely read—*and hedg'd me by his* will. Confined me by his will. Johnson.

As the ancient ſignification of *wit*, was ſagacity, or power of mind, I have not diſplaced the original reading. See our author, paſſim. Steevens.

[3] *That ſlew the Sophy*, &c.] Shakſpeare ſeldom eſcapes well when he is entangled with geography. The prince of Morocco muſt have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Perſia. Johnson.

It were well, if Shakſpeare had never *entangled* himſelf *with geography* worſe than in the preſent caſe. If the prince of Morocco be ſuppoſed to have ſerved in the army of ſultan *Solyman* (*the ſecond*, for inſtance), I ſee no *geographical* objection to his having killed the Sophi of Perſia. See *D'Herbelot* in *Solyman Ben Selim*.

Tyrwhitt.

[4] *So is Alcides beaten by his* page;] The ancient copies read—his *rage*. Steevens.

Though the whole ſet of editions concur in this reading, it is corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the poet's drift, and the

And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You muſt take your chance;
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſwear, before you chooſe,—if you chooſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.[5]

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. Firſt, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me bleſs't,[6] or curſed'ſt among men.
[*Exeunt.*

hiſtory of the perſons mentioned in the context. If Hercules, (ſays he,) and Lichas were to play at dice for the deciſion of their ſuperiority, Lichas, the weaker man, might have the better caſt of the two. But how then is Alcides beaten by his *rage?* The poet means no more, than, if Lichas had the better throw, ſo might Hercules himſelf be beaten by Lichas. And who was he, but a poor unfortunate ſervant of Hercules, that unknowingly brought his maſter the envenomed ſhirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur Neſſus, and was thrown headlong into the ſea for his pains; this one circumſtance of Lichas's quality known, ſufficiently aſcertains the emendation I have ſubſtituted, *page* inſtead of *rage.* THEOBALD.

[5] ——*therefore be* advis'd.] Therefore be not precipitant; conſider well what you are to do. *Advis'd* is the word oppoſite to *raſh.* JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III:*

" ——who in my wrath
" Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be *advis'd.*" STEEVENS.

[6] ——*bleſs't,*] i. e. bleſſed'ſt. So, in *King Richard III:*

" ——harmleſs't creature;" a frequent vulgar contraction in Warwickſhire. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.[6]

LAUN. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew my maſter: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run away:* My conſcience ſays,—*no*; *take heed honeſt Launcelot*; *take heed, honeſt Gobbo*; *or*, as aforeſaid, *honeſt Launcelot Gobbo*; *do not run*; *ſcorn running with thy heels:*[7] Well, the moſt courageous fiend bids

[6] The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone*; and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at moſt of his *entrances* or *exits*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*ſcorn running with thy heels:*] Launcelot was deſigned for a wag, but perhaps not for an abſurd one. We may therefore ſuppoſe, no ſuch expreſſion would have been put in his mouth, as our author had cenſured in another character. When Piſtol ſays, "he hears with ears," Sir Hugh Evans very properly is made to exclaim, "The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this, *he hears with ears*? why it is affectations." To talk of *running with one's heels*, has ſcarce leſs of abſurdity. It has been ſuggeſted, that we ſhould read and point the paſſage as follows: "Do not run; ſcorn running; *withe* thy heels:" i. e. connect them with a *withe*, (a band made of oſiers) as the legs of cattle are hampered in ſome countries, to prevent their ſtraggling far from home. The Iriſhman in *Sir John Oldcaſtle* petitions to be hanged in a *withe*; and Chapman has the following paſſage:

"——There let him lie
"Till I, of cut-up oſiers, did imply
"A *with*, a fathom long, with which his feete
"I made together in a ſure league meete."

I think myſelf bound, however, to add, that in *Much ado about Nothing*, the very phraſe, that in the preſent inſtance is diſputed, occurs:

"O illegitimate conſtruction! I *ſcorn* that *with my heels*;" i. e. I recalcitrate, kick up contemptuouſly at the idea, as animals throw up their hind legs. Such alſo may be Launcelot's meaning. STEEVENS.

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Enter old GOBBO,[9] *with a baſket.*

Gob. Maſter, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to maſter Jew's?

Laun. [*aſide.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than ſand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try concluſions[2] with him.

Gob. Maſter young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to maſter Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand,[3] at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's houſe.

Gob. By God's ſonties,[4] 'twill be a hard way to

9 *Enter old* Gobbo,] It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakſpeare deſigned this character to be repreſented with a *hump-back.* STEEVENS.

2 —try concluſions—] To *try concluſions* is to try experiments. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

" ——ſince favour
" Cannot attain thy love, I'll *try concluſions.*"

Again, in *The Lancaſhire Witches*, 1634:

" Nay then I'll *try concluſions:*
" Mare, Mare, ſee thou be,
" And where I point thee, carry me." STEEVENS.

So quarto R.—Quarto H. and folio read—*confuſions.* MALONE.

3 *Turn up on your right hand*, &c.] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, ſeems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the *Brothers* of Terence:

" ——*ubi eas præterieris,*
" *Ad* ſiniſtram *hac* rectâ *plateâ: ubi ad Dianæ veneris,*
" *Ito ad* dextram: *prius quam ad portam venias,*" &c.

THEOBALD.

4 ——*God's ſonties,*] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's ſanty* in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art*, a comedy, Bl. l. without date:

" *Gods ſantie*, this is a goodly book indeed."

hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aſide.*] now will I raiſe the waters:—Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?

Gob. No maſter, ſir, but a poor man's ſon; his father, though I ſay it, is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young maſter Launcelot.

Gob. Your worſhip's friend, and Launcelot, ſir.[5]

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beſeech you; Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

Laun. *Ergo*, maſter Launcelot; talk not of maſter Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceaſed; or, as you would ſay, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Perhaps it was once cuſtomary to ſwear by the *ſanté*, i. e. *health*, of the Supreme Being, or by his *ſaints*; or, as Mr. Ritſon obſerves to me, by his *ſanctity*. Oaths of ſuch a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, ſeem to have been ſo thoroughly convinced of the crime of profane ſwearing, that they were content to diſguiſe their meaning by abbreviations which were permitted ſilently to terminate in irremediable corruptions. STEEVENS.

[5] Your worſhip's friend, and *Launcelot*, ſir.] Dr. Farmer is of opinion we ſhould read *Gobbo* inſtead of *Launcelot*. STEEVENS.

—— *and Launcelot, ſir.*] i. e. plain Launcelot; and not, as you term him, *maſter* Launcelot. MALONE.

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God reſt his ſoul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, ſir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wiſe father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon: Give me your bleſſing:[6] truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, ſir, ſtand up; I am ſure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.[7]

Gob. I cannot think, you are my ſon.

Laun. I know not what I ſhall think of that:

[6] — *Give me your bleſſing:*] In this converſation between Launcelot and his blind father, there are frequent references to the deception practiſed on the blindneſs of Iſaac, and the bleſſing obtained in conſequence of it. Henley.

[7] — *your child that ſhall be.*] Launcelot probably here indulges himſelf in talking nonſenſe. So afterwards:—"you may tell every finger I have with my ribs." An anonymous critick ſuppoſes, "he means to ſay, I *was* your *child*, I *am* your *boy*, and *ſhall ever be* your *ſon*." But *ſon* not being firſt mentioned, but placed in the middle member of the ſentence, there is no ground for ſuppoſing ſuch an inverſion intended by our author. Beſides; if Launcelot is to be ſeriouſly defended, what would his father learn, by being told that *he* who was *child*, ſhall be his *ſon*? Malone.

Launcelot may mean, that he ſhall hereafter prove his claim to the title of child, by his dutiful behaviour. Thus ſays the Prince of Wales to King Henry IV; I will redeem my character;

"And, in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
"Be bold to tell you, that *I am your ſon*." Steevens.

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Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other followers.*

Bass. You may do ſo;—but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: See theſe letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and deſire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a* Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bleſs your worſhip!

Bass. Gramercy; Would'ſt thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my ſon, ſir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, ſir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, ſir, as my father ſhall ſpecify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, ſir, as one would ſay, to ſerve——

Laun. Indeed, the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Jew, and I have a deſire, as my father ſhall ſpecify,——

Gob. His maſter and he, (ſaving your worſhip's reverence,) are ſcarce cater-couſins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cauſe me, as my father, being I hope an old man, ſhall frutify unto you,——

Gob. I have here a diſh of doves, that I would beſtow upon your worſhip; and my ſuit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the ſuit is impertinent to myſelf, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man; and, though I ſay it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One ſpeak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, ſir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, ſir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuit:
Shylock, thy maſter, ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's ſervice, to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter Shylock and you, ſir; you have the grace of God, ſir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well: Go, father, with thy ſon:—
Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out:—Give him a livery
[*to his followers.*
More guarded[9] than his fellows': See it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a ſervice, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book.[2]—I

[9] ——*more* guarded —] i. e. more ornamented. So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

"*Piſton.* But is there no reward for my falſe dice?

"*Eraſtus.* Yes, ſir, a *guarded* ſuit from top to toe."

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"——turn my ploughboy Dick to two *guarded* footmen."

STEEVENS.

[2] *Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book.*] *Table* is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himſelf upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inſpects his hand, and congratulates himſelf upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is ſhown, by raiſing it to lay it on the book, in judicial atteſtations. *Well*, ſays he, *if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to ſwear upon a book*——Here he ſtops with an abruptneſs very common, and proceeds to particulars. JOHNSON.

ſhall have good fortune;[3] Go to, here's a ſimple line of life! here's a ſmall trifle of wives: Alas,

Dr. Johnſon's explanation thus far appears to me perfectly juſt. In ſupport of it, it ſhould be remembered, that *which* is frequently uſed by our author and his contemporaries, for the perſonal pronoun, *who*. It is ſtill ſo uſed in our Liturgy. In *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly addreſſes Fenton in the ſame language as is here uſed by Launcelot:—"I'll be *ſworn on a book* ſhe loves you:" a vulgariſm that is now ſuperſeded by another of the ſame import—"I'll take my bible-oath of it." MALONE.

Without examining the expoſitions of this paſſage, given by the three learned annotators, [Mr. T. Dr. W. and Dr. J.] I ſhall briefly ſet down what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himſelf for his ſucceſs with Baſſanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called *the table*, breaks out into the following reflection: *Well: if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune*—i. e. a table, *which doth* (not only *promiſe*, but) *offer to ſwear* (and to ſwear *upon a book* too) that *I ſhall have good fortune*.—(He omits the concluſion of the ſentence which might have been) *I am much miſtaken*; or, *I'll be hanged*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[3] *I ſhall have good fortune*;] The whole difficulty of this paſſage (concerning which there is a great difference of opinion among the commentators) aroſe, as I conceive, from a word being omitted by the compoſitor or tranſcriber. I am perſuaded the author wrote—I ſhall have *no* good fortune. Theſe words, are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows; and begin a new ſentence. Shakſpeare, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt ſpeech—*Well; if any man* that *offers to ſwear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine*—[I am much miſtaken:] ſhould proceed in the ſame manner in which he began:—I ſhall have *no* good fortune; go to; here's a *ſimple* line of life!" &c. So before: "I can*not* get a ſervice, *no*;—I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head." And afterwards: "Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*." The Nurſe, in *Romeo and Juliet*, expreſſes herſelf exactly in the ſame ſtyle: "Well, you have made a *ſimple* choice; you know *not* how to chooſe a man; Romeo? *no*, *not* he;—he is *not* the flower of courteſy," &c. So alſo, in *K. Henry IV.* "Here's *no* fine villainy!" Again, more appoſitely, in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.*: "Ha! me have *no* good luck." Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "We are *ſimple* men; we do *not* know what's brought about under the profeſſion of fortune-telling."

Almoſt every paſſage in theſe plays, in which the ſenſe is abruptly broken off, as I have more than once obſerved, has been corrupted.

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Gra. I have a ſuit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me; I muſt go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you muſt:—But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhow
Something too liberal;[3]—pray thee, take pain
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit;[4] leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtrued in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior Baſſanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes[5]
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay, amen;
Uſe all the obſervance of civility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent[6]

[3] *Something too liberal*;] Liberal I have already ſhown to be mean, groſs, coarſe, licentious. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*: "Is he not a moſt profane and *liberal* counſellor? STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty*
Thy ſkipping ſpirit;] So, in *Hamlet*:
"Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
"Sprinkle cool patience." STEEVENS.

[5] ——hood *mine eyes*—] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. So, in *The Tragedy of Cræſus*, 1604:
"And like a *hooded* hawk," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſad oſtent*—] Grave appearance; ſhow of ſtaid and ſerious behaviour. JOHNSON.

To pleaſe his grandam, never truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.[1]

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Baſſ. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: But fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

Gra. And I muſt to Lorenzo, and the reſt;
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Shylock's *Houſe.*

Enter Jessica *and* Launcelot.

Jeſ. I am ſorry, thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſs:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee

Oſtent is a word very commonly uſed for *ſhew* among the old dramatick writers. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632;

" ——you in thoſe times
" Did not affect *oſtent.*"

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of *Homer*, edit. 1598, B. VI:

" ——did bloodie vapours raine
" For *ſad oſtent*," &c. Steevens.

[1] ——*your* bearing.] *Bearing* is carriage, deportment. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

" Take and give back affairs, and their deſpatch,
" With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable *bearing*."

Steevens.

Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt:
Give him this letter; do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewel; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Moſt beautiful pagan,—moſt ſweet Jew! If a Chriſtian do not play the knave, and get thee,[8] I am much deceived: But, adieu! theſe foolish drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit; adieu! [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewel, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtriſe;
Become a Chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, *and* Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time;
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

[8] ——*and* get *thee*,] I ſuſpect that the waggiſh Launcelot deſigned this for a broken ſentence—"and get thee"—implying, *get thee with child.* Mr. Malone, however, ſuppoſes him to mean only—*carry thee away from thy father's houſe.* Steevens.

I ſhould not have attempted to explain ſo eaſy a paſſage, if the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio, thinking probably that the word *get* muſt neceſſarily mean *beget*, had not altered the text, and ſubſtituted *did* in the place of *do*, the reading of all the old and authentick editions; in which he has been copied by every ſubſequent

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Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit* Launcelot.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.
[*Exeunt* Salar. *and* Salan.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness,
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Before Shylock's *House.*

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Baſſanio:—
What, Jeſſica!—thou ſhalt not gormandize,
As thou haſt done with me;—What, Jeſſica!—
And ſleep and ſnore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jeſſica, I ſay!

Laun. Why, Jeſſica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worſhip was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth[2] to ſupper, Jeſſica;
There are my keys:—But wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Chriſtian.[3]—Jeſſica, my girl,
Look to my houſe:—I am right loth to go;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beſeech you, ſir, go; my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conſpired together,—I will not ſay, you ſhall ſee a maſque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a

[2] *I am* bid *forth*——] I am invited. To *bid* in old language meant to *pray*. Malone.

[3] —— *to feed upon*
The prodigal Chriſtian.] Shylock forgets his reſolution. In a former ſcene he declares he will neither *eat*, *drink*, nor *pray* with Chriſtians. Of this circumſtance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his moſt ſettled reſolve, for the proſecution of his revenge. Steevens.

bleeding on Black-Monday laſt,[4] at ſix o'clock i'the morning, falling out that year on Aſh-wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there maſques? Hear you me, Jeſſica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,[5]
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet,
To gaze on Chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears, I mean, my caſements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe.—By Jacob's ſtaff, I ſwear,
I have no mind of feaſting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, ſirrah;

[4] ——*then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on* Black-Monday *laſt,*] "*Black-Monday* is *Eaſter-Monday*, and was ſo called on this occaſion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Eaſter-day, king Edward, with his hoſt, lay before the city of Paris; which day was ſtill dark of miſt and hail, and ſo bitter cold, that many men died on their horſes' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*." Stowe, p. 264—6. Gray.

It appears from a paſſage in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592, that ſome ſuperſtitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the noſe*: "As he ſtood gazing, *his noſe on a ſudden bled*, which made him conjecture it was ſome friend of his." Steevens.

Again, in *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1640, Act I. ſc. ii:

"How ſuperſtitiouſly we mind our evils?
"The throwing downe ſalt, or croſſing of a hare,
"*Bleeding at noſe*, the ſtumbling of a horſe,
"Or ſinging of a creket, are of power
"To daunt whole man in us."

Again, Act I. ſc. iii:

"*My noſe bleeds.* One that was ſuperſtitious would count this ominous, when it merely comes by chance." Reed.

[5] *Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,*
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,]

Primâ nocte domum claude; neque in vias
Sub cantu querulæ deſpice tibiæ. *Hor.* Lib. III. Od. vii.

Malone.

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SCENE VI.

The ſame.

Enter GRATIANO, *and* SALARINO, *maſqued.*

GRA. This is the pent-houſe, under which Lorenzo
Deſir'd us to make ſtand.[8]

SALAR. His hour is almoſt paſt.

GRA. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

SALAR. O, ten times faſter Venus' pigeons fly[9]
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

GRA. That ever holds: Who riſeth from a feaſt,
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the horſe, that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? All things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker,[1] or a prodigal,

[8] *Deſir'd us* to make *ſtand.*] *Deſir'd us ſtand,* in ancient elliptical language, ſignifies—deſired us *to* ſtand. The words—*to make,* are an evident interpolation, and conſequently ſpoil the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[9] O, *ten times faſter Venus'* pigeons *fly* —] Lovers have in poetry been always called *Turtles* or *Doves,* which in lower language may be pigeons. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*a* younker,] All the old copies read *a younger.* But Rowe's emendation may be juſtified by Falſtaff's queſtion in the firſt part of *K. Henry IV:* — "I'll not pay a denier. What will you make a *younker* of me?" STEEVENS.

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The ſcarfed bark puts from her native bay, &c.] Mr. Gray (dropping the particularity of alluſion to the parable of the prodi-

The ſcarfed bark [3] puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind! [4]
How like a prodigal doth ſhe return; [5]
With over-weather'd ribs, [6] and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

SALAR. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

LOR. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,

gal) ſeems to have caught from this paſſage the imagery of the following:

"Fair laughs the morn, and ſoft the zephyr blows,
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes;
"Youth on the Prow, and Pleaſure at the helm;
"Regardleſs of the ſweeping whirlwind's ſway,
"That huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his evening-prey."

The *grim-repoſe* however, was ſuggeſted by Thomſon's

"—deep fermenting tempeſt brew'd
"In the *grim* evening ſky." HENLEY.

[3] ——ſcarfed *bark*——] i. e. the veſſel decorated with flags. So, in *All's well that ends well*:] "Yet the *ſcarfs* and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a *veſſel* of too great burden." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!*] So, in *Othello*:

"The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets." MALONE.

[5] ——*doth* ſhe *return*;] Surely the bark ought to be of the *maſculine* gender, otherwiſe the alluſion wants ſomewhat of propriety. This indiſcriminate uſe of the perſonal for the neuter, at leaſt obſcures the paſſage. A ſhip, however, is commonly ſpoken of in the feminine gender. STEEVENS.

[6] *With over*-weather'd *ribs*,] Thus both the quartos. The folio has over-*wither'd*. MALONE.

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;[5]
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I ſo much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witneſs that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this caſket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himſelf would blu
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, good ſooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love;
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So are you, ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once;
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at Baſſanio's feaſt.

[5] *I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;*] Read, with a ſlight variation from Sir T. Hanmer:

"I'll watch as long for you. *Come* then, approach."

RITSON.

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No maſque to-night; the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard:
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't; I deſire no more delight,
Than to be under ſail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter Portia, *with the Prince of* Morocco, *and both their trains.*

Por. Go, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſeveral caſkets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The firſt, of gold, who this inſcription bears;—
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
The ſecond, ſilver, which this promiſe carries;—
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;[1]—
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I do chooſe the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me ſee,
I will ſurvey the inſcriptions back again:
What ſays this leaden caſket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This caſket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:

[1] ——*as blunt*;] That is, as groſs as the dull metal.
Johnson.

A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of droſs;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What ſays the ſilver, with her virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves?—Pauſe there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'ſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough; and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of myſelf.
As much as I deſerve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But, more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no further, but choſe here?—
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold.
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
Why, that's the lady; all the world deſires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
The Hyrcanian deſerts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair Portia.
One of theſe three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
To think ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſs
To rib[8] her cerecloth in the obſcure grave.

[8] *To* rib ——] i. e. incloſe, as the ribs incloſe the viſcera. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" —— *ribb'd* and paled in
" With rocks unſcaleable, and roaring waters." STEEVENS.

Or ſhall I think, in ſilver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?
O ſinful thought! Never ſo rich a gem
Was ſet in worſe than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's inſculp'd upon;[8]
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I chooſe, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden caſket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whoſe empty eye
There is a written ſcroll? I'll read the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath ſold,
But my outſide to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.[9]

[8] ——inſculp'd *upon*;] To *inſculp* is to engrave. So, in a comedy called *A new Wonder, a Woman never Vex'd*, 1632:

" ——————in golden text
" Shall be *inſculp'd*——" STEEVENS.

The meaning is that the figure of the angel is raiſed or emboſſed on the coin, not engraved on it. TUTET.

[9] *Gilded* tombs *do worms infold.*] In all the old editions this line is written thus:

Gilded timber *do worms Infold.*

From which Mr. Rowe and all the following editors have made:

Gilded wood *may worms infold.*

A line not bad in itſelf, but not ſo applicable to the occaſion as that which, I believe, Shakſpeare wrote:

Gilded tombs *do worms infold.*

A tomb is the proper repoſitory of a *death's-head.* JOHNSON.

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SCENE VIII.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

SALAR. Why man, I ſaw Baſſanio under ſail,
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ſhip, I am ſure, Lorenzo is not.

SALAN. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to ſearch Baſſanio's ſhip.

SALAR. He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail:
But there the duke was given to underſtand,
That in a gondola were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jeſſica:
Beſides, Antonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Baſſanio in his ſhip.

SALAN. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the ſtreets:
My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Chriſtian?—O my chriſtian ducats!—
Juſtice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats ſtol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Juſtice! find the girl!
She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats!

SALAR. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.

SALAN. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he ſhall pay for this.

SALAR. Marry, well remember'd.

I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday;[4]
Who told me,—in the narrow ſeas, that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;
And wiſh'd in ſilence, that it were not his.

SALAN. You were beſt to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALAR. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw Baſſanio and Antonio part:
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return; he anſwer'd—*Do not ſo,*
Slubber not[5] *buſineſs for my ſake, Baſſanio,*
But ſtay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:[6]
Be merry; and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there:

[4] *I* reaſon'd *with a Frenchman yeſterday*;] i. e. I converſed. So, in *King John:*

"Our griefs, and not our manners *reaſon* now."

Again, in Chapman's Tranſlation of the fourth book of the *Odyſſey:*

"The morning ſhall yield time to you and me,
"To do what fits, and *reaſon* mutually." STEEVENS.

The Italian *ragionare* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe. M. MASON.

[5] Slubber *not*——] To *ſlubber* is to do any thing careleſsly, imperfectly. So, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:

"——they *ſlubber'd* thee over ſo negligently."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money:*

"I am as haſte ordain'd me, a thing *ſlubber'd.*"
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*your* mind *of* love:] So all the copies, but I ſuſpect ſome corruption. JOHNSON.

This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind.* LANGTON.

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,[7]
And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung Baſſanio's hand, and ſo they parted.

Sal. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs[8]
With ſome delight or other.

Salar. Do we ſo. [*Exeunt.*

Of love, is an adjuration ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act II. ſc. vii:

"*Quick.* —— deſires you to ſend her your little page, of *all loves*:" i. e. ſhe deſires you to ſend him *by all means*.

Your mind of love may, however, in this inſtance, mean—*your loving mind*. So, in the *Tragedie of Cræſus*, 1604: "A *mind of treaſon* is a *treaſonable mind*.

"Thoſe that ſpeak freely, have no *mind of treaſon*."

STEEVENS.

If the phraſe is to be underſtood in the former ſenſe, there ſhould be a comma after *mind*, as Mr. Langton and Mr. Heath have obſerved. MALONE.

[7] *And even there, his eye being big with tears,*
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him, &c.] So curious an obſerver of nature was our author, and ſo minutely had he traced the operation of the paſſions, that many paſſages of his works might furniſh hints to painters. It is indeed ſurprizing that they do not ſtudy his plays with this view. In the paſſage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture. MALONE.

[8] —— embraced *heavineſs*—] The heavineſs which he indulges, and is fond of. EDWARDS.

When I thought the paſſage corrupted, it ſeemed to me not improbable that Shakſpeare had written—*entranced heavineſs*, muſing, abſtracted, moping melancholy. But I know not why any great efforts ſhould be made to change a word which has no incommodious or unuſual ſenſe. We ſay of a man now, *that he* hugs *his ſorrows*, and why might not Antonio *embrace heavineſs*? JOHNSON.

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, ſc. i:

"You *embrace* your charge too willingly."

Again, in this play of *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. ſc. ii:

"—— doubtful thoughts, and raſh-*embrac'd* deſpair."

STEEVENS.

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Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath:
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha! let me ſee:—
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.
What many men deſire.—That many may be meant[1]
By the fool multitude,[2] that chooſe by ſhow,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,

I believe we ſhould read:

" And ſo have I. *Addreſs* me, Fortune, now,
" To my heart's hope!"

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act III. ſcene the laſt, Falſtaff ſays, " ——I will then *addreſs me to* my appointment." Tyrwhitt.

[1] —*That* many *may be meant* ——] The repetition of *many* is a mere blunder. It is unneceſſary to the ſenſe, and deſtroys the meaſure. Ritson.

[2] ——*That many may be meant*
By the fool multitude,] i. e. By that many may be meant the fooliſh multitude, &c. The fourth folio firſt introduced a phraſeology more agreeable to our ears at preſent,—" *Of* the fool multitude,"—which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors;—but change merely for the ſake of elegance is always dangerous. Many modes of ſpeech were familiar in Shakſpeare's age, that are now no longer uſed.

So, in Plutarch's Life of Cæſar, as tranſlated by North, 1575: " —he anſwered, that theſe fat long-heared men made him not afrayed, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows; *meaning that by* Brutus and Caſſius." i. e. meaning by that, &c. Again, in Sir Thomas More's Life of Edward the Fifth;—Holinſhed, p. 1374: " —that *meant be by the lordes* of the queenes kindred that were taken before," i. e. by that he meant the lords, &c. Again, *ibidem*, p. 1371: " My lord, quoth lord Haſtings, on my life, never doubt you; for while one man is there,—never can there be, &c. This *meant he by Cateſby*, which was of his near ſecrete counſaile." i. e. by this he meant Cateſby, &c.

Again, Puttenham in his *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, p. 157, after citing ſome enigmatical verſes, adds, " —the good old gentleman would tell us that were children, how *it was meant by* a furr'd glove." i. e. a furr'd glove was meant by it,—i. e. by the enigma. Again *ibidem*, p. 161: " Any ſimple judgement might eaſily perceive *by whom it was meant*, that is, by lady Elizabeth, queene of England." Malone.

Even in the force[3] and road of caſualty.
I will not chooſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump[4] with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe;
Tell me once more what title thou doſt bear:
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves;
And well ſaid too; For who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit! Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be glean'd
From the true ſeed of honour?[5] and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſh'd?[6] Well, but to my choice:

[3] ——*in the force.*—] i. e. the power. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "—in the *force* of his will." STEEVENS.

[4] ——jump—] i. e. agree with. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. "——and in ſome ſort it *jumps* with my humour." STEEVENS.

[5] *How much low peaſantry would then be* glean'd
From the true ſeed of honour?] The meaning is, *How much meanneſs would be found among the great, and how much greatneſs among the mean.* But ſince men are always ſaid to *glean* corn though they may *pick* chaff, the ſentence had been more agreeable to the common manner of ſpeech if it had been written thus:

How much low peaſantry would then be pick'd
From the true ſeed of honour? how much honour
Glean'd *from the chaff?* JOHNSON.

[6] ——*how much honour*
Pick'd *from the* chaff *and ruin of the times*,
To be new varniſh'd?] This confuſion and mixture of the *metaphors*, makes me think that Shakſpeare wrote,

To be new vanned.——

i. e. winnow'd, purged, from the French word, *vanner*; which

Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:
I will aſſume deſert;—Give me a key for this,[5]
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pauſe for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Preſenting me a ſchedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes, and my deſervings?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall have as much as he deſerves.
Did I deſerve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.

is derived from the Latin *vannus, ventilabrum*, the *fan* uſed for winnowing the chaff from the corn. This alteration reſtores the metaphor to its integrity: and our poet frequently uſes the ſame thought. So, in the ſecond Part of *Henry IV:*

"We ſhall be *winnow'd* with ſo rough a wind,
"That even our *corn* ſhall ſeem as light as *chaff.*"

WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare is perpetually violating the integrity of his metaphors, and the emendation propoſed ſeems to me to be as faulty as unneceſſary; for what is already *ſelected from the chaff* needs not be new *vanned.* I wonder Dr. Warburton did not think of changing the word *ruin* into *rowing*, which in ſome counties of England, is uſed to ſignify the ſecond and inferior crop of graſs which is cut in autumn.

So, in one of our old pieces, of which I forgot to ſet down the name when I tranſcribed the following paſſage:

"—when we had taken the firſt crop, you might have then been bold to eat the *rowens.*" The word occurs, however, both in the notes on *Tuſſer*, and in *Mortimer.* STEEVENS.

Steevens juſtly obſerves, that honour when picked from the chaff, could not require to be *new vanned*; but honour, mixed with the chaff and ruin of the times, might require to be *new varniſhed.*

M. MASON.

[5] *I will aſſume deſert;—Give me a key* for this,] The words—*for this*, which (as Mr. Ritſon obſerves) deſtroy the meaſure, ſhould be omitted. STEEVENS.

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Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Neriſſa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?[8]

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;[9]
To wit, beſides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an embaſſador of love:
A day in April never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit[2] in praiſing him.—
Come, come, Neriſſa; for I long to ſee
Quick Cupid's poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.

Ner. Baſſanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

[8] Por. *Here; what would my lord?*] Would not this ſpeech to the ſervant be more proper in the mouth of *Neriſſa?* Tyrwhitt.

[9] ——regreets;] i. e. ſalutations. So, in *K. John*, Act III. ſc. i:

"Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind *regreet*."

Steevens.

[2] ——high-day *wit*——] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "——he ſpeaks *holiday*." Steevens.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

SALAN. Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALAR. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ſhip of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow ſeas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcaſes of many a tall ſhip lie buried, as they ſay, if my goſſip report be an honeſt woman of her word.

SALAN. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger,[3] or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third huſband: But it is true,—without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honeſt Antonio,——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

SALAR. Come, the full ſtop.

SALAN. Ha,—what ſay'ſt thou?—Why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

SALAR. I would it might prove the end of his loſſes!

SALAN. Let me ſay amen betimes, leſt the devil croſs my prayer;[4] for here he comes in the likeneſs of a Jew.—

[3] ——knapp'd *ginger*;] To knap is to break ſhort. The word occurs in the *Common Prayer*: "He *knappeth* the ſpear in ſunder." STEEVENS.

[4] ——my *prayer*;] i. e. the prayer or wiſh, which you have juſt now uttered, and which I devoutly join in by ſaying amen to it. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton unneceſſarily, I think, read—*thy* prayer. MALONE.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

SHY. You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALAR. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

SALAN. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHY. She is damn'd for it.

SALAR. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHY. My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

SALAN. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at theſe years?

SHY. I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

SALAR. There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rheniſh:—But tell us, do you hear, whether Antonio have had any loſs at ſea or no?

SHY. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal,[5] who dare ſcarce ſhow his head

The people pray as well as the prieſt, though the latter only pronounces the words, which the people make their own by ſaying *Amen* to them. It is, after this, needleſs to add, that the Devil (in the ſhape of a Jew) could not croſs *Salarino's* prayer, which as far as it was ſingly his, was already ended. HEATH.

[5] ——*a bankrupt, a prodigal,*] This is ſpoke of Antonio. But why a prodigal? his friend Baſſanio indeed had been too liberal; and with this name the Jew honours him when he is going to ſup with him:

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you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my maſter Antonio is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to ſeek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unleſs the devil himſelf turn Jew. [*Exeunt* Salan. Salar. *and* Servant.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in Frankfort! The curſe never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thouſand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, ſo:—and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: Why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck ſtirring, but

what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—hath an argoſy caſt away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me:——I ſhall never ſee my gold again: Fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot chooſe but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhowed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou tortureſt me, Tubal: it was my turquoiſe; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:[7] I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

[7] ——*it was my* turquoiſe; *I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:*] A *turquoiſe* is a precious ſtone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Perſia to the eaſt, ſubject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, ſee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoiſe on account of the money for which he might hope to ſell it, but merely in reſpect of the imaginary virtues formerly aſcribed to the ſtone. It was ſaid of the Turkey-ſtone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increaſed or grew leſs. To this B. Jonſon refers, in his *Sejanus:*

" And true as *Turkiſe* in my dear lord's ring,
" Look well, or ill with him."

Again, in *The Muſes Elyſium*, by Drayton:

" The *turkeſſe*, which who haps to wear,
" Is often kept from peril."

Again, Edward Fenton in *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 4to. 1569. " The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any perill prepared to him that weareth it." P. 51. b.

But *Leah* (if we may believe Thomas Nicols, ſometimes of Jeſus College in Cambridge, in his *Lapidary*, &c.) might have preſented *Shylock* with his *Turquoiſe* for a better reaſon; as this ſtone " is likewiſe ſaid to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife."

Other ſuperſtitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preſervative to the wearer.

The ſame quality was ſuppoſed to be reſident in coral. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" You may ſay jet will take up a ſtraw, amber will make one fat,
" *Coral* will look pale *when you be ſick*, and chryſtal will ſtanch blood."

Thus Holinſhed, ſpeaking of the death of *King John:* " And when the king ſuſpected them (the pears) to be poiſoned indeed, by reaſon that ſuch *precious ſtones* as he had about him caſt forth a certain ſweat as it were bewraeing the poiſon," &c. Steevens.

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Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.[2]
I ſpeak too long; but 'tis to peize the time;[3]
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Bass. Let me chooſe;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Baſſanio? then confeſs
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.

Bass. Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.

Por. Well then, confeſs, and live.

Bass. Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer

[2] *Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.*] The meaning is, "If the worſt I fear ſhould happen, and it ſhould prove in the event, that I, who am juſtly yours by the free donation I have made you of myſelf, ſhould yet not be yours in conſequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your juſt due, not I for violating my oath." Heath.

[3] —— *to* peize *the time*;] Thus the old copies. To *peize* is from *peſer*, Fr. So, in *K. Richard III:*

"Left leaden ſlumber *peize* me down to-morrow."

To *peize the time*, therefore, is *to retard it by hanging weight upon it.* The modern editors read, without authority, —*piece*. Steevens.

To *peize*, is to *weigh*, or *balance*; and figuratively, *to keep in ſuſpence*, to *delay*.

So, in Sir P. Sydney's *Apology for Poetry*:—"not ſpeaking words as they changeably fall from the mouth, but *peyzing* each ſillable." Henley.

Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.

Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof.—
Let muſick ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſick: that the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is muſick then? then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence,[4] but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the ſea-monſter:[5] I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared viſages, come forth to view
The iſſue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.[6]

[4] *With no leſs preſence,*] With the ſame *dignity of mien.* JOHNSON.

[5] *To the ſea-monſter:*] See Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. XI. ver. 199, et ſeqq. Shakſpeare however, I believe, had read an account of this adventure in *The Deſtruction of Troy*:—"Laomedon caſt his eyes all bewept on him, [Hercules] and was all abaſhed to ſee his *greatneſs* and his *beauty*." See B. I. p. 221, edit. 1617. MALONE.

[6] *Live thou, I live:—With much much more diſmay*
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.] One of the quartos [Roberts's] reads:
Live then, I live with much more diſmay
To view the fight, than &c.

Muſick, whilſt BASSANIO *comments on the caſkets to himſelf.*

SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy*[6] *bred,*
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nouriſhed?

Reply.[7]

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,*
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,——Ding dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass.—So may the outward ſhows[8] be leaſt themſelves;
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But, being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,[9]
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it[1] with a text,

The folio, 1623, thus:

Live thou, I live with much more diſmay
I *view the fight, than* &c.

Heyes's quarto gives the preſent reading. JOHNSON.

[6] ———*fancy*—] i. e. *Love*. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" Than ſighs and tears, poor *fancy's* followers." STEEVENS.

[7] *Reply.*] The words, *reply, reply*, were in all the late editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, put as verſe in the ſong; but in all the old copies ſtand as a marginal direction. JOHNSON.

[8] *So may the outward ſhows* ——] He begins abruptly; the firſt part of the argument has paſſed in his mind. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*gracious voice,*] Pleaſing; winning favour. JOHNSON.

[1] —approve *it*—] i. e. juſtify it. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —— I am full ſorry
" That he *approves* the common liar, fame." STEEVENS.

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Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore[9]
To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an Indian beauty;[2] in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wiſeſt. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threat'neſt, than doſt promiſe aught,
Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence,[3]
And here chooſe I; Joy be the conſequence!

or for her that in a ſtage-play ſhould repreſent ſome hag of hell, than to be uſed by a chriſtian woman." Again, *ibid*; "Theſe attire-makers within theſe fortie yeares were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monſtrous attires cloſed in boxes;—and thoſe women that uſed to weare them would not buy them but in ſecret. But now they are not aſhamed to ſet them forth upon their ſtalls,—ſuch monſtrous mop-powles of haire, ſo proportioned and deformed, that but within theſe twenty or thirty yeares would have drawne the paſſers-by to ſtand and gaze, and to wonder at them."

MALONE.

9 ——*the* guiled *ſhore*—] i. e. the *treacherous* ſhore. I ſhould not have thought the word wanted explanation, but that ſome of our modern editors have rejected it, and read *gilded*. *Guiled* is the reading of all the ancient copies. Shakſpeare in this inſtance, as in many others, confounds the participles. *Guiled* ſtands for *guiling*. STEEVENS.

2 ——*Indian beauty*;] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads;
——*Indian dowdy*. JOHNSON.

3 *Thy* plainneſs *moves me more than eloquence*,] The old copies read—*paleneſs*. STEEVENS.

Baſſanio is diſpleaſed at the golden *caſket* for its *gaudineſs*, and the ſilver one for its paleneſs; but what! is he charmed with the leaden one for having the very ſame quality that diſpleaſed him in the ſilver? The poet certainly wrote;

Thy plainneſs *moves me more than eloquence:*

This characterizes the lead from the ſilver, which *paleneſs* does not, they being both *pale*. Beſides, there is a beauty in the antitheſis between *plainneſs* and *eloquence*; between *paleneſs* and *eloquence* none. So it is ſaid before of the *leaden caſket:*

"*This third, dull lead*, with warning all is blunt."

WARBURTON.

Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealouſy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſy,
In meaſure rain thy joy,[4] ſcant this exceſs;

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be neceſſary. I would rather give the character of *ſilver*,

" —— Thou *ſtale*, and common drudge
" 'Tween man and man."——

The *paleneſs* of *lead* is for ever alluded to.

" Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledde*,"

Says *Stephen Hawes*. In *Fairfax's Taſſo*, we have

" The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*,"

Again, Sackville, in his *Legend of the Duke of Buckingham*:

" Now *pale* as *lead*, now cold as any ſtone."

And in the old ballad of *The King and the Beggar*:

" —— She bluſhed ſcarlet red,
" Then ſtraight again, as *pale as lead*."

As to the antitheſis, Shakſpeare has already made it in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" When (ſays Theſeus) I have ſeen great clerks look *pale*,
" I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
" Of ſaucy and audacious *eloquence*." Farmer.

By laying an emphaſis on *Thy*, [*Thy* paleneſs moves me, &c.] Dr. W's. objection is obviated. Though Baſſanio might object to ſilver, that " pale and *common drudge*," lead, though *pale* alſo, yet not being in daily uſe, might, in his opinion, deſerve a preference. I have therefore great doubts concerning Dr. Warburton's emendation. Malone.

[4] *In meaſure rain thy joy*,] The firſt quarto edition reads:

In meaſure range *thy joy*.

The folio, and one of the quartos:

In meaſure raine *thy joy*.

I once believ'd Shakſpeare meant:

In meaſure rein *thy joy*.

The words *rain* and *rein* were not in theſe times diſtinguiſhed by regular orthography. There is no difficulty in the preſent reading, only where the copies vary, ſome ſuſpicion of error is always raiſed. Johnson.

Having frequent occaſion to make the ſame obſervation in the peruſal of the firſt folio, I am alſo ſtrongly inclined to the former word; but as the text is intelligible, have made no change. *Rein* in the ſecond inſtance quoted below by Mr. Steevens is ſpelt in the old copy as it is here;—*raine*. So, in *The Tempeſt*, edit. 1623:

" —— do not give dalliance
" Too much the *raigne*." Malone.

I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,
For fear I ſurfeit!

Bass. What find I here?[4]
[*Opening the leaden caſket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit?[5] What demi-god
Hath come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips,
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar

I believe Shakſpeare alluded to the well-known proverb, *It cannot rain, but it pours.*

So, in *The Laws of Candy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——pour not too faſt joys on me,
" But ſprinkle them ſo gently, I may ſtand them."

The following quotation by Mr. Malone from *King Henry IV.* P. I. confirms my ſenſe of the paſſage:

" ——but in ſhort ſpace
" It *rain'd* down *fortune* ſhow'ring on thy head,
" And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you," &c.

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context; and more eſpecially on account of the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*, which approaches very near to the preſent reading:

" ——being once chaf'd, he cannot
" Be *rein'd* again to temperance."

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii.

" *Rein* thy tongue." Steevens.

[4] *What find I here?*] The latter word is here employed as a diſſyllable. Malone.

Some monoſyllable appears to have been omitted. There is no example of—*here*, uſed as a diſſyllable; and even with ſuch aſſiſtance, the verſe, to the ear at leaſt, would be defective. Perhaps our author deſigned Portia to ſay—

" For fear I ſurfeit *me*." Steevens.

[5] *Fair Portia's* counterfeit?] *Counterfeit*, which is at preſent uſed only in a bad ſenſe, anciently ſignified a *likeneſs*, a *reſemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: " I will ſee if I can agree with this ſtranger, for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*."

Again, (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves) Hamlet calls the pictures he ſhows to his mother,

" The *counterfeit* preſentment of two brothers."

Steevens.

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Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſs,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſs.

A gentle ſcroll;—Fair lady, by your leave;
[*Kiſſing her.*
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applauſe, and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing, in a doubt
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe[7] be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, ſtand I, even ſo;
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee me, lord Baſſanio, where I ſtand,
Such as I am: though, for my ſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myſelf;
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich;
That only to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me

[7] —— peals *of praiſe* ——] The ſecond quarto reads—*pearles* of praiſe. JOHNSON.

This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetſtone's *Arbour of Virtue*, 1576:

"The *pearles of praiſe* that deck a noble name."

Again, in R. C's verſes in praiſe of the ſame author's *Rock of Regard*:

"But thas that bears the *pearle of praiſe* away."

STEEVENS.

Is ſum of ſomething;[8] which, to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn;[9] and happier than this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er myſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins:
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear

[8] *Is* ſum *of ſomething*;] We ſhould read—*ſome* of ſomething, i. e. only a piece, or part only of an imperfect account; which ſhe explains in the following line. WARBURTON.

Thus one of the quartos. The folio reads:

"*Is ſum of* nothing."——

The purport of the reading in the text ſeems to be this:

"—— the full *ſum* of me——"

Is ſum of ſomething, i. e. is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as much as can be found in—*an unleſſon'd girl*, &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *But ſhe may* learn;] The latter word is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Till the reader his reconciled has ear to this diſſyllabical pronunciation of the word *learn*, I beg his acceptance of—*and*, a harmleſs monoſyllable which I have ventured to introduce for the ſake of obvious metre. STEEVENS.

Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,[2]
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
Expreſs'd, and not expreſs'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, Baſſanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Baſſanio, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none from me:[3]
And, when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordſhip; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermiſſion[4]
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſkets there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I ſweat again;
And ſwearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt,—if promiſe laſt,—
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune

[2] ——*being* blent *together,*] i. e. *blended.* Steevens.

[3] ——*you can wiſh none from me:*] That is, none *away from* me; none that I ſhall loſe, if you gain it. Johnson.

[4] ——*for* intermiſſion —] *Intermiſſion* is *pauſe, intervening time, delay.* So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——gentle heaven
" Cut ſhort all *intermiſſion!*" Steevens.

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Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sale. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind: his letter there
Will ſhow you his eſtate.

Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yon' ſtranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our ſucceſs;
We are the Jaſons, we have won the fleece.[5]

Sale. 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt!

Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yon' ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from Baſſanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?—
With leave, Baſſanio; I am half yourſelf,
And I muſt freely have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.

Bass. O ſweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,

[5] *We are the Jaſons, we have won the fleece.*] So, in Abraham Fleming's "*Rythme Decaſyllabicall*, upon this laſt luckie voyage of worthie Captaine Frobiſher, 1577:"

"The golden fleece (like Jaſon) hath he got,
"And rich return'd, ſaunce loſſe or luckleſs lot."

STEEVENS.

Rating myſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you
That I was worſe than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body [6] of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Liſbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one veſſel 'ſcape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

SALE. Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice: twenty merchants,
The duke himſelf, and the magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.

JES. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,

[6] *The paper as the body* ——] I believe, the author wrote—*is* the body—. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. So, in the firſt quarto edition of this play, Act IV: "Is dearly bought, *as* mine," &c. inſtead of—*is* mine. MALONE.

The expreſſion is ſomewhat elliptical: "The paper *as* the body," means—the paper reſembles the body, is as the body. STEEVENS.

To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and unwearied ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What ſum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thouſand ducats.

Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through Baſſanio's fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never ſhall you lie by Portia's ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Neriſſa, and myſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhow a merry cheer;[5]
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

[5] ——cheer;] i. e. countenance. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. V. p. 161:
" That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer." See note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

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To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear th
ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,[8]
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit* Shylock

Salan. It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs prayers.
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salan. I am ſure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the courſe of la
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,[9]

[8] —— dull-ey'd *fool,*] This epithet *dull-ey'd* is beſtowed *melancholy* in *Perikles, Prince of Tyre.* Steevens.

[9] *The duke cannot deny,* &c.] As the reaſon here given ſee little perplex'd, it may be proper to explain it. If, ſays he, duke ſtop the courſe of law, it will be attended with this i venience, that ſtranger merchants, by whom the wealth and of this city is ſupported, will cry out of injuſtice. For the ſtated law being their guide and ſecurity, they will never have the current of it ſtopped on any pretence of equity whatſ Warburton.

[2] *For the* commodity *that ſtrangers have*
With us in Venice, if it be denied, &c.] i. e. for the deni thoſe rights to ſtrangers, which render their abode at Veni

Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo 'bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.——
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Baſſanio come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

nter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you ſhow this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your huſband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,

commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate. The conſequence would be, that ſtrangers would not reſide or carry on traffick here; and the wealth and ſtrength of the ſtate would be diminiſhed. In *The Hiſtorye of Italye*, by W. Thomas, quarto, 1567, there is a ſection *On the libertee of ſtraungers* at Venice. MALONE.

Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,[2]
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners,[3] and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the boſom lover of my lord,[4]

[2] *Whoſe ſouls do bear an* equal *yoke, &c.*] The folio, 1623, reads—*egal*, which, I believe, in Shakſpeare's time was commonly uſed for *equal*. So it was in Chaucer's:

" I will preſume hym ſo to diſguiſe
" Yet be not *egall*." Prol. to *The Remedy of Love*.

Again, in *Gorboduc*:

" Sith all as one do bear you *egall* faith." STEEVENS.

[3] *Of lineaments, of manners, &c.*] The wrong pointing has made this fine ſentiment nonſenſe. As implying that friendſhip could not only make a ſimilitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true ſenſe is, *lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which, ſays the ſpeaker, muſt needs be proportionate. WARBURTON.

The poet only means to ſay, *that correſponding proportions of body and mind are neceſſary for thoſe who ſpend their time together*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" *Dol.* Why doth the prince love him ſo then?
" *Fal.* Becauſe *their legs are both of a bigneſs*," &c.

Every one will allow that the friend of a toper ſhould have a ſtrong head, and the intimate of a ſportſman ſuch an athletic conſtitution as will enable him to acquit himſelf with reputation in the exerciſes of the field. The word *lineaments* was uſed with great laxity by our ancient writers. In *The learned and true Aſſertion of the Original, Life, &c. of King Arthur, tranſlated from the Latin of John Leland*, 1582, it is uſed for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of that prince's bones—he calls them *Arthur's* lineaments *three times tranſlated*; and again, *all the* lineaments *of them remaining in that moſt ſtately tomb, ſaving the fair bones of the king and queen*, &c.

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: " Nature hath ſo curiouſly performed his charge in the *lineaments* of his body," &c.

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the twenty-third book of *Homer's Iliad*:

" ——— ſo over-labour'd were
" His goodly *lineaments* with chaſe of Hector," &c.

STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *the boſom* lover *of my lord*.] In our author's time this phraſe was applied to thoſe of the ſame ſex who had an eſteem for each other. Ben Jonſon concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by

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Jes. I wiſh your ladyſhip all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it back on you: fare you well, Jeſſica.—
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honeſt, true,
So let me find thee ſtill: Take this ſame letter,
And uſe thou all the endeavour of a man,
In ſpeed to Padua;[8] ſee thou render this
Into my couſin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed[9]
Unto the traject,[1] to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waſte no time in words,

[8] *In ſpeed to* Padua;] The old copies read—*Mantua*; and thus all the modern editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent reader, that we muſt reſtore, as I have done,—*In ſpeed to Padua:* for it was there, and not at *Mantua*, Bellario liv'd. So afterwards;—*A meſſenger, with letters from the* Doctor, *new come from* Padua—And again, *Came you from* Padua, *from Bellario?*—And again, *It comes from* Padua, *from Bellario.*—Beſides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the place of education for the civil law in Italy. THEOBALD.

[9] ——*with* imagin'd *ſpeed*—] i. e. with celerity like that of imagination. So, in the Chorus preceding the third act of *K. Henry V.*:
"Thus with *imagin'd* wing our ſwift ſcene flies."
Again, in *Hamlet*: "—ſwift as *meditation*—". STEEVENS.

[1] *Unto the* traject,] The old copies concur in this reading, which appears to be derived from *trauare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe reads—*traject*, which was adopted by all the ſubſequent editors.—Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta there is a dam or ſluice, to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marſhes of Venice. Here the paſſage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice the diſtance is five miles. Perhaps ſome novel-writer of Shakſpeare's time might have called this dam by the name of the *traject*. See Du Cange in v. *Trana*. MALONE.

But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Neriſſa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our huſbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they ſee us?

Por. They ſhall, Neriſſa; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd[3] like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and died;
I could not do with all;[4]—then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell,
That men ſhall ſwear, I have diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

Ner. Why, ſhall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device

[3] ——*accouter'd*—] So the earlieſt quarto, and the folio. The other quarto—*apparel'd*. Malone.

[4] ——*do with all*;] For the ſenſe of the word *do*, in this place, See a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Vol. IV. p. 193. Collins.

The old copy reads—*withall*, Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

At the park gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.

The ſame. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the ſins the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you.[5] I was always pla with you, and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of t matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope it that can do you any good; and that is but a ki of baſtard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that yo father got you not, that you are not the Jew daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of baſtard hope, inde ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon m

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd bo by father and mother: thus when I ſhun Scyl your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother well, you are gone both ways.

[5] ——*therefore, I promiſe you*, I fear you.] I ſuſpect *for* has inadvertently omitted; and we ſhould read—I fear *for* you. MAL

There is not the ſlighteſt need of emendation. The diſ phraſe is authorized by a paſſage in *K. Richard III:*

"The king is ſickly, weak, and melancholy,
"And his phyſicians *fear him* mightily." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*thus when I ſhun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charyb your mother:*] Originally from the *Alexandreis* of Philippe

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Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we enough before; e'en as many as cou well live, one by another: This making of Christia will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Lau celot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Lau lot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daug ter: and he says, you are no good member of t commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Chr tians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the comm wealth, than you can the getting up of the neg belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcel

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should more[8] than reason: but if she be less than an hon woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her

possunt; *id quod experiendo didici.* See also I. G. Vossius *de Lat.* p. 74, and *Journal des Scavans* pour Avril, 1760.

Though Nicholas Grimoald (without mention of his origi had translated a long passage of the *Alexandreis* into blank verse fore the year 1557, (See Surrey's Poems, and Warton's History English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 63.) it could have been little kno in England, as it is not enumerated in Philips's *Theatrum*, &c work understood to be enriched by his uncle Milton's exten knowledge of modern as well as ancient poetry. Steevens.

[7] *I shall be saved by my husband,*] From St. Paul: "The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband." Heath.

[8] *It is much that the* Moor *should be* more, *&c.*] This

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence; and diſcourſe grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, ſirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, ſir; they have all ſtomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord,[9] what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, ſir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, ſir?

Laun. Not ſo, ſir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! Wilt thou ſhow the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee, underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, ſir, it ſhall be ſerved in; for the meat, ſir, it ſhall be covered; for your com-

us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the ſame kind of humour to boaſt of:

" *Galli* ex concubitu gravidam te, *Pontia*, *Mori*,
" Quis bene *moratam*, *morigeram*que neget?"

So, in *The Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1631:

" And for you *Moors* thus much I mean to ſay,
" I'll ſee if *more* I eat the *more* I may." STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, no doubt, had read or heard of the old epigram on Sir Thomas *More*:

" When *More* ſome years had chancellor been,
" No *more* ſuits did remain;
" The like ſhall never *more* be ſeen,
" Till *More* be there again." RITSON.

9 *Goodly lord,*] Surely this ſhould be corrected *Good lord!* as it is in Theobald's edition. TYRWHITT.

ing in to dinner, ſir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [Exit Launcelot.

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited![a]
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; And I do know
A many fools, that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'ſt thou, Jeſſica?
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord Baſſanio's wife?

Jes. Paſt all expreſſing: It is very meet,
The lord Baſſanio live an upright life;
For, having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even ſuch a huſband

[a] — *how his words are ſuited!*] I believe the meaning is—What a *ſeries* or *ſuite* of *words* he has independent of meaning; how the word draws on another without relation to the matter. Jos. NOTE.

I cannot think either that the word *ſuited* is derived from the word *ſuite*, as Johnſon ſuppoſes, as that, I believe, was introduced into our language long ſince the time of Shakſpeare; or that Launcelot's words were independent of meaning. Lorenzo expreſſes his ſurprize that a fool ſhould apply them ſo properly. So Jaques ſays to the Duke in *As you like it*:

" I met a fool
" That laid him down and baſk'd him in the ſun,
" And rail'd at Lady Fortune in good terms,
" In good *ſet* terms:"

That is, in *words* well ſuited. M. MASON.

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My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salan. He's ready at the door: he comes my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhow thy mercy, and remorſe, more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent[3] cruelty:
And, where[4] thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,)
Thou wilt not only looſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back;

malice. So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge againſt Murder*, 1621, p. 109, edit. 1679. So alſo (as Mr. Malone obſerves) in Lazarel Pyot's *Orator*, &c. [See the notes at the end of this play.] "—they had ſlaine him for verie *envie*." Steevens.

[4] ——*remorſe*,] i. e. pity. So, in *Othello*:
"And to obey ſhall be in me *remorſe*." Steevens.

[3] ——*apparent*—] That is, *ſeeming*; not real. Johnson.

[4] ——*where*—] For *whereas*. Johnson.
So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
"And *where* I thought the remnant of mine age
"Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty," &c.
Steevens.

Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,[7]
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, Jew.

Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I purpoſe;
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:

[7] *Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,*] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting ſounding epithet. It is uſed with great propriety, and ſhows the poet well acquainted with the hiſtory of the people whom he here brings upon the ſtage. For when the French and Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Conſtantinople, the French under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conqueſts into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the *Terra firma*; while the Venetians, who were maſters of the ſea, gave liberty to any ſubjects of the republick, who would fit out veſſels, to make themſelves maſters of the iſles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conqueſts in ſovereignty; only doing homage to the republick for their ſeveral principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudo's, the Juſtiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripo's, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in ſeveral places of the Archipelago, (which their deſcendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the moſt eminent of our own merchants (while publick ſpirit reſided amongſt them, and before it was aped by faction) were called *royal merchants*. WARBURTON.

This epithet was in our poet's time more ſtriking and better underſtood, becauſe Greſham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*. JOHNSON.

Even the pulpit did not diſdain the uſe of this phraſe. I have now before me "The *Merchant Royal* a Sermon, preached at Whitehall, before the king's majeſtie, at the nuptialls of the right honourable the Lord Hay and his lady, upon the twelfe day laſt, being Jan. 6, 1607." STEEVENS.

If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me, why I rather chooſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats: I'll not anſwer that:
But, ſay, it is my humour;[9] Is it anſwer'd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you anſwer'd y
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;[2]

[9] ——*I'll* not *anſwer that:*
But, ſay, it is my humour;] The Jew being aſked a which the law does not require him to anſwer, ſtands upon hi and refuſes; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by ſ ſwers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. not anſwer, ſays he, as to a legal or ſerious queſtion, but ſin want an anſwer, will this ſerve you? JOHNSON.

——*ſay,* it is my humour;] Suppoſe it is my particular H

[2] ——*a gaping pig*;] So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy,*
" He could not abide to ſee a *pig's head gaping*;
" I thought your grace would find him out a Jew."
Again, in *The Maſtive,* &c. or, *A Colleſtion of E Satires:*
" Darkas cannot endure to ſee a cat,
" A breaſt of mutton, or a *pig's head gaping.*" STE
Shakſpeare might have read of ſuch another antipathy " *pigge* ſtuſte"] in *Goulart's Hiſtories,* of which there was an edition than that of 1607. RITSON.

By a *gaping* pig, Shakſpeare, I believe, meant a pig prepa the table; for in that ſtate is the epithet, *gaping,* moſt ap to this animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother:*
" And they ſtand *gaping* like a *roaſted pig.*"
A paſſage in one of Naſhe's pamphlets (which, perhaps ſu our author with his inſtance) may ſerve to confirm the obſe " The cauſes conducting unto wrath are as diverſe as the a a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they *come to the table.* Sotericus the ſurgeon was cholerick at of ſturgeon," &c. *Pierce Pennyleſſe his Supplication to the* 1592. MALONE.

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As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,

though we have here a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *ſovereign miſtreſs of effects*, throws a more ſafe voice on you." STEEVENS.

Of this much controverted paſſage, my opinion was formerly very different from what it is at preſent. *Sways*, the reading of the old copies, I conceived, could not agree with *maſters* as a ſubſtantive; but very ſoon after my former note on theſe words was printed, I found that this was not only our author's uſual phraſeology, but the common language of the time. Innumerable inſtances of the ſame kind occur in theſe plays; in all of which I have followed the practice of my predeceſſors, and ſilently reduced the ſubſtantive and the verb to concord. [See Vol. III. p. 73, n. 5.] This is the only change that is now made in the preſent paſſage; for all the ancient copies read—*affection*, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in late editions, in order to connect it with the following line:

"Cannot contain their urine for *affection*," I believe, means only—Cannot, &c. on account of *their being affected* by the noiſe of the bagpipe; or, in other words, on account of an involuntary antipathy to ſuch a noiſe. In the next line, which is put in apoſition with that preceding, the word *it* may refer either to *paſſion*, or *affection*. To explain it, I ſhall borrow Dr. Johnſon's words, with a ſlight variation: "Thoſe who know how to operate on the paſſion of men, rule it, (or rule the ſympathetick feeling,) by making it operate in obedience to the notes which pleaſe or diſguſt it." *It*, ("ſway *it*") in my opinion, refers to *affection*, that is, to the ſympathetick feeling. MALONE.

The true meaning undoubtedly is,—The maſters of paſſion, that is, ſuch as are poſſeſſed of the art of engaging and managing the human paſſions, influence them by a ſkilful application to the particular likings or loathings of the perſon they are addreſſing: this is a proof that men are generally governed by their likings and loathings, and therefore it is by no means ſtrange or unnatural that I ſhould be ſo too in the preſent inſtance. HEATH.

The reading of all the old editions is:

"And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' th' noſe,
"Cannot contain their urine for *affection*,
"Maſters of paſſion *ſways* it to the mood
"Of what it likes or loaths."

i. e. "*ſome men when they hear the ſound of a bag-pipe, are* ſo affected therewith *that they cannot retain their urine. For thoſe things*

Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;
Why he, a ſwollen bag-pipe;[4] but of force

which are maſters over paſſion, make it like or loath whatever they will. RITSON.

After all that has been ſaid about this conteſted paſſage, I am convinced we are indebted for the true reading of it to Mr. Waldron, the ingenious editor and continuator of Ben Jonſon's *Sad Shepherd*.

In his Appendix, p. 212, he obſerves that "*Miſtreſs* was formerly ſpelt *Maiſtreſſe* or *Maiſtres*. In Upton's and Church's Spenſer we have

"——young birds, which he had taught to ſing
"His *maiſtreſſe* praiſes." B. III. c. vii. ſt. 17.

This, I preſume, is the reading of the firſt edition of the three firſt books of *The Fairy Queen*, 1590, which I have not; in the ſecond edition, 1596, and the folio's 1609 and 1611, it is ſpelt *miſtreſſe*.

In Bulleyn's Dialogue we have "my maiſter, and my *maiſtreſs*." See page 219 of this Appendix.

Perhaps *Maiſtres* (eaſily corrupted, by the tranſpoſition of the *r* and *e*, into *Maiſters*, which is the reading of the ſecond folio of Shakſpeare) might have been the poet's word.

Mr. Steevens, in his note on this difficult paſſage, gives a quotation from Othello, which countenances this ſuppoſed difference of gender in the noun:—"And though we have here a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *ſovereign miſtreſs of effects*, throws a more ſafe voice on you;"

Admitting *maiſtres* to have been Shakſpeare's word, we may, according to modern orthography, read the paſſage thus;

"——for affection
"*Miſtreſs* of paſſion, ſways it to the mood
"Of what it likes, or loaths."

In the Latin, it is to be obſerved, *Affectio* and *Paſſio* are feminine."

To the foregoing amendment, ſo well ſupported, and ſo modeſtly offered, I cannot refuſe a place in the text of our author.

This emendation may alſo receive countenance from the following paſſage in the fourth Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "—She ſaw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reaſon, but beguile ſenſe; ſhe found *opinion miſtreſſe* of the Lover's judgement."

So likewiſe in the *Prologue* to a Mſ. entitled *The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayſter of Game*,——"ymaginacion *maiſtreſſe* of alle workes," &c. STEEVENS.

4 *Why he, a ſwollen* bag-pipe;] This incident Shakſpeare ſeems

Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended;

to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* againſt Cardan. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted to for a great deal of his phyſics: it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long ſince forgot. In his 344 *Exercit.* Sect. vi. he has theſe words: "*Narrabo nunc tibi jocoſam* Sympathiam *Reguli Veſconis equitis. Is dum viveret, audito phorminge ſono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*"—And to make this jocular ſtory ſtill more ridiculous, Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, tranſlated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly obſerve from hence is this, that as Scaliger uſes the word *Sympathiam*, which ſignifies, and ſo he interprets it, *communem* affectionem *duabus rebus*, ſo Shakſpeare tranſlates it by affection:

Cannot contain their urine for affection.

Which ſhows the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies; which have a full ſtop at *affection*, and read *Maſters of paſſion*. WARBURTON.

In an old tranſlation from the French of Peter de Loier, intitled *A Treatiſe of Spectres, or ſtrange Sights, Viſions, &c.* we have this identical ſtory from Scaliger; and what is ſtill more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the *word* of Shakſpeare. "Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Exceſter, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may juſtly add, as ſome obſervation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the ſenſe of *ſympathy*, was formerly *technical*; and ſo uſed by lord Bacon, ſir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

As all the editors agree with complete uniformity in reading *woollen* bag-pipe, I can hardly forbear to imagine that they underſtood it. But I never ſaw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I ſuppoſe the authour wrote *wooden* bag-pipe, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of *wood*. JOHNSON.

This paſſage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *ſwelling* or *ſwollen bag-pipe*, which, that we ſhould, I have not the leaſt doubt. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

A paſſage in *Turberville's Epitaphes*, p. 13. ſupports the emendation propoſed by Sir John Hawkins:

"Firſt came the ruſtick forth
"With pipe and *puffed* bag."

This inſtance was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

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To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's ha
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech y
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'r
none?

Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doin
wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,[6]
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and m
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answe

——*the mountain pines*
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;] This i
seems to have been caught from Golding's version of Ovid,
Book XV. p. 196:
"Such noise as pine-trees make, what time the headd
terne wind
"Doth whizz amongst them."—STEEVENS.

[6] ——*many a purchas'd slave*,] This argument, consider
used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not
Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchas
sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to*
as we would that they should do to us. JOHNSON.

The ſlaves are ours:—So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine,[7] and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for judgement: anſwer; ſhall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have ſent for[8] to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here ſtays without
A meſſenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the meſſenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meeteſt for death; the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Baſſanio,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

[7] ——is *mine*,] The firſt quarto reads—*as* mine, evidently a miſprint for *is*. The other quarto and the folio—*'tis* mine. MALONE.

[8] —— *Bellario, a learned doctor,*
Whom I have ſent for——] The doctor and the court are here ſomewhat unſkilfully brought together. That the duke would, on ſuch an occaſion, conſult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely; but how ſhould this be foreknown by Portia? JOHNSON.

I do not ſee any neceſſity for ſuppoſing that *this* was *foreknown by Portia*. She conſults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the Duke had not conſulted him, the only difference would have been, that ſhe would have come into court, as an advocate perhaps, inſtead of a judge. TYRWHITT.

Enter NERISSA, *dreſſed like a lawyer's clerk.*

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NER. From both my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [*Preſents a letter.*

BASS. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

SHY. To cut the forfeiture[8] from that bankrupt there.

GRA. Not on thy ſole, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,[9]
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy.[a] Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHY. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

GRA. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog![1]

[8] —— *the forfeiture* ——] Read—*forfeit*. It occurs repeatedly in the preſent ſcene for *forfeiture*. RITSON.

[9] *Not on thy ſole, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,*] This loſt jingle Mr. Theobald found again; but knew not what to make of it when he had it, as appears by his paraphraſe, *Though thou thinkeſt that thou art whetting thy knife on the ſole of thy ſhoe, yet it is upon thy ſoul, thy immortal part.* Abſurd! the conceit is, that his ſoul was ſo hard that it had given an edge to his knife. WARBURTON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts;
"Which thou haſt *whetted on thy ſtony heart*,
"To ſtab at half an hour of my life." STEEVENS.

[a] *Of thy ſharp* envy.] *Envy* again, in this place, ſignifies *hatred or malice*. STEEVENS.

[1] —— inexorable *dog!*] All the old copies read—*inexecrable*.—It was corrected in the third folio. STEEVENS.

Perhaps, however, unneceſſarily. *In* was ſometimes uſed in our author's time, in compoſition, as an augmentative or intenſive particle. MALONE.

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pediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation; for I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter Portia, *dreſſed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cauſe.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both ſtand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you,[4] as you do proceed.—
You ſtand within his danger,[5] do you not?

[*To* Antonio.

Ant. Ay, ſo he ſays.

[4] *Cannot* impugn *you,*] To *impugn* is to oppoſe, to controvert. So, in the *Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

"Yet though my heart would fain *impugn* my word."

Again:

"If any preſs t' *impugn* what I impart." Stirling.

[5] *You ſtand* within his danger,] So, in the *Coventry Play*, among the collection of Whitſun Myſteries repreſented at Cheſter. See Mſ. Harl. 1013, p. 106:

Por. Do you confeſs the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then muſt the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;[6]
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſcepter ſhows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhow likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.[7] Therefore, Jew,

"Two detters ſome tyme there were
"Oughten money to an uſurere,
"The one was *in his daungere*
"Fyve hundred poundes tolde." STEEVENS.

There are frequent inſtances in *The Paſton Letters* of the uſe of this phraſe in the ſame ſenſe; whence it is obvious, from the common language of the time, that *to be in* DEBT and *to be in* DANGER, were ſynonymous terms. HENLEY.

Again, in Howel's *Hiſtory of Wales*, 1587: "—laying for his excuſe that he had offended manie noblemen of England, and therefore would not come *in their danger*." MALONE.

[6] *The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd*; &c.] In compoſing theſe beautiful lines, it is probable that Shakſpeare recollected the following verſe in *Eccleſiaſticus*, xxxv. 20: "Mercy is ſeaſonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought." DOUCE.

[7] *And earthly power doth then ſhow likeſt God's,*
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.] So, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:

"And kings approach the neareſt unto God,
"By giving life and ſafety unto men." MALONE.

Though justice be thy plea, conſider this,—
That, in the courſe of juſtice, none of us
Should ſee ſalvation:[7] we do pray for mercy;
And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much,
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict court of Venice
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head![8] I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the ſum:[9] if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth.[2] And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

[7] —— *in the courſe of juſtice, none of us*
Should ſee ſalvation:] Portia referring the *Jew* to the Chriſtian doctrine of ſalvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character. BLACKSTONE.

[8] *My deeds upon my head!*] An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate: "His blood be on us, and our children!" HENLEY.

[9] *Yea,* twice *the ſum:*] We ſhould read—*thrice* the ſum.—Portia, a few lines below, ſays

"Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money offer'd thee."

And Shylock himſelf ſupports the emendation:

"I take his offer then;—pay the bond *thrice*."

The editions, indeed, read—*this* offer; but Mr. Steevens has already propoſed the alteration we ought to adopt. RITSON.

[2] —— *malice bears down truth.*] Malice oppreſſes honeſty; a *true man* in old language is an *honeſt man*. We now call the jury *good men and true*. JOHNSON.

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Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wiſe and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your boſom.

Shy. Ay, his breaſt:
So ſays the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.

Por. It is ſo. Are there balance here, to weigh
The fleſh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; But what of that?
'Twere good, you do ſo much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Baſſanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune ſhows herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom: it is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of ſuch a miſery[9] doth ſhe cut me off.

[9] *Of ſuch a miſery* ——] The firſt folio deſtroys the meaſure by omitting the particle—*a*; which, nevertheleſs, is found in the corrected ſecond folio, 1632. Steevens.

Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the proceſs of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, ſpeak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life:
I would loſe all, ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I proteſt, I love;
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Entreat ſome power to change this curriſh Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

Shy. Theſe be the chriſtian huſbands: I have a daughter;
Would, any of the ſtock of Barrabas[2]
Had been her huſband, rather than a Chriſtian!
[*Aſide.*

[2] ——*the ſtock of* Barrabas——] The name of this robber is differently ſpelt as well as accented in the *New Teſtament*; [Μὴ τοῦτον, ἀλλὰ τὸν Βαραββᾶν. ὁ δὲ ὁ Βαραββᾶς λῃστής;] but Shakſpeare ſeems to have followed the pronunciation uſual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being ſounded Barabas throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. Our poet might otherwiſe have written—

" Would any of Barabbas' ſtock had been
" Her huſband, rather than a chriſtian!"

We trifle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.

Por. A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Moſt rightful judge!

Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Moſt learned judge!—A ſentence; come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is ſomething elſe.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſsly are, a pound of fleſh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyſelf ſhalt ſee the act:
For, as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then;[1]—pay the bond thrice,

[1] *I take* this *offer then*;] Perhaps we ſhould read—*his*, i. e. Baſſanio's, who offers *twice* the ſum, &c. Steevens.

This offer is right. Shylock ſpecifies the offer he means, which is, "to have the bond paid thrice." M. Mason.

He means, I think, to ſay, "I take *this* offer that has been made me." Baſſanio had offered at firſt but *twice* the ſum, but Portia had gone further—"Shylock there's *thrice* thy money," &c. The Jew naturally inſiſts on the larger ſum. Malone.

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Por. Why doth the Jew pauſe? take thy forfeiture.

Sur. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, ſtill ſay I; a ſecond Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Sur. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, Jew.

Sur. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.

Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He ſeek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainſt all other voice.
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt:
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly, too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,

Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.

Duke. That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the ſtate; [5] not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing elſe, for God's ſake.

Ant. So pleaſe my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, [6] ſo he will let me have

[5] *Ay, for the ſtate*; &c.] That is, the ſtate's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's. Malone.

[6] *I am content,*] The terms propoſed have been miſunderſtood. Antonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewiſe content to abate his claim, and deſires not the property but the *uſe* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life, unleſs we read, as perhaps is right, *upon* my *death*. Johnson.

Antonio tells the duke, that if he will abate the fine for the ſtate's half, he (Antonio) will be contented to take the other, *in truſt*, after Shylock's death, to render it to his daughter's huſband. That is, it was, during Shylock's life, to remain *at intereſt* in Antonio's hands, and Shylock was to enjoy the produce of it. Ritson.

Antonio's offer is, "that he will quit the fine for one half of his fortune, provided that he will let him have it at intereſt during the Jew's life, to render it on his death to Lorenzo." That is the meaning of the words *to let me have in uſe*. M. Mason.

The other half in uſe,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He ſhall do this; or elſe I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what doſt thou ſay?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence; I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriſtening thou ſhalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,[1]
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

[1] ——*thou ſhould'ſt have had* ten *more*,] i. e. a jury of *twelve* men, to condemn thee to be hanged. Theobald.

So, in *The Devil is an Aſs*, by Ben Jonſon:

"——I will leave you
"To your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."

Steevens.

This appears to have been an old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564, (which has been quoted in a former page,) one of the ſpeakers, to ſhow his mean opinion of an oſtler at an inn, ſays, "I did ſee him aſke bleſſinge to xii godfathers at once." Malone.

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Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good ſir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame myſelf to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing elſe but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The deareſt ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I ſee, ſir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me firſt to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.

Bass. Good ſir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.

Por. That 'ſcuſe ſerves many men to ſave their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* Portia *and* Nerissa.

Ant. My lord Baſſanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deſervings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainſt your wife's commandement.

[o] *She would not* hold *out* enemy *for ever,*] An error of the preſs.—Read "hold out *enmity*." M. Mason.

I believe the reading in the text is the true one. So, in *Much ado about nothing*, Act I. ſc. i. the *Meſſenger* ſays to Beatrice—"I will *hold friends* with you, lady." Stevens.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'ſt,
Unto Antonio's houſe:—away, make haſte.
[*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

POR. Enquire the Jew's houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our huſbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Fair ſir, you are well overtaken:
My lord Baſſanio, upon more advice,[2]
Hath ſent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

POR. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, ſhow my youth old Shylock's houſe.

GRA. That will I do.

NER. Sir, I would ſpeak with you:—
I'll ſee if I can get my huſband's ring, [*to* PORTIA.

[2] ——*upon more* advice,] i. e. more *reflection.* So, in *All's well that ends well*: "You never did lack *advice* ſo much," &c. STEEVENS.

Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant. We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outſwear them too.
Away, make haſte; thou know'ſt where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good ſir, will you ſhow me to this houſe? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. *Avenue to* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon ſhines bright:—In ſuch a night as this,[3]

[2] —— old *ſwearing.*] Of this once common augmentative in colloquial language, there are various inſtances in our author. Thus in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "Here will be an *old* abuſing of God's patience and the King's Engliſh." Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "—— here will be *old* utis." The ſame phraſe alſo occurs in *Macbeth.* STEEVENS.

[3] —— *In ſuch a night as this.*] The ſeveral ſpeeches beginning with theſe words, &c. are imitated in the old Comedy of *Wily Beguiled:* which though not aſcertaining the exact date of that play, prove it to have been written after Shakſpeare's:

"In ſuch a night did Paris win his love.
"*Lelia.* In ſuch a night, Æneas prov'd unkind.
"*Sophoſ.* In ſuch a night did Troilus court his dear,
"*Lelia.* In ſuch a night, fair Phillis was betray'd."

Orig. of the Drama, Vol. III. p. 365. WHALLEY.

Wily Beguil'd was written before 1596, being mentioned by Naſhe in one of his pamphlets publiſhed in that year. MALONE.

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Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æſon.

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did Jeſſica ſteal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in ſuch a night,[7]
Did young Lorenzo ſwear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a Servant.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?

Serv. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Serv. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day

[7] And *in ſuch a night*,] The word—*and* was neceſſarily added by Mr. Pope, for the ſake of metre, both in this and the following ſpeech of Lorenzo.

Mr. Malone, however, aſſures us that *ſwear* is to be read as a diſſyllable, and divides the paſſage, as follows:

"In ſuch a night did
"Young Lorenzo ſwear he lov'd her well."

and afterwards:

"In ſuch a night, did
"Pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew," Steevens.

Be here at Belmont: ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes,[8] where ſhe kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Serv. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jeſſica,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, ſola, wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you ſee maſter Lorenzo, and miſtreſs Lorenzo! ſola, ſola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news; my maſter will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet ſoul,[9] let's in, and there expect their coming.

[8] ——*ſhe doth ſtray about*
By holy croſſes,] So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton:*
"But there are *Croſſes*, wife; here's one in Waltham,
"Another at the Abbey, and the third
"At Ceſton; and 'tis ominous to paſs
"Any of theſe without a Pater-noſter."
and this is a reaſon aſſigned for the delay of a wedding. Steevens.

9 *Sweet ſoul,*] Theſe words in the old copies are placed at the end of Launcelot's ſpeech. Malone.

And yet no matter;—Why ſhould we go in?
My friend Stephano, ſignify, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand;
And bring your muſick forth into the air.—
[*Exit* Ser

How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this ba
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick
Creep in our ears;[2] ſoft ſtillneſs, and the nig
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, Jeſſica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;[3]

Theſe two words ſhould certainly be placed at the be
of the following ſpeech of *Lorenzo*:

"*Sweet ſoul*, let's in," &c.

Mr. Pope, I ſee, has corrected this blunder of the old
but he has changed *ſoule* into *love*, without any neceſſity.
TYRW

Mr. Rowe firſt made the preſent regulation, which
me to be right. Inſtead of *ſoul* he reads—*love*, the latter
having been capriciouſly ſubſtituted in the place of the for
the editor of the ſecond folio, who introduced a large por
the corruptions which for a long time diſfigured the mode
tions. MALONE.

I rather ſuppoſe, that the printer of the ſecond folio,
correcting ſome miſtakes, through inattention committed ot
STE

[2] ——*and let the* ſounds *of* muſick
Creep in our ears;] So, in *Churchyard's Worthines of*
1587:

"A *muſick* ſweete, that through *our eares ſhall cre*
"By ſecret arte, and lull a man aſleepe."

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

"This muſick *crept* by me upon the waters." RE

[3] ——*with* patines *of bright gold*;] Dr. Warburton
ſhould read—*patens*; a round broad plate of gold borne i
dry. STEEVENS.

Pattens is the reading of the firſt folio, and *pattents* of the
Patterns is printed firſt in the folio 1632. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos, 1600, reads—*pattens*, the other
STE

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Enter Muſicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;[5]
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,

immortal ſouls; or, (in other words) *each of us have as perfect harmony in our ſouls as the harmony of the ſpheres, inaſmuch as we have the quality of being moved by ſweet ſounds* (as he expreſſes it afterwards); *but our groſs terreſtrial part, which environs us, deadens the ſound, and prevents our hearing.—It*, [Doth groſsly cloſe it in,] I apprehend, refers to *harmony*. This is the reading of the firſt quarto printed by Heyes; the quarto printed by Roberts and the folio read—cloſe *in it*.

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony is not an object of ſenſe, cannot be heard;—but Shakſpeare is not always exact in his language: he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which *is* capable of being heard.—Dr. Warburton (who appears to have entirely miſunderſtood this paſſage,) for *ſouls* reads *ſounds*.

This hath been imitated by Milton in his *Arcades*:

" Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſick lie,
" To lull the daughters of neceſſity,
" And keep unſteady nature in her law,
" And the low world in meaſur'd motion draw
" After *the heavenly tune, which none can hear*
" *Of human mould, with groſs unpurged ear.*" MALONE.

Thus in *Comus*:

" Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold
" Breathe ſuch divine enchanting raviſhment?
" Sure *ſomething holy lodges in that breaſt*,
" And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
" To teſtify HIS *hidden reſidence.*" HENLEY.

The old reading *in* immortal ſouls is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*, B. V. " Touching muſical harmony, whether by inſtrument or by voice, it being but of high and low ſounds in a due proportionable diſpoſition, ſuch notwithſtanding is the force thereof, and ſo pleaſing effects it hath in that very part of man which is moſt divine, that ſome have been thereby induced to think, that the ſoul itſelf by nature is or hath in it harmony." For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.

Mr. Malone obſerves that " the fifth Book of the E. P. was publiſhed ſingly, in 1597." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*wake Diana with a hymn*;] Diana is the moon, who is in the next ſcene repreſented as ſleeping. JOHNSON.

And draw her home with muſick.[6]

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear ſweet muſick.

[*Muſick.*

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand,[7]
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſick: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſick for the time doth change his nature:

[6] *And draw her home with muſick.*] Shakſpeare was, I believe, here thinking of the cuſtom of accompanying the laſt waggon-load, at the end of harveſt, with ruſtick muſick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in *As you like it.* Malone.

[7] ——*do but note a wild and wanton herd,*
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand, &c.] We find the ſame thought in *The Tempeſt:*

" ——Then I beat my tabor,
" At which, like *unback'd colts,* they prick'd their ears,
" Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
" *As they ſmelt muſick.*" Malone.

The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,

[8] *The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,*
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,] The thought here is extremely fine; as if the being affected with muſick was only the harmony between the *internal* [*muſick in himſelf*] and the *external muſick* [*concord of ſweet ſounds*;] which were mutually affected like uniſon ſtrings. This whole ſpeech could not chuſe but pleaſe an Engliſh audience, whoſe great paſſion, as well then as now, was *love of muſick*. *Jam verò videre naturam* (ſays Eraſmus in praiſe of Folly) *ut ſingulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, quandam inſeviſſe Philautiam: atque hinc fieri, ut Britannis, præter alia, Formam, Muſicam, & lautas Menſas propriè ſibi complacent.*

WARBURTON.

This paſſage, which is neither pregnant with phyſical or moral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has conſtantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by thoſe whoſe inhoſpitable memories would have refuſed to admit or retain any other ſentiment or deſcription of the ſame author, however exalted or juſt. The truth is, that it furniſhes the vacant fiddler with ſomething to ſay in defence of his profeſſion, and ſupplies the coxcomb in muſick with an invective againſt ſuch as do not pretend to diſcover all the various powers of language in inarticulate ſounds.

Our ancient ſtatutes have often received their beſt comment by means of reference to the particular occaſion on which they were framed. Dr. Warburton has therefore properly accounted for Shakſpeare's ſeeming partiality to this amuſement. He might have added, that Peacham requires of his Gentleman ONLY to be able "to ſing his part ſure, and at firſt ſight, and withal to play the ſame on a viol or lute."

Let not, however, this capricious ſentiment of Shakſpeare deſcend to poſterity, unattended by the opinion of the late lord Cheſterfield on the ſame ſubject. In his 148th letter to his ſon, who was then at Venice, his lordſhip, after having claſſed muſick among the *illiberal* pleaſures, adds——"If you love muſick, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you: but I muſt inſiſt upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourſelf. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things could mortify me more, than to ſee you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." Again, Letter 153, "A taſte of ſculpture and painting is, in my mind, as be-

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The nightingale,[2] if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection!—
Peace, hoa! the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd![3] [*Muſick ceaſe*

[2] *The nightingale*, &c.] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

" Our love was new, and then but in the ſpring,
" When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
" As *Philomel* in ſummer's front doth ſing,
" And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper days;
" Not that the ſummer is leſs pleaſant now,
" Than when her mournful hymns did huſh the night
" *But that wild muſick burdens every bough,*
" *And ſweets grown common loſe their dear delight.*"

MALONE

[3] *Peace*, hoa! *the moon ſleeps with Endymion,*
And would not be awak'd!] The old copies read—Peace! &c. For the emendation now made I am anſwerable.. The neſs of the phraſe, " *How* the moon would not be awak'd!" made me ſuſpect the paſſage to be corrupt; and the following in *Romeo and Juliet* ſuggeſted the emendation, and appear to me put it beyond a doubt:

" *Peace, hoa*, for ſhame! confuſion's cure lives not
" In theſe confuſions."

Again, in *As you like it*, Act I.

" *Peace, hoa!* I bar confuſion."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" *Hoa! peace* be in this place!"

Again, ibid:

" *Peace, hoa*, be here!"

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the ſame miſtake, I think, has hap In the paſſage before us, as exhibited in the old copies, there a note of admiration after the word *awak'd*. Portia firſt c the muſick to ceaſe, " Peace, hoa!" and then ſubjoins the for her injunction; " The moon," &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt ſeems to be of opinion that the interjection was formerly uſed to command a ceſſation of noiſe, as well as fighting. See *Cant. Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 230.

MALO

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our huſbands' welfare,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignify their coming.

Por. Go in, Neriſſa,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jeſſica, nor you.

[*A tucket*[4] *ſounds.*

Lor. Your huſband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no telltales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight ſick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

[4] *A* tucket—] *Toccata*, Ital. a flouriſh on a trumpet. STEEVENS.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*

Bass. We ſhould hold day[5] with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.[6]

Por. Let me give light,[7] but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy huſband,
And never be Baſſanio ſo for me;
But God ſort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.

[5] *We ſhould hold day* &c.] If you would always walk in the night, it would be day with us, as it now is on the other ſide of the globe. MALONE.

[6] *We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,*
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.] Thus Rowe, in his *Ambitious Stepmother:*

"Your eyes, which, could the ſun's fair beams decay,
"Might ſhine for him, and bleſs the world with day."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Let me give light,* &c.] There is ſcarcely any word with which Shakſpeare ſo much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various ſignifications. JOHNSON.

Moſt of the old dramatic writers are guilty of the ſame quibble. So Marſton in his *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

"By this bright *light* that is deriv'd from thee—
"So, ſir, you make me a very *light* creature."

Again, Middleton, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608:

"—*more* lights—I call'd for *light*: here come in two are *light* enough for a whole houſe."

Again, in *Springes for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606:

"Lais of *lighter* metal is compos'd
"Than hath her *lightneſs* till of late diſclos'd;
"For *lighting* where ſhe *light* acceptance feels,
"Her fingers there prove *lighter* than her heels."

STEEVENS.

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Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective,[2] and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thyſelf, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy,[3] that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

[2] ——*have been* reſpective,] *Reſpective* has the ſame meaning as *reſpectful*. Mr. M. Maſon thinks it rather means *regardful*. See *K. John*, Act I. Steevens.

Chapman, Marſton, and other poets of that time, uſe this word in the ſame ſenſe. [i. e. for *reſpectful*.] Malone.

[3] ——*a youth*,—
A kind of boy; *a little* ſcrubbed *boy*,
No higher than thyſelf, *the judge's clerk*;
A prating boy, &c.] It is certain from the words of the context and the tenor of the ſtory, that Gratiano does not here ſpeak contemptuouſly of the judge's clerk, who was no other than Neriſſa diſguiſed in man's clothes. He only means to deſcribe the perſon and appearance of this ſuppoſed youth, which he does by inſinuating what ſeemed to be the preciſe time of his age: he repreſents him as having the look of a young ſtripling, of a boy beginning to advance towards puberty. I am therefore of opiuion, that the poet wrote:

——a little *ſtubbed* boy.

In many counties it is a common provincialiſm, to call young birds not yet fledged *ſtubbed young ones*. But, what is more to our purpoſe, the author of *The Hiſtory and Antiquities of Glaſtonbury*, printed by Hearne, an antiquarian, and a plain unaffected writer, ſays, that "Saunders muſt be a *ſtubbed boy*, if not a man, at the diſſolution of abbeys," &c. edit. 1722, Pref. Signat. n. 2. It therefore ſeems to have been a common expreſſion for *ſtripling*, the very idea which the ſpeaker means to convey. If the emendation be juſt here, we ſhould alſo correct Neriſſa's ſpeech which follows:

For that ſame *ſtubbed* boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, did lie with me laſt night. T. Warton.

I believe *ſcrubbed* and *ſtubbed* have a like meaning, and ſignify

Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted ſo with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands;
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it. [*Aſide.*

Gra. My lord Baſſanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor maſter, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

ſtunted, or *ſhrub-like*. So, in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* "——but ſuch will never prove fair trees, but *ſkrubs* only." Steevens.

Stubbed in the ſenſe contended for by Mr. Warton was in uſe ſo late as the Reſtoration. In the *Parliamentary Regiſter*, July 30, 1660, is an advertiſement enquiring after a perſon deſcribed as "a thick ſhort *ſtubbed fellow*, round faced, ruddy complexion, dark brown hair and eyebrows, with a ſad gray ſuit." Reed.

Scrubbed perhaps meant *dirty*, as well as *ſhort*. Cole, in his Dictionary, 1672, renders it by the Latin word *ſqualidus*. Malone.

Por. Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again ſee mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,[4]
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?[5]

[4] ——*contain* the *ring*,] The old copies concur in this reading. JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope and the other modern editors read—to *retain*, but *contain* might in our author's time have had nearly the ſame meaning. The word has been already employed in this ſenſe:

" Cannot *contain* their urine for affection."

So alſo, in Montaigne's *Eſſairs*, tranſlated by Florio, 1603. B. II. c. iii. " Why doſt thou complaine againſt this world? It doth not *containe* thee: if thou liveſt in paine and ſorow, thy baſe courage is the cauſe of it; to die there wanteth but will." Again, in Bacon's *Eſſairs*, 4to. 1625, p. 327: " To *containe* anger from miſchiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things." MALONE.

[5] *What man——wanted the modeſty*
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?] This is a very licentious expreſſion. The ſenſe is, *What man could have ſo little modeſty*, or

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Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you ſo: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithſtanding.

Baſſ. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of theſe many friends,
I ſwear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee myſelf,——

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly ſees himſelf:
In each eye, one:—ſwear by your double ſelf,[7]
And there's an oath of credit.

Baſſ. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;[8]
Which, but for him that had your huſband's ring,
[*To* Portia.

[7] —*ſwear by your* double *ſelf,*] *Double* is here uſed in a bad ſenſe for—*full of duplicity.* Malone.

[8] ——*for his* wealth;] For his advantage; to obtain his happineſs. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term oppoſite to *adverſity*, or *calamity.* Johnson.

So, in the *Litany:* "In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our *wealth*;"— Steevens.

Had quite miſcarried: I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.

Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Baſſanio; ſwear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the ſame I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Baſſanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deſerv'd it?

Por. Speak not ſo groſsly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you ſhall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witneſs, I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my houſe.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in ſtore for you,
Than you expect: unſeal this letter ſoon;
There you ſhall find, three of your argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly:
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk, that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow;
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you, and Jeſſica,
From the rich Jew, a ſpecial deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I am ſure, you are not ſatisfied
Of theſe events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo: The firſt intergatory,
That my Neriſſa ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day:
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.

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It happened, that two of his moſt intimate acquaintance deſigned to go with two ſhips to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and ſee the world. I would go willingly, ſaid he, if my father Anſaldo will give leave. His companions go to Anſaldo, and beg his permiſſion for Giannetto to go in the ſpring with them to Alexandria; and deſire him to provide him a ſhip. Anſaldo immediately procured a very fine ſhip, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with ſtreamers, and furniſhed it with arms; and, as ſoon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and ſailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto ſaw a gulph, with a fine port, and aſked the captain how the port was called? He replied That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? ſays Giannetto. He anſwered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he muſt take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loſes every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an inſtant they ſlide into the port ſo eaſily that the other ſhips perceived nothing.

The lady was ſoon informed of it, and ſent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, aſked him who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the cuſtom of the country? He anſwered, That the knowledge of that cuſtom was his only reaſon for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and ſent for barons, counts, and knights in great numbers, who were her ſubjects, to keep Giannetto company. Theſe nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady ſaid, it ſeems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her ſervice: and immediately two damſels enter with wine and ſweetmeats. The lady entreats him to taſte the wine; he takes the ſweetmeats, and drinks ſome of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cauſe ſleep. He then goes into the bed, where he inſtantly falls aſleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady roſe with the ſun, and gave orders to unload the veſſel, which ſhe found full of rich merchandize. After nine o' clock the women ſervants go to the bed-ſide, order Giannetto to riſe and be gone, for he had loſt the ſhip. The lady gave him a horſe and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for ſhame: but at night goes to the houſe of a friend, who is ſurpriſed to ſee him, and inquires of him the cauſe of his return: He anſwers, his ſhip had ſtruck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a viſit to Anſaldo, found him very diſconſolate. I fear, ſays Anſaldo, ſo much, that this ſon of mine is dead, that I have no reſt. His friend told him, that he had been ſhipwreck'd, and had loſt his all, but that he himſelf was ſafe. Anſaldo inſtantly gets up and runs to find him. My dear ſon, ſaid he, you need not fear my diſpleaſure; it is a common accident; trouble yourſelf no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be chearful and eaſy.

The news was ſoon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the ſtory, ran to ſee him, and rejoiced with him for his ſafety; telling him that next ſpring, he might gain as much as he had loſt the laſt. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was reſolved to marry her, or die. Anſaldo told him frequently, not to be caſt down. Giannetto ſaid, he ſhould never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Anſaldo provided another ſhip of more value than the firſt. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and ſeeing the ſhip, aſked her maid, if ſhe knew the ſtreamers; the maid ſaid, it was the ſhip of the young man who arrived the laſt year. You are in the right, anſwered the lady; he muſt ſurely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a ſecond time: the maid ſaid, ſhe had never ſeen a more agreeable man. He went to the caſtle, and preſented himſelf to the lady; who, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him embraced him, and the day was paſſed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to reſt: when they were ſeated in the chamber, the two damſels enter with wine and ſweetmeats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls aſleep; the lady undreſſed, and lay down by his ſide; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady riſes, and gives orders to ſtrip the ſhip. He has a horſe and money given him, and away he goes, and never ſtops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the ſame friend, who with aſtoniſhment aſked him what was the matter? I am undone, ſays Giannetto. His friend anſwered, You are the cauſe of the ruin of Anſaldo, and your ſhame ought to be greater than the loſs you have ſuffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At laſt he took the reſolution of ſeeing Anſaldo, who roſe from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Anſaldo heard his tale: Do not grieve, my dear ſon, ſays he, we have ſtill enough: the ſea enriches ſome men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad ſucceſs. When Anſaldo enquired what was the matter, he confeſſed, he could never be contented till he ſhould be in a con-

dition to regain all that he loſt. When Anſaldo found him reſolved, he began to ſell every thing he had, to furniſh this other fine ſhip with merchandize: but, as he wanted ſtill ten thouſand ducats, he applied himſelf to a Jew at Meſtri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feaſt of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of fleſh from any part of his body he pleaſed. Anſaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witneſſed, with all the form and ceremony neceſſary; and then counted him the ten thouſand ducats of gold, with which Anſaldo bought what was ſtill wanting for the veſſel. This laſt ſhip was finer and better freighted than the other two; and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a deſign that whatever they gained ſhould be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Anſaldo told Giannetto, that ſince he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might ſee him before he died; and then he could leave the world with ſatisfaction: Giannetto promiſed to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleaſure. Anſaldo gave him his bleſſing, they took their leave, and the ſhips ſet out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to ſteal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the ſailors in the night to ſail the veſſel into the port. It was told the lady that Giannetto was arrived in port. She ſaw from the window the veſſel, and immediately ſent for him.

Giannetto goes to the caſtle, the day is ſpent in joy and feaſting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, ſo well did he underſtand the lance, and was ſo graceful a figure on horſeback: he pleaſed ſo much, that all were deſirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the uſual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his reſt. When he paſſed the door of the chamber, one of the damſels in a whiſper ſaid to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady ſaid, I know you muſt be thirſty, I muſt have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damſels entered the room, and preſented the wine. Who can refuſe wine from ſuch beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady ſmiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his boſom. The lady thinking he had drank, ſays aſide to herſelf with great joy, You muſt go, young man, and bring another ſhip, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to ſnore as if he ſlept ſoundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herſelf down by his ſide. Giannetto loſes no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, ſaying, Now am I in poſſeſſion of my utmoſt wiſhes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted and placed in the chair of ſtate, had the ſceptre put into his hand, and was

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Jew told him, if he would give as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and, ſays he, you know little of me, if you think I will deſiſt from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dreſs; and alighting at an inn, the landlord aſks of one of the ſervants who his maſter was: the ſervant anſwered, that he was a young lawyer who had finiſhed his ſtudies at Bologna. The landlord upon this ſhows his gueſt great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how juſtice was adminiſtered in that city, he anſwered, juſtice in this place is too ſevere, and related the caſe of Anſaldo. Says the lawyer, this queſtion may be eaſily anſwered. If you can anſwer it, ſays the landlord, and ſave this worthy man from death, you will get the love and eſteem of all the beſt men of this city. The lawyer cauſed a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they ſhould have recourſe to him: ſo it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all caſes in law. Giannetto propoſed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, ſays the Jew; but let who will come, I will ſtick to my bond. They came to this judge, and ſaluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had diſguiſed his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cauſe to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, ſaid to the Jew, I muſt have you take the hundred thouſand ducats, and releaſe this honeſt man, who will always have a grateful ſenſe of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no ſuch thing. The judge anſwered, it will be better for you. The Jew was poſitive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for ſuch judgements: and our Judge ſays to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's fleſh where you chooſe. The Jew ordered him to be ſtripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpoſe. Giannetto, ſeeing this, turning to the judge, this, ſays he, is not the favour I aſked of you. Be quiet, ſays he, the pound of fleſh is not yet cut off. As ſoon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, ſays the judge, if you take more or leſs than a pound, I will order your head to be ſtruck off: and beſide, if you ſhed one drop of blood, you ſhall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the ſhedding of blood; but ſays expreſsly, that you may take a pound of fleſh, neither more nor leſs. He immediately ſent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, ſays he, if I ſee one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thouſand ducats, and I am content. No, ſays the judge, cut off your pound of fleſh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thouſand: but the judge was ſtill reſolute. Giannetto told the

judge to give what he required, that Anſaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thouſand: he ſaid, I will not give you a penny. Give me at leaſt, ſays the Jew, my own ten thouſand ducats, and a curſe confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of fleſh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be proteſted and annulled. The Jew ſeeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Anſaldo was releaſed, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thouſand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer ſaid, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that ſhe may not ſay, that you have ſquandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is ſo kind, that I might ſpend four times as much without incurring her diſpleaſure. How are you pleaſed with the lady? ſays the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, anſwers Giannetto: nature ſeems to have done her utmoſt in forming her. If you will come and ſee her, you will be ſurpriſed at the honours ſhe will ſhow you. I cannot go with you, ſays the lawyer; but ſince you ſpeak ſo much good of her, I muſt deſire you to preſent my reſpects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto anſwered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of ſome of the money. While he was ſpeaking, the lawyer obſerved a ring on his finger, and ſaid, if you give me this ring, I ſhall ſeek no other reward. Willingly, ſays Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her ſake, I have ſome reluctance to part with it, and ſhe, not ſeeing it on my finger, will believe that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, ſhe eſteems you ſufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may ſay you made a preſent of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to ſome former miſtreſs here in Venice. So great, ſays Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and preſents it to him. I have ſtill a favour to aſk ſays the lawyer. It ſhall be granted, ſays Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not ſtay any time here, but go as ſoon as poſſible to your lady. It appears to me a thouſand years till I ſee her, anſwered Giannetto: and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Anſaldo with him, and ſome of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived ſome days before, and having reſumed her female habit, pretended to have ſpent the time at the baths; and now gave order to have the ſtreets lined with tapeſtry: and when Giannetto and Anſaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Anſaldo, but feigned anger againſt Giannetto, though ſhe loved him exceſſively: yet the feaſtings, tilts, and diverſions went on as uſual, at which all the lords

and ladies were preſent. Giannetto ſeeing that his wife did not receive him with her accuſtomed good countenance, called her, and would have ſaluted her. She told him, ſhe wanted none of his careſſes: I am ſure, ſays ſhe, you have been laviſh of them to ſome of your former miſtreſſes. Giannetto began to make excuſes. She aſked him where was the ring ſhe had given him? It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and was in the right to ſay you would be angry with me; but, I ſwear by all that is ſacred, and by your dear ſelf, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cauſe. And I can ſwear, ſays the lady, with as much ſolemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore ſwear no more. Giannetto proteſted that what he had told her was true, and that he ſaid all this to the lawyer, when he aſked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to ſtay at Venice with your miſtreſſes, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great ſorrow he aſſured her, that what ſhe ſuppoſed could not be true. The lady ſeeing his tears, which were daggers in her boſom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter ſhowed the ring, and told him, that ſhe was herſelf the lawyer, and how ſhe obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly aſtoniſhed, finding it all true, and told the ſtory to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damſel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Anſaldo for a wife; and they ſpent the reſt of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

RUGGIERI de Figiovanni took a reſolution of going, for ſome time, to the court of Alfonſo king of Spain. He was graciouſly received, and living there ſome time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly eſteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he obſerved, that he gave, as he thought, with little diſcernment, caſtles, and baronies, to ſuch who were unworthy of his favours; and to himſelf, who might pretend to be of ſome eſtimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fitteſt thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His requeſt was granted, and the king preſented him with one of the moſt beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's truſty ſervants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he ſaid of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his ſovereign, that he ſhould go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he ſet

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The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleaſed with his own addreſs in connecting the two plots of his *Spaniſh Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play. JOHNSON.

Of the incident of the *bond*, no Engliſh original has hitherto been pointed out. I find, however, the following in *The Orator: handling a hundred ſeverall Diſcourſes, in form of Declamations: ſome of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the reſt of the Author's owne invention: Part of which are of Matters happened in our Age.——Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Engliſhed* by *L. P.* [i. e. Lazarus Pilot*] *London, printed by Adam Iſlip*, 1596.—[This book is not mentioned by Ames.] See p. 401.

"DECLAMATION 95.

"*Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the fleſh of a Chriſtian.*

"A Jew, unto whom a Chriſtian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have ſummoned him for the ſame in Turkie: the merchant, becauſe he would not be diſcredited, promiſed to pay the ſaid ſumme within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the fleſh of his bodie. The tearme being paſt ſome fifteene daies, the Jew refuſed to take his money, and demaunded the pound of fleſh: the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a juſt pound of the Chriſtian's fleſh, and if he cut either more or leſſe, then his own head ſhould be ſmitten off: the Jew appealed from this ſentence, unto the chiefe judge, ſaying:

"Impoſſible is it to breake the credit of trafficke amongſt men without great detriment to the commonwealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himſelfe unto ſuch covenants which hee cannot or will not accompliſh, for by that means ſhould no man feare to be deceaved, and credit being maintained, every man might be aſſured of his owne; but ſince deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and ſtrict then they were wont, ſeeing that although the bonds are made never ſo ſtrong, yet can no man be very certaine that he ſhall not be a loſer. It ſeemeth at the firſt ſight that it is a thing no leſs ſtrange than cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the fleſh of his bodie, for want of money: ſurely, in that it is a thing not uſuall, it appeareth to be ſomewhat the more admirable; but there are divers others that are more cruell, which becauſe they are in uſe ſeeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde all the bodie unto a moſt lothſome priſon, or unto an intolerable ſlaverie, where not only the whole bodie but alſo all the

* Lazarus *Pyot*, (not Pilot) is Anthony Mundy. RITSON.

ſences and ſpirits are tormented; the which is commonly practiſed, not only betwixt thoſe which are either in ſect or nation contrary, but alſo even amongſt thoſe that are of one ſect and nation; yea amongſt Chriſtians it hath been ſeene that the ſon hath impriſoned the father for monie. Likewiſe in the Roman commonwealth, ſo famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to impriſon, beat, and afflict with torment the free citizens: how manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themſelves happie, if for a ſmall debt they might have been excuſed with the paiment of a pounde of their fleſh? who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth ſo ſmall a thing of a Chriſtian, to diſcharge him of a good round ſumme? A man may aſke why I would not rather take ſilver of this man, then his fleſh: I might alleage many reaſons; for I might ſay that none but my ſelfe can tell what the breach of his promiſe hath coſt me, and what I have thereby paied for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have loſt in my credit: for the miſerie of thoſe men which eſteem their reputation, is ſo great, that oftentimes they had rather endure any thing ſecretlie, then to have their diſcredit blazed abroad, becauſe they would not be both ſhamed and harmed: nevertheleſſe, I doe freely confeſſe, that I had rather loſe a pound of my fleſh then my credit ſhould be in any ſort cracked; I might alſo ſay, that I have need of this fleſh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwiſe incurable; or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Chriſtians for ever abuſing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie ſay, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a ſouldier if he come unto the warres but an hour too late; and alſo to hang a theefe though he ſteal never ſo little: is it then ſuch a great matter to cauſe ſuch a one to pay a pound of his fleſh, that hath broken his promiſe manie times, or that putteth another in danger to loſe both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and all for grieſe? were it not better for him to loſe that I demand, then his ſoule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and eſpeciallie becauſe no man knoweth better than he where the ſame may be ſpared to the leaſt hurt of his perſon; for I might take it in ſuch place as hee might thereby happen to loſe his life: Whatte matter were it then if I ſhould cut off his privie members, ſuppoſing that the ſame would altogether weigh a juſt pound? or els his head, ſhould I be ſuffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe, I ſhould not; becauſe there were as little reaſon therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I ſhould be bound: or els if I would cut off his noſe, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, ſhould I be ſuffered? ſurely I think not, becauſe the obligation dooth not ſpecifie that I ought either to chooſe, cut, or take the ſame, but that he ought to give me a pound of his fleſh. Of every thing that

is ſold, he which delivereth the ſame is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be juſt: ſeeing then that neither the obligation, cuſtome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much leſſe unto the above mentioned ſatisfaction, I refuſe it all, and require that the ſame which is due ſhould be delivered unto me."

"The Chriſtian's Anſwere.

"It is no ſtrange matter to here thoſe diſpute of equitie which are themſelves moſt unjuſt; and ſuch as have no faith at all, deſirous that others ſhould obſerve the ſame inviolable; the which were yet the more tolerable, if ſuch men would be contented with reaſonable things, or at leaſt not altogether unreaſonable: but what reaſon is there that one man ſhould unto his own prejudice deſire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to loſe nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my fleſh; whereby is manifeſtely ſeene the ancient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Chriſtians, but unto all others which are not of his ſect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe ſuffer ſuch vermine to dwell amongſt them: ſeeing that this preſumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and juſt judge, and afterwards he would by ſophiſticall reaſons prove that his abhomination is equitie. Trulie I confeſſe that I have ſuffered fifteen daies of the tearme to paſſe; yet who can tell whether he or I is the cauſe thereof? as for me, I think that by ſecret meanes he hath cauſed the monie to be delaied, which from ſundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promiſed unto him; otherwiſe, I would never have been ſo raſh as to bind myſelfe ſo ſtrictly: but although he were not the cauſe of the fault, is it therefore ſaid, that he ought to be ſo impudent as to go about to prove it no ſtrange matter that he ſhould be willing to be paied with man's fleſh, which is a thing more natural for tigres, than men, the which alſo was never heard of? but this divell in ſhape of man, ſeeing me oppreſſed with neceſſitie, propounded this curſed obligation unto me. Whereas he allegeth the Romaines for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievouſly, the commonwealth was almoſt overthrowne, and that ſhortly after it was forbidden to impriſon men any more for debt? To breake promiſe is, when a man ſweareth or promiſeth a thing, the which he hath no deſire to performe, which yet upon an extreame neceſſity is ſomewhat excuſable: as for me I have promiſed, and accompliſhed my promiſe, yet not ſo ſoon as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to ſatisfie the crueltie of this miſchievous man with the price of my fleſh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but ſubmitted my ſelfe unto the diſcretion of the judge who hath juſtly repreſſed his beaſtlineſs. Wherein then have I falſified my promiſe? is it in that I

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diſtraction; eſpecially when he was informed that Secchi had ſolemnly ſworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of fleſh from that part of his body which it is not neceſſary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpoſe in the affair, and uſe his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thouſand piſtoles as an equivalent for the pound of fleſh: but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a caſe of ſo uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who ſent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himſelf perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, ſaid, "When contracts are made, it is juſt they ſhould be fulfilled, as we intend this ſhall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of fleſh from any part you pleaſe of the Jew's body. We would adviſe you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a ſcruple or grain more or leſs than your due, you ſhall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of ſcales, and let it be done in our preſence."

The merchant at theſe words, began to tremble like an aſpin-leaf, and throwing himſelf at his holineſs's feet, with tears in his eyes proteſted, "It was far from his thoughts to inſiſt upon the performance of the contract." And being aſked by the pope what he demanded; anſwered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then turning to the Jew, he aſked him, "What he had to ſay, and whether he was content." The Jew anſwered, "That he thought himſelf extremely happy to come off at ſo eaſy a rate, and that he was perfectly content." "But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there ſufficient ſatisfaction made to our laws. We deſire to know what authority you have to lay ſuch wagers? The ſubjects of princes are the property of the ſtate, and have no right to diſpoſe of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the expreſs conſent of their ſovereigns."

They were both immediately ſent to priſon, and the governor ordered to proceed againſt them with the utmoſt ſeverity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more ſuch wagers.——[The governor interceding for them, and propoſing a fine of a thouſand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death, the Jew for ſelling his life, by conſenting to have a pound of fleſh cut from his body, which he ſaid was direct ſuicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew muſt be the occaſion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the moſt leading men in the ſynagogue, they both had recourſe to petitions. Strong application was made to cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holineſs at

leaſt to ſpare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really deſign to put them to death, but to deter others from ſuch practices, at laſt conſented to change the ſentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thouſand crowns, to be applied to the uſe of the hoſpital which he had lately founded, before they were releaſed.

Life of Sixtus V. Fol. B. VII. p. 293, &c.
STEEVENS.

In a Perſian Manuſcript in the poſſeſſion of Enſign Thomas Munro, of the firſt battalion of Sepoys, now at Tanjore, is found the following ſtory of a Jew and a Muſſulman. Several leaves being wanting both at the beginning and end of the Mſ. its age has not been aſcertained. The tranſlation, in which the idiom is Perſian, though the words are Engliſh, was made by Mr. Munro, and kindly communicated to me (together with a copy of the original) by Daniel Braithwaite, Eſq.

" It is related, that in a town of Syria a poor Muſſulman lived in the neighbourhood of a rich Jew. One day he went to the Jew, and ſaid, lend me 100 dinars, that I may trade with it, and I will give thee a ſhare of the gain.—This Muſſulman had a beautiful wife, and the Jew had ſeen and fallen in love with her, and thinking this a lucky opportunity, he ſaid, I will not do thus, but I will give thee a hundred dinars, with this condition, that after ſix months thou ſhalt reſtore it to me. But give me a bond in this form, that if the term of the agreement ſhall be exceeded one day, I ſhall cut a pound of fleſh from thy body, from whatever part I chooſe. The Jew thought that by this means he might perhaps come to enjoy the Muſſulman's wife. The Muſſulman was dejected and ſaid, how can this be? But as his diſtreſs was extreme, he took the money on that condition, and gave the bond, and ſet out on a journey; and in that journey he acquired much gain, and he was every day ſaying to himſelf, God forbid that the term of the agreement ſhould paſs away, and the Jew bring vexation upon me. He therefore gave a hundred gold dinars into the hand of a truſty perſon, and ſent him home to give it to the Jew. But the people of his own houſe, being without money, ſpent it in maintaining themſelves. When he returned from his journey, the Jew required payment of the money, and the pound of fleſh. The Muſſulman ſaid, I ſent thy money a long time ago. The Jew ſaid, thy money came not to me. When this on examination appeared to be true, the Jew carried the Muſſulman before the Cazi, and repreſented the affair. The Cazi ſaid to the Muſſulman, either ſatisfy the Jew, or give the pound of fleſh. The Muſſulman not agreeing to this, ſaid, let us go to another Cazi. When they went, he alſo ſpoke in the ſame manner. The Muſſulman aſked the advice of an ingenious friend. He ſaid,

"ſay to him, let us go to the Cazi of Hems.* Go there, for thy buſineſs will be well." Then the Muſſulman went to the Jew, and ſaid, I ſhall be ſatisfied with the decree of the Cazi of Hems; the Jew ſaid, I alſo ſhall be ſatisfied. Then both departed for the city of Hems.† When they preſented themſelves before the judgement-ſeat, the Jew ſaid, O my Lord Judge, this man borrowed an hundred dinars of me, and pledged a pound of fleſh from his own body. Command that he give the money and the fleſh. It happened, that the Cazi was the friend of the father of the Muſſulman, and for this reſpect, he ſaid to the Jew, "Thou ſayeſt true, it is the purport of the bond; and he deſired, that they ſhould bring a ſharp knife. The Muſſulman on hearing this, became ſpeechleſs. The knife being brought, the Cazi turned his face to the Jew, and ſaid, "Ariſe, and cut one pound of fleſh from the body of him, in ſuch a manner, that there may not be one grain more or leſs, and if more or leſs thou ſhalt cut, I ſhall order thee to be killed. The Jew ſaid, I cannot. I ſhall leave this buſineſs and depart. The Cazi ſaid, thou mayeſt not leave it. He ſaid, O Judge, I have releaſed him. The Judge ſaid, it cannot be; either cut the fleſh, or pay the expence of his journey. It was ſettled at two hundred dinars: the Jew paid another hundred, and departed."

MALONE.

To the collection of novels, &c. wherein the plot of the foregoing play occurs, may be added another, viz. from "*Roger Boſtenſis on Belle Humour.*" In the ſtory here related of the Jew and the Chriſtian, the Judge is made to be Solyman, Emperor of the Turks. See the edition of 1731, Tom. II. p. 105.

So far Mr. Douce:—Perhaps, this Tale (like that of Parnell's *Hermit*,) may have found its way into every language. STEEVENS.

* Hems-Emeſſa, a city of Syria, long. 70. lat. 34.

The Orientals ſay that Hippocrates made his ordinary reſidence there; and the Chriſtians of that country have a tradition, that the head of St. John the Baptiſt was found there, under the reign of Theodoſius the younger.

This city was famous in the times of paganiſm for the Temple of the Sun, under the name of Heliogabalus, from which the Roman emperor took his name.

It was taken from the Muſſulmen by the Tartars, in the year of Chriſt 1098, Saladin retook it in 1187. The Tartars took it in the year 1258. Afterwards it paſſed into the hands of the Mamalukes, and from them to the Turks, who are now in poſſeſſion of it. This city ſuffered greatly by a moſt dreadful earthquake in 1157, when the Franks were in poſſeſſion of Syria. HARRIS.

† Here follows the relation of a number of unlucky adventures, in which the Muſſulman is involved by the way; but as they only tend to ſhew the ſagacity of the Cazi in extricating him from them, and have no connection with Shylock, I have omitted them. T. M.

THE END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.