

THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

TEMPEST.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.



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M. DCC. XCIII.

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OF

WORDS, PHRASES, CUSTOMS, AND PERSONS,

EXPLAINED OR MENTIONED IN THE NOTES.

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The preceding Index is compiled on the same plan as that sub-
 joined to Doddsley's Collection of Old Plays published in the year
 1780. REED.

T E M P E S T.*

Vol. III.

B

* TEMPEST.] *The Tempest* and *The Midsummer Night's Dream* are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakspeare, which soars above the bounds of nature without forsaking sense; or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits. Fletcher seems particularly to have admired these two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea Voyage* and *The Faithful Shepherdes*. But when he presumes to break a lance with Shakspeare, and write in emulation of him, as he does in *The False One*, which is the rival of *Antony and Cleopatra*, he is not so successful. After him, Sir John Suckling and Milton caught the brightest fire of their imagination from these two plays; which shines fantastically indeed in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and serenely in *The Mask at Ludlow Castle*.

WARBURTON.

No one has hitherto been lucky enough to discover the romance on which Shakspeare may be supposed to have founded this play, the beauties of which could not secure it from the criticism of Ben Jonson, whose malignity appears to have been more than equal to his wit. In the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, he says: "If there be never a *servant monster* in the "fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of *antiques*? He is "loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget "*Tales, Tempests, and such like drolleries.*" STEEVENS.

I was informed by the late Mr. Collins of Chichester, that Shakspeare's *Tempest*, for which no origin is yet assigned, was formed on a romance called *Aurelio and Isabella*, printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588. But though this information has not proved true on examination, an useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakspeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel, at least that the story preceded Shakspeare. Mr. Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity than judgement and industry; but his memory failing in his last calamitous indisposition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added a circumstance, which may lead to a discovery,—that the principal character of the romance, answering to Shakspeare's Prospero, was a chemical necromancer, who had bound a spirit like Ariel to obey his call, and perform his services. It was a common pretence of dealers in the occult sciences to have a demon at com-

mand. At least Aurelio, or Orelia, was probably one of the names of this romance, the production and multiplicity of gold being the grand object of alchemy. Taken at large, the magical part of the *Tempest* is founded on that sort of philosophy which was practised by John Dee and his associates, and has been called the Rosicrucian. The name Ariel came from the Talmudistick mysteries with which the learned Jews had infected this Science.

T. WARTON.

Mr. Theobald tells us, that *The Tempest* must have been written after 1609, because the Bermuda islands, which are mentioned in it, were unknown to the English until that year; but this is a mistake. He might have seen in Hackluyt, 1600, folio, a description of Bermuda, by Henry May, who was shipwrecked there in 1593.

It was however one of our author's last works. In 1598 he played a part in the original *Every Man in his Humour*. Two of the characters are *Prospero* and *Stephano*. Here Ben Jonson taught him the pronunciation of the latter word, which is always right in *The Tempest*.

"Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?"

And always wrong in his earlier play, *The Merchant of Venice*, which had been on the stage at least two or three years before its publication in 1600.

"My friend *Stephano*, signify I pray you," &c.

—So little did Mr. Capell know of his author, when he idly supposed his school literature might perhaps have been lost by the dissipation of youth, or the busy scene of publick life!

FARMER.

* This play must have been written before 1614, when Jonson sneers at it in his *Bartolomew Fair*. In the latter plays of Shakspeare, he has less of pun and quibble than in his early ones. In *The Merchant of Venice*, he expressly declares against them. This perhaps might be one criterion to discover the dates of his plays.

BLACKSTONE.

See Mr. Malone's attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays, and a Note on *The cloud-capt Towers*, &c. Act IV.

STEEVENS.

PERSONS represented.*

Alonso, *king of Naples.*

Sebastian, *his brother.*

Prospero, *the rightful duke of Milan.*

Antonio, *his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.*

Ferdinand, *son to the king of Naples.*

Gonzalo, *an honest old counsellor of Naples.*

Adrian,
Francisco, } *lords.*

Caliban, *a savage and deformed slave.*

Trinculo, *a jester.*

Stephano, *a drunken butler.*

Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

Miranda, *daughter to Prospero.*

Ariel, *an airy spirit.*

Iris,
Ceres,
Juno,
Nymphs,
Reapers, } *Spirits.*

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, the sea, with a ship; afterwards an uninhabited island.

* This enumeration of persons is taken from the folio 1623.

T E M P E S T.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A Storm with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

MASTER. Boatswain,²—

BOATS. Here, master: What cheer?

MAST. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,³ or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.
[Exit.

Enter Mariners.

BOATS. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to

² *Boatswain,*] In this naval dialogue, perhaps the first example of sailor's language exhibited on the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders. JOHNSON.

The foregoing observation is founded on a mistake. These orders should be considered as given, not at once, but successively, as the emergency required. One attempt to save the ship failing, another is tried. MALONE.

³ — *fall to't yarely,*] i. e. Readily, nimbly. Our author is frequent in his use of this word. So in *Decker's Satyromastix*: "They'll make his muse as yare as a tumbler." STEEVENS.

Here it is applied as a sea-term, and in other parts of the scene. So he uses the adjective, Act V. sc. v: "Our ship is tight and yare." And in one of the *Henries*: "yare are our ships." To this day the sailors say, "fit yare to the helm." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. iii: "The tackles yarely frame the office." T. WARTON.

the master's whistle.— Blow, till thou burst thy wind,⁴ if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

ALON. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.⁵

BOATS. I pray now, keep below.

ANT. Where is the master, boatswain?

BOATS. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.⁶

GON. Nay, good, be patient.

BOATS. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

⁴ *Blow, till thou burst thy wind, &c.*] Perhaps it might be read *Blow till thou burst, wind, if room enough.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps rather——*blow till thou burst thee, wind! if room enough.* Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this passage in *The Pilgrim*:

“ — Blow, blow west wind,

“ *Blow till thou rive!*”

Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“ *Ist Sailor. Blow, and split thyself!*”

Again, in *K. Lear*:

“ *Blow winds, and burst your cheeks!*”

The allusion in these passages, as Mr. M. Mason observes, is to the manner in which the winds were represented in ancient prints and pictures. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Play the men.*] i. e. act with spirit, behave like men.

So in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. sc. vi:

“ *When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.*”

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, p. 2:

“ *Viceroys and peers of Turkey, play the men.*” “*Ω φίλοι, ἀνίρσι ἴσθ',* *Iliad.* V. v. 529. STEEVENS.

Again, in Scripture, 2 Sam. x. 12: “ *Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people.*” MALONE.

⁶ — *assist the storm.*] So in *Pericles*:

“ *Patience, good Sir; do not assist the storm.*” STEEVENS.

GON. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOARS. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,⁷ we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts—Out of our way, I say.

[Exit.

* GON. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatwain.

BOARS. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course.⁹ [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

⁷ ——— of the present,] i. e. of the present instant.

So in the 15th Chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians:

“ ——— of whom the greater part remain unto this present.”

STEVENS.

* *Gonzalo.*] It may be observed of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preserves his cheerfulness in the wreck, and his hope on the island. JOHNSON.

⁹ —bring her to try with main-course.] Probably from Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: “ And when the barke had way, we cut the hauler, and so gate the sea to our friend, and tried out all that day with our maine course.” MALONE.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er,
and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEB. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATS. Work you, then.

ANT. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent
noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd than
thou art.

GON. I'll warrant him from drowning; though
the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as
leaky as an unstanch'd wench.²

BOATS. Lay her a-hold, a-hold;³ set her two
courses; off to sea again,⁴ lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

MAR. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[*Exeunt.*

BOATS. What, must our mouths be cold?

GON. The king and prince at prayers! let us
assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

² — an unstanch'd wench.] Unstanch'd, I am willing to believe, means incontinent. STEEVENS.

³ Lay her a-hold, a-hold;] To lay a ship a-hold, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea. STEEVENS.

⁴ — set her two courses; off to sea again,] The courses are the main sail and fore sail. This term is used by Raleigh, in his *Discourse on Shipping*. JOHNSON.

The passage, as Mr Holt has observed, should be pointed, *Set her two courses; off, &c.*

Such another expression occurs in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612:

“ — off with your Drablers and your Banners; out with your courses.” STEEVENS.

SEB. I am out of patience.

ANT. We are merely⁵ cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chopp'd rascal;—'Would, thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

GON. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.⁶

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!⁷—We split, we split, we split!

ANT. Let's all sink with the king. [Exit.]

⁵ —merely—] In this place signifies *absolutely*. In which sense it is used in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iii:

“ ——— Things rank and gross in nature

“ Possess it *merely*.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*:

“ ——— at request

“ Of some *mere* friends, some honourable Romans.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ — to glut him.] Shakspeare probably wrote, *t'englut him*, to swallow him; for which I know not that *glut* is ever used by him. In this signification *englut*, from *engloutir*, French, occurs frequently, as in *Henry VI*:

“ ——— Thou art so near the gulf

“ Thou needs must be *englutted*.”

And again, in *Timon* and *Othello*. Yet Milton writes *glutted offal* for *swallowed*, and therefore perhaps the present text may stand.

JOHNSON.

Thus in Sir A. Gorges's translation of *Lucan*, B. VI:

“ ——— oylie fragments scarcely burn'd,

“ Together she doth scrape and *glut*.”

i. e. swallow. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Mercy on us, &c.* — *Farewell, brother! &c.*] All these lines have been hitherto given to Gonzalo, who has no brother in the ship. It is probable that the lines succeeding the *confused noise within* should be considered as spoken by no determinate characters. JOHNSON.

The hint for this stage direction, &c. might have been received from a passage in the second book of Sidney's *Arcadia*, where

SEB. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.

GON. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze,⁸ any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The island: before the cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

MIRA. If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them: The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea,⁹ mounting to the welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel, Who had no doubt some noble creatures² in her,

the shipwreck of Pyrocles is described, with this concluding circumstance: "But a monstrous cry, begotten of many roaring voyces, was able to infect with feare," &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ *An acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, &c.* Sir T. Hanmer reads *ling*, heath, *broom*, furze.—Perhaps rightly, though he has been charged with tautology. I find in Harrison's description of Britain, prefixed to our author's good friend Holinshed, p. 91: "*Brome, heath, firze, brakes, whinnes, ling,*" &c.

FARMER.

Mr. Tollet has sufficiently vindicated Sir Thomas Hanmer from the charge of tautology, by favouring me with specimens of three different kinds of heath which grow in his own neighbourhood. I would gladly have inserted his observations at length; but, to say the truth, our author, like one of Cato's soldiers who was bit by a serpent,

Ipse latet penitus congesto corpore mersus. STEEVENS.

⁹ *But that the sea, &c.*] So, in *King Lear*:

"The sea in such a storm as his bare head

"In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,

"And quench'd the stelled fires." MALONE.

² —creatures in her,] The old copy reads—creature; but

Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
 Had I been any god of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er³
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
 The freighting souls within her.

PRO. Be collected;
 No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
 There's no harm done.

MIRA. O, woe the day!

PRO. No harm.⁴
 I have done nothing but in care of thee,
 (Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
 Of whence I am; nor that I am more better⁵

the preceding as well as subsequent words of Miranda seem to demand the emendation which I have received from Theobald.

STEEVENS.

³ — or e'er —] i. e. before. So, in *Ecclesiastes*, xii. 6:
 "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be
 broken —." Again, in our author's *Cymbeline*:

" — or e'er I could

" Give him that parting kiss —." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Pro. No harm.*] I know not whether Shakspeare did not make
 Miranda speak thus:

O, woe the day! no harm?

To which Prospero properly answers:

I have done nothing but in care of thee.

Miranda, when she speaks the words, *O, woe the day!* supposes, not
 that the crew had escaped, but that her father thought differ-
 ently from her, and counted their destruction *no harm*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — more better —] This ungrammatical expression is very
 frequent among our oldest writers. So, in the *History of Helyas
 Knight of the Swan*, bl. 1. no date: *imprinted by William Copland*.
 "And also the more sooner to come, without prolixity, to the true
 Chronicles," &c. Again, in the *True Tragedies of Marius and
 Scilla*, 1594:

"To wait a message of more better worth."

Again, *ibid*:

"That hale more greater than Cassandra now." STEEVENS.

Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,⁶
And thy no greater father.

MIRA. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.⁷

PRO. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me.—So;
[Lays down his mantle.
Lie there my art.⁸—Wipe thou thine eyes; have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion⁹ in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—²

⁶ — full poor cell,] i. e. a cell in a great degree of poverty. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*: — “ I am full sorry.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ Did never meddle with my thoughts.] i. e. mix with them. To meddle is often used, with this sense, by *Chaucer*. Hence the substantive *medley*. The modern and familiar phrase by which that of *Miranda* may be explained, is—never entered my thoughts—never came into my head. STEEVENS.

It should rather mean to interfere, to trouble, to busy itself, as still used in the North, e. g. *Don't meddle with me*; i. e. Let me alone; Don't molest me. RITSON.

See *Howell's Dict.* 1660, in v. to meddle; “ *se mesler de.*”

MALONE.

⁸ Lie there my art.] Sir W. Cecil, lord Burleigh, lord high treasurer, &c. in the reign of queen Elizabeth, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, *Lie there, lord treasurer*. Fuller's *Holy State*, p. 257. STEEVENS.

⁹ — virtue of compassion —] Virtue; the most efficacious part, the energetic quality; in a like sense we say, *The virtue of a plant is in the extract*. JOHNSON.

² — that there is no soul —] Thus the old editions read; but this is apparently defective. Mr. Rowe, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *that there is no soul lost*, without any notice of the variation. Mr. Theobald substitutes *no foil*, and Mr. Pope follows him. To come so near the right, and yet to miss it, is

No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel³
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down ;
For thou must now know further.

MIRA. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am ; but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition ;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

PRO. The hour's now come ;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear ;
Obey, and be attentive. Can'st thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell ?
I do not think thou can'st ; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.⁴

MIRA. Certainly, sir, I can.

unlucky: the author probably wrote *no soil*, no stain, no spot: for so Ariel tells,

*Not a hair perish'd ;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before.*

And Gonzalo, *The rarity of it is, that our garments being drench'd in the sea, keep notwithstanding their freshness and glosses.* Of this emendation I find that the author of notes on *The Tempest* had a glimpse, but could not keep it. JOHNSON.

— *no soul* —] Such interruptions are not uncommon to Shakspeare. He sometimes begins a sentence, and before he concludes it, entirely changes its construction, because another, more forcible, occurs. As this change frequently happens in conversation, it may be suffered to pass unobserved in the language of the stage.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *not so much perdition as an hair,*

Betid to any creature in the vessel —] Had Shakspeare in his mind St. Paul's consolatory speech to the ship's company, where he assures them that though they were to suffer shipwreck "*not an hair should fall from the head of any of them?*" Acts, xxvii. 34. Ariel afterwards says, "*Not a hair perish'd.*" HOLT WHITE.

⁴ *Out three years old.*] i. e. Quite three years old, three years old full-out, complete.

So, in the 4th act: "And be a boy right out." STEEVENS.

PRO. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIRA. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

PRO. Thou had'st, and more, Miranda: But
how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?⁴
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

MIRA. But that I do not.

PRO. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years
since,⁵
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

MIRA. Sir, are not you my father?

PRO. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess;—no worse issued.⁶

⁴ — *abysm* of time?] i. e. abyss.

This method of spelling the word, is common to other ancient writers. They took it from the French *abyssme*, now written *abime*. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

“ And chase him from the deep *abyssms* below.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,*] *Years*, in the first instance, is used as a dissyllable, in the second as a monosyllable. But this, I believe, is a licence peculiar to the prosody of Shakspere. STEEVENS.

⁶ *A princess;—no worse issued.*] The old copy reads——
“ And *princes*.” For the trivial change in the text I am answerable. *Issued* is descended. So, in Green's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:

“ For I am by birth a gentleman, and *issued* of such parents,”
&c. STEEVENS.

MIRA. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blest was't, we did?

PRO. Both, both; my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help hither.

MIRA. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen⁷ that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you,
further.

PRO. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—

I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

MIRA. Sir, most heedfully.

PRO. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom⁸
To trash for over-topping;⁹ new created

⁷ — *teen* —] is sorrow, grief, trouble. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
“ ——— to my *teen* be it spoken.” STEVENS.

⁸ — *whom to advance, and whom* —] The old copy has *wha* in both places. Corrected by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

⁹ *To trash for over-topping;*] *To trash*, as Dr. Warburton observes, is to cut away the superfluities. This word I have met with in

The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd them,

books containing directions for gardeners, published in the time of queen Elizabeth.

The present explanation may be countenanced by the following passage in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. X. ch. 57:

“ Who suffreth none by might, by wealth or blood to *overtopp*,
“ Himself gives all preferment, and whom listeth him doth *lop*.”

Again in our author's *K. Richard II*:

“ Go thou, and, like an executioner,
“ Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays
“ That look too lofty in our commonwealth.”

Mr. Warton's note, however, on——“ *trafb* for his quick hunting,” in the second act of *Othello*, leaves my interpretation of this passage somewhat disputable.

Mr. M. Mason observes that *to trafb for overtopping*, “ may mean to lop them, because they did overtop, or in order to prevent them from overtopping. So Lucetta, in the second scene of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, says

“ I was taken up for laying them down,
“ Yet here they shall not lie, *for* catching cold.”

That is, lest they should catch cold. See Mr. M. Mason's note on this passage.

In another place (a note on *Othello*) Mr. M. Mason observes that Shakspeare had probably in view, when he wrote the passage before us, “ the manner in which Tarquin conveyed to Sextus his advice to destroy the principal citizens of Gabii, by striking off, in the presence of his messengers, the heads of all the tallest poppies, as he walked with them in his garden.” STEEVENS.

I think this phrase means——“ to correct for too much haughtiness or overbearing.” It is used by sportsmen in the North when they correct a dog for misbehaviour in pursuing the game. This explanation is warranted by the following passage in *Othello*, Act II. sc. i:

“ If this poor *trafb* of Venice, whom I *trafb*
“ For his quick hunting.”

It was not till after I had made this remark, that I saw Mr. Warton's note on the above lines in *Othello*, which corroborates it.

DOUCE.

A *trafb* is a term still in use among hunters, to denote a piece of leather, couples, or any other weight fastened round the neck of a dog, when his speed is superior to the rest of the pack; i. e. when he *over-tops* them, when he *hunts too quick*. C.

Or else new form'd them: having both the key²
 Of officer and office, set all hearts³
 To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
 The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st
 not :

I pray thee, mark me.⁴

MIRA.

O good Sir, I do.

PRO. I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedi-
 cate⁵

To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
 With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
 Like a good parent,⁶ did beget of him
 A falshood, in its contrary as great
 As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,

² — both the key —] This is meant of a *key* for tuning the harpsichord, spinnet, or virginal; we call it now a tuning hammer.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

³ *Of officer and office, set all hearts*—] The old copy reads—“all hearts *i'th' state*,” but redundantly in regard to metre, and unnecessarily respecting sense; for what hearts, except such as were *i'th' state*, could Alonso incline to his purposes?

I have followed the advice of Mr. Ritson, who judiciously proposes to omit the words now ejected from the text. STEEVENS.

⁴ *I pray thee, mark me.*] In the old copy, these words are the beginning of Prospero's next speech; but, for the restoration of metre, I have changed their place. STEEVENS.

⁵ *I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate*—] The old copy has—“dedicated;” but we should read, as in the present text, “—dedicate.” Thus in *Measure for Measure*:

“Prayers from fasting maids, whose minds are *dedicate*
 “To nothing temporal.” RITSON.

⁶ *Like a good parent, &c.*] Alluding to the observation, that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it. *Herum filii noxa.* JOHNSON.

But what my power might else exact,—like one,
 Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie,⁶—he did believe
 He was the duke; out of the substitution,⁷
 And executing the outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
 Growing,—Dost hear?

MIRA. Your tale, fir, would cure deafness.

PRO. To have no screen between this part he
 play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
 Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
 Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable: confederates
 (So dry he was for sway⁸) with the king of Naples,
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
 To most ignoble stooping.

⁶ ————— like one,
 Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie.]

There is, perhaps, no correlative, to which the word *it* can with grammatical propriety belong. *Lie*, however, seems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, however ungrammatically.

The old copy reads—“into truth.” The necessary correction was made by Dr. Warburton. STEVENS.

⁷ *He was the duke; out of the substitution,]* The old copy reads—“He was indeed the duke.” I have omitted the word *indeed*, for the sake of metre. The reader should place his emphasis on—*was*. STEVENS.

⁸ (*So dry he was for sway*)] i. e. So *thirsty*. The expression, I am told, is not uncommon in the midland counties. Thus in *Leicester's Commonwealth*: “against the designments of the hasty Erle who *thirsteth* a kingdom with great intemperance.” Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: “His ambition is *dry*.” STEVENS.

MIRA.

O the heavens!

PRO. Mark his condition, and the event; then
tell me,

If this might be a brother.

MIRA.

I should fin

To think but nobly⁹ of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PRO.

Now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,²—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

MIRA.

Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,³
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,⁴

⁹ *To think but nobly*—] *But*, in this place, signifies *otherwise than*.
STEVENS.

² —in lieu o' the premises, &c.] *In lieu of*, means here, in consideration of; an unusual acceptance of the word. So, in Fletcher's *Prophets*, the chorus, speaking of Drufilla, says—

“ But takes their oaths, *in lieu* of her assistance,

“ That they shall not presume to touch their lives.”

M. MASON.

³ —cried out—] Perhaps we should read—cried *on't*. STEVENS.

⁴ —a hint,] *Hint* is *suggestion*. So, in the beginning speech of the second act:

“ —our *hint* of woe

“ Is common —.”

That wrings mine eyes.⁵

PRO. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this
story
Were most impertinent.

MIRA. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PRO. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst
not;

(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they pre-
par'd

A rotten carcass of a boat,⁶ not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it:⁷ there they hoist us,

A similar thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V. sc. i:

"——it is a tidings

"To wash the eyes of kings." STEEVENS.

⁵ *That wrings mine eyes.*] i. e. squeezes the water out of them.
The old copy reads—

"That wrings mine eyes to't."

To *what?* every reader will ask. I have therefore, by the advice of Dr. Farmer, omitted these words, which are unnecessary to the metre; *hear*, at the beginning of the next speech, being used as a disyllable.

To *wring*, in the sense I contend for, occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. ii: "his cook, or his laundry, or his washer, and his *wringer*." STEEVENS.

⁶ —of a boat,] The old copy reads—of a *butt*. HENLEY.

It was corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁷ —had *quit it*:] Old copy—*have* quit it. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

To cry to the sea that roar'd to us;⁸ to fight
To the winds, whose pity, fighting back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRA. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

PRO. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst
smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea⁹ with drops full salt;

⁸ To cry to the sea that roar'd to us;] This conceit occurs again in the *Winter's Tale*:—"How the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them," &c. STEVENS.

⁹ —deck'd the sea —] To deck the sea, if explained, to honour, adorn, or dignify, is indeed ridiculous, but the original import of the verb *deck* is, to cover; so in some parts they yet say *deck the table*. This sense may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote *fleck'd*, which I think is still used in rustic language of drops falling upon water. Dr. Warburton reads *mock'd*; the Oxford edition *brack'd*.

JOHNSON.

Vertegan, p. 61. speaking of Beer, says, "So the *overdecking* or *covering* of beer came to be called *berham*, and afterwards *barne*." This very well supports Dr. Johnson's explanation. The following passage in *Antony and Cleopatra* may countenance the verb *deck* in its common acceptation:

"—do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows."

What is this but *decking* it with tears?

Again, our author's Caliban says, Act III. sc. ii:

"——He has brave utensils,
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal."

STEVENS.

To *deck*, I am told, signifies in the North, to *sprinkle*. See Ray's *Dict. of North Country words*, in *verb. to deg*, and to *deck*; and his *Dict. of South Country words*, in *verb. dag*. The latter signifies *dew* upon the grass;—hence *daggle-tailed*. In Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1679, we find—"To *dag*, *collutulo*, *irroro*." MALONE.

A correspondent, who signs himself *Eboracensis*, proposes that this contested word should be printed *degg'd*, which, says he, signifies *sprinkled*, and is in daily use in the North of England. When cloaths that have been washed are too much dried, it is

Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach,² to beat up
Against what should ensue.

MIRA. How came we ashore?

PRO. By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us;³ with

necessary to moisten them before they can be ironed, which is always done by *sprinkling*; this operation the maidens universally call *degging*. REED.

² *An undergoing stomach.*] *Stomach is stubborn resolution.* So Horace; “—*gravem Pelidæ stomachum.*” STEEVENS.

³ *Some food we had, and some fresh water, that A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, Out of his charity, (who being then appointed Master of this design,) did give us;*] Mr. Steevens has suggested, that we might better read—*be* being then appointed; and so we should certainly now write: but the reading of the old copy is the true one, that mode of phraseology being the idiom of Shakspeare's time. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“ — This your son-in-law,

“ And son unto the king, (*whom heavens directing,*)

“ Is troth-plight to your daughter.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — waving thy hand,

“ Which often, thus, *corvelting thy stout heart,*

“ Now humble as the ripest mulberry,

“ That will not hold the handling; or, say to them,” &c.

MALONE.

I have left the passage in question, as I found it, though with slender reliance on its integrity.

What Mr. Malone has styled “ the idiom of Shakspeare's time,” can scarce deserve so creditable a distinction. It should be remembered that the instances adduced by him in support of his position, are not from the early quartos which he prefers on the score of accuracy, but from the folio 1623, the inaccuracy of which, with equal judgment he has censured.

The genuine idiom of our language, at its different periods, can only be ascertained by reference to contemporary writers whose

Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentle-
ness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRA. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!

PRO. Now I arise:—

works were skilfully revised as they passed through the press, and are therefore unsuspected of corruption. A sufficient number of such books are before us. If they supply examples of phraseology resembling that which Mr. Malone would establish, there is an end of controversy between us: Let, however, the disputed phrases be brought to their test before they are admitted; for I utterly refuse to accept the jargon of theatres and the mistakes of printers, as the idioms or grammar of the age in which Shakspeare wrote. Every gross departure from literary rules may be countenanced, if we are permitted to draw examples from vitiated pages; and our readers, as often as they meet with restorations founded on such authorities, may justly exclaim, with Othello,—“Chaos is come again.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Now I arise:*] Why does Prospero *arise*? Or, if he does it to ease himself by change of posture, why need he interrupt his narrative to tell his daughter of it? Perhaps these words belong to Miranda, and we should read:

Mir. Would I might

But ever see that man!—Now I arise.

Pro. Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow:

Prospero, in p. 13. had directed his daughter to *sit down*, and learn the whole of this history; having previously by some magical charm disposed her to fall asleep. He is watching the progress of this charm; and in the mean time tells her a long story, often asking her whether her attention be still awake. The story being ended (as Miranda supposes) with their coming on shore, and partaking of the conveniences provided for them by the loyal humanity of Gonzalo, she therefore first expresses a wish to see the good old man, and then observes that she may *now arise*, as the story is done. Prospero, surpris'd that his charm does not yet work, bids her *sit still*; and then enters on fresh matter to amuse the time, telling her (what she knew before) that he had been her

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
 Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
 Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
 Than other princes' can, that have more time
 For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIRA. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I
 pray you, sir,
 (For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
 For raising this sea-storm?

PRO. Know thus far forth.—
 By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
 Now my dear lady,⁶ hath mine enemies
 Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
 I find my zenith doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star; whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit,⁷ my fortunes
 Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,⁸

tutor, &c. But soon perceiving her drowiness coming on, he breaks off abruptly, and leaves her *still sitting* to her slumbers. BLACKSTONE.

As the words—"now I arise"—may signify, "now I rise in my narration," "now my story *beightens* in its consequence," I have left the passage in question, undisturbed. We still say, that the interest of a drama *rises* or declines. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *princes*—] The first folio reads,—*prince*. HENLEY.
 Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁶ *Now my dear lady,*] i. e. *now my auspicious mistress*. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *I find my zenith doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star; whose influence
 If now I court not, but omit, &c.*] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:
 "There is a tide in the affairs of man,
 "Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
 "Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 "Is bound in shallows and in miseries." MALONE.

⁸ — *'tis a good dulness,*] Dr. Warburton rightly observes, that this sleepiness, which Prospero by his art had brought upon Miranda, and of which he knew not how soon the effect would begin, makes him question her so often whether she is attentive to his story. JOHNSON.

And give it way;—I know thou can'st not
choose.— [MIRANDA sleeps.]

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. All hail, great master! grave fir, hail! I
come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,⁹
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds;² to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.³

PRO. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point⁴ the tempest that I bade thee?

ARI. To every article.

⁹ *All hail, great master! grave fir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, &c.*] Imitated by
Fletcher in *The Faithful Shepherdes*:

“ ——— tell me sweetest,
“ What new service now is meetest
“ For the satyre; shall I stray
“ In the middle ayre, and stay
“ The sailing racke, or nimbly take
“ Hold by the moone, and gently make
“ Suit to the pale queene of night,
“ For a beame to give me light?
“ Shall I dive into the sea,
“ And bring thee coral, making way
“ Through the rising waves,” &c. HENLEY.

² *On the curl'd clouds;*] So, in *Timon*—*Crisp* heaven. STEEVENS.

³ *—and all his quality.*] i. e. all his confederates, all who are
of the same profession. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ Come, give us a taste of your *quality*.” See notes on this
passage. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Perform'd to point*—] i. e. to the minutest article.

So, in the *Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ——— are you all fit?
“ To *point*, fir.” STEEVENS.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,⁵
 Now in the waist,⁶ the deck, in every cabin,
 I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
 And burn in many places;⁷ on the top-mast,
 The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the pre-
 cursors
 O' the dreadful thunder-claps,⁸ more momentary
 And fight-out-running were not: The fire, and
 cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
 Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread trident shake.⁹

PRO.

My brave spirit!

⁵ — *now on the beak,*] The beak was a strong pointed body at the head of the ancient galleys; it is used here for the fore-castle, or the bowsprit. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Now in the waist,*] The part between the quarter-deck and the fore-castle. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Sometimes, I'd divide,*

And burn in many places;] Perhaps our author, when he wrote these lines, remembered the following passage in Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "I do remember that in the great and boysterous storme of this foule weather, in the night there came upon the toppe of our maine yard and maine-mast a certafne little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards call the *Cuerpo Santo*. This light continued aboard our ship about three houres, flying from mast to mast, and from top to top; and sometimes it would be in two or three places at once." MALONE.

Burton says, that the Spirits of fire, in form of fire-drakes and blazing stars, "oftentimes fit on ship-masts," &c. *Melanch.* P. I. § 2. p. 30. edit. 1632. T. WARTON.

⁸ ————— *precurfors*

O' the dreadful thunder-claps,] So, in *King Lear*:

"Vant couriers of oak-cleaving-thunderbolts." STEVENS.

⁹ *Yea, his dread trident shake.*] Left the metre should appear defective, it is necessary to apprise the reader, that in Warwickshire and other midland counties, *shake* is still pronounced by the common people as if it was written—*shaake*, a disyllable. FARMER.

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

ARI. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad,² and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the
vessel,³

Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.

PRO. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

ARI. Close by, my master.

PRO. But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARI. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining⁴ garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:

² *But felt a fever of the mad,*] If it be at all necessary to explain the meaning, it is this: *Not a soul but felt such a fever as madmen feel, when the frantick fit is upon them.* STEEVENS.

³ —and quit the vessel,] *Quit* is, I think, here used for *quitted*. So, in *K. Lear*:

“ ——— ’Twas he inform'd against him,

“ And *quit* the house on purpose, that their punishment

“ Might have the freer course.”

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. *list*, for *lifted*:

“ He ne'er *lift* up his hand, but conquered.” MALONE.

⁴ —*sustaining*—] i. e. their garments that bore them up and supported them. So, in *K. Lear*, Act IV. sc. iv:

“ In our *sustaining* corn.”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— Her *clothes* spread wide,

“ And, mermaid-like, a while they *bore her up*.”

Mr. M. Mason, however, observes that “ the word *sustaining* in this place does not mean *supporting*, but *enduring*; and by their *sustaining* garments, Ariel means their garments which *bore*, without being injured, the drenching of the sea.” STEEVENS.

The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

PRO. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

ARI. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,⁵ there she's hid:

⁵ From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,] Fletcher, in his *Women Pleas'd*, says, "The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell to victual out a witch for the Bermoothes." Smith, in his account of these islands, p. 172, says, "that the Bermudas were so fearful to the world, that many called them The Isle of Devils.—P. 174.—to all seamen no less terrible than an enchanted den of furies." And no wonder, for the clime was extremely subject to storms and hurricanes; and the islands were surrounded with scattered rocks lying shallowly hid under the surface of the water. WARBURTON.

The epithet here applied to the Bermudas, will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous. It was in our poet's time the current opinion, that Bermudas was inhabited by *monsters*, and *devils*.—Setebos, the god of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worshipped by the giants of Patagonia. HENLEY.

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612: "Sir, if you have made me tell a lye, they'll send me on a voyage to the island of Hogs and Devils, the Bermudas."

STEEVENS.

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil spirits continued so late as the civil wars. In a little piece of Sir John Berkingham's, intitled, *Two Centuries of Paul's Church-yard, una cum indice expurgatorio*, &c. 12°, in page 62, under the title *Cases of Conscience*, is this:

"34. Whether *Bermudas* and the parliament-house lie under one planet, seeing both are haunted with devils." PERCY.

Bermudas was on this account the cant name for some privileged place, in which the cheats and riotous bullies of Shakspeare's time assembled. So, in *The Devil is an Ass*, by Ben Jonson:

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,⁶
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

PRO. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?'⁷

ARI. Past the mid season.

PRO. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six
and now,
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

ARI. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give
me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

" ——— keeps he still your quarter

" In the *Bermudas*?"

Again, in one of his Epistles:

" Have their *Bermudas*, and their straits i' th' Strand."

Again, in *The Devil is an Ass*:

" ——— I gave my word

" For one that's run away to the *Bermudas*." STEVENS.

⁶ ——— the Mediterranean flote,] Flote is *wave*. Flot. Fr.

STEVENS.

⁷ *What is the time o' the day?*] This passage needs not be disturbed, it being common to ask a question, which the next moment enables us to answer: he that thinks it faulty, may easily adjust it thus:

Pro. *What is the time o' the day? Past the mid season?*

Ari. *At least two glasses.*

Pro. *The time 'twixt six and now——.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton proposes to regulate this passage differently:

Ariel. *Past the mid season, at least two glasses.*

Prof. *The time, &c.* MALONE.

PRO. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?

ARI. My liberty.

PRO. Before the time be out? no more.

ARI. I pray thee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd⁸
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst
promise
To bate me a full year.

PRO. Dost thou forget⁹

⁸ *Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd*—] The old copy has—

“ *Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd* —,”

The repetition of a word will be found a frequent mistake in the ancient editions. RITSON.

⁹ *Dost thou forget* —] That the character and conduct of Prospero may be understood, something must be known of the system of enchantment, which supplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This system seems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen spirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulsion, some being confined in hell, *some* (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expresses it) *dispersed in air, some on earth, some in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth.* Of these, some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthy spirits seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aerial the least vitiated. Thus Prospero observes of Ariel:

— *Thou wast a spirit too delicate*

To act her earthy and abhor'd commands.

Over these spirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed or charms learned. This power was called *The black Art, or Knowledge of Enchantment.* The enchanter being (as king James observes in his *Demonology*) one *who commands the devil, whereas the witch serves him.* Those who thought best of this art, the existence of which was, I am afraid, believed very seriously, held, that certain sounds and characters had a physical power over spirits, and compelled their agency; others, who condemned the practice, which in reality was surely never practised, were of opinion, with more reason, that the power of charms arose *only* from compact,

From what a torment I did free thee?

ARI.

No.

PRO. Thou dost; and think'ft
It much, to tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

ARI.

I do not, fir.

PRO. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
forgot
The foul witch Sycorax,² who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

ARI. No, fir.

PRO. Thou hast: Where was she born?
speak; tell me.

ARI. Sir, in Argier.³

and was no more than the spirits voluntarily allowed them for the seduction of man. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and therefore Casaubon, speaking of one who had commerce with spirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the best kind, who dealt with them by way of command*. Thus Prospero repents of his art in the last scene. The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness; therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty; and Caliban observes, that the spirits serve Prospero with no good will, but *bate him rostedly*.—Of these trifles enough. JOHNSON.

² *The foul witch Sycorax,*] This idea might have been caught from Dionyse Settle's *Reporte of the Last Voyage of Capteine Frobisher*, 12mo. bl. l. 1577. He is speaking of a woman found on one of the islands described. "The old wretch, whome diuers of our Saylers supposed to be a Diuell, or a *Witche*, plucked off her buskins, to see if she were clouen-footed, and for her ougly hewe and deformitie, we let her goe." STEEVENS.

³ — *in Argier.*] *Argier* is the ancient English name for *Algiers*. See a pamphlet entitled, "A true Relation of the *Travailes, &c.* of William Davica, barber-surgeon," &c. 1614. In this is a chapter "on the description, &c. of *Argier*." STEEVENS.

PRO. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

ARI. Ay, sir.

PRO. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought
with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

ARI. Yes; Caliban her son.

PRO. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

ARI. I thank thee, master.

PRO. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

ARI. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

PRO. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

ARI. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

PRO. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;⁴
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else.⁵ Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: hence, with diligence.⁶

Exit ARIEL.

⁴ — to a nymph o' the sea;] There does not appear to be sufficient cause why *Ariel* should assume this new shape, as he was to be invisible to all eyes but those of *Prospero*. STEVENS.

⁵ Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible

To every eye-ball else.] The old copy reads—

“Be subject to no sight but *thine and mine*; invisible,” &c.

But redundancy in the first line, and the ridiculous precaution that *Ariel* should not be *invisible to himself*, plainly prove that the words—*and thine*—were the interpolations of ignorance.

STEVENS.

Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject

To no sight but *thine and mine*; invisible, &c.] The words—

“be subject”—having been transferred in the first copy of this play to the latter of these lines, by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer, the editor of the second folio, to supply the metre of the former, introduced the word *to*;—reading, “like to a nymph o' the sea.” The regulation that I have made, shews that the addition, like many others made by that editor, was unnecessary. MALONE.

My arrangement of this passage, admits the word *to*, which, I think, was judiciously restored by the editor of the second folio.

STEVENS.

⁶ And hither come in't: hence with diligence.] The old copy reads—

“And hither come in't: *go*, hence with diligence.”

The transcriber or compositor had caught the word *go* from the preceding line. RITSON.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

MIRA. The strangeness⁷ of your story put
Heaviness in me.

PRO. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

MIRA. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

PRO. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him:⁸ he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

CAL. [*Within*] There's wood enough within.

PRO. Come forth, I say; there's other business
for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?⁹

⁷ *The strangeness* —] Why should a wonderful story produce sleep? I believe experience will prove, that any violent agitation of the mind easily subsides in slumber, especially when, as in Prospero's relation, the last images are pleasing. JOHNSON.

The poet seems to have been apprehensive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would sleep over this long but necessary tale, and therefore strives to break it. First, by making Prospero divest himself of his magic robe and wand; then by waking her attention no less than six times by verbal interruption: then by varying the action when he rises and bids her continue sitting: and lastly, by carrying on the business of the fable while Miranda sleeps, by which she is continued on the stage till the poet has occasion for her again. WARNER.

⁸ *We cannot miss him:*] That is, we cannot do without him.

M. MASON.

This provincial expression is still used in the midland counties.

MALONE.

⁹ *Come forth, thou tortoise! when?*] This interrogation, indicative of impatience in the highest degree, occurs also in *K. Richard II.* Act I. sc. i: "When, Harry?" See note on this passage.

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

ARI. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

PRO. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

CAL. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholsome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

In Prospero's summons to Caliban, however, as it stands in the old copy, the word *forth* (which I have repeated for the sake of metre) is wanting. STEEVENS.

* *Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd*

With raven's feather from unwholsome fen,

Drop on you both!] It was a tradition, it seems, that lord Falkland, lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden, concurred in observing, that Shakspeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a *new manner of language* for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, that Shakspeare gave his language a certain grotesque air of the savage and antique; which it certainly has. But Dr. Bentley took this, *of a new language*, literally; for speaking of a phrase in Milton, which he supposed altogether absurd and unmeaning, he says, *Satan had not the privilege as Caliban in Shakspeare, to use new phrase and diction unknown to all others—and again—to practise distances is still a Caliban stile.* Note on Milton's *Paradise Lost*, l. iv. v. 945. But I know of no such *Caliban stile* in Shakspeare, that hath new phrase and diction unknown to all others. WARBURTON.

Whence these critics derived the notion of a new language appropriated to Caliban, I cannot find: they certainly mistook brutality of sentiment for uncouthness of words. Caliban had learned to speak of Prospero, and his daughter; he had no names for the sun and moon before their arrival, and could not have invented a language of his own, without more understanding than Shakspeare has thought it proper to bestow upon him. His diction is indeed

PRO. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
 cramps,
 Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins³
 Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,⁴

somewhat clouded by the gloominess of his temper, and the malignity of his purposes; but let any other being entertain the same thoughts, and he will find them easily issue in the same expressions.

JOHNSON.

As wicked dew,] *Wicked;* having baneful qualities. So Spenser says, *wicked weed;* so, in opposition, we say herbs or medicines have *virtues.* Bacon mentions *virtuous bezoar,* and Dryden *virtuous herbs.* JOHNSON.

So, in the *Booke of Haukyng,* &c. bl. l. no date: "If a wyched fellow be swollen in such manner that a man may hele it, the hauke shall not dye." Under K. Henry VI. the parliament petitioned against hops, as a *wicked weed.* See Fuller's *Worthies:* Essex. STEEVENS.

³ —urchins—] i. e. hedgehogs.

Urchins are enumerated by *Reginald Scott* among other terrific beings. So, in Chapman's *May Day,* 1611:

"—to fold thyself up like an *urchin.*"

Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks,* 1638:

"What, are the *urchins* crept out of their dens,

"Under the conduct of this porcupine!"

Urchins are perhaps here put for *fairies.* Milton in his *Masque* speaks of "*urchin* blasts," and we still call any little dwarfish child, an *urchin.* The word occurs again in the next act. The *echinus,* or *sea hedge-hog,* is still denominated the *urchin.* STEEVENS.

In the *M. W. of Windsor* we have "*urchins,* ouphes, and fairies;" and the passage to which Mr. Steevens alludes, proves, I think, that *urchins* here signifies beings of the fairy kind:

"His spirits hear me,

"And yet I needs must curse; but they'll nor pinch,

"Fright me with *urchin-sbeaws,* pitch me i'the mire," &c.

MALONE.

In support of Mr. Steevens's note, which does not appear satisfactory to Mr. Malone, take the following proofs from *Hormanni Vulgaria,* 4to. 1515. p. 109:—"Urchyns or Hedgeboggis, full of sharpe pryckillys, when they know that they be hunted, make them rounde lyke a balle."—Again,—"*Porpyns* have longer pryckels than *urchyns.*" DOUCE.

⁴ —for that vast of night that they may work,] *The vast of night*

All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more sting-
ing
Than bees that made them.

CAL. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest
first,^s
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me;
would'st give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,

means the night which is naturally empty and deserted, without action; or when all things lying in sleep and silence, makes the world appear one great uninhabited waste. So, in *Hamlet*:

"In the dead waste and middle of the night."

It has a meaning like that of *nox vacua*.

Perhaps, however, it may be used with a signification somewhat different, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Thou God of this great waste, rebuke the furies."

Vastum is likewise the ancient law term for waste uncultivated land; and, with this meaning, *wast* is used by Chapman in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:

"—When unlightsome, wast, and indigest,

"The formeless matter of this world did lye."

It should be remembered, that, in the pneumatology of former ages, these particulars were settled with the most minute exactness, and the different kinds of visionary beings had different allotments of time suitable to the variety or consequence of their employments. During these spaces, they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might not interfere in that portion of night which belonged to others. Among these, we may suppose *urbins* to have had a part subjected to their dominion. To this limitation of time Shakspeare alludes again in *K. Lear*:

"He begins at curfew, and walks till the second cock." STEEVENS.

^s Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,] We might read—

"Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st here first,—"

RITSON.

The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and
fertile;

Curfed be I that did fo!—All the charms⁶
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

PRO. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have
us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd
thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

CAL. O ho, O ho!—'wou'd it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

PRO. Abhorred slave;⁸
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,

⁶ — *All the charms* —] The latter word, like many others of the same kind, is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

Why should we encourage a supposition which no instance whatever countenances? viz. that *charms* was used as a dissyllable. The verse is complete without such an effort to prolong it:

“Curfed | be I | that did | fo! all | the charms—”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *O ho! O ho!*] This savage exclamation was originally and constantly appropriated by the writers of our ancient Mysteries and Moralities, to the Devil; and has, in this instance, been transferred to his descendant Caliban. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Abhorred slave;*] This speech, which the old copy gives to Miranda, is very judiciously bestowed by Theobald on Prospero. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald found, or might have found, this speech transferred to Prospero in the alteration of this play by Dryden and D'Avenant. MALONE.

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
hour

One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning,⁹ but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile
race,²

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

CAL. You taught me language; and my profit
on't

Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid you,³

⁹ — *When thou didst not, savage,*

Know thine own meaning,] By this expression, however defective, the poet seems to have meant—*When thou didst utter sounds, to which thou hadst no determinate meaning:* but the following expression of Mr. Addison, in his 389th Spectator, concerning the Hottentots, may prove the best comment on this passage; “—having no language among them but a confused gabble, which is *neither well understood by themselves, or others.*” STEEVENS.

² *But thy vile race,*] The old copy has *wild*, but it is only the ancient mode of spelling *wile*. *Race*, in this place, seems to signify original disposition, inborn qualities. In this sense we still say—*The race of wine:* Thus in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts:*

“ There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe

“ Of rich Canary.—

“ Is it of the right *race*?”

and Sir W. Temple has somewhere applied it to works of literature. STEEVENS.

Race and raciness in wine, signifies a kind of tartness.

BLACKSTONE.

³ — *the red plague rid you,*] I suppose from the redness of the body, universally inflamed. JOHNSON.

The *erysipelas* was anciently called the *red plague*. STEEVENS.

So again, in *Coriolanus:*

“ Now the *red pestilence* strike all trades in Rome!”

For learning me your language!

PRO. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, th' wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CAL. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god Setebos,⁴
And make a vassal of him.

PRO. So, slave; hence!
[*Exit CALIBAN.*

*Re-enter ARIEL invisible,⁵ playing and singing;
FERDINAND following him.*

ARIEL'S Song.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist)⁶*

The word *rid*, which has not been explained, means to *destroy*.
So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

“—If you ever chance to have a child,
“ Look, in his youth, to have him so cut off,
“ As, deathsmen! you have *rid* this sweet young prince.”

MALONE.

⁴ — *my dam's god, Setebos,*] A gentleman of great merit, Mr. Warner, has observed on the authority of *John Barbot*, that “the Patagons are reported to dread a great horned devil, called *Setebos*.”—It may be asked however, how *Shakspeare* knew any thing of this, as *Barbot* was a voyager of the present century?—Perhaps he had read *Eden's History of Travayle, 1577*, who tells us, p. 434, that “the *giantes*, when they found themselves fettered, roared like bulls, and cried upon *Setebos* to help them.”—The *metatbesis* in *Caliban* from *Canibal* is evident. FARMER.

We learn from *Magellan's voyage*, that *Setebos* was the supreme god of the Patagons, and *Chelcule* was an inferior one. TOLLET.

*Post it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.⁷*

Hark, bark!

BUR. Bowgh, wowgh. [disperfedly.

The watch-dogs bark:

BUR. Bowgh, wowgh. [disperfedly.

Hark, bark! I bear

The strain of strutting chanticlere

Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

FER. Where should this musick be? i' the air,
or the earth?

It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,

Setebos is also mentioned in Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598.

MALONE.

⁵ *Re-enter Ariel* invifible,] In the wardrobe of the Lord Admiral's men (i. e. company of comedians) 1598, was—"a robe for to goo *inviſebell*." See the *Mf.* from Dulwich college, quoted by Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Court'ied when you bowe, and kiſ'd,*] As was anciently done at the beginning of ſome dances. So, in *K. Henry VIII.* that prince ſays to Anna Bullen—

"I were unmannerly to take you out,

"And not to kiſs you."

The wild waves whiſt;] i. e. the wild waves being ſilent. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. VII. c. 7. l. 59:

"So was the Titanesſ put down, and whiſt."

And Milton ſeems to have had our author in his eye. See ſtanza 5. of his Hymn on the Nativity:

"The winds with wonder whiſt,

"Smoothly the waters kiſ'd."

So again, both Lord Surrey and Phaer, in their tranſlations of the ſecond book of Virgil:

"——Conticuere omnes.

"They whiſted all."

and Lyly, in his *Maid's Metamorphoſis*, 1600:

"But every thing is quiet, whiſt, and ſtill." STEEVENS.

⁷ — *the burden bear.*] Old copy—bear the burden. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Weeping again the king my father's wreck,⁸
 This musick crept by me upon the waters;⁹
 Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
 With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
 Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
 No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

*Full fathom five thy father lies ;²
 Of his bones are coral made ;
 Those are pearls, that were his eyes :
 Nothing of him that doth fade,³*

⁸ *Weeping again the king my father's wreck,*] Thus the old copy ; but in the books of Shakspeare's age *again* is sometimes printed instead of *against* [i. e. opposite to], which I am persuaded was our author's word. The placing Ferdinand in such a situation that he could still gaze upon the wrecked vessel, is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. *Again* is inadmissible; for this would import that Ferdinand's tears had ceased for a time; whereas he himself tells us, afterwards, that from the hour of his father's wreck they had *never* ceased to flow :

“ ——— Myself am Naples,

“ Who with mine eyes, *ne'er since at ebb*, beheld

“ The king my father wreck'd.”

However, as our author sometimes forgot to compare the different parts of his play, I have made no change. MALONE.

By the word—*again*, I suppose the Prince means only to describe the *repetition* of his sorrows. Besides, it appears from Miranda's description of the storm, that the ship had been *swallowed* by the waves, and consequently could no longer be an object of sight.

STEVENS.

⁹ *This musick crept by me upon the waters;*] So, in Milton's *Masque* :

“ ——— a soft and solemn breathing sound

“ Rise like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,

“ And stole upon the air.” STEVENS.

² *Full fathom five thy father lies, &c.*] Ariel's lays, [which have been condemned by Gildon as trifling, and defended not very successfully by Dr. Warburton] however seasonable and efficacious, must be allowed to be of no supernatural dignity or elegance; they express nothing great, nor reveal any thing above mortal discovery.

*But doth suffer a sea-change⁴
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.⁵
 [Burden, ding-dong.*

FER. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owes:⁶—I hear it now above me.

The reason for which Ariel is introduced thus trifling is, that he and his companions are evidently of the fairy kind, an order of beings to which tradition has always ascribed a sort of diminutive agency, powerful but ludicrous, a humorous and frolick controlment of nature, well expressed by the songs of Ariel. JOHNSON.

The songs in this play, Dr. Wilson, who reset and published two of them, tells us, in his *Court Ayres, or Ballads*, published at Oxford, 1660, that “*Full fathom five*,” and “*Where the bee sucks*,” had been first set by Robert Johnson, a composer contemporary with Shakspeare. BURNEY.

³ *Nothing of him that doth fade,*

But doth suffer a sea-change —] The meaning is—Every thing about him, that is liable to alteration, is changed. STEEVENS.

⁴ *But doth suffer a sea-change —*] So, in Milton's *Masque*:

“*And underwent a quick immortal change.*”
 STEEVENS.

⁵ *Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:*

Hark! now I hear them, —Ding, dong bell.

Burden, ding-dong.]

So, in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delight, &c.* 13th edition, 1690:

“*Corydon's doleful knell to the tune of Ding, dong.*”

“*I must go seek a new love,*

“*Yet will I ring her knell,*

Ding, dong.”

The same burthen to a song occurs in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

⁶ *That the earth owes:] To owe*, in this place, as well as many others, signifies to own. So, in *Othello*:

“*—that sweet sleep*

“*Which thou ow'st yesterday.*”

PRO. The fringed curtains' of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

MIRA. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, fir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

PRO. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath
such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

MIRA. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PRO. It goes on,⁸ [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll
free thee
Within two days for this.

Again, in the *Tempest*:

“ ———thou dost here usurp
“ The name thou *ow'st* not.”

To use the word in this sense, is not peculiar to Shakspeare.
I meet with it in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*:

“ If now the beard be such, what is the prince
“ That *owes* the beard?” STEEVENS.

⁷ The fringed curtains, &c.] The same expression occurs in
Pericles Prince of Tyre, 1609:

“ ———her eyelids
“ Begin to part their *fringes* of bright gold.”

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia* Lib. I: “ Sometimes my eyes would
lay themselves open—or cast my lids, as *curtains*, over the image of
beauty her presence had painted in them.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *It goes on,*] The old copy reads—“ It goes on, *I see,*” &c.
But as the words *I see*, are useless, and an incumbrance to the metre,
I have omitted them. STEEVENS.

FER. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!⁹—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be made, or no?

MIRA. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.²

⁹ *Most sure, &c.*] It seems, that Shakspeare, in *The Tempest*, hath been suspected of translating some expressions of Virgil; witness the *O Dea certe*. I presume we are here directed to the passage, where Ferdinand says of Miranda, after hearing the songs of Ariel:

*Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—*

And so *very small Latin* is sufficient for this formidable translation, that, if it be thought any honour to our poet, I am loth to deprive him of it; but his honour is not built on such a sandy foundation. Let us turn to a *real translator*, and examine whether the idea might not be fully comprehended by an English reader, supposing it necessarily borrowed from Virgil. *Hexameters* in our language are almost forgotten; we will quote therefore this time from Stanyhurst:

“ O to thee, fayre virgia, what terme may rightly be fitted?

“ Thy tongue, thy visage no mortal frayltie resembleth.

“ ———No doubt, a goddesse!” *Edit.* 1583. FARMER.

² ———*certainly a maid.*] Nothing could be more prettily imagined, to illustrate the singularity of her character, than this pleasant mistake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain-dealing documents of moral philosophy, which teaches us the knowledge of ourselves; and was an utter stranger to the flattery invented by vicious and designing men to corrupt the other sex. So that it could not enter into her imagination, that complaisance, and a desire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity which she had been instructed, in her moral lessons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into such excess, as that any one should be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a goddess, or an immortal. *WARBURTON.*

Dr. Warburton has here found a beauty, which I think the author never intended. Ferdinand asks her not whether she was a *created being*, a question, which if he meant it, he has ill expressed, but whether she was unmarried; for after the dialogue which

FER. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Prospero's interruption produces, he goes on pursuing his former question :

“ O, if a virgin,
“ I'll make you queen of Naples.” JOHNSON.

A passage in Lilly's *Galathea* seems to countenance the present text : “ The question among men is common, *are you a maide?* ” —yet I cannot but think, that Dr. Warburton reads very rightly : “ If you be *made*, or no.” When we meet with a harsh expression in *Shakspeare*, we are usually to look for a *play upon words*. Fletcher closely imitates *The Tempest* in his *Sea Voyage*: and he introduces *Albert* in the same manner to the ladies of *his Desert Island*:

“ Be not offended, goddesses, that I fall
“ Thus prostrate,” &c.

Shakspeare himself had certainly read, and had probably now in his mind, a passage in the third book of *The Fairy Queen*, between *Timias* and *Belphæbe*:

“ *Angel* or goddess! do I call thee right?
“ There-at the blushing, said, ah! gentle squire,
“ Nor goddess I, nor angel, but the maid
“ And daughter of a woody nymph,” &c. FARMER.

So Milton. *Comus*, 265:

“ —Hail foreign wonder!
“ Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
“ Unless the Goddess,” &c.

Milton's imitation explains *Shakspeare*. *Maid* is certainly a *created being*, a Woman in opposition to Goddess. *Miranda* immediately destroys this first sense by a quibble. In the mean time, I have no objection to read *made*, i. e. *created*. The force of the sentiment is the same. *Comus* is universally allowed to have taken some of its tints from *The Tempest*. T. WARTON.

The first copy reads—if you be *maid*, or no. *Made* was not suggested by Dr. Warburton, being an emendation introduced by the editor of the fourth folio. It was, I am persuaded, the author's word: There being no article prefixed adds strength to this supposition. Nothing is more common in his plays than a word being used in reply, in a sense different from that in which it was employed by the first speaker. Ferdinand had the moment before called *Miranda* a goddess; and the words immediately subjoined, —“ Vouchsafe, my prayer”—show, that he looked up to her as a person of a superior order, and sought her protection, and in-

PRO. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

FER. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

MIR.A. Alack, for mercy!

FER. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of
Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.³

PRO. The duke of Milan,

struction for his conduct, not her love. At *this* period, therefore he must have felt too much awe to have flattered himself with the hope of possessing a being that appeared to him celestial; though afterwards, emboldened by what Miranda says, he exclaims, "O, if a virgin," &c. words that appear inconsistent with the supposition that he had already *asked* her whether she was one or not. She had indeed told him, she was; but in his astonishment at hearing her speak his own language, he may well be supposed to have forgotten what she said; which, if he had himself made the inquiry, would not be very reasonable to suppose.

It appears from the alteration of this play by Dryden and Sir W. D'Avenant, that they considered the present passage in this light:

" — Fair-excellence,

" If, as your form declares, you are divine,

" Be pleas'd to instruct me, how you will be worship'd;

" So bright a beauty cannot sure belong

" To human kind."

In a subsequent scene we have again the same inquiry:

Alon. " Is she the *goddess* that hath sever'd us,

" And brought us thus together?"

Fer. " Sir, she's *mortal*."

Our author might have remembered Lodge's description of Fawnia, the Perdita of his *Winter's Tale*: " Yet he scarce knew her, for she had attired herself in rich apparel, which so increased her beauty, that she resembled rather an *angel* than a *creature*." *Dorastus and Fawnia*, 1592. MALONE.

³ *And his brave son, being twain.*] This is a slight forgetfulness. Nobody was lost in the wreck, yet we find no such character as the son of the duke of Milan. THEOBALD.

And his more braver daughter, could control thee,⁴
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first fight

[*Aside.*
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll fet thee free for this!—A word, good fir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong:⁵ a
word.

MIRA. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I figh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

FER. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

PRO. Soft, fir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift
business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge
thee,

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'ft not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

FER. No, as I am a man.

MIRA. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

⁴ — control thee,] Confute thee, unanswerably contradict thee. JOHNSON.

⁵ I fear you have done yourself some wrong:] i. e. I fear that, in asserting yourself to be king of Naples, you have uttered a falshood, which is below your character, and consequently injurious to your honour. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—"This is not well, master Ford, this wrongs you." STEEVENS.

PRO. Follow me.— [To FERD.
 Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
 I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
 Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
 The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
 Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

FER. No;
 I will resist such entertainment, till
 Mine enemy has more power. [He draws.

MIRA. O dear father,
 Make not too rash a trial of him, for
 He's gentle, and not fearful.⁶

PRO. What, I say,
 My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
 Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy
 conscience
 Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;⁷
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
 And make thy weapon drop.

⁶ *He's gentle, and not fearful.*] *Fearful* signifies both terrible and timorous. In this place it may mean *timorous*. She tells her father, that as he is gentle, rough usage is unnecessary; and as he is brave, it may be dangerous.

Fearful, however, may signify *formidable*, as in *K. Henry IV*:

“A mighty and a fearful head they are.”

and then the meaning of the passage is obvious. STEEVENS.

“Do not rashly determine to treat him with severity, he is mild and barmless, and not in the least terrible or dangerous.”

RITSON.

⁷ *My foot my tutor!*] So, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587. p. 163:

“What honest heart would conceive disdayne,

“To see the foote surmount above the head.” HENDERSON.

Again, in *K. Lear*, Act IV. sc. ii. one of the quartos reads—

“My foot usurps my head.” STEEVENS.

⁸ —*come from thy ward* ;] Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence. JOHNSON.

MIRA. Beseech you, father!

PRO. Hence; hang not on my garments.

MIRA. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

PRO. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

MIRA. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

PRO. Come on; obey: [*To FERD.*
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,⁹
And have no vigour in them.

FER. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.²
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,³
Might I but through my prison once a day

⁹ *Thy nerves are in their infancy again,*] Perhaps Milton had this passage in his mind, when he wrote the following line in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*:

“Thy nerves are all bound up in alabaster.” STEEVENS.

² *My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.*] Alluding to a common sensation in dreams; when we struggle, but with a total impuissance in our endeavours, to run, strike, &c. WARBURTON.

³ —are but light to me,] This passage, as it stands at present, with all allowance for poetical licence, cannot be reconciled to grammar. I suspect that our author wrote—“were but light to me,” in the sense of—*would be*.—In the preceding line the old copy reads—*nor* this man's threats. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Behold this maid: ⁴ all corners else o' the earth
 Let liberty make use of; space enough
 Have I, in such a prison.

PRO. It works:—Come on.—
 Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—

[*To FERD. and MIR.*
 Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To ARIEL.*

MIRA. Be of comfort;
 My father's of a better nature, fir,
 Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
 Which now came from him.

PRO. Thou shalt be as free
 As mountain winds: but then exactly do
 All points of my command.

ARI. To the syllable.

PRO. Come, follow: speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

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

Another part of the island.

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
 ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

GON. 'Beseech you, fir, be merry: you have cause
 (So have we all) of joy; for our escape

⁴ *Might I but through my prison once a day
 Behold this maid:]* This thought seems borrowed from *The
 Knight's Tale* of Chaucer; v. 1230:

“ For elles had I dwelt with Theseus

“ Yfetered in his prison evermo.

“ Than had I ben in blisse, and not in wo.

“ Only the sight of hire, whom that I serve,

“ Though that I never hire grace may deserve,

“ Wold have sufficed right ynough for me.” STEEVENS.

Is much beyond our loss : Our hint of woe⁵
 Is common ; every day, some sailer's wife,
 The masters of some merchant,⁶ and the merchant,
 Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
 I mean our preservation, few in millions
 Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
 Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALON. Pr'ythee, peace.

SEB. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANT. The visitor⁷ will not give him o'er so.

SEB. Look, he's winding up the watch of his
 wit ; by and by it will strike.

GON. Sir,——

SEB. One :——Tell.

GON. When every grief is entertain'd, that's
 offer'd,
 Comes to the entertainer——

SEB. A dollar.

⁵ —— *Our hint of woe* ——] *Hint* is that which recalls to the memory. The cause that fills our minds with grief is common. Dr. Warburton reads—*hint* of woe. JOHNSON.

Hint seems to mean circumstance. “ A danger from which they had escaped (says Mr. M. Mason) might properly be called a *hint of woe.*” STEEVENS.

⁶ *The masters of some merchant, &c.*] Thus the old copy. If the passage be not corrupt (as I suspect it is) we must suppose that by *masters* our author means the *owners* of a merchant's ship, or the *officers* to whom the navigation of it had been trusted.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *The visitor* ——] Why Dr. Warburton should change *visitor* to *viser*, for *adviser*, I cannot discover. Gonzalo gives not only advice but comfort, and is therefore properly called *The Visitor*, like others who visit the sick or distressed to give them consolation. In some of the Protestant churches there is a kind of officers termed *Consolators* for the sick. JOHNSON.

GON. Dolour comes to him, indeed; ⁸ you have spoken truer than you purpos'd.

SEB. You have taken it wifelier than I meant you should.

GON. Therefore, my lord,—

ANT. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

ALON. I pr'ythee, spare.

GON. Well, I have done: But yet—

SEB. He will be talking.

ANT. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

SEB. The old cock.

ANT. The cockrel.

SEB. Done: The wager?

ANT. A laughter.

SEB. A match.

ADR. Though this island seem to be desert,—

SEB. Ha, ha, ha!

ANT. So, you've pay'd.⁹

ADR. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

SEB. Yet,

ADR. Yet—

ANT. He could not miss it.

⁸ *Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed;] The same quibble occurs in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637:

“ And his reward be thirteen hundred dollars,

“ For he hath driven *dolour* from our heart.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — you've *pay'd.*] Old Copy—*you'r* paid. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. To *pay* sometimes signified—to *beat*, but I have never met with it in a metaphorical sense; otherwise I should have thought the reading of the folio right: you are *beaten*; you have *beaten*. MALONE.

ADR. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.²

ANT. Temperance was a delicate wench.³

SEB. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.

ADR. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEB. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANT. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

GON. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

ANT. True; save means to live.

SEB. Of that there's none, or little.

GON. How lush⁴ and lusty the grass looks? how green?

ANT. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

² ——— and delicate temperance.] *Temperance* here means *temperature*. STEEVENS.

³ *Temperance was a delicate wench.*] In the puritanical times it was usual to christen children from the titles of religious and moral virtues.

So Taylor, the water-poet, in his description of a strumpet :

“ Though bad they be, they will not bate an ace,

“ To be call'd Prudence, *Temperance*, Faith, or Grace.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *How lush, &c.*] *Lush*, i. e. of a dark full colour, the opposite to pale and faint. SIR T. HANMER.

The words, *how green?* which immediately follow, might have intimated to Sir T. Hanmer, that *lush* here signifies *runk*, and not a dark full colour. In Arthur Golding's translation of *Julius Solinus*, printed 1587, a passage occurs, in which the word is explained.—“ *Shrubbes lush* and almost like a gryftle.” So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ Quite over-canopied with *lushious* woodbine.” HENLEY.

The word *lush* has not yet been rightly interpreted. It appears from the following passage in Golding's translation of Ovid, 1587, to have signified *juicy*, *succulent* :

“ What? seest thou not, how that the year, as representing plaine

“ The age of man, departes himself in quarters foure : first, baine

SEB. With an eye of green in't.⁵

ANT. He misses not much.

SEB. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GON. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit,)——

SEB. As many vouch'd rarities are.

GON. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

ANT. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

SEB. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GON. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel⁶ to the king of Tunis.

" And tender in the spring it is, even like a sucking babe,

" Then greene and void of strength, and *lush* and *foggy* is the blade;

" And cheers the husbandman with hope."

Ovid's lines (Met. XV.) are these:

Quid? non in species succedere quattuor annum

Aspicis, ætatis peragentem imitamina nostræ?

Nam tener et lactens, puerique firmillimus ævo,

Vere novo est. Tunc *herba recens, et roboris expert,*

Turget, et insolida est, et spe delectat agrestem.

Spenser in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, (Feb.) applies the epithet *lush* to green:

" With leaves engrain'd in *lushie green*." MALONE.

⁵ *With an eye of green in't.*] An eye is a small shade of colour:

" Red, with an eye of blue, makes a purple." Boyle.

Again, in Fuller's *Church History*, p. 237, xvii Cent. Book XI:

" — some cole-black (all eye of purple being put out therein)——"

Again, in Sandys's *Travels*, lib. i: " — cloth of silver tissued with an eye of green —." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *Claribel* —] Shakspeare might have found this name in the

SEB. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

ADR. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

GON. Not since widow Dido's time.

ANT. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!⁶

SEB. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

ADR. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

bl. 1. *History of George Lord Faulconbridge*, a pamphlet that he probably read when he was writing *King John*. CLARABEL is there the concubine of King Richard I. and the mother of Lord Falconbridge. MALONE.

⁶ — *Widow Dido!*] The name of a widow brings to their minds their own shipwreck, which they consider as having made many widows in Naples. JOHNSON.

Perhaps our author remembered "An inscription for the statue of Dido," copied from Aufonius, and inserted in *Davison's Poems*:

"O most unhappy *Dido*,

"Unhappy wife, and more unhappy *widow!*"

"Unhappy in thy mate,

"And in thy lover more unfortunate!" &c.

The edition from whence I have transcribed these lines was printed in 1621, but there was a former in 1608, and another some years before, as I collect from the following passage in a letter from Mr. John Chamberlain to Mr. Carleton, July 8, 1602: "It seems young Davison means to take another course, and turn poet, for he hath lately *set out* certain sonnets and epigrams." Chamberlain's Letters, Vol. I. among Dr. Birch's Mss. in the British Museum. MALONE.

A ballad of *Queen Dido* is in the Pepysian collection, and is also printed in *Percy's Reliques*. It appears at one time to have been a great favourite with the common people. "O you ale-knights," exclaims an ancient writer, "you that devour the marrow of the mault, and drinke whole ale-tubs into consumptions; that sing QUEEN DIDO over a cupp, and tell strange newes over an ale-pot," &c. *Jacke of Dover his quest of Inquirie, or his privy search for the veriest Foole in England*, 4to. 1604, fig. F. RITSON.

GON. This Tunis, fir, was Carthage.

ADR. Carthage?

GON. I assure you, Carthage.

ANT. His word is more than the miraculous harp.¹

SEB. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

ANT. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

SEB. I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

ANT. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

GON. Ay?

ANT. Why, in good time.

GON. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANT. And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEB. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANT. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

GON. Is not, fir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a fort.

ANT. That fort was well fish'd for.

GON. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALON. You cram these words into mine ears, against

The stomach of my sense:² 'Would I had never

¹ —*the miraculous harp.*] Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's music. STEEVENS.

² *The stomach of my sense:*] By *sense*, I believe, is meant both *reason and natural affection*. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

FRAN. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

ALON. No, no, he's gone.

SEB. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your
daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALON. Pr'ythee, peace.

SEB. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd other-
wife
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow.⁸ We have lost
your son,

⁸ "Against all *sense* do you importune her."
Mr. M. Mason, however, supposes "*sense*, in this place, means
feeling." STEVENS.

⁹ Weigh'd, *between lothness and obedience, at*
Which end o' the beam she'd bow.] Weigh'd means *deliberated*.

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:^a the fault's
Your own.

ALON. So is the dearest of the losfs.

GON. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

SEB. Very well.

ANT. And most chirurgeonly.

GON. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

SEB. Foul weather?

ANT. Very foul.

GON. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

ANT. He'd sow it with nettle-feed.

SEB. Or docks, or mallows.

It is used in nearly the same sense in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in *Hamlet*. The old copy reads—*should bow*. *Should* was probably an abbreviation of *she would*, the mark of elision being inadvertently omitted [sh'ould]. Thus *be has* is frequently exhibited in the first folio—*b'as*. Mr. Pope corrected the passage thus: "at which end the beam should bow." But omission of any word in the old copy, without substituting another in its place, is seldom safe, except in those instances where the repeated word appears to have been caught by the compositor's eye glancing on the line above, or below, or where a word is printed twice in the same line.

MALONE.

^a *Thus we bring men to comfort them:*] It does not clearly appear whether the king and these lords thought the ship lost. This passage seems to imply, that they were themselves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet destroyed. Why, indeed, should Sebastian plot against his brother in the following scene, unless he knew how to find the kingdom which he was to inherit?

JOHNSON.

GON. And were the king of it, What would I do?

SEB. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

GON. I' the commonwealth I would by con-
traries

Execute all things : for no kind of traffick
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;³

— for no kind of traffick

Would I admit ; no name of magistrate, &c.] Our author has here closely followed a passage in Montaigne's *ESSAIS*, translated by John Florio, folio, 1603 : " It is a nation (would I answer Plato) that hath no kind of trafficke, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politick superioritie ; no use of service, of riches, or of povertie, no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation, but idle ; no respect of kindred but common ; no apparel but natural ; no use of wine, corne, or metal. The very words that import lying, falshood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envie, detraction and pardon, were never heard amongst them."—This passage was pointed out by Mr. Capell, who knew so little of his author as to suppose that Shakspeare had the original French before him, though he has almost literally followed Florio's translation.

Montaigne is here speaking of a newly discovered country, which he calls " Antartick France." In the page preceding that already quoted, are these words : " The other testimonie of antiquitie to which some will refer the *discoverie* is in Aristotle (if at least that little book of unheard-of wonders be his) where he reporteth that certain Carthaginians having sailed athwart the Atlanticke sea, without the strait of Gibraltar, discovered a great fertile ISLAND, all replenished with goodly woods, and deepe rivers, farre distant from any land."

Whoever shall take the trouble to turn to the old translation here quoted, will, I think, be of opinion, that in whatsoever novel our author might have found the *fable of The Tempest*, he was led by the perusal of this book to make the *scene* of it an un-frequented island. The title of the chapter, which is—" *Of the Canniballes*,"—evidently furnished him with the name of one of his characters. In his time almost every proper name was twisted into an anagram. Thus, "*I moyl in law*," was the anagram of the laborious William Noy, Attorney General to Charles I. By inverting this process, and transposing the letters of the word *Canibal*, Shakspeare (as Dr. Farmer long since observed) formed the name of *Caliban*. MALONE.

Letters should not be known ; no use of service,
 Of riches or of poverty ; no contracts,
 Successions ; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none :⁴
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil :
 No occupation ; all men idle, all ;
 And women too ; but innocent and pure :
 No sovereignty :—

SEB.

And yet he would be king on't.

⁴ *Letters should not be known ; no use of service,*

Of riches or of poverty ; no contracts,

Successions ; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none :] The words already quoted from Florio's Translation (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) instruct us to regulate our author's metre as it is now exhibited in the text.

Probably Shakspeare first wrote (in the room of *partition*, which did not suit the structure of his verse) *ourn* ; but recollecting that one of its significations was a *rivulet*, and that his island would have fared ill without fresh water, he changed *ourn* to *bound of land*, a phrase that could not be misunderstood. At the same time he might have forgot to strike out *ourn*, his original word, which is now rejected ; for if not used for a *brook*, it would have exactly the same meaning as *bound of land*. There is therefore no need of the dissyllabical assistance recommended in the following note.

STEVENS.

And use of service, none ; contract, succession,

ourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.] The defective metre of the second of these lines affords a ground for believing that some word was omitted at the press. Many of the defects however in our author's metre have arisen from the words of one line being transferred to another. In the present instance the preceding line is redundant. Perhaps the words here, as in many other passages, have been shuffled out of their places. We might read—

And use of service, none ; succession,

Contract, *ourn*, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.

succession being often used by Shakspeare as a quadrisyllable. It must however be owned, that in the passage in Montaigne's *Essays* the words *contract* and *succession* are arranged in the same manner as in the first folio.

If the error did not happen in this way, *ourn* might have been used as a dissyllable, and the word omitted at the press might have been *none* :

————— contract, succession,

None ; *ourn*, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.

MALONE.

ANT. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.⁵

GON. All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,⁶
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foizon,⁷ all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

SEB. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANT. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.

GON. I would with such perfection govern, fir,
To excel the golden age.⁸

⁵ *The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.*] All this dialogue is a fine satire on the Utopian treatises of government, and the impracticable inconsistent schemes therein recommended.

WARBURTON.

⁶ ——— any engine,] An engine is the rack. So, in *K. Lear*:

“ ——— like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
“ From the fix'd place.”

It may, however, be used here in its common signification of instrument of war, or military machine. STEVENS.

⁷ — all foizon,] *Foizon*, or *foizon*, signifies plenty, *ubertas*; not moisture, or juice of grass, as Mr. Pope says. EDWARDS.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XIII. Ch. 78:

“ Union, in breefe, is *foizonous*, and discorde works decay.”

Mr. Pope, however, is not entirely mistaken, as *foizon*, or *foizon*, sometimes bears the meaning which he has affixed to it. See Ray's Collection of South and East Country words. STEVENS.

——— nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foizon, all abundance,

To feed my innocent people.] “ And if notwithstanding, in divers fruits of those countries that were never tilled, we shall find that in respect of our's they are most excellent, and as delicate unto our taste, there is no reason Art should gain the point of our great and puissant mother, *Nature*.” Montaigne's *Essais*, ubi sup.

MALONE.

⁸ *I would with such perfection govern, fir,*

To excel the golden age.] So Montaigne, ubi supra: “ Me

SEB. 'Save his majesty!

ANT. Long live Gonzalo!

GON. And, do you mark me, fir?—

ALON. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

GON. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

ANT. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

GON. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

ANT. What a blow was there given?

SEB. An it had not fallen flat-long.

GON. You are gentlemen of brave mettle;⁹ you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter ARIEL invisible, playing solemn musick.**

SEB. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

ANT. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

scemeth that what in those [newly discovered] nations we see by experience, doth not only EXCEED *all the pictures wherewith licentious poesse hath proudly imbellished the GOLDEN AGE*, and all her quaint inventions to fain a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of philosophy." MALONE.

⁹ —*of brave mettle;*] The old copy has—*metel*. The two words are frequently confounded in the first folio. The epithet, *brave*, shews clearly, that the word now placed in the text was intended by our author. MALONE.

* *Enter Ariel, &c. playing solemn musick.*] This stage-direction does not mean to tell us that Ariel himself was the *fidicen*; but that solemn music attended his appearance, was an accompaniment to his entry. STEVENS.

GON. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

ANT. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALON. SEB. and ANT.]

ALON. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do so.

SEB. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

ANT. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

ALON. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy.—
[ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.]

SEB. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

ANT. It is the quality o' the climate.

SEB. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

ANT. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What
might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee;
and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEB. What, art thou waking?

ANT. Do you not hear me speak?

SEB. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

ANT. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

SEB. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

ANT. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.¹

SEB. Well; I am standing water.

ANT. I'll teach you how to flow.

SEB. Do so: to ebb,

¹ *I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,*

Trebles thee o'er.] This passage is represented to me as an obscure one. The meaning of it seems to be—You must put on more than your usual seriousness, if you are disposed to pay a proper attention to my proposal; which attention if you bestow, it will in the end make you *thrice what you are*. Sebastian is already brother to the throne; but, being made a king by Antonio's contrivance, would be (according to our author's idea of greatness) *thrice the man he was before*. In this sense he would be *trebled o'er*. So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

“ _____ the matter calls,

“ And *trebles* the confusion.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

“ _____ *thrice* his own worth.” STEVENS.

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“ _____ Yet, for you,

“ I would be *trebled* twenty times myself.” MALONE.

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANT. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it!⁴ Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

SEB. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

ANT. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance,⁵ this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only,
The king, his son's alive; 'tis as impossible
That he's undrown'd, as he that sleeps here, swims.⁶

⁴ *If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it!*] A judicious critic in *The Edinburgh Magazine* for Nov. 1786, offers the following illustration of this obscure passage. "Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant water to flow. — It has already learned to ebb," says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies, "O if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at; how in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation!" STEEVENS.

⁵ — *this lord of weak remembrance,*] This lord, who, being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering; and who, once laid in the ground, shall be as little remembered himself, as he can now remember other things. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.*] Of this entangled sentence I

SEB. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

can draw no sense from the present reading, and therefore imagine that the author gave it thus:

*For he, a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade the king, his son's alive;*

Of which the meaning may be either, that *he alone, who is a spirit of persuasion, professes to persuade the king*; or that, *He only professes to persuade, that is, without being so persuaded himself, he makes a show of persuading the king.* JOHNSON.

The meaning may be—He is a mere rhetorician, one who professes the art of persuasion, and nothing else; *i. e.* he professes to persuade another to believe that of which he himself is not convinced; he is content to be plausible, and has no further aim. So (as Mr. Malone observes) in *Troilus and Cressida*: “—why he'll answer nobody, he *professes* not answering.” STEVENS.

The obscurity of this passage arises from a misconception of the word *be's*, which is not an abbreviation of *be is*, but of *be has*; and partly from the omission of the pronoun *who*, before the word *professes*, by a common poetical ellipsis. Supply that deficiency, and the sentence will run thus:—

“ Although this lord of weak remembrance

“ — hath here almost persuaded

“ For *he has* a spirit of persuasion, *who*, only

“ Professes to persuade, the king his son's alive;”—

And the meaning is clearly this.—This old lord, though a mere dotard, has almost persuaded the king that his son is alive; for he is so willing to believe it, that any man who undertakes to persuade him of it, has the powers of persuasion, and succeeds in the attempt.

We find a similar expression in the First Part of *Henry IV.* When Poins undertakes to engage the Prince to make one of the party to Gads-hill, Falstaff says,

“ Well! may'st thou *have the spirit of persuasion*, and he the ears of profiting! that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed!” M. MASON.

The light Mr. M. Mason's conjecture has thrown on this passage, I think, enables me to discover and remedy the defect in it.

I cannot help regarding the words—“ *professes to persuade*”—as a mere gloss or paraphrase on “—*he has a spirit of persuasion.*” This explanatory sentence, being written in the margin of an actor's part, or playhouse copy, was afterwards injudiciously incorporated

ANT. O, out of that no hope,
 What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
 Another way so high an hope, that even
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,⁷
 But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with
 me,
 That Ferdinand is drown'd?

with our author's text. Read the passage (as it now stands in the text,) without these words, and nothing is wanting to its sense or metre.

On the contrary, the insertion of the words I have excluded, by lengthening the parenthesis, obscures the meaning of the speaker, and, at the same time, produces redundancy of measure.

Irregularity of metre ought always to excite suspicions of omission or interpolation. Where somewhat has been omitted, through chance or design, a line is occasionally formed by the junction of hemistichs previously unfitted to each other. Such a line will naturally exceed the established proportion of feet; and when marginal observations are crept into the text, they will have just such awkward effects as I conceive to have been produced by one of them in the present instance.

"Perhaps (says that excellent scholar and perspicacious critic Mr. Porson, in his 6th Letter to Archdeacon Travis) you think it an affected and absurd idea that a marginal note can ever creep into the text: yet I hope you are not so ignorant as not to know that this has actually happened, not merely in hundreds or thousands, but in millions of places," &c. &c.—

"From this known propensity of transcribers to turn every thing into the text which they found written in the margin of their MSS. or between the lines, so many interpolations have proceeded, that at present the surest canon of criticism is, *Præferatur lectio brevior.*" p. 149. 150.

Though I once expressed a different opinion, I am now well convinced that the metre of Shakspeare's plays had originally no other irregularity than was occasioned by an accidental use of hemistichs. When we find the smoothest series of lines among our earliest dramatic writers (who could fairly boast of no other requisites for poetry) are we to expect less polished versification from Shakspeare? STEEVENS.

⁷ — a wink beyond,] That this is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no farther, and where objects lose their distinctness, so that what is there discovered is faint, obscure, and doubtful. JOHNSON.

SEB. He's gone.

ANT. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEB. Claribel.

ANT. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life;⁸ she that from
Naples

Can have no note,⁹ unless the fun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born
chins

Be rough and razorable; she, from whom¹
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;²
And, by that, destin'd⁴ to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,

⁸ — *beyond man's life*;] i. e. at a greater distance than the life of man is long enough to reach. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *she that from Naples*
Can have no note, &c.] Note (as Mr. Malone observes) is notice, or information.

Shakspeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conspicuous in any instance than in this, where he supposes Tunis and Naples to have been at such an immeasurable distance from each other. He may, however, be countenanced by *Apollonius Rhodius*, who says, that both the *Rhone* and *Po* meet in one, and discharge themselves into the gulph of *Venice*; and by *Æschylus*, who has placed the river *Eridanus* in *Spain*. STEEVENS.

¹ — *she, from whom* —] i. e. in coming from whom. The old copy has — *she that from*, &c. which cannot be right. The compositor's eye probably glanced on a preceding line, "*she that from Naples* —." The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

² — *though some cast again*;] *Cast* is here used in the same sense as in *Macbeth*, Act II. sc. iii: " — though he took my legs from me, I made a shift to cast him." STEEVENS.

⁴ *And, by that, destin'd* —] It is a common plea of wickedness to call temptation destiny. JOHNSON.

The late Dr. Musgrave very reasonably proposed to substitute — *destin'd for* — *destiny*. As the construction of the passage is made easier by this slight change, I have adopted it. STEEVENS.

In yours and my discharge.⁵

SEB. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is the heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

ANT. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in Tunis,⁶
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no
worse

Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough⁷ of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEB. Methinks, I do.

ANT. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

SEB. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANT.

True:

⁵ *In yours and my discharge.*] *i. e.* depends on what you and I are to perform. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— keep in Tunis,] There is in this passage a propriety lost, which a slight alteration will restore:

“ ——— Sleep in Tunis,

“ *And let Sebastian wake!*” JOHNSON.

The old reading is sufficiently explicable. *Claribel* (says he) *keep where thou art, and allow Sebastian time to awaken those senses by the help of which he may perceive the advantage which now presents itself.* STEEVENS.

⁷ *A chough*—] Is a bird of the jack-daw kind. STEEVENS.

And, look, how well my garments fit upon me;
 Much feater than before: My brother's servants
 Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

SEB. But, for your conscience—

ANT. Ay, Sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
 'Twould put me to my slipper; But I feel not
 This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
 And melt, ere they molest!⁸ Here lies your brother,

No better than the earth he lies upon,⁹
 If he were that which now he's like; whom I,
 With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
 Can lay to bed for ever:^a whiles you, doing thus,

⁸ And melt ere they molest!] I had rather read—

Would melt ere they molest.

i. e. Twenty consciences, such as stand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could molest me, or prevent the execution of my purposes. JOHNSON.

Let twenty consciences be first congealed, and then dissolved, ere they molest me, or prevent me from executing my purposes.

MALONE.

If the interpretation of Johnson and Malone is just, and is certainly as intelligible as *or*; but I can see no reasonable meaning in this interpretation. It amounts to nothing more as thus interpreted, than *My conscience must melt and become softer than it is before it molests me*; which is an insipidity unworthy of the Poet. I would read "Candy'd be they, or melt;" and the expression then has spirit and propriety. *Had I twenty consciences*, says Antonio, *they might be hot or cold for me; they should not give me the smallest trouble.*—*Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

⁹ No better than the earth he lies upon,] So, in *Julius Cæsar*;

" — at Pompey's basis lies along,

" No worthier than the dust." STEEVENS.

^a If he were that which now he's like; whom I,

With this obedient steel, three inches of it,

Can lay to bed, &c.] The old copy reads—

" If he were that which now he's like, *that's dead*;

" Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,

" Can lay to bed," &c.

To the perpetual wink for aye² might put
 This ancient morsel,³ this fir Prudence; who
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
 They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;⁴
 They'll tell the clock to any business that
 We say befits the hour.

SEB. Thy case, dear friend,
 Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
 And I the king shall love thee.

ANT. Draw together:
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like
 To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEB. O, but one word.
 [*They converse apart.*]

Musick. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

ARI. My master through his art foresees the
 danger
 That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth,

The words—"that's dead" (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) are evidently a gloss, or marginal note, which had found its way into the text. Such a supplement is useless to the speaker's meaning, and one of the verses becomes redundant by its insertion.

STEEVENS.

² ——— for aye ———] i. e. for ever. So, in *K. Lear* :

“ ——— I am come

“ To bid my king and master *aye* good night.” STEEVENS.

³ *This ancient morsel,*] For *morsel* Dr. Warburton reads—*ancient moral*, very elegantly and judiciously; yet I know not whether the author might not write *morsel*, as we say a *piece of a man*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ How doth my dear *morsel*, thy mistress?” STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— take suggestion,] i. e. Receive any hint of villainy.

JOHNSON.

{For else his project dies,) to keep them living.⁵
[Sings in GONZALO'S ear,

They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;] That is, will adopt, and bear witness to, any tale you shall invent; you may suborn them as evidences to clear you from all suspicion of having murdered the king. A similar signification occurs in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear:

"O sweet suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,

"Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it." HENLEY.

⁵ — *to keep them living.*] By *them*, as the text now stands, Gonzalo and Alonso must be understood. Dr. Johnson objects very justly to this passage. "As it stands, says he, at present, the sense is this. He sees *your* danger, and will therefore save *them*." He therefore would read—"That *these* his friends are in."

The confusion has, I think, arisen from the omission of a single letter. Our author, I believe, wrote—

"——— and sends me forth,

"For else his projects dies, to keep them living."

i. e. he has sent me forth, to keep his projects alive, which else would be destroyed by the murder of his friend Gonzalo.—The opposition between the life and death of a project appears to me much in Shakspeare's manner. So, in *Much ado about nothing*: "What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?"—The plural noun joined to a verb in the singular number, is to be met with in almost every page of the first folio. So, to confine myself to the play before us, edit. 1623:

"My old bones akes."

Again, *ibid*:

"——— At this hour

"Lies at my mercy all my enemies."

Again, *ibid*:

"His tears runs down his beard—."

Again:

"What cares these rovers for the name of king."

It was the common language of the time; and ought to be corrected, as indeed it generally has been in the modern editions of our author, by changing the number of the verb. Thus, in the present instance we should read—For else his projects *die*, &c. MALONE.

I have received Dr. Johnson's amendment. Ariel, finding that Prospero was equally solicitous for the preservation of Alonso and Gonzalo, very naturally styles them both his *friends*, without adverting to the guilt of the former. Toward the success of Prospero's design, their lives were alike necessary.

*While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take :
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware :
Awake ! awake !*

ANT. Then let us both be sudden.

GON. Now, good angels, preserve the king !

[*They wake.*]

ALON. Why, how now, ho ! awake ! Why are
you drawn ?⁶

Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

GON. What's the matter ?

SEB. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions ; did it not wake you ?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALON. I heard nothing.

ANT. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear ;
To make an earthquake ! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALON. Heard you this, Gonzalo ?

GON. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me :

Mr. Henley says that " By *them* are meant *Sebastian* and *Antonio*,
The project of Prospero, which depended upon Ariel's *keeping them
alive*, may be seen, Act III."

The song of Ariel, however, sufficiently points out which were
the immediate objects of his protection. He cannot be supposed to
have any reference to what happens in the last scene of the next Act.

STEVENS.

⁶ — drawn ?] Having your swords drawn. So, in *Romeo
and Juliet* :

" What, art thou *drawn* among these heartless hinds ?"

JOHNSON,

I shak'd you, fir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;'
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

ALON. Lead off this ground; and let's make
further search

For my poor son.

GON. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i'the island.

ALON. Lead away.

ARI. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Aside.
[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.

A noise of thunder heard.

CAL. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,

'That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;] The old copy
reads—

"That's verily: 'Tis best we stand upon our guard." Mr. Pope
very properly changed *verily* to *verity*: and as the verse would be
too long by a foot, if the words *'tis* and *we* were retained, I have
discarded them in favour of an elliptical phrase which occurs in
our ancient comedies, as well as in our author's *Cymbeline*, Act III.
sc. iii: "Best draw my sword;" i. e. *it were* best to draw it.

STEEVENS.

Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
 Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
 For every trifle are they set upon me:
 Sometime like apes, that moe⁷ and chatter at me,
 And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
 Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
 Their pricks⁸ at my foot-fall; sometime am I
 All wound with adders,⁹ who, with cloven tongues,
 Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
 For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
 Perchance, he will not mind me.

TRIN. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
 any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I
 hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud,
 yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard² that

⁷ ——— *that moe, &c.*] i. e. make mouths. So, in the old version of the Psalms:

“ ——— making *moes* at me.”

Again, in the *Mystery of Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

“ And make them to lye and *moewe* like an *ape*.”

Again, in *Sidney's Arcadia*, Book III:

“ *Ape* great thing gave, though he did *morwing* stand,

“ The instrument of instruments, the hand.” STEEVENS.

So, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593:

“ — found nobody at home but an *ape*, that fate in the porch
 and made mops and *morws* at him.” MALONE.

⁸ *Their pricks* ———] i. e. prickles. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— wound *with adders*,] Enwrapped by adders *wound* or
 twisted about me. JOHNSON.

² — *looks like a foul bombard* —] This term again occurs in *The First Part of Henry IV*. “ — that swoln parcel of dropfies, that huge *bombard* of sack —” And again, in *Henry VIII*. “ And here you lie baiting of *bombards*, when ye should do service.” By these several passages, 'tis plain, the word meant a large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance so called. THEOBALD.

would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the neweft, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted,³ not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster

Ben Jonfon, in his *Masque of Augurs*, confirms the conjecture of Theobald.—“The poor cattle yonder are passing away the time with a cheat loaf, and a *bumbard* of broken beer.”

So, again in *The Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638:

“His boots as wide as the black-jacks,

“Or *bumbards*, tofs'd by the king's guards.”

And it appears from a passage in Ben Jonfon's *Masque of Love Restor'd*, that a *bombard-man* was one who carried about provisions. “I am to deliver into the buttery so many firkins of *aurum potabile*, as it delivers out *bombards* of bouge,” &c.

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“You are ascended up to what you are, from the black-jack to the *bumbard* distillation.” STEVENS.

Mr. Upton would read—a *full bumbard*. See a note on—“I thank the Gods, I am *foul*!” *As you like it*, Act III. sc. iii.

MALONE.

³ — *this fish painted*,] To exhibit fishes, either real or imaginary, was very common about the time of our author. So, in Jasper Maine's comedy of the *City Match*:

“Enter Bright, &c. hanging out the picture of a *strange fish*.”

“—— This is the fifth *fish* now

“That he hath shewn thus.”

It appears, from the books at Stationers' Hall, that in 1604 was published, “A strange reporte of a monstrous *fish*, that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seene in the sea.”

So likewise in Churchyard's *Prayse and Reporte of Maister Martyne Forboisber's Voyage to Meta Incognita*, &c. bl. l. 12mo. 1578: “And marchyng backe, they found a *strange Fish* dead, that had been caste from the sea on the shore, who had a boane in his head like an Unicorn, whiche they brought awaye and presented to our Prince, when thei came home.” STEVENS.

make a man;⁴ any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.⁵ Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion,⁶ hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;⁷ there is no

⁴ — make a man;] That is, make a man's fortune. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "—we are all *made men*." JOHNSON.
Again, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" ————— She's a wench

" Was born to *make us all*." STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— a dead Indian.] In a subsequent speech of Stephano, we have: "—savages and *men of Inde*;" in *Love's Labour's Lost*, "—a rude and savage *man of Inde*;" and in *K. Henry VIII.* the porter asks the mob, if they think "some strange *Indian*, &c. is come to court." Perhaps all these passages allude to the Indians brought home by Sir Martin Frobisher.

Queen Elizabeth's original instructions to him (MS. now before me) "concerning his voyage to Cathaia," &c. contain the following article:

" You shall not bring about iii or iiii persons of that country, the which shall be of diuers ages, and shall be taken in such sort as you may best avoyde offence of that people."

In the year 1577, "A description of the portrayture and shape of those strange kinde of people which the wurthie Mr. Martin Frobisher brought into England in A°. 1576," was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.

By Frobisher's *First Voyage for the Discoverie of Cataya*, bl. 1. 4to. 1578, the fate of the first savage taken by him is ascertained.— "Whereupon when he founde himself in captiuitie, for very chollier and disdain he bit his tong in twaine within his mouth: notwithstanding, he died not thereof, but *liued untill he came in Eng-lande*, and then he died of colde which he had taken at sea."

STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— let loose my opinion, &c.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

" ——— Now you will be my purgation, and *let me loose*."

STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— his gaberdine;] A *gaberdine* is properly the coarse frock

other shelter hereabout : Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows : I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing ; a bottle in his hand.

STE. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I dye a-shore ;—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral : Well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate :
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang :
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch :
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too : But here's my comfort. [Drinks.

CAL. Do not torment me : O !

STE. What's the matter ? Have we devils here ? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde ? Ha ! I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs ; for it hath been said,

of outward garment of a peasant. Spanish *Gaberdina*. So, in *Look about you*, 1600 :

“ I'll conjure his *gaberdine*.”

The *gaberdine* is still worn by the peasants in Suffex. STEEVENS.

It here however means, I believe, a loose felt cloak. Minshew in his *Dict.* 1617, calls it “ a rough Irish mantle, or horseman's coat. *Gaban*, Span. and Fr.—*Læna*, i. e. *vestis quæ super cætera vestimenta imponatur*.” See also Cotgrave's *Dict.* in v. *gaban*, and *galleverdine*. MALONE.

As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

CAL. The spirit torments me: O!

STE. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

CAL. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

STE. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much⁸ for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CAL. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt Anon, I know it by thy trembling:⁹

⁸ —too much—] *Too much* means, *any sum, ever so much*.

So, in the *Letters from the Paston Family*, Vol. II. p. 219; “And ye be beholding unto my Lady for hyr good wurde, for sche hath never preyfyd yowe *to much*.” i. e. though she has praised you much, her praise is not above your merit.

It has, however, been observed to me, that when the vulgar mean to ask an extravagant price for any thing, they say, with a laugh, I won't make him pay twice for it. This sense sufficiently accommodates itself to Trinculo's expression. Mr. M. Mason explains the passage differently.—“I will not take for him even more than he is worth.” STEVENS.

I think the meaning is, Let me take what sum I will, however great, I shall not take *too much* for him: it is impossible for me to sell him too dear. MALONE.

⁹ —I know it by thy trembling:] This tremor is always

Now Prosper works upon thee.

STE. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat;² open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that foundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

TRIN. I should know that voice: It should be— But he is drown'd; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

STE. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice³ now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come,——Amen!⁴ I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRIN. Stephano,—

STE. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.⁵

represented as the effect of being possess'd by the devil. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“Mark how he trembles in his extacy!” STEEVENS.

² — cat;] Alluding to an old proverb, that *good liquor will make a cat speak*. STEEVENS.

³ His forward voice, &c.] The person of Fame was anciently described in this manner. So, in *Penelope's Web*, by Greene, 1601: “Fame hath two faces, readie as well to back-bite as to flatter.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — Amen!] Means, stop your draught: come to a conclusion. *I will pour some, &c.* STEEVENS.

⁵ I have no long spoon.] Alluding to the proverb, *A long spoon to eat with the devil*. STEEVENS.

See *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV. sc. iii. and Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, 10916 of the late edit.

“Therefore behoveth him a full long spone,

“That shall ete with a fend.”—— TYRWHITT.

TRIN. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

STE. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?⁶ Can he vent Trinculos?

TRIN. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

STE. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

CAL. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

STE. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the failors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

⁶ — to be the siege of this moon-calf?} *Siege* signifies *fool* in every sense of the word, and is here used in the dirtiest.

So, in Holinshed, p. 705: "In this yeare also, a house on London-bridge, called the common *siege*, or privie, fell downe into the Thames."

A *moon-calf* is an inanimate shapeless mass, supposed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only. See his Nat. Hist. b. x. ch. 64.

CAL. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

STE. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.⁶

TRIN. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STE. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRIN. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STE. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

CAL. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?⁸

STE. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

CAL. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:

My mistress shew'd me thee, thy dog, and bush.⁹

⁶ Cal. *I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy True subject, &c.*

Ste. *Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.*] The passage should probably be printed thus:

Ste. [to Cal.] Here, swear then. [to Trin.] How escap'dst thou?

The speaker would naturally take notice of Caliban's proffered allegiance. Besides, he bids Trinculo kiss the book after he has answered the question; a sufficient proof of the rectitude of the proposed arrangement. RITSON.

⁷ *I can swim*—] I believe Trinculo is speaking of Caliban, and that we should read—"a can swim," &c. See the next speech. MALONE.

⁸ *Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?*] The new-discovered Indians of the island of St. Salvador, asked, by signs, whether Columbus and his companions were not come down from heaven.

TOLLER.

⁹ *My mistress shew'd me thee, thy dog, and bush.*] The old copy, which exhibits this and several preceding speeches of Caliban as

STE. Come, swear to that; kifs the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

TRIN. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good footh.

CAL. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And kifs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.³

TRIN. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CAL. I'll kifs thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

STE. Come on then; down, and swear.

TRIN. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

STE. Come, kifs.

TRIN. —but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

CAL. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

prose (though it be apparent they were designed for verse,) reads—
“ My mistress shew'd me thee, *and* thy dog and *thy* bush.”
Let the editor who laments the loss of the words—*and* and *thy*, compose their elegy. STEEVENS.

³ *I afeard of him?—a very weak monster, &c.*] It is to be observed, that Trinculo the speaker is not charged with being afraid; but it was his consciousness that he was so that drew this brag from him. This is nature. WARBURTON.

³ *And kifs thy foot: I pr'ythee be my god.*] The old copy redundantly reads:

“ And I will kifs thy foot,” &c. RITSON.

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
 A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
 I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
 Thou wond'rous man.

TRIN. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

CAL. I pry'thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
 Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
 To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
 To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
 Young sea-mells⁴ from the rock: Wilt thou go
 with me?

⁴ — *sea-mells* —] This word has puzzled the commentators: Dr. Warburton reads *sbamais*; Mr. Theobald would read any thing rather than *sea-mells*. Mr. Holt, who wrote notes upon this play, observes, that limpets are in some places called *scams*, and therefore I had once suffered *scamels* to stand. JOHNSON.

Theobald had very reasonably proposed to read *sea-malls*, or *sea-mells*. An *e*, by these careless printers, was easily changed into a *c*, and from this accident, I believe, all the difficulty arises, the word having been spelt by the transcriber, *seamels*. Willoughby mentions the bird as Theobald has informed us. Had Mr. Holt told us in what part of England *limpets* are called *scams*, more regard would have been paid to his assertion.

I should suppose, at all events, a *bird* to have been design'd, as *young* and *old fish* are taken with equal facility; but *young birds* are more easily surpris'd than *old ones*. Besides, Caliban had already proffered to *fish* for Trinculo. In Cavendish's second voyage, the sailors eat *young gulls* at the isle of Penguins. STEVENS.

I have no doubt but Theobald's proposed amendment ought to be received. Sir Joseph Banks informs me, that in Willoughby's, or rather John Ray's Ornithology, p. 34, No. 3, is mentioned the common sea mall, *Larus cinereus minor*; and that young sea gulls have been esteem'd a delicate food in this country, we learn from Plott, who, in his History of Staffordshire, p. 231, gives an account of the mode of taking a species of gulls called in that country *pewits*, with a plate annexed, at the end of which he writes, "they being accounted a good dish at the most plentiful tables." To this it

STR. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

CAL. Farewell master; farewell, farewell.

[Sings drunkenly.]

TRIN. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

CAL. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering,⁵ nor wash dish;

'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,⁶

Has a new master—Get a new man.⁷

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!

STR. O brave monster! lead the way. *Exeunt.*

may be added, that Sir Robert Sibbald in his *Ancient State of the Shire of Fife*, mentions, amongst fowls which frequent a neighbouring island, several sorts of *sea-malls*, and one in particular, the *katiewake*, a fowl of the *Larus* or *mall kind*, of the bigness of an ordinary pigeon, which some hold, says he, to be as savoury and as good meat as a partridge is. REED.

⁵ *Nor scrape trenchering.*] In our author's time trenchers were in general use; and male domesticks were sometimes employed in cleansing them. "I have helped (says Lilly in his *History of his Life and Times*, ad an. 1620), to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning;—all manner of drudgery I willingly performed; *scrape-trenchers*," &c. MALONE.

⁶ *'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban.*] Perhaps our author remembered a song of Sir P. Sidney's:

"Da, da, da—Daridan."

Astrophel and Stella, fol. 1627. MALONE.

⁷ — *Get a new man.*] When Caliban sings this last part of his ditty, he must be supposed to turn his head scornfully toward the cell of Prospero, whose service he had deserted. STEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

FER. There be some sports are painful; but
 their labour
 Delight in them sets off: ⁸ some kinds of baseness
 Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be ⁹

⁸ *There be some sports are painful; but their labour
 Delight in them sets off:]*

Molliter austerum studio fallente labore. Hor. sat. 2. lib. ii.
 The old copy reads: "— and their labour," &c. STEEVENS.

We have again the same thought in *Macbeth*:

"The labour we delight in physics pain."

After "and," at the same time must be understood. Mr. Pope,
 unnecessarily, reads—"But their labour—," which has been fol-
 lowed by the subsequent editors.

In like manner in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. the same change was
 made by him. "I am a Roman, and (i. e. and yet) my services
 are, as you are, against them." Mr. Pope reads—"I am a Ro-
 man, but my services," &c. MALONE.

I prefer Mr. Pope's emendation, which is justified by the follow-
 ing passage in the same speech:

"—— This my mean task would be

"As heavy to me as 'tis odious; but

"The mistress that I serve," &c.

It is surely better to change a single word, than to countenance
 one corruption by another, or suppose that four words, necessary
 to produce sense, were left to be understood. STEEVENS.

⁹ *This my meant ask would be—]* The metre of this line is defective
 in the old copy, by the words *would be* being transferred to the
 next line. Our author and his contemporaries generally use *odious*
 as a trisyllable. MALONE.

Mr. Malone prints the passage as follows:

"—— *This my mean task would be*

"*As heavy to me, as odious; but—*"

The word *odious*, as he observes, is sometimes used as a trisylla-

As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
 The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
 And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
 Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
 And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
 Upon a fore injunction: My sweet mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such
 baseness
 Had ne'er like executor. I forget:²
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
 Most busy-les, when I do it.³

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance.

MIRA. Alas, now! pray you,
 Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
 Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
 Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
 'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father
 Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
 He's safe for these three hours.

ble.—Granted; but then it is *always* with the penult. *short*. The metre, therefore, as regulated by him, would still be defective.

By the advice of Dr. Farmer, I have supply'd the necessary monosyllable—'tis; which completes the measure, without the slightest change of sense. STEEVENS.

² —*I forget*:] Perhaps Ferdinand means to say—I forget *my task*; but that is not surprising, for I am thinking on *Miranda*, and these sweet thoughts, &c. He may however mean, that he *forgets or thinks little of the baseness of his employment*. Whichsoever be the sense, *And*, or *For*, should seem more proper in the next line, than *But*. MALONE.

³ Most busy-les, when I do it.] The two first folios read:

“Most busy left, when I do it.”

'Tis true this reading is corrupt; but the corruption is so very little removed from the truth of the text, that I cannot afford to think well of my own sagacity for having discovered it.

THEOBALD.

FER. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

MIRA. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

FER. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

MIRA. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours against.⁴

PRO. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.

MIRA. You look wearily.

FER. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning
with me,
When you are by at night.⁵ I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?

MIRA. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your heft⁶ to say so!

⁴ *And yours against.*] The old copy reads—

“And yours *it is* against.” By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted the words in Italicks, as they are needless to the sense of the passage, and would have rendered the hemistich too long to join with its successor in making a regular verse. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *'tis fresh morning with me.*

When you are by at night.]

Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ

Lumen—

Tibul. Lib. iv. El. xiii. MALONE.

⁶ — *best*—] For *best*; i. e. command. So before, Act I. sc. ii:
“Refusing her grand *bests*——” STEEVENS.

FER. Admir'd Miranda!
 Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
 What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
 I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
 The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
 Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
 Have I lik'd several women; never any
 With so full soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
 And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best.⁷

MIRA. I do not know
 One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
 Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
 More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
 And my dear father: how features are abroad,
 I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
 (The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
 Any companion in the world but you;

⁷ *Of every creature's best.*] Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles. JOHNSON.

Had Shakspeare availed himself of this elegant circumstance, he would scarcely have said, "of every creature's best," because such a phrase includes the component parts of the brute creation, Had he been thinking on the judicious selection made by the Grecian Artist, he would rather have expressed his meaning by "every woman's," or "every beauty's best." Perhaps he had only in his thoughts a fable related by Sir Philip Sidney in the third book of his *Arcadie*. The beasts obtained permission from Jupiter to make themselves a King; and accordingly created one of every creature's best:

" Full glad they were, and tooke the naked sprite,
 " Which straight the earth yclothed in his clay:
 " The Lyon heart; the Ounce gave active might;
 " The horse good shape; the Sparrow lust to play;
 " Nightingale voice, enticing songs to say, &c. &c.
 " Thus man was made; thus man their lord became."

STEVENS.

Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein forget.⁷

FER. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer⁸
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.⁹—Hear my soul
speak;—

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

MIRA. Do you love me?

FER. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
found,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,

⁷ *Therein forget.*] The old copy, in contempt of metre, reads—
“ I therein do forget.” STEVENS.

⁸ — *than I would suffer, &c.*] The old copy reads — *Than to suffer.* The emendation is Mr. Pope's. STEVENS.

The reading of the old copy is right, however ungrammatical. So, in *All's well that ends well*: “ No more of this, Helena, go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, *than to have.*” MALONE.

The defective metre shows that some corruption had happened in the present instance. I receive no deviations from established grammar, on the single authority of the folio. STEVENS.

⁹ *The flesh-fly blow my mouth.*] Mr. Malone observes, that to *blow*, in this instance, signifies to “ swell and inflame.” But I believe he is mistaken. To *blow*, as it stands in the text, means *the act of a fly by which she lodges eggs in flesh.* So, in Chapman's version of the *Iliad*:

“ — I much fear, lest with the *blows* of flies

“ His brass-inflicted wounds are fill'd—” STEVENS.

Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,²
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRA. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.³

PRO. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

FER. Wherefore weep you?

MIRA. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks⁴ to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife,⁵ if you will marry me;

² — of what else i' the world,] i. e. of *ought* else; of whatsoever else there is in the world. I once thought that we should read—*ought* else. But the old copy is right. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III;

“ With promise of his sister, and *what else*,

“ To strengthen and support king Edward's place.”

MALONE.

³ *I am a fool,*

To weep at what I am glad of.] This is one of those touches of nature that distinguish Shakspeare from all other writers. It was necessary, in support of the character of Miranda, to make her appear unconscious that excess of sorrow and excess of joy find alike their relief from tears; and as this is the first time that consummate pleasure had made any near approaches to her heart, she calls such a seeming contradictory expression of it, *folly*,

The same thought occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Back, foolish tears, back, to your native spring!

“ Your tributary drops belong to woe,

“ Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.” STEEVENS,

⁴ — *it seeks* —] i. e. my affection seeks. MALONE.

⁵ *I am your wife, &c.*]

Si tibi non cordi fuerant connubia nostra,
Attamen in vestras potuisti ducere sedes,
Quæ tibi jucundo famularer ferva labore;
Candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis,
Purpureâve tuum consternens veste cubile.

Catal. 62. MALONE.

If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow⁶
 You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
 Whether you will or no.

FER. My mistress, dearest,
 And I thus humble ever.¹

MIRA. My husband then?

FER. Ay, with a heart as willing
 As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

MIRA. And mine, with my heart in't:⁷ And
 now farewell,
 Till half an hour hence.

FER. A thousand! thousand!

[*Exeunt* FER. and MIRA.]

PRO. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
 Who are surpriz'd with all;⁸ but my rejoicing
 At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
 For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
 Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*]

⁶ — your fellow —] i. e. companion. STEEVENS.

⁷ ————— here's my hand.

Miran. *And mine, with my heart in't:*] It is still customary in the west of England, when the conditions of a bargain are agreed upon, for the parties to ratify it by joining their hands, and at the same time for the purchaser to give an earnest. To this practice the poet alludes. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

“ And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter

“ *I am your's for ever.*”

And again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ *Pro.* Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

“ *Jal.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

“ *Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy.” HENLEY.

⁸ *So glad of this as they, I cannot be,*

Who are surpriz'd with all;] The sense might be clearer, were we to make a slight transposition:

“ So glad of this as they, who are surpriz'd

“ With all, I cannot be—”

Perhaps, however, more consonantly with ancient language, we should join two of the words together, and read—

“ Who are surpriz'd *withal.*” STEEVENS.

S C E N E II.

Another part of the island.

Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN following with a bottle.

STB. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em:⁸ Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRIN. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.⁹

STB. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

TRIN. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.²

STB. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam,³ ere I could recover the shore, five-and-

⁸ — *bear up, and board 'em:*] A metaphor alluding to a chace sea. SIR J. HAWKINS.

⁹ — *if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.*] We meet with a similar idea in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "He bears the third part of the world."—"The third part then is drunk."

STEEVENS.

² — *he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.*] I believe this to be an allusion to a story that is met with in *Stowe*, and other writers of the time. It seems in the year 1574, a whale was thrown ashore near *Ramsgate*: "A monstrous fish (says the chronicler) but not so monstrous as some reported—for his eyes were in his head, and not in his back."

Summary, 1575, p. 562. FARMER.

³ — *I swam, &c.*] This play was not published till 1623. *Albo-mazar* made its appearance in 1614, and has a passage relative to

thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

TRIN. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.⁴

STE. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

TRIN. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

STE. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou best a good moon-calf.

CAL. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe:
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

TRIN. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to juggle a constable: Why, thou de-both'd fish thou,⁵ was there ever man a coward,

the escape of a sailor yet more incredible. Perhaps, in both instances, a sneer was meant at the *Voyages of Ferdinando Mendez Pinto*, or the exaggerated accounts of other lying travellers:

“ ——— five days I was under water; and at length
“ Got up and spread myself upon a chest,
“ Rowing with arms, and steering with my feet;
“ And thus in five days more got land.” Act III. sc. v.
STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— or my standard.

TRIN. *Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.*] Meaning, he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able to stand. The quibble between *standard*, an ensign, and *standard*, a fruit-tree that grows without support, is evident. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *thou deboth'd fish thou,*] I meet with this word, which I suppose to be the same as *debauch'd*, in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, 1634:

“ ——— See, your house be stor'd
“ With the *deboishest* roarers in this city.”

Again, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

“ ——— faucy fellows,
“ *Debois'd* and daily drunkards.”

The substantive occurs in the *Parthenia Sacra*, 1633:

“ — A *hater* of men, rather than the *deboisements* of their manners.”

that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

CAL. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRIN. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

CAL. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

STE. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

CAL. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
To hearken once again the suit I made thee?⁶

STE. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

CAL. As I told thee
Before, I am subject to a tyrant;⁷

When the word was first adopted from the French language, it appears to have been spelt according to the pronunciation, and therefore wrongly; but ever since it has been spelt right, it has been uttered with equal impropriety. STEVENS.

⁶ *I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd*

To hearken once again the suit I made thee?] The old copy, which erroneously prints this and other of Caliban's speeches as prose, reads—

“ ——— to the suit I made thee;”

But the elliptical mode of expression in the text, has already occurred in the second scene of the first act of this play:

“ —being an enemy

“ To me inveterate, *hearkens my brother's suit.*”

STEVENS.

⁷ ——— a tyrant;] *Tyrant* is here employed as a trisyllable.

STEVENS.

A forcerer, that by his cunning hath
Cheated me of the island.

ARI. Thou liest.

CAL. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

STE. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in
his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your
teeth.

TRIN. Why, I said nothing.

STE. Mum then, and no more.—[To CALIBAN.]
Proceed.

CAL. I say, by forcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not,

STE. That's most certain.

CAL. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve
thee.

STE. How now shalt this be compass'd? Canst
thou bring me to the party?

CAL. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee
asleep,

Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.⁷

ARI. Thou liest, thou canst not.

CAL. What a py'd ninny's this?⁸ Thou scurvy
patch!—

⁷ — I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.] Perhaps Shak-
speare caught this idea from the 4th Chapter of *Judges*, v. 21.
"Then Jael, Heber's wife, took a *nail* of the tent, and took a
hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and *smote the*
nail into his temples, &c. *for he was fast asleep*," &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ What a py'd ninny's this?] It should be remembered that

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew
him

Where the quick freshes are.

STE. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

TRIN. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

STE. Didst thou not say, he lied?

ARI. Thou liest.

STE. Do I so? take thou that. [*strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRIN. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CAL. Ha, ha, ha!

STE. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

CAL. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

STE. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Trinculo is no sailor, but a jester; and is so called in the ancient dramatic personæ. He therefore wears the party-colour'd drefs of one of these characters. See fig. XII. in the plate annexed to the first part of K. Henry IV. and Mr. Tollet's explanation of it. So, in the Devil's Law Case, 1623:

“ Unless I wear a py'd fool's coat.” STEVENS.

Dr. Johnson observes, that Caliban could have no knowledge of the striped coat usually worn by fools; and would therefore transfer this speech to Stephano. But though *Caliban* might not know this circumstance, *Shakspeare* did. Surely he who has given to all countries and all ages the manners of his own, might forget himself here, as well as in other places. MALONE.

CAL. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
 I'the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
 Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
 Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
 First to possess his books;⁹ for without them
 He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
 One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
 As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;

⁹ ————— Remember,

First to possess his books; for without them

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command:] Milton, in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*, seems to have caught a hint from the foregoing passage:

“ Oh, ye mistook; ye should have snatch'd his wand,

“ And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,

“ And backward matters of dis severing power,

“ We cannot free the lady.” — STEEVENS.

In a former scene Prospero says—

“ ——— I'll to my book;

“ For yet, ere supper time, must I perform

“ Much business appertaining.”

Again, in Act V:

“ And deeper than did ever plummet found,

“ I'll drown my book.”

In the old romances the forcerer is always furnished with a *book*, by reading certain parts of which he is enabled to summon to his aid whatever dæmons or spirits he has occasion to employ. When he is deprived of his book, his power ceases. Our author might have observed this circumstance much insisted on in the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boyardo, (of which, as the Rev. Mr. Bowle informs me, the first three Cantos were translated and published in 1598,) and also in Harrington's translation of the *Orlando Furioso*, 1591.

A few lines from the former of these works may prove the best illustration of the passage before us.

Angelica, by the aid of Argalia, having bound the enchanter Malagigi:

“ The damsel searcheth forthwith in his breast,

“ And there the damned *book* she straightway founde,

“ Which circles strange and shapes of fiendes exprest;

“ No sooner she some wordes therein did found,

“ And opened had some damned leaves unblest,

“ But *spirits* of th' ayre, earth, sea, came out of hand,

“ Crying alowde, what is't you us *command*?” MALONE.

He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,) Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal. And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman,² But only Sycorax my dam, and she; But she as far surpasseth Sycorax, As greatest does least.

STE. Is it so brave a lass?

CAL. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.

STE. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be vice-roys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRIN. Excellent.

STE. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CAL. Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

STE. Ay, on mine honour.

ARI. This will I tell my master.

CAL. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;

Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch³

² *Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman,*] The old copy reads—

Calls her a non-pareil: I never saw a woman—But this verse being too long by a foot, Hanmer judiciously gave it as it now stands in the text.

By means as innocent, the versification of Shakspeare has, I hope, in many instances been restored. The temerity of some critics had too long imposed severe restraints on their successors. STEEVENS.

³ —*Will you troll the catch*—] Ben Jonson uses the word in *Every Man in his Humour*:

You taught me but while-ere?

STE. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings. Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em; Thought is free.*]

CAL. That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*]

STE. What is this same?

TRIN. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of No-body.⁴

STE. If thou beest a man, shew thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

TRIN. O, forgive me my sins!

STE. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—
Mercy upon us!

CAL. Art thou afeard?⁵

STE. No, monster, not I.

"If he read this with patience, I'll trol' ballads."
Again, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"A fellow that will trol' it off with tongue.

"Faith, you shall hear me trol' it after my fashion."

To trol' a catch, I suppose, is to dismiss it *trippingly from the tongue*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of No-body.*] A ridiculous figure, sometimes represented on signs. *Westward for Smelt*, a book which our author appears to have read, was printed for John Trundle in Barbican, at the *signe* of the *No-body*. MALONE.

The allusion is here to the print of *No-body*, as prefixed to the anonymous comedy of "*No-body and Some-body*;" without date.

REED.

⁵ — *afeard?*] Thus the old copy. *To affear* is an obsolete verb, with the same meaning as to *affray*.

So, in the *Shipman's Tale* of Chaucer, v. 13330:

"This wif was not *aserde ne affraide*."

Between *aserde* and *affraide*, in the time of Chaucer, there might have been some nice distinction which is at present lost.

STEEVENS.

CAL. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and
hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dream-
ing,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

STE. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

CAL. When Prospero is destroy'd.

STB. That shall be by and by: I remember the
story.

TRIN. The sound is going away: let's follow it,
and after, do our work.

STE. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I
could see this taborer:⁶ he lays it on.

TRIN. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.⁷

[*Exeunt.*]

⁶ *I would I could see this taborer:*] Several of the incidents in this scene, viz.—Ariel's *mimickry* of Trinculo—the tune played on the *Tabor*,—and Caliban's description of the *twangling instruments*, &c.—might have been borrowed from Marco Paolo, the old Venetian voyager; who in Lib. I. ch. 44, describing the desert of Lop in Asia, says—“*Audiuntur ibi voces dæmonum, &c. voces fingentes eorum quos comitari se putant. Audiuntur interdum in aere concentus musicorum instrumentorum,*” &c. This passage was rendered accessible to Shakspeare by an English translation entitled *The most noble and famous travels of Marcus Paulus, one of the nobilitie of the state of Venice*, &c. bl. 1. 4to. 1579, by John Frampton. “—You shall heare in the ayre the found of *Tabors* and *otbr instruments*, to put the trauellers in feare, &c. by euill spirites that make these foundes, and also do call *diuerse of the trauellers by their names,*” &c. Ch. 36. p. 32. STEVENS.

⁷ *Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.*] The first words are ad-

S C E N E III.

Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

GON. By'r lakin,⁸ I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your pa-
tience,
I needs must rest me.

ALON. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

ANT. I am right glad that he's fo out of hope.
[*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

SEB. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

ANT. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they

dressed to Caliban, who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the musick, while they ought only to have attended to the main point, the dispatching Prospero, seems, for some little time, to have staid behind. HEATH.

The words—*Wilt come?* should be added to Stephano's speech. *I'll follow*, is Trinculo's answer. RITSON.

⁸ *By'r lakin,*] i. e. The diminutive only of our lady, i. e. ladykin. STEEVENS.

Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

SEB. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange musick; and PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.

ALON. What harmony is this? my good friends,
hark!

GON. Marvellous sweet musick!

ALON. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What
were these?

SEB. A living drollery:⁹ Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne;² one
phœnix

⁹ *A living drollery*:] Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakspeare's time performed by puppets only. From these our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

“ I had rather make a *drollery* till thirty.” STEEVENS.

A living drollery, i. e. a drollery not represented by wooden machines, but by personages who are alive. MALONE.

² — *one tree, the phoenix' throne*;] For this idea, our author might have been indebted to Phil. Holland's Translation of Pliny, B. XIII. chap. 4: “ I myself verily have heard strange things of this kind of tree; and namely in regard of the bird *Phœnix*, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree; [called in Greek *φœνιξ*]; for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung again.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in one of our author's poems, p. 732, edit. 1778:

“ Let the bird of loudest lay,

“ On the *sole* Arabian tree,” &c.

Our poet had probably Lilly's *Euphuus, and his England*, particularly in his thoughts: signat, Q. 3.—“ As there is but one

At this hour reigning there.

ANT. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did
lie,³
Though fools at home condemn them.

GON. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,⁴
(For, certes,⁵ these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind,⁶ than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

PRO. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*]

phœnix in the world, so is there but *one tree* in Arabia wherein she
buildeth." See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Rafin*,
a tree in Arabia, whereof there is but *one* found, and upon it the
phœnix sits." MALONE.

³ *And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,*] I suppose
this redundant line originally stood thus:—

"And I'll be sworn *to't*: Travellers ne'er did lie—."

Hammer reads, as plausibly—

"And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er lied."

STEEVENS.

⁴ —*such islanders,*] The old copy has *islands*. The emendation
was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁵ *For, certes, &c.*] *Certes* is an obsolete word, signifying *cer-*
tainly. So, in *Othello*:

"—*certes*, says he,

"I have already chose my officer." STEEVENS.

⁶ *Their manners are more gentle-kind,*] The old copy has—
"gentle, kind—." I read (in conformity to a practice of our au-
thor, who delights in such compound epithets, of which the first
adjective is to be considered as an adverb) *gentle-kind*. Thus in
K. Richard III. we have *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate*, and *mor-*
tal-flaring. STEEVENS.

ALON. I cannot too much muse,⁷
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, ex-
pressing
(Although they want the use of tongue,) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

PRO. Praise in departing.⁸

FRAN. They vanish'd strangely.

SEB. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.—

Will't please you taste of what is here?

ALON. Not I.

GON. Faith, fir, you need not fear: When we
were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,⁹
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at them

⁷ ——— *too much muse,*] To *muse*, in ancient language, is to admire, to wonder.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Do not *muse* at me, my most worthy friends.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Praise in departing.*] i. e. Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation. It is a proverbial saying.

So, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

“ And so she doth; but *praise* your luck *at parting*,”

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1561:

“ Now *praise* at thy *parting*.”

Stephen Gosson, in his pamphlet entitled, *Playes confuted in five Actions*, &c. (no date) acknowledges himself to have been the author of a morality called, *Praise at Parting*. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *that there were mountaineers, &c.*] Whoever is curious to know the particulars relative to these *mountaineers*, may consult *Maundeville's Travels*, printed in 1503, by Wynken de Worde; but it is yet a known truth that the inhabitants of the Alps have been long accusom'd to such excrescences or tumours.

Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus? STEEVENS.

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
 Whose heads stood in their breasts?² which now
 we find,
 Each putter-out on five for one,³ will bring us

² — men,

[*Whose heads stood in their breasts?*] Our author might have had this intelligence likewise from the translation of Pliny, B. V. chap. 8, "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their breasts." STEVENS.

Or he might have had it from Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "On that branch which is called *Caora* are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders. They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts." MALONE.

³ *Each putter-out, &c.*] The ancient custom here alluded to was this. In this age of travelling, it was a practice with those who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home. So Puntarvolo (it is Theobald's quotation) in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (because I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put some *five* thousand pound, to be paid me *five* for one, upon the return of my wife, myself, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople."

To this instance I may add another from *The Ball*, a comedy, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

"I did most politickly disburse my sums

"To have *five* for one at my return from Venice."

Again, in *Amends for Ladies*, 1639:

"I would I had *put out* something upon my return;

"I had as lieve be at the *Bermootbes*."

"—*on five* for one" means *on the terms of five for one*. So, in Barnaby Riche's *Faults, and washing but Faults*, 1607: "—those whippers, that having spent the greatest part of their patrimony in prodigality, will give out the rest of their stocke, *to be paid two or three for one*, upon their return from Rome," &c. &c.

STEVENS.

[*Each putter-out on five for one,*] The old copy has:

"—*of five* for one."

I believe the words are only transposed, and that the author wrote:

"Each putter-out of *one* for *five*."

So, in *The Scourge of Folly*, by J. Davies of Hereford, printed about the year 1611:

Good warrant of.

ALON. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past: —Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy; 5
claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint
device, the banquet vanishes. 6*

ARI. You are three men of sin, whom destiny

“ Sir Solus straight will travel, as they say,
“ And gives out one for three, when home comes he.”

It appears from Moryson's *ITINERARY*, 1617, Part I. p. 198, that “ this custom of giving out money upon these adventures was first used in court, and among noblemen;” and that some years before his book was published, “ bankerouts, stage-players, and men of base condition had drawn it into contempt,” by undertaking journeys merely for gain upon their return. MALONE.

⁴ *I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel*

The best is past:] I cannot but think that this passage was intended to be in rhyme, and should be printed thus:

“ *I will stand to and feed; although my last,
“ No matter, since I feel the best is past.*” M. MASON.

⁵ *Enter Ariel like a harpy; &c.]* This circumstance is taken from the third book of the *Æneid* as translated by Phaer, bl. l. 4to. 1558:

“ — fast to meate we fall.

“ But sodenly from down the hills with grisly fall to fyght,
“ The harpies come, and beating wings with great noys out
thei shrighit,

“ And at our meate they snatch; and with their clawes,” &c.
Milton, *Parad. Reg.* B. II. has adopted the same imagery:

“ — with that

“ Both table and provions vanish'd quite,
“ With sound of harpies' wings, and talons heard.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *and with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.]* Though I will not undertake to prove that all the culinary pantomimes exhibited in France and Italy were known and imitated in this king-

(That hath to instrument this lower world,⁷
 And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
 Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
 Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
 [Seeing ALON. SEB. &c. draw their swords.
 And even with such like valour, men hang and
 drown
 Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fel-
 lows
 Are ministers of fate; the elements
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowle that's in my plume;⁸ my fellow-mi-
 nisters

dom, I may observe that flying, rising, and descending services were to be found at entertainments given by the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in 1453 and by the Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1600, &c. See M. Le Grand D'Auffi's *Histoire de la vie privée des François*, Vol. III. p. 294, &c. Examples therefore of machinery similar to that of Shakspeare in the present instance, were to be met with, and perhaps had been adopted on the stage, as well as at public festivals here in England. See my note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. sc. v. from whence it appears that a striking conceit in an entertainment given by the Vidame of Chartres, had been transferred to another feast prepared in England as a compliment to Prince Alasco in 1583. STEEVENS.

⁷ *That hath to instrument this lower world, &c.*] i. e. that makes use of this world, and every thing in it, as its *instruments* to bring about its ends. STEEVENS.

⁸ *One dowle that's in my plume;*] The old copy exhibits the passage thus:

“*One dowle that's in my plumbe.*” Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Bailey, in his Dictionary, says, that *dowle* is a feather, or rather the single particles of the down.

Since the first appearance of this edition, my very industrious and learned correspondent, Mr. Tollet, of *Betley*, in *Staffordshire*, has enabled me to retract a too hasty censure on *Bailey*, to whom

Are like invulnerable :⁹ if you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too maffy for your strengths,
 And will not be uplifted : But, remember,
 (For that's my business to you,) that you three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;
 Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him, and his innocent child : for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace : Thee, of thy son, Alonso,

we were long indebted for our only *English Dictionary*. In a small book, entitled *Humane Industry: or, A History of most Manual Arts*, printed in 1661, page 93, is the following passage: "The wool-bearing trees in *Æthiopia*, which *Virgil* speaks of, and the *Eriophori Arbores* in *Theophrastus*, are not such trees as have a certain wool or *DOWL* upon the outside of them, as the small cotton; but short trees that bear a ball upon the top, pregnant with wool, which the *Syrians* call *Cott*, the *Græcians* *Goffypium*, the *Italians* *Bombagio*, and we *Bombase*."—"There is a certain shell-fish in the sea, called *Pinna*, that bears a mossy *DOWL*, or wool, whereof cloth was spun and made."—Again, page 95: "*Trichitis*, or the hayrie stone, by some *Greek* authors, and *Alumen plumaceum*, or downy alum, by the *Latinists*: this hair or *DOWL* is spun into thread, and weaved into cloth." I have since discovered the same word in *The Ploughman's Tale*, erroneously attributed to *Chaucer*, v. 3202:

"And swore by cock 'is herte and blode,

"He would tere him every doale." STEEVENS.

Cole in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, interprets "young *dowle*." by *lanugo*. MALONE.

9 ————— the elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs

Kill the still-cloving waters, as diminish

One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow ministers

Are like invulnerable:] So, in *Phaer's Virgil*, 1573:

"Their swords by them they laid—

"And on the filthy birds they beat—

"But feathers none do from them fall, nor wound for strok
 doth bleed,

"Nor force of weapons hurt them can." RITSON.

They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worfe than any death
Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you
from

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life² ensuing.³

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft musick, enter the
Sbapes again, and dance with mops and mowes⁴ and
carry out the table.*

PRO. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy
hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,⁵

² — clear life—] Pure, blameless, innocent. JOHNSON.

So, in *Timon*: “— roots you clear heavens.” STEEVENS.

³ — is nothing, but heart's sorrow,

And a clear life ensuing.] The meaning, which is somewhat
obscured by the expression, is,—a miserable fate, which nothing
but contrition and amendment of life can avert. MALONE.

⁴ — with mops and mowes —] So, in *K. Lear*:

“— and Flibbertigibbet of mopping and mowing.”

STEEVENS.

The old copy, by a manifest error of the press, reads—with
mops. So afterwards:—“ Will be here with mop and mowe.”

MALONE.

To mop and to mowe, seem to have had a meaning somewhat simi-
lar; i. e. to insult, by making mouths, or wry faces. STEEVENS.

⁵ — with good life,] *With good life* may mean, with exact
presentation of their several characters, with observation strange of
their particular and distinct parts. So we say, he acted to the life.

JOHNSON.

Thus in the 6th Canto of the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton:

“ Done for the last with such exceeding life,

“ As art therein with nature seem'd at strife.”

Good life, however, in *Twelfth Night*, seems to be used for
innocent jollity, as we now say a *bon vivant*: “ Would you (says

And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: ⁶ my high charms
work,

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling.

[Exit PROSPERO from above.]

GON. I' the name of something holy, sir, why
stand you
In this strange stare?

ALON. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bask my trespass.⁷

the *Clown*) have a love song, or a song of *good life*?" *Sir Toby* answers, "A love song, a love song;"—"Ay, ay, (replies *Sir Andrew*) I care not for *good life*." It is plain, from the character of the last speaker, that he was meant to mistake the sense in which *good life* is used by the *Clown*. It may therefore, in the present instance, mean, *honest alacrity, or cheerfulness*.

Life seems to be used in the chorus to the fifth act of *K. Henry V.* with some meaning like that wanted to explain the approbation of Prospero:

"Which cannot in their huge and proper *life*
"Be here presented." STEEVENS.

To do any thing with *good life*, is still a provincial expression in the West of England, and signifies, to do it *with the full bent and energy of mind*:—"And *observation strange*," is with *such minute attention to the orders given, as to excite admiration*. HENLEY.

⁶ *Their several kinds have done*:] i. e. have discharged the several functions allotted to their different natures. Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V. sc. ii. the *Clown* says—"You must think this, look you, that the worm will *do his kind*." STEEVENS.

⁷ —bask *my trespass*.] The deep pipe told it me in a rough bask found. JOHNSON.

Therefore my fon i'the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet founded,
And with him there lie mudded.⁷ [Exit.

SEB. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANT. I'll be thy second.
[Exeunt SEB. and ANT.]

GON. All three of them are desperate; their great
guilt,
Like poison given⁸ to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy⁹
May now provoke them to.

ADRI. Follow, I pray you.
[Exeunt.]

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. 12:

“ ——— the rolling sea resounding soft,
“ In his big *bass* them fitly answered.” STEEVENS.

⁷ And with him there lie mudded.

But one fiend:—] As these hemistichs, taken together, exceed the proportion of a verse, I cannot help regarding the words—*with him*, and *but*, as playhouse interpolations.

The *Tempest* was evidently one of the last works of Shakspeare; and it is therefore natural to suppose the metre of it must have been exact and regular. Dr. Farmer concurs with me in this supposition.

STEEVENS.

⁸ Like poison given, &c.] The natives of Africa have been supposed to be possessed of the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered. Their drugs were then as certain in their effect, as subtle in their preparation. So, in the celebrated libel called “Leicester's Commonwealth:” “I heard him once my selfe in publique act at Oxford, and that in presence of my lord of Leicester, maintain that poyson might be so tempered and given, as it should not appear presently, and yet should kill the party afterwards at what time should be appointed.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — this ecstasy —] *Ecstasy* meant not anciently, as at present, *rapturous pleasure*, but alienation of mind. Mr. Locke has not elegantly styled it *dreaming with our eyes open*. STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

PRO. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,^a

^a — a thread of mine own life,] The old copy reads—*third*.
The word *thread* was formerly so spelt, as appears from the following passage:

“ Long maist thou live, and when the sisters shall decree
“ To cut in twaine the twisted *third* of life,
“ Then let him die,” &c.

See comedy of *Mucedorus*, 1619, signat. C. 3. HAWKINS.

“ A *thrid* of mine own life” is a *fibre* or a *part* of my own life, Prospero considers himself as the *stock* or *parent-tree*, and his daughter as a *fibre* or *portion* of himself, and for whose benefit he himself lives. In this sense the word is used in *Markham's English Husbandman*, edit. 1635, p. 146: “ Cut off all the maine rootes, within half a foot of the tree, only the small *thriddes* or twist rootes you shall not cut at all.” Again, *ibid.* “ Every branch and *thrid* of the root.” This is evidently the same word as *thread*, which is likewise spelt *thrid* by lord Bacon. TOLLET.

So, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607; and I could furnish many more instances:

“ For as a subtle spider closely fitting
“ In center of her web that spreadeth round,
“ If the least fly but touch the smallest *thrid*,
“ She feels it instantly.”

The following quotation, however, should seem to place the meaning beyond all dispute. In *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540, is this passage:

“ — one of worldly shame's *children*, of his countenance, and
THREDE of his body.” STEVENS.

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592, Tancred, speaking of his intention to kill his daughter, says,

“ Against all law of kinde, to shred in twaine
“ The golden *threede* that doth us both maintain.”

MALONE.

Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: ³ here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

FER. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

PRO. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition ⁴
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot ⁵ before
All sanctimonious ceremonies ⁶ may

³ — *strangely stood the test*:] *Strangely* is used by way of commendation, *merveilleusement*, to a wonder; the same is the sense in the foregoing scene. JOHNSON.

i. e. in the last scene of the preceding act:—

“ — with good life

“ And observation *strange* —.” STEVENS.

⁴ *Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition* —] My guest, *first said*. Rowe first read—*gift*. JOHNSON.

A similar thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — I send him

“ *The greatness he has got*.” STEVENS.

⁵ — *her virgin knot* —] The same expression occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“ Untide I still my *virgin knot* will keep.” STEVENS.

⁶ *If thou dost break her virgin knot before*

All sanctimonious ceremonies, &c.] This, and the passage in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, are manifest allusions to the zones of the ancients, which were worn as guardians of chastity by marriageable young women. “ *Puellæ, contra, nondum viripotentes, hujusmodi zonis non utebantur: quod videlicet immaturis virgunculis nullum, aut certè minimum, a corruptoribus periculum unmineret: quas propterea vocabant *imürgæ*, nempe *discinæ*.”*

With full and holy rite be minister'd,
 No sweet aspersion⁷ shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
 Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
 That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FER.

As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
 Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust; to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration,
 When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
 Or night kept chain'd below.

PRO.

Fairly spoke:⁸

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
 What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. What would my potent master? here I am.

PRO. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
 service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you

There is a passage in NONNUS, which will sufficiently illustrate
 Prospero's expression.

Κέρως δ' ἔφυγ' ἰκανὸν καὶ ἀτρίμας αἴρας ἰρόσσας
 Δοσμοῖσι ἀσυνήτοις φυλάκισμα λίσσασθαι μίσητος
 Ουδαμῶνι καλάμῳ, μὴ παρῶνι ὑπερῶν ἰάσσει. HENLEY.

⁷ *No sweet aspersion* —] *Aspersion* is here used in its primitive
 sense of *sprinkling*. At present it is expressive only of calumny
 and detraction. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Fairly spoke* :] *Fairly* is here used as a trisyllable. STEEVENS.

In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,⁹
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; ² it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

ARI. Presently?

PRO. Ay, with a twink.

ARI. Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so*;
Each one, tripping on his toe,³
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no.

PRO. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not ap-
proach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

ARI. Well I conceive. [*Exit*.]

PRO. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i'the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

FER. I warrant you, fir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart

⁹ — *the rabble*,] The crew of meaner spirits. JOHNSON.

² *Some vanity of mine art* ;] So, in the unprinted romance of EMARE, quoted by Mr. Warton in his dissertation on the *Gesta Romanorum*, (a Prefix to the third Vol. of the History of English Poetry.)

“ The emperour said on hygh,
“ Serres, thys is a fayry,
“ Or ellys a *vanite*.”

i. e. an illusion. STEVENS.

³ ——— *Come, and go*, ———

Each one, tripping on his toe,] So, in Milton's *L'Allegro*, v. 33 :

“ Come, and trip it as you go
“ On the light fantastick toe.” STEVENS.

Abates the ardour of my liver.

PRO.

Well.—

Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,⁴

Rather than want a spirit; appear, and perty.—

No tongue;⁵ all eyes; be silent. [*Soft musick.*]

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

IRIS. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,⁶ them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and liliated brims,⁷
Which sprungy April at thy heft betrimms,

⁴ — *bring a corollary,*] That is, bring more than are sufficient, rather than fail for want of numbers. *Corollary* means *surplus*. *Corollaire*, Fr. See Cotgrave's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

⁵ *No tongue;*] Those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, "else" as we are afterwards told, "the spell is marred." JOHNSON.

⁶ — *thatch'd with stover,*] *Stover* (in Cambridgeshire and other counties) signifies hay made of coarse, rank grass, such as even cows will not eat while it is green. *Stover* is likewise used as *statch* for cart-lodges, and other buildings that deserve but rude and cheap coverings.

The word occurs in the 25th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

"To draw out sedge and reed, for *statch* and *stover* fit."

Again, in his *Muses' Elyxium* :

"Their browse and *stover* waxing thin and scant."

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Thy bank with peonied, and liliated brims,*] The old edition reads *pioned* and *twilled* brims, which gave rise to Mr. Holt's conjecture, that the poet originally wrote—

"— *with pioned and tilled brims.*"

Peonied is the emendation of Hanmer.

Spenser and the author of *Mulcasses the Turk*, a tragedy, 1610, use *pioning* for digging. It is not therefore difficult to find a meaning for the word as it stands in the old copy; and remove a letter from *twilled*, and it leaves us *tilled*. I am yet, however, in doubt whether we ought not to read *liliated* brims; for *Pliar*,

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
 broom groves,^b
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,

B. XXVI. ch. x. mentions the *water-lily* as a preserver of chastity; and says, elsewhere, that the Peony *medetur Fannorum in Quæte Ludibriis*, &c. In a poem entitled *The Herring's Tayle*, 4to. 1598, "the maiden *peony*" is introduced. In the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, are mentioned

"The watry flow'rs, and lillies of the banks."

And Edward Fenton in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 4to. B.VI. 1569, asserts, that "the *water-lily* mortifieth altogether the appetite of sensuality, and defends from unchaste thoughts and dreames of venery."

In the 20th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the Naiades are represented as making chaplets with all the tribe of aquatic flowers; and Mr. Tollet informs me, that Lyte's *Herbal* says, "one kind of peonie is called by some, *maiden* or *virgin peonie*."

In *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, by Chapman, 1595, I meet with the following stanza, in which *twill-pants* are enumerated among flowers:

"White and red jasmines, merry, melliphill,

"Fair crown imperial, emperor of flowers;

"Immortal amaranth, white aphrodill,

"And cup-like *twill-pants* strew'd in Bacchus' bowers."

If *twill* be the ancient name of any flower, the old reading, *pionied* and *twilled*, may stand. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton, in his notes upon Milton, after silently acquiescing in the substitution of *pionied* for *pioned*, produces from the ARCADES "Ladon's *lillied banks*," as an example to countenance a further change of *twilled* to *lillied*, which, accordingly, Mr. Rann hath foisted into the text. But before such a licence is allowed, may it not be asked—If the word *pionied* can any where be found?—or (admitting such a verbal from peony, like Milton's *lillied* from *lily*, to exist)—On the banks of what river do peonies grow?—Or (if the banks of any river should be discovered to yield them) whether *they* and the *lilies* that, in common with them, betrim those banks, be the produce of *spongy APRIL*?—Or, whence it can be gathered that Iris here is at all speaking of the banks of a *river*?—and, whether, as the bank in question is the property, not of a water-nymph, but of Ceres, it is not to be considered as an object of her care?—Hither the Goddess of husbandry is represented as resorting, because at the approach of spring, it becomes needful to repair the banks (or mounds) of the *flat meads*, whose grass not only shooting over, but being more succulent

Being lasf-lorn; 9 thy pole-clipt vineyard; 4
And thy sea-marge, fteril, and rocky-hard,

than that of the *turfy mountains*, would, for want of this precaution, be devoured, and so the intended *flower* [hay, or *winter keep*] with which these *meads* are proleptically described as *Thatched*, be loft.

The giving way and caving in of the *brims* of those banks, occasioned by the heat, rains, and frosts of the preceding year, are made good, by opening the trenches from whence the banks themselves were at first raised, and facing them up afresh with the mire those trenches contain. This being done, the *brims of the banks* are, in the poet's language, *pioned and twilled*.—Mr. Warton himself, in a note upon *Comus*, hath cited a passage in which *pioners* are explained to be *diggers* [rather *trenchers*] and Mr. Steevens mentions Spenser and the author of *Muleasses*, as both using *pioning* for *digging*. *TWILLED* is obviously formed from the participle of the French verb *touiller*, which Cotgrave interprets *filibly to mix or mingle; confound or flouffle together; bediri; begrime; befmeat*:—significations that join to confirm the explanation here given.

This bank with *pioned and twilled brims* is described, as *trimmed, at the behest of Ceres, by spongy April, with flowers, to make cold nymphs chaste crowns*. These flowers were neither *peonies* nor *lilies*, for they never blow at this season, but “*lady-mocks all silver white,*” which during this humid month, start up in abundance on such banks, and thrive like oats on the same kind of soil:—“*Avoine touillée croist comme enragée.*”—That *OU* changes into *W*, in words derived from the French, is apparent in *cordwainer*, from *cordouannier*, and many others. HENLEY.

Mr. Henley's note contends for small proprieties, and abounds with minute observation. But that Shakspeare was no diligent Botanist, may be ascertained from his erroneous descriptions of a *Coruflip*, (in the *Tempest* and *Cymbeline*) for who ever heard it characterized as a *bell-shaped flower*, or could allow the *drops at the bottom* of it to be of a *crimson* hue? With equal carelessness, or want of information, in the *Winter's Tale* he enumerates “*lilica of all kinds,*” among the children of the spring, and as contemporaries with the daffodil, the primrose, and the violet. It might be added, (if we must *speak by the card*) that wherever there is a bank there is a ditch; where there is a ditch there may be water; and where there is water the aquatic lilies may flourish, whether the bank in question belongs to a river or a field.—These are petty remarks, but they are occasioned by petty cavils.—It was enough for our author that *Peonies* and *Lilies* were well-known

Where thou thyself do'st air : The queen o' the sky,
 Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
 Bids thee leave these ; and with her sovereign grace,
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
 To come and sport : her peacocks fly amain ;
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

flowers, and he placed them on any bank, and produced them in any of the genial months, that particularly suited his purpose. He who has confounded the customs of different ages and nations, might easily confound the produce of the seasons.

That his documents *de Re Rusticâ* were more exact, is equally improbable. He regarded objects of Agriculture, &c. in the gross, and little thought, when he meant to bestow some ornamental epithet on the banks appropriated to a Goddess, that a future critic would wish him to say their *brims* were *filthily mixed or mingled, confounded or shuffled together, bedirted, begrimed, and befouled*. Mr. Henley, however, has not yet proved the existence of the derivative which he labours to introduce as an English word ; nor will the lovers of elegant description wish him much success in his attempt. Unconvinced therefore by his strictures, I shall not exclude a border of flowers to make room for the graces of the spade, or what Mr. Pope, in his *Dunciad*, has styled—" the majesty of mud." STEVENS.

⁸ — *and thy broom groves,*] A grove of *broom*, I believe, was never heard of, as it is a low shrub and not a tree. Hanmer very elegantly reads, *brown groves*. STEVENS.

Disappointed lovers are still said to wear the *willow*, and in these lines *broom groves* are assigned to that unfortunate tribe for a retreat. This may allude to some old custom. We still say that a husband *hangs out the broom* when his wife goes from home for a short time ; and on such occasions a *broom* before has been exhibited as a signal that the house was freed from uxorial restraint, and where the master might be considered as a temporary bachelor. *Broom grove* may signify *broom bushes*. See *Græva* in Cowell's Law Dict. TOLLET.

⁹ *Bring lass-lorn ;*] *Lass-lorn* is forsaken of his mistress. So Spenser :

" Who after that he had fair *Una lorn*." STEVENS.

² — *thy pole-clipt vineyard ;*] To *clip* is to *twine round or embrace*. The poles are *clip'd* or embraced by the vines. *Vineyard* is here used as a trisyllable. STEVENS.

Enter CERES.

CER. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres,³ and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?⁴

IRIS. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest'd lovers.

CER. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

IRIS. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have
done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid

³ *My bosky acres, &c.] Bosky is woody. Bosky acres are fields divided from each other by hedge-rows. Boscus is middle Latin for wood. Bosquet, Fr. So Milton:*

“ And every bosky bourn from side to side.”

Again, in *K. Edward I.* 1599:

“ Hale him from hence, and in this bosky wood

“ Bury his corps.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *to this short-grass'd green ?]* The old copy reads *short-grass'd green*. *Short-grass'd green* means *grazed so as to be short*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

CER. *Earth's increase,⁶ and foison plenty;⁷
 Barns, and garner's never empty;
 Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
 Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
 Spring come to you, at the farthest,
 In the very end of harvest!
 Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

FER. This is a most majestic vision, and
 Harmonious charmingly:⁸ May I be bold

⁶ Earth's increase, *and foison plenty*; &c.] All the editions, that I have ever seen, concur in placing this whole sonnet to Juno; but very absurdly, in my opinion. I believe every accurate reader, who is acquainted with poetical history, and the distinct offices of these two goddesses, and who then seriously reads over our author's lines, will agree with me, that Ceres's name ought to have been placed where I have now prefixed it. THEOBALD.

And is not in the old copy. It was added by the editor of the second folio. Earth's *increase*, is the *produce* of the earth. The expression is scriptural: "Then shall the *earth* bring forth her *increase*, and God, even our God, shall give us his blessing." PSALM lxxvii. MALONE.

This is one amongst a multitude of emendations which Mr. Malone acknowledges to have been introduced by the Editor of the second Folio; and yet, in contradiction to himself in his Prolegomena, he depreciates the second edition, as of no importance or value.

FENTON.

⁷ — *foison plenty*;] i. e. plenty to the utmost abundance; *foison* signifying plenty. See p. 62. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Harmonious charmingly*:] Mr. Edwards would read:

"*Harmoniously charming lay.*"

For though (says he) the benediction is sung by two goddesses, it is yet but one *lay* or hymn. I believe, however, this passage appears as it was written by the poet, who, for the sake of the verse, made the words change places.

We might read (transferring the last syllable of the second word to the end of the first) "*Harmoniously charming.*"

Ferdinand has already praised this aerial Matque as an object of sight; and may not improperly or inelegantly subjoin, that the

To think these spirits?

PRO. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

FR. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father,³ and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send IRIS on employment.*]

PRO. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

IRIS. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wan-
dring brooks,³
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels,⁴ and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

charm of sound was added to that of visible grandeur. Both Juno and Ceres are supposed to sing their parts. STEEVENS.

A similar inversion occurs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"But miserable most to live unlov'd." MALONE.

³ — a wonder'd father,] i. e. a father able to perform or produce such wonders. STEEVENS.

³ — wandering brooks,] The modern editors read—winding brooks. The old copy—*watndring*. I suppose we should read—*wandering*, as it is here printed. STEEVENS.

⁴ Leave your crisp channels,] *Crisp*, i. e. curling, winding. Lat. *crispus*. So *Henry IV.* Part I. Act I. sc. iv. Hotspur, speaking of the river Severn:

"And hid his *crisp'd* head in the hollow bank."

Crisp, however, may allude to the little wave or *curl* (as it is commonly called) that the gentlest wind occasions on the surface of waters. STEEVENS.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

PRO. [*aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the spirits.*] Well done;—
avoid;—no more.

FER. This is most strange:⁴ your father's in
some passion
That works him strongly.

MIRA. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PRO. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,⁵

⁴ *This is most strange:*] I have introduced the word—*most*, on account of the metre, which otherwise is defective.—In the first line of Prospero's next speech there is likewise an omission, but I have not ventured to supply it. STEVENS.

⁵ *And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision, &c.*] The exact period at which this play was produced is unknown: it was not,

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit,⁶ shall dissolve;
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,⁷

however, published before 1623. In the year 1603, the *Tragedy of Dorius*, by Lord Sterline, made its appearance, and there I find the following passage:

“ Let greatness of her glassy scepters vaunt,
 “ Not scepters, no, but reeds, soon bruis'd, soon broken;
 “ And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
 “ All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
 “ Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
 “ With furniture superfluously fair,
 “ Those stately courts, those sky-encount'ring walls,
 “ Evanish all like vapours in the air.”

Lord Sterline's play must have been written before the death of queen *Elizabeth*, (which happen'd on the 24th of March 1603) as it is dedicated to *James VI. King of Scots*.

Whoever should seek for this passage (as here quoted from the 4to, 1603) in the folio edition, 1637, will be disappointed, as Lord Sterline made considerable changes in all his plays, after their first publication. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *all which it inherit,*] i. e. all who possess, who dwell upon it. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ This, or else nothing, will inherit her.” MALONE.

⁷ *And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,*] *Faded* means here—having vanished; from the Latin, *vado*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ It faded on the crowing of the cock.”

To feel the justice of this comparison, and the propriety of the epithet, the nature of these exhibitions should be remembered. The ancient English *pageants* were shows exhibited on the reception of a prince, or any other solemnity of a similar kind. They were presented on occasional stages erected in the streets. Originally they appear to have been nothing more than dumb shows; but before the time of our author, they had been enlivened by the introduction of speaking personages, who were characteristically habited. The speeches were sometimes in verse; and as the procession moved forward, the speakers, who constantly bore some allusion to the ceremony, either conversed together in the form of a dialogue, or addressed the noble person whose presence occasioned the celebrity. On these allegorical spectacles very costly ornaments were bestowed. See Fabian, II. 382. Warton's *Hist. of Poet.* II. 199, 202.

Leave not a rack behind :⁸ We are such stuff

The well-known lines before us may receive some illustration from Stowe's account of the pageants exhibited in the year 1604, (not very long before this play was written,) on King James, his Queen, &c. passing triumphantly from the Tower to Westminster; on which occasion seven Gates or Arches were erected in different places through which the procession passed.—Over the first gate “ was represented the true likeness of all the notable houses, “ TOWERS and steeples, within the citie of London.”—“ The first arche or gate of triumph was erected above the Conduit in “ Fleete-Streete, whereon the GLOBE of the world was seen to “ move, &c. At Temple-bar a seventh arche or gate was erected, the forefront whereof was proportioned in every respect like “ a TEMPLE, being dedicated to Janus, &c.—The citie of Westminster, and dutchy of Lancaster, at the Strand had erected “ the invention of a Rainbow, the moone, sunne, and starres, “ advanced between two Pyramides,” &c. ANNALS, p. 1429, edit. 1605. MALONE.

⁸ *Leave not a rack behind:*] “ The winds (says lord Bacon) which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, pass without noise.” I should explain the word *rack* somewhat differently, by calling it *the last fleeting vestige of the highest clouds, scarce perceptible on account of their distance and tenuity*. What was anciently called the *rack*, is now termed by sailors—the *scud*.

The word is common to many authors contemporary with Shakspeare. So, in the *Fainful Shepherdess*, by Fletcher:

“ ——— shall I stray
“ In the middle air, and stay
“ The sailing *rack*.” —

Again, in *David and Bethsabe*, 1599:

“ Beating the clouds into their swiftest *rack*.”

Again, in the prologue to the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

“ We list not ride the rolling *rack* that dims the chrystal skies.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 33d Sonnet:

“ Anon permits the basest clouds to ride
“ With ugly *rack* on his celestial face.”

Mr. Pennant in his *Tour in Scotland* observes, there is a fish called a *rack*-rider, because it appears in winter or bad weather; *Rack*, in the English of our author's days, signifying the *driving of the clouds by tempests*.

Sir T. Hanmer instead of *rack*, reads *track*, which may be countenanced by the following passage in the first scene of *Timon of Athens*:

As dreams are made of,⁹ and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

" But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
" *Leaving no tract behind.*" STEEVENS.

Rack is generally used for a *body of clouds*, or rather for *the course of clouds in motion*; so, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" That which is now a horse, even with a thought,
" *The rack dissimns.*"

But no instance has yet been produced where it is used to signify a *single small fleeting cloud*, in which sense only it can be figuratively applied here. I incline, therefore, to Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation.

I am now inclined to think that *rack* is a mis-spelling for *wrack*, i. e. *wreck*, which Fletcher likewise has used for a minute broken fragment. See his *Wife for a Month*, where we find the word mis-spelt as it is in *The Tempest*:

" He will bulge so subtilly and suddenly,
" You may snatch him up by parcels, like a *sea-rack.*"

It has been urged, that " objects which have only a visionary and insubstantial existence, can, when the vision is faded, leave nothing *real*, and consequently no *wreck* behind them." But the objection is founded on misapprehension. The words— " Leave not a rack (or wreck) behind," relate not to " the baseless fabrick of this vision," but to the final destruction of the world, of which the towers, temples, and palaces, shall (*like a vision, or a pageant,*) be dissolved, and leave no vestige behind.

MALONE.

⁹ *As dreams are made of,*] The old copy reads—*on*. But this is a mere colloquial vitiation; *of*, among the vulgar, being still pronounced—*on*. STEEVENS.

The stanza which immediately precedes the lines quoted by Mr. Steevens from Lord Sterling's *Darius*, may serve still further to confirm the conjecture that one of these poets imitated the other. Our author was, I believe, the imitator.

" And when the eclipse comes of our glory's light,
" Then what avails the adoring of a name?
" A meer *illusion made to mock the fight,*
" Whose best was but the shadow of a *dream.*" MALONE.

FER. MIRA. We wish your peace.
[*Exeunt.*]

PRO. Come with a thought:—I thank you:—
Ariel, come.²

Enter ARIEL.

ARI. Thy thoughts I cleave to:³ What's thy
pleasure?

PRO. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.⁴

ARI. Ay, my commander: when I presented
Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

PRO. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets?

ARI. I told you, fir, they were red-hot with
drinking;

² Fer. Mir. *We wish your peace.*

Pro. *Come with a thought:—I thank you:—Ariel, come.*] The old copy reads “—I thank thee.” But these thanks being in reply to the joint wish of Ferdinand and Miranda, I have substituted *you* for *thee*, by the advice of Mr. Ritson.

STEEVENS.

³ *Thy thoughts I cleave to:*] To *cleave to*, is to *unite with closely*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Like our strange garments, *cleave* not to their mould.”

Again:

“ If you shall *cleave* to my consent.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — to meet with *Caliban.*] To *meet with* is to *counteract*; to play stratagem against stratagem.—*The parson knows the temper of every one in his house, and accordingly either meets with their vices, or advances their virtues.* HERBERT'S *Country Parson*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613:

“ ———— You may meet

“ With her abusive malice, and exempt

“ Yourself from the suspicion of revenge.” STEEVENS.

So full of valour, that they smote the air
 For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
 For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
 Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their
 ears,

Advanc'd their eye-lids,⁵ lifted up their noses,
 As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears,
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
 Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss,⁶ and
 thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them

⁵ *Advanc'd their eye-lids, &c.*] Thus Drayton, in his *Nymphidia*,
 or *Court of Fairie*:

“ But once the circle got within,
 “ The charms to work do straight begin,
 “ And he was caught as in a gin:
 “ For as he thus was busy,
 “ A pain he in his head-piece feels,
 “ Against a stubbed tree he reels;
 “ 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 hit him in his pace,
 “ Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
 “ And lamentably tore his case
 “ Among the briers and brambles.” JOHNSON.

⁶ — *pricking goss,*] I know not how Shakspeare distinguished
goss from *furze*; for what he calls *furze* is called *goss* or *gorse* in the
 midland counties.

This word is used in the first chorus to Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1594:

“ With worthless *gorse* that, yearly, fruitless dies.”

STEEVENS.

By the latter, Shakspeare means the low sort of *gorse* that only
 grows upon wet ground, and which is well described by the name
 of *rubins* in Markham's *Farewell to Husbandry*. It has prickles
 like those on a rose-tree or a gooseberry. *Furze* and *rubins* occur
 together in Dr. Farmer's quotation from Holinshed. TOILET.

I' the filthy mantled pool⁷ beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

PRO. This was well done, my bird :
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.⁸

ARI. I go, I go. [*Exit.*]

PRO. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ;⁹ on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;²
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers :³ I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL loaden with glistening apparel, &c.
Even to roaring :—Come, hang them on this line.

⁷ *I' the filthy mantled pool*—] Perhaps we should read—filthymantled.—A similar idea occurs in *K. Lear* :

“ Drinks the green mantle of the standing pool.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *For stale to catch these thieves.*] *Stale* is a word in *fowling*, and is used to mean a bait or decoy to catch birds.

So, in *A Looking glass for London and England*, 1617 :

“ Hence tools of wrath, *stales* of temptation !”

Again, in Green's *Mamillia*, 1595 : “ —that she might not strike at the *stale*, lest she were canvassed in the nets.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Nurture can never stick ;*] *Nurture* is education. STEEVENS.

² — all, all lost,] The first of these words was probably introduced by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor. We might safely read—*are* all lost. MALONE.

³ *And as, with age, his body uglier grows,*

So his mind cankers :] Shakspeare, when he wrote this description, perhaps recollected what his patron's most intimate friend, the great lord Essex, in an hour of discontent, said of queen Elizabeth ;—“ *that she grew old and canker'd, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcase :*”——a speech, which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, cost him his head, and which, we may therefore suppose, was at that time much talked of. This play being written in the time of king James, these obnoxious words might be safely repeated. MALONE.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

CAL. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall: ⁴ we now are near his cell.

STE. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us. ⁵

TRIN. Monster, I do smell all horse-pifs; at which my nose is in great indignation.

STE. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

TRIN. Thou wert but a lost monster.

CAL. Good my lord, give me thy favour still: Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

TRIN. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

STE. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

TRIN. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

⁴ — the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall:] This quality of hearing which the mole is supposed to possess in so high a degree, is mentioned in Euphuus, 4to. 1581, p. 64, "Doth not the lion for strength, the turtle for love, the ant for labour, excel man? Doth not the eagle see clearer, the vulture smell better, the mole beare lightlier?" REED.

⁵ — has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.] i. e. He has played Jack with a lantern; has led us about like an ignis fatuus, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire. JOHNSON.

STE. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CAL. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: See'st thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter: Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

STE. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRIN. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!⁶

CAL. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

TRIN. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery:⁷—O king Stephano!

STE. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRIN. Thy grace shall have it.

CAL. The dropfy drown this fool! what do you mean,

⁶ Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!] The humour of these lines consists in their being an allusion to an old celebrated ballad, which begins thus: *King Stephen was a worthy peer*—and celebrates that king's parsimony with regard to his wardrobe.—There are two stanzas of this ballad in *Osbello*. WARBURTON.

The old ballad is printed at large in *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. PERCY.

⁷ —we know what belongs to a frippery:] A *frippery* was a shop where old clothes were sold. *Fripperie*, Fr.

Beaumont and Fletcher use the word in this sense, in *Wit without Money*, Act II:

“As if I were a running *frippery*.”

So, in *Monfieur d'Olive*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606: “Passing

To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along,⁸
 And do the murder first: if he awake,
 From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
 Make us strange stuff.

STE. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:⁹ now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

yesterday by the *frillery*, I spied two of them hanging out at a stall, with a gambrell thrust from shoulder to shoulder.”

The person who kept one of these shops, was called a *fripper*. Strype, in the life of Stowe, says, that these *frippers* lived in Birch-lane and Cornhill. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *Let's along*,] First edit. *Let's alone*. JOHNSON.
 I believe the poet wrote:

“ ——— Let's alone,
 “ And do the murder first.”

Caliban had used the same expression before. Mr. Theobald reads—*let's along*. MALONE.

Let's alone, may mean—Let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is so solicitous about the *trajb* of dress, behind us. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *under the line*:] An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line. The violent fevers, which they contract in that hot climate, make them lose their hair. EDWARDS' MSS.

Perhaps the allusion is to a more indelicate disease than any peculiar to the equinoxial.

So, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1632:

“ 'Tis hot going under the *line* there.”

Again, in *Lady Alimony*, 1659:

“ ——— Look to the clime

“ Where you inhabit; that's the torrid zone:

“ Yea, there goes *the hair* away.”

Shakspeare seems to design an equivoque between the equinoxial and the girdle of a woman.

It may be necessary, however, to observe, as a further elucidation of this miserable jest, that the lines on which clothes are hung, are usually made of twisted horse-hair. STEEVENS.

TRIN. Do, do: We steal by line and level, and't like your grace.

STB. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

TRIN. Monster, come, put some lime² upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CAL. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes³
With foreheads villainous low.⁴

² — *put some lime, &c.*] That is, *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

So, in Green's *Disputation between a He and She Conycatcher*, 1592: "— mine eyes are stauls, and my hands *lime twigs*."

STEVENS.

³ — *to barnacles, or to apes*—] Skinner says *barnacle* is *Anser Scoticus*. The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish growing on the bottoms of ships, and which was anciently supposed, when broken off, to become one of these geese. Hall, in his *Virgidemiarum*, lib. iv. sat. 2. seems to favour this supposition:

"The Scottish *barnacle*, if I might choose,

"That of a worme doth waxe a winged goose," &c.

So likewise Marston, in his *Malecontent*, 1604:

"— like your Scotch *barnacle*, now a block,

"Instantly a worm, and presently a great goose."

"There are" (says Gerard, in his *Herbal*, edit. 1597, page 1391) "in the north parts of Scotland certaine trees, whereon do grow shell-fishes, &c. &c. which, falling into the water, do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles*; in the north of England *brant geese*; and in Lancashire *tree geese*." &c.

This vulgar error deserves no serious confutation. Commend me, however, to Holinshed, (Vol. I. p. 38.) who declares himself to have seen the feathers of these *barnacles* "hang out of the shell at least two inches." And in the 27th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the same account of their generation is given.

COLLINS.

⁴ *With foreheads villainous low.*] *Low foreheads* were anciently

STE. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

TRIN. And this.

STE. Ay, and this.

*A noise of bunters heard.*⁵ Enter divers Spirits, in shape of bounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

PRO. Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARI. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

PRO. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[CAL. STE. and TRIN. are driven out.

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
them,

Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

reckoned among deformities. So, in the old bl. l. ballad, entitled *A Peerlesse Paragon*:

“ Her beetle brows all men admire,

“ Her forebead wondrous low.”

Again, (the quotation is Mr. Malone's,) in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — And her forebead

“ As low as she would wish it.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *A noise of bunters heard.*] Shakspeare might have had in view “*Arthur's Chase*, which many believe to be in France, and think that it is a kennel of black dogs followed by unknown huntmen with an exceeding great sound of horns, as if it was a very hunting of some wild beast.” See a *Treatise of Spectres* translated from the French of Peter de Loier, and published in quarto, 1605.

GREY.

“ HECATE, (says the same writer, *ibid.*) as the Greeks affirmed, did use to send *dogges* unto men, to feare and terrifie them.”

MALONE.

ARI.

Hark, they roar.

PRO. Let them be hunted soundly : At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies :
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

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

*Before the Cell of Prospero.**Enter PROSPERO in his magick robes, and ARIEL.*

PRO. Now does my project gather to a head :
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.⁶ How's the day ?

ARI. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

PRO. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his ?⁷

ARI. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;
Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell ;

⁶ ——— and time

Goes upright with his carriage.] Alluding to one carrying a burthen. This critical period of my life proceeds as I could wish. Time brings forward all the expected events, without faltering under his burthen. STEVENS.

⁷ — the king and his ?] The old copy reads—“ the king and his followers ?” But the word *followers* is evidently an interpolation, (or gloss which had crept into the text) and spoils the metre without help to the sense. STEVENS.

They cannot budge, till your release.* The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo*;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works
them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PRO. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

ARI. Mine would, sir, were I human.

PRO. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they,² be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

* — *till your release.*] i. e. till you release them. MALONE.

² — *a touch, a feeling* —] A *touch* is a *sensation*. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — a *touch* more rare

“ Subdues all pangs, all fears.”

So, in the 141st sonnet of Shakspeare:

“ Nor tender feeling to base *touches* prone.”

Again, in the *Civil Wars* of Daniel, B. I:

“ I know not how their death gives such a *touch*.”

STEVENS.

² — *that relish all as sharply,*

Passion as they,] I feel every thing with the same quick sensibility, and am moved by the same passions as they are.

A similar thought occurs in *K. Rich. II*:

“ *Taste grief, need friends, like you,*” &c. STEVENS.

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further : Go, release them, Ariel ;
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

ARI. I'll fetch them, fir. [*Exit.*]

PRO. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
 and groves ;²

² *Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ;*] This speech Dr. Warburton rightly observes to be borrowed from Medea's in *Ovid* : and, " it proves, says Mr. Holt, beyond contradiction, that Shakspeare was perfectly acquainted with the sentiments of the ancients on the subject of enchantments." The original lines are these :

" Auræque, & venti, montesque, amnesque, lacusque,

" Dique omnes nemorum, dique omnes noctis, adeste."

The translation of which, by Golding, is by no means literal, and Shakspeare hath closely followed it. FARMER.

Whoever will take the trouble of comparing this whole passage with Medea's speech, as translated by Golding, will see evidently that Shakspeare copied the translation, and not the original. The particular expressions that seem to have made an impression on his mind, are printed in Italicks :

" Ye ayres and windes, ye *elves of hills*, of *brookes*, of woods alone,

" Of *standing lakes*, and of the night, approche ye everych one.

" *Through help of whom* (the crooked bankes much wondering at the thing)

" I have compelled streames to run clear backward to their spring.

" By charms I make the calm sea rough, and make the rough seas playne,

" And cover all the skie with clouds, and *chase* them thence again.

" *By charms I raise and lay the windes*, and burst the viper's jaw,

" And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.

" Whole woods and Forrests I remove, *I make the mountains shake*,

" And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.

" *I call up dead men from their graves*, and thee, O lightfome moone,

" I darken oft, though beaten brags abate thy peril soone.

" Our forceric *dimmes* the morning faire, and darks *the sun at noone*.

" The flaming breath of fieric bulles ye quenched for my sake,

" And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune,³ and do fly him,
When he comes back ; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-four ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you, whose pas-
time

Is to make midnight mushrooms ; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be,) ⁴ I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder

“ Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal warre did set,
“ And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shet.”

MALONE.

Ye elves of hills, &c.] *Fairies* and *elves* are frequently, in the poets mentioned together, without any distinction of character that I can recollect. Keyser says, that *alp* and *alf*, which is *elf* with the *Suedes* and *Englifs*, equally signified a mountain, or a demon of the mountains. This seems to have been its original meaning ; but Somner's Dict. mentions *elves* or *fairies* of the mountains, of the woods, of the sea and fountains, without any distinction between *elves* and *fairies*. TOLLET.

¹ ——— with printless foot

Do chase the ebbing Neptune.] So Milton, in his *Masque* :

“ Whilst from off the waters fleet,

“ Thus I set my printless feet.” STEEVENS.

⁴ (*Weak masters though ye be.*)] The meaning of this passage may be, *Though you are but inferior masters of these supernatural powers—though you possess them but in a low degree.* Spenser uses the same kind of expression in *The Fairy Queen*, B. III. cant. 8. ft. 4.

“ Where she (the witch) was wont her sprights to entertain.

“ *The masters of her art* : there was the fain

“ To call them all in order to her aid.” STEEVENS.

————— by whose aid,

(*Weak masters though ye be.*)] That is ; ye are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourselves ;—your employment is then to make green ringlets, and midnight mushrooms, and to play the idle pranks mentioned by Ariel in his next song ;—yet by your aid I have been enabled to invert the course of nature. We say proverbially, “ Fire is a good servant but a bad master.”

BLACKSTONE.

Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
 Have wak'd their sleepers; oped, and let them forth
 By my so potent art: But this rough magick'
 I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly musick, (which even now I do,)
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book. [Solemn musick.]

Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a frantick gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,⁶

⁵ — *But this rough magick, &c.*] This speech of Prospero sets out with a long and distinct invocation to the various ministers of his art: yet to what purpose they were invoked does not very distinctly appear. Had our author written — “*All this,*” &c. instead of — “*But this,*” &c. the conclusion of the address would have been more pertinent to its beginning. STEEVENS.

⁶ *A solemn air, and the best comforter*

To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, &c.] Prospero does not desire *them* to cure *their* brains. His expression is optative, not imperative; and means — *May music cure thy brains!* i. e. settle them. Mr. Malone reads —

“*To an unsettled fancy's cure! Thy brains,*

“*Now useless, boil within thy skull:*” — STEEVENS.

The old copy reads — *fancy*. For this emendation I am answerable. So, in *King John*:

“*My widow's comfort, and my sorrow's cure.*”

Now useles, boil'd within thy skull! ' There stand,
 For you are spell-stopp'd.—
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops.⁸—The charm dissolves apace;
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes⁹ that mantle
 Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'ft; I will pay thy graces
 Homé, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
 blood,²

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— *Confusion's cure*

“ Lives not in these confusions.”

Prospero begins by observing, that the air which had been played was admirably adapted to compose unsettled minds. He then addresses Gonzalo and the rest, who had just before gone into the circle: “ Thy brains, now useles, boil within thy skull,” &c. [the soothing strain not having yet begun to operate.] Afterwards, perceiving that the musick begins to have the effect intended, he adds, “ The charm dissolves apace.” Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*boil'd*. MALONE.

¹ ——— *boil'd within thy skull!*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ Lovers and madmen have such *feething* brains,” &c.

STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*: “ Would any but these *boil'd brains* of nineteen and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather?”

MALONE.

⁸ — *fellowly drops*.] I would read, *fellow drops*. The additional syllable injures the metre, without enforcing the sense. *Fellowly*, however, is an adjective used by Tuffer. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *the ignorant fumes* ———] i. e. the fumes of ignorance.

HEATH.

² *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,*] Thus

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,³
Expell'd remorse, and nature;⁴ who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive
thee,

Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

[Exit ARIEL.]

I will discharge me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire*
PROSPERO.

ARI. *Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:⁵
There I couch when owls do cry.⁶
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:⁷
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

the old copy: Theobald points the passage in a different manner, and perhaps rightly:

“Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.”

STEEVENS.

³ — *that entertain'd ambition,*] Old copy—*entertain*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ — *remorse and nature;*] *Remorse* is by our author and the contemporary writers generally used for *pity*, or *tenderness of heart*. *Nature* is natural affection. MALONE.

⁵ *In a cowslip's bell I lie:*] So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

“At midnight, the appointed hour;

“And for the queen a fitting bower,

PRO. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;

“ Quoth he, is that fair *cowslip* flower
“ On Hipcut hill that bloweth.”

The date of this poem not being ascertained, we know not whether our author was indebted to it, or was himself copied by Drayton. I believe, the latter was the imitator. *Nymphidia* was not written, I imagine, till after the English Don Quixote had appeared in 1612. MALONE.

⁶ — *when owls do cry.*] i. e. at night. As this passage is now printed, Ariel says that he reposes in a cowslip's bell during the night. Perhaps, however, a full point ought to be placed after the word *couch*, and a comma at the end of the line. If the passage should be thus regulated, Ariel will then take his departure by night, the proper season for the bat to set out upon the expedition.

MALONE.

⁷ *After summer, merrily:]* This is the reading of all the editions. Yet Mr. Theobald has substituted *sun-set*, because Ariel talks of riding on the bat in this expedition. An idle fancy. That circumstance is given only to design the *time of night* in which fairies travel. One would think the consideration of the circumstances should have set him right. Ariel was a spirit of great delicacy, bound by the charms of Prospero to a constant attendance on his occasions. So that he was confined to the island winter and summer. But the roughness of winter is represented by Shakspeare as disagreeable to fairies, and such like delicate spirits, who, on this account, constantly follow *summer*. Was not this then the most agreeable circumstance of Ariel's new-recovered liberty, that he could now avoid *winter*, and follow *summer* quite round the globe? But to put the matter quite out of question, let us consider the meaning of this line:

“ *There I couch when owls do cry.*”

Where? in the *cowslip's bell*, and *where the bee sucks*, he tells us: this must needs be in *summer*. When? *when owls cry*, and this is in *winter*:

“ When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,

“ Then nightly sings the staring owl.”

The Song of *Winter* in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

The consequence is, that Ariel *flies after summer*. Yet the Oxford Editor has adopted this judicious emendation of Mr. Theobald.

WARBURTON.

Ariel does not appear to have been confined to the island summer and winter, as he was sometimes sent on so long an errand as to the Bermoothes. When he says, *On the bat's back I do fly, &c.*

But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:

he speaks of his present situation only; nor triumphs in the idea of his future liberty, till the last couplet:

“*Merrily, merrily,*” &c.

The bat is no bird of passage, and the expression is therefore probably used to signify, *not that he pursues summer*, but that, *after summer is past*, he rides upon the warm down of a bat's back, which suits not improperly with the delicacy of his airy being. *After summer* is a phrase in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. Act II. sc. iv.

Shakspeare, who, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, has placed the light of a glow-worm in its eyes, might, through the same ignorance of natural history, have supposed the bat to be a bird of passage. Owls cry not only in winter. It is well known that they are to the full as clamorous in summer; and as a proof of it, Titania, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the time of which is supposed to be May, commands her fairies to—

“——*keep back*

“*The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots.*”— STEEVENS.

Our author is seldom solicitous that every part of his imagery should correspond. I therefore, think, that though the bat is “no bird of passage,” Shakspeare probably meant to express what Dr. Warburton supposes. A short account, however, of this winged animal may perhaps prove the best illustration of the passage before us:

“The bat (*says Dr. Goldsmith, in his entertaining and instructive Natural History,*) makes its appearance in *summer*, and begins its flight in the dusk of the evening. It appears only in the *most pleasant* evenings; at other times it continues in its retreat; the chink of a ruined building, or the hollow of a tree. Thus the little animal even in *summer* sleeps the greatest part of his time, never venturing out by day-light, nor in *rainy* weather. But its short life is still more abridged by continuing in a torpid state during the *winter*. At the approach of the cold season, the bat prepares for its state of lifeless inactivity, and seems rather to choose a place where it may continue safe from interruption, than where it may be warmly or commodiously lodged.”

When Shakspeare had determined to send Ariel in pursuit of summer, wherever it could be found, as most congenial to such an airy being, is it then surprising that he should have made the *bat*, rather than “the wind, his post-horse;” an animal thus delighting in that season, and reduced by winter to a state of lifeless inactivity? MALONE.

There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

ARI. I drink the air⁹ before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit ARIEL.

GON. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
ment

Inhabits here; Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PRO. Behold, fir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALON. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,²

⁹ — *shall I live now,*

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.] This thought is not thrown out at random. It composed a part of the magical system of these days. In Tasso's *Godfrey of Balloigne*, by Fairfax, B. IV. §. 18:

“ The goblins, fairies, fiends, and furies mad,
“ Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountaines hore,
“ And under everie trembling leafe they sit.”

The idea was probably first suggested by the description of the venerable elm which Virgil planted at the entrance of the infernal shades. *Æn.* vi. v. 282:

“ Ulinus opaca, ingens; quam sedem formia vulgò
“ Vana tenere serant, foliisque sub omnibus hærent.”

HOLT WHITE.

⁹ *I drink the air*—] *To drink the air*—is an expression of swiftness of the same kind as *to devour the way* in *K. Henry IV.* JOHNSON.

² *Whe'r thou beest he, or no,*] *Whe'r* for *whether*, is an abbreviation frequently used both by Shakspeare and Jonson. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ Sec, *wh'e'r* their basest metal be not mov'd.”

Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
 As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
 Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
 The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
 I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
 (An if this be at all,) a most strange story.
 Thy dukedom I resign;³ and do intreat
 Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should
 Prospero
 Be living, and be here?

PRO. First, noble friend,

Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
 Be measur'd, or confin'd.

GON. Whether this be,

Or be not, I'll not swear.

PRO. You do yet taste

Some subtilties o' the isle,⁴ that will not let you

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ Good sir, say *wibe*'r you'll answer me, or not.”

M. MASON.

³ *Thy dukedom I resign*;] The duchy of Milan being through the treachery of Antonio made feudatory to the crown of Naples, Alonso promises to resign his claim of sovereignty for the future.

STEVENS.

⁴ *You do yet taste*

Some subtilties o' the isle,] This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtily*. Dragons, castles, trees, &c. made out of sugar, had the like denomination. See Mr. Pegge's glossary to the *Form of Cury*, &c. *Article Sotiltees*.

Froissard complains much of this practice, which often led him into mistakes at dinner. Describing one of the feasts of his time, he says there was “ *grant planté de mestre si estranges Et si desguisez qu'on ne les pouvait deviser* ;” and L'Étoile speaking of a similar entertainment in 1597, adds “ *Tous les poissons estoient fort dextrement desguisez en viande de chair, qui estoient monstres marins pour la pluspart, qu'on avoit fait venir exprès de tous les costez*.” STEVENS.

Believe things certain:— Welcome, my friends
all:—

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[*Aside to SEB. and ANT.*

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales,

SEB. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*

PRO. No:—

For you, most wicked fir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore,

ALON. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since⁵
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear son Ferdinand.

PRO. I am woe for't, fir.⁶

⁵ — *who three hours since* —] The unity of time is most rigidly observed in this piece. The fable scarcely takes up a greater number of hours than are employed in the representation; and from the very particular care which our author takes to point out this circumstance in so many other passages, as well as here, it should seem as if it were not accidental, but purposely designed to shew the admirers of Ben Jonson's art, and the cavillers of the time, that he too could write a play within all the strictest laws of regularity, when he chose to load himself with the critic's fetters.

The *Boatswain* marks the progress of the day again—*which but three glasses since*, &c. and at the beginning of this act the duration of the time employed on the stage is particularly ascertained; and it refers to a passage in the first act, of the same tendency. The storm was raised at least two glasses after mid day, and Ariel was promised that *the work should cease at the sixth hour*. STEVENS.

⁶ *I am woe for't, fir.*] i. e. *I am sorry for it*. *To be woe*, is often used by old writers to signify, *to be sorry*.

ALON. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

PRO. I rather think,
You have not fought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

ALON. You the like loss?

PRO. As great to me, as late;⁶ and, portable⁷
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

ALON. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

PRO. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath:⁸ but, howfoe'er you have

So, in the play of *The Four Ps*, 1569:

“ But be ye sure I *would be woe*

“ That you should chance to begyle me so.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *As great to me, as late*;] My loss is as great as yours, and
has as lately happened to me. JOHNSON.

⁷— portable—] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— these are *portable*

“ With other graces weigh'd.”

The old copy unmetrically reads—“ *supportable*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— their *words*

Are natural breath:] An anonymous correspondent thinks that
their is a corruption, and that we should read—*these* words. His
conjecture appears not improbable. The lords had no doubt con-
cerning *themselves*. Their doubts related only to *Prospero*, whom
they at first apprehended to be some “ enchanted trifle to abuse

Been ~~justled~~ from your senses, know for certain,
 That I am Prospero, and that very duke
 Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most
 strangely
 Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
 landed,
 To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, fir;
 This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
 And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
 My dukedom since you have given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing;
 At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
 As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.*⁹

MIRA. Sweet lord, you play me false.

FER. No, my dearest love,
 I would not for the world.

MIRA. Yes, for a score of kingdoms,^a you
 should wrangle,
 And I would call it fair play.

them." They doubt, says he, whether what they see and hear is
 a mere illusion; whether the person they behold is a living mortal,
 whether the words they hear are spoken by a human creature.

MALONE.

⁹ — *playing at chess.*] Shakspeare might not have ventured
 to engage his hero and heroine at this game, had he not found
Huon de Bordeaux and his Princess employed in the same manner.
 See the Romance of *Huon*, &c. chapter 53. edit. 1601: "How
 King Ivoryn caused his daughter to play at the *chesse* with Huon," &c.

STEEVENS.

^a *Yes, for a score of kingdoms, &c.*] I take the sense to be only this:
 Ferdinand would not, he says, play her false for the world: yes,

ALON. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

SEB. A most high miracle!

FER. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:

I have curs'd them without cause.

[FERD. kneels to ALON.

ALON. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

MIRA. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

PRO. 'Tis new to thee.

ALON. What is this maid, with whom thou wast
at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath fever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

FER. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she

answers she, I would allow you to do it for something less than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wish you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair. So likewise Dr. Grey. JOHNSON.

I would recommend another punctuation, and then the sense would be as follows:

"Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should *wrangle*,

"And I would call it *fair play*;

because such a contest would be worthy of you.

"'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds,"—
says Alcibiades, in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before ; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

ALON. I am hers :
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness !

PRO. There, sir, stop ;
Let us not burden our remembrances³
With a heaviness that's gone.

GON. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown ;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither !

ALON. I say, amen, Gonzalo !

GON. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy ; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars : In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis ;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.⁴

³ — *our remembrances* —] By the mistake of the transcriber the word *with* being placed at the end of this line, Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors, for the sake of the metre, read—*remembrance*. The regulation now made renders change unnecessary. MALONE.

⁴ *When no man was his own.*] For *when* perhaps should be read—*where*. JOHNSON.

When is certainly right ; i. e. *at a time when* no one was in his senses. Shakspeare could not have written *where*, [i. e. in the

ALON.

Give me your hands:

[To FER. and MIR.]

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

GON.

Be't so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

BOATS. The best news is, that we have safely
found

Our king, and company: the next, our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is right, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

ARI.

Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.

PRO.

My tricky spirit!⁵

[Aside.]

ALON. These are not natural events; they
strengthen,

island,] because the mind of Prospero, who lived in it, had not
been disordered. It is still said, in colloquial language, that a
madman is not his own man, i. e. is not master of himself.

STEVENS.

⁵ My tricky spirit! Is, I believe, my clever, adroit spirit.
Shakspeare uses the same word in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ ——— that for a tricky word

“ Defy the matter.”

So, in the interlude of the *Disobedient Child*, bl. l. no date:

“ ——— invent and seek out

“ To make them go trickse, gallaunt and cleane.”

STEVENS.

From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, fir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,⁶
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straitway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

ARI. Was't well done? }
PRO. Bravely, my diligence. Thou } [*Aside.*
shalt be free.

ALON. This is as strange a maze as e'er men
trod:

And there is in this business more than nature

⁶ ——— *dead of sleep,*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors—
asleep.

Mr. Malone would substitute—*on*; but *on* (in the present instance)
is only a vulgar corruption of *of*. We still say, that a person dies
of such or such a disorder; and why not that he is dead *of* sleep?

STEVENS.

“*On sleep*” was the ancient English phraseology. So, in Gaf-
coigne's *Supposes*: “—knock again; I think they be *on* sleep.”

Again, in a song said to have been written by Anna Boleyn:

“O death, rock me *on* slepe.”

Again, in Campion's *History of Ireland*, 1633: “One officer
in the house of great men is a tale-teller, who bringeth his lord
as sleep with tales vaine and frivolous.” MALONE.

In these instances adduced by Mr. Malone, *on sleep*, most cer-
tainly means *asleep*; but they do not militate against my explanation
of the phrase—“*dead of sleep.*” STEVENS.

Was ever conduct of: ⁷ some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

PRO. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; ⁸ at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable,) ⁹ of every

⁷ ——— *conduct of:*] Conduct for conductor. So, in Ben Jonson's
Every Man out of his Humour:

"Come, gentlemen, I will be your *conduct*." STEVENS.

Again, in *The Householders' Philosophie*, 4to. 1588, p. 1:—"I
goe before, not to arrogate anie superioritie, but as your guide,
because, perhaps you are not well acquainted with the waie.
Fortune (quoth I) doth favour mee with too noble a *conduct*."

REED.

Conduct is yet used in the same sense: the person at Cambridge
who reads prayers in King's and in Trinity College Chapels, is
still so styled. HENLEY.

⁸ ——— *with beating on*

The strangeness, &c.] A similar expression occurs in the second
part of *K. Henry VI*:

"————— thine eyes and thoughts

"Beat on a crown."

Beating may mean *hammering*, working in the mind, dwelling
long upon. So, in the preface to Stanyhurst's *Translation of Virgil*,
1582: "For my part, I purpose not to *beat* on everye childish
tittle that concerneth profodie." Again, *Miranda*, in the second
scene of this play, tells her father that she storm is still *beating* in
her mind. STEVENS.

A kindred expression occurs in *Hamlet*:

"Cudgel thy brains no more about it." MALONE.

⁹ (*Which to you shall seem probable*,)] These words seem, at the
first view, to have no use; some lines are perhaps lost with which
they were connected. Or we may explain them thus: I will re-
solve you, by yourself, which method, when you hear the story
[of Antonio's and Sebastian's plot], *shall seem probable*; that is,
shall deserve your approbation. JOHNSON.

Surely Prospero's meaning is: "I will relate to you the means by
which I have been enabled to accomplish these ends; which means,
though they now appear strange and improbable, will then appear
otherwise." ANONYMUS.

These happen'd accidents : till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. — Come hither,
spirit; [Aside.

Set Caliban and his companions free :
Untie the spell. [Exit ARIEL.] How fares my gra-
cious fir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,
and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

STE. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself ; for all is but fortune :—
Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio !^a

TRIN. If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly fight.

CAL. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed !
How fine my master is ! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

SEB. Ha, ha ;
What things are these, my lord Antonio !
Will money buy them ?

ANT. Very like ; one of them
Is a plain fish,^b and, no doubt, marketable.

I will inform you how all these wonderful accidents have hap-
pened ; which, though they now appear to you strange, will then
seem probable.

An anonymous writer pointed out the true construction of this
passage, but his explanation is, I think, incorrect. MALONE.

^a — Coragio !] This exclamation of encouragement I find in
J. Florio's *Translation of Montaigne*, 1603 :

“ — You often cried *Coragio*, and called ça, ça.”

Again, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598. STEEVENS.

^b Is a plain fish,] That is, plainly, evidently a fish. So, in
Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, “ that *visibly* beast, the butler,” means
the butler who is *visibly* a beast. M. MASON.

PRO. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
 Then say, if they be true: ⁴— This mis-shapen knave,——
 His mother was a witch; and one so strong
 That could control the moon, ⁵ make flows and ebbs,
 And deal in her command, without her power: ⁶

It is not easy to determine the shape which our author designed to bestow on his monster. That he has hands, legs, &c. we gather from the remarks of Trinculo, and other circumstances in the play. How then is he *plainly a fish*? Perhaps Shakspeare himself had no settled ideas concerning the form of *Caliban*. STEEVENS.

⁴ — true:] That is, *honest*. A true man is, in the language of that time, opposed to a *thief*. The sense is, *Mark what these men wear, and say if they are honest*. JOHNSON.

⁵ His mother was a witch; and one so strong

That could control the moon, &c.] This was the phraseology of the times. After the statute against *witches*, revenge or ignorance frequently induced people to charge those against whom they harboured resentment, or entertained prejudices, with the crime of witchcraft, which had just then been declared a capital offence. In our ancient reporters are several cases where persons charged in this manner sought redress in the courts of law. And it is remarkable in all of them, to the scandalous imputation of being *witches*, the term—a *strong* one, is constantly added. In Michaelmas Term, 9 Car. 1. the point was settled that no action could be supported on so general a charge, and that the epithet *strong* did not enforce the other words. In this instance, I believe, the opinion of the people at large was not in unison with the sages in Westminster-Hall. Several of these cases are collected together in L. Viner, 422. REED.

That could control the moon,] From Medea's speech in Ovid (as translated by Golding) our author might have learned that this was one of the pretended powers of witchcraft:

“ — and thee, O lightsome moon,

“ I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soon.”

MALONE.

⁶ *And deal in her command, without her power:*] I suppose Profpero means, that Sycorax, with less general power than the moon, could produce the same effects on the sea. STEEVENS.

These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

CAL. I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALON. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEB. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

ALON. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where
Should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

¹ *And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they*

Find this grand LIQUOR that hath gilded them?] Shakspeare, to be sure, wrote—grand LIXIR, alluding to the *grand Elixir* of the alchymists, which they pretend would restore youth and confer immortality. This, as they said, being a preparation of gold, they called *Aurum potable*; which Shakspeare alluded to in the word *gilded*; as he does again in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“How much art thou unlike Mark Antony?

“Yet coming from him, that *great medicine* hath,

“With his tinct *gilded* thee.”

But the joke here is to insinuate that, notwithstanding all the boasts of the chemists, sack was the only restorer of youth and bestower of immortality. So Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*;—“*Canaan*, the very *Elixir* and spirit of wine.” This seems to have been the cant name for sack, of which the English were, at that time, immoderately fond. Randolph, in his *Jealous Lovers*, speaking of it, says,—“A pottle of *Elixir* at the Pegasus, bravely caroused.” So, again in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, Act III:

“Old reverend sack, which, for aught that I can read yet,

“Was that philosopher's stone the wife King Ptolemus

“Did all his wonders by.”

The phrase too of being *gilded*, was a trite one on this occasion. Fletcher, in his *Chances*;—“Duke. *Is she not drunk too? Where. A little gilded o'er, fir; old sack, old sack, boys!*” WARBURTON.

As the alchymist's *Elixir* was supposed to be a liquor, the old reading may stand; and the allusion holds good without any alteration. STEEVENS.

TRIN. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones : I shall not fear fly-blowing.⁸

SEB. Why, how now, Stephano?

STE. O, touch me not ; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.⁹

PRO. You'd be king of the isle, firrah ?

STE. I should have been a fore one then.²

ALON. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.³ [Pointing to CALIBAN.

PRO. He is as disproportion'd in his manners, As in his shape :—Go, firrah, to my cell ; Take with you your companions ; as you look To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CAL. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter, And seek for grace : What a thrice-double ass Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, And worship this dull fool ?

PRO. Go to ; away !

⁸ — fly-blowing.] This pickle alludes to their plunge into the stinking pool ; and *pickling* preserves meat from *fly-blowing*.

STEVENS.

⁹ — but a cramp.] i. e. I am all over a *cramp*. Prospero had ordered Ariel to *storten up their sinews with aged cramps*. *Touch me not* alludes to the *foreness* occasioned by them. In his next speech Stephano confirms this meaning by a quibble on the word *fore*.

STEVENS.

² *I should have been a fore one then.*] The same quibble occurs afterwards in the *Second Part of K. Henry VI* : “ Mafs, 'twill be *fore* law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.” Stephano also alludes to the *fores* about him.

STEVENS.

³ *This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.*] The old copy, disregarding metre, reads—

“ This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.”

For the repetition of the conjunction—as, &c. I am answerable.

STEVENS.

ALON. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEB. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt CAL. STE. and TRIN.*]

PRO. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell : where you shall take your rest
For this one night ; which (part of it,) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away : the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle : And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd ;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALON.

I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

PRO.

I'll deliver all ;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel ;—chick,—
That is thy charge ; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well !—[*aside.*] Please you,
draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

E P I L O G U E.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

*NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have's mine own;
 Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
 I must be here confin'd by you,
 Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got,
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island, by your spell;
 But release me from my bands,
 With the help of your good hands.³
 Gentle breath of yours my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please: Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
 And my ending is despair,
 Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;⁴*

³ *With the help of your good hands.*] By your applause, by clapping hands. JOHNSON.

Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell. So twice before in this play:

“ No tongue; all eyes; be silent.”

Again:

“ — hush! be mute;

“ Or else our *spell is marr'd.*”

Again, in *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. i:

“ Hear his speech, but say thou nought.”

Again, *ibid.*

“ Listen, but speak not to't.” STEVENS.

⁴ *And my ending is despair,*

Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;] This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them. WARBURTON.

*Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.*

*As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.^s*

^s It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular; this the author of *The Revival* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But, whatever might be Shakspeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magick, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.

JOHNSON.

TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

V E R O N A.*

M 3

* TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.] Some of the incidents in this play may be supposed to have been taken from *The Arcadia*, Book 1. chap. 6. where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots. (*The Arcadia* was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 23d, 1588.) The love-adventure of Julia resembles that of Viola in *Twelfth Night*, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels. STEEVENS.

Mrs. Lenox observes, and I think not improbably, that the story of *Proteus* and *Julia* might be taken from a similar one in the *Diana* of George of Montemayor.—“ This pastoral romance,” says she, “ was translated from the *Spanish* in *Shakspeare's* time.” I have seen no earlier translation than that of *Bartbolomew Yong*, who dates his dedication in *November* 1598; and *Meres*, in his *Wit's Treasury*, printed the same year, expressly mentions the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Indeed *Montemayor* was translated two or three years before, by one *Thomas Wilson*; but this work, I am persuaded, was never published entirely; perhaps some parts of it were, or the tale might have been translated by others. However, Mr. Steevens says, very truly, that this kind of love-adventure is frequent in the old novelists. FARMER.

There is no earlier translation of the *Diana* entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, than that of B. Younge, Sept. 1598. Many translations, however, after they were licensed, were capriciously suppressed. Among others, “ The Decameron of Mr. John Boccace, Florentine,” was “ recalled by my lord of Canterbury's commands.” STEEVENS.

It is observable (I know not for what cause,) that the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected, than the greater part of this author's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote. POPE.

It may very well be doubted whether *Shakspeare* had any other hand in this play than the enlivening it with some speeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are easily distinguished, as being of a different stamp from the rest. HANMER.

To this observation of Mr. Pope, which is very just, Mr. Theobald has added, that this is one of *Shakspeare's worst plays, and is less corrupted than any other*. Mr. Upton peremptorily determines, that if any proof can be drawn from manner and style, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere. How otherwise, says he, do painters distinguish copies from originals? and have not authors their peculiar style and manner, from which a true critic can form as unerring judgement as a painter? I am afraid this illustration of a critic's science will not prove what is desired. A painter knows a copy from an original by rules somewhat resembling those by which critics know a translation, which if it be literal, and literal

it must be to resemble the copy of a picture, will be easily distinguished. Copies are known from originals, even when the painter copies his own picture; so, if an author should literally translate his work, he would lose the manner of an original.

Mr. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are easily known; but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the best judges, often mistaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The peculiar manner of each arises from the desire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his subsequent work by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye, and the hand; the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet, some painters have differed as much from themselves as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last. The same variation may be expected in writers; and if it be true, as it seems, that they are less subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

But by the internal marks of a composition we may discover the author with probability, though seldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakspeare. It is not indeed one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life; but it abounds in *images* beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages, which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because, being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription. JOHNSON.

This Comedy, I believe, was written in 1595. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

PERSONS represented.

Duke of Milan, *father to Silvia.*

Valentine, }
Proteus,² } *Gentlemen of Verona.*

Antonio, *father to Proteus.*

Thurio, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*

Eglamour, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*

Speed, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*

Launce, *servant to Proteus.*

Panthino,³ *servant to Antonio.*

Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.

Out-laws.

Julia, *a lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.*

Silvia, *the duke's daughter, beloved by Valentine.*

Lucetta, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, musicians.

*SCENE, sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan;
and on the frontiers of Mantua.*

² Proteus,] The old copy has—Protbeus; but this is merely the antiquated mode of spelling *Proteus*. Shakspeare's character was so called, from his disposition to change. STEVENS.

³ *Panthino*,] In the enumeration of characters in the old copy, this attendant on Antonio is called *Panthion*, but in the play, always *Panthino*. STEVENS.

TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

VAL. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus ;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits :⁴
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.⁵
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

PRO. Wilt thou be gone ? Sweet Valentine, adieu !
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel :

⁴ Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits :] Milton has the same play on words, in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle* :

“ It is for homely features to keep home,

“ They had their name thence.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *Shapeless idleness.*] The expression is fine, as implying that *idleness* prevents the giving any form or character to the manner. WARBURTON.

PRO. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

VAL. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

PRO. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

VAL. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wife.

PRO. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells,⁷ so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

VAL. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

PRO. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

VAL. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our
leave.

At Milan,⁸ let me hear from thee by letters,

in the loss of your *wit*, which will be overpowered by the folly of love. JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— *As in the sweetest bud*

The eating canker dwells,] So, in our author's 70th Sonnet:
"For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love."

MALONE.

⁸ At Milan,] The old copy has—*To Milan*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. The first copy however may be right. "*To Milan*"—may here be intended as an imperfect sentence. I am now bound for Milan.

Or the construction intended may have been—*Let me hear from thee by letters to Milan, i. e. addressed to me there.*

MALONE.

Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

PRO. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

VAL. As much to you at home! and so, farewell!

[*Exit VALENTINE.*]

PRO. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak,⁹ heart sick with
thought.

*Enter SPEED.*²

SPEED. Sir Proteus, fave you: Saw you my master?

PRO. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

⁹ Made wit with musing weak,] For made read make. Thou Julia, hast made me war with good counsel, and make wit weak with musing. JOHNSON.

Surely there is no need of emendation. It is Julia, who "has already made wit weak with musing," &c. STEEVENS.

² This whole scene, like many others in these plays (some of which I believe were written by Shakspeare, and others interpolated by the players) is composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the gross taste of the age he lived in; *Populo ut placerent.* I wish I had authority to leave them out; but I have done all I could, set a mark of reprobation upon them throughout this edition. POPE.

That this, like many other scenes, is mean and vulgar, will be universally allowed; but that it was interpolated by the players seems advanced without any proof, only to give a greater licence to criticism. JOHNSON.

SPEED. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.

PRO. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

SPEED. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?³

PRO. I do.

SPEED. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

PRO. A filly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

SPEED. This proves me still a sheep.

PRO. True; and thy master a shepherd.

SPEED. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

PRO. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

SPEED. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

PRO. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

SPEED. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

PRO. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

SPEED. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton;⁴ and she, a laced mut-

³ — a sheep?] The article, which is wanting in the original copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton;] Speed calls himself a *lost mutton*, because he had lost his master, and be-

ton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

PRO. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

SPEED. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

PRO. Nay, in that you are astray ;⁵ 'twere best pound you.

cause Proteus had been proving him a *sheep*. But why does he call the lady a *laced mutton*? Wenchers are to this day called *mutton-mongers*; and consequently the object of their passion must, by the metaphor, be the *mutton*. And Cotgrave, in his English-French Dictionary, explains *laced mutton*, *Une garse, putain, fille de joye*. And Mr. Motteux has rendered this passage of Rabelais, in the prologue of his fourth book, *Cailles caïbbees mignonnement chautaus*, in this manner; *Coated quails and laced mutton awaggishly fruging*. So that *laced mutton* has been a sort of standard phrase for *girls of pleasure*. THEOBALD.

Nash, in his *Howe with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, speaking of Gabriel Harvey's incontinence, says: "he would not stick to extoll rotten lac'd mutton." So, in the comedy of *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, or *the Gentle Craft*, 1610:

"Why here's good lac'd mutton, as I promis'd you."

Again, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"And I smelt he lov'd lac'd mutton well."

Again, Heywood, in his *Love's Mistress*, 1636, speaking of Cupid, says, he is the "Hero of hie-hocs, admiral of ay-mes, and monsieur of *mutton lac'd*." STEVENS.

A *laced mutton* was in our author's time so established a term for a courtesan, that a street in Clerkenwell, which was much frequented by women of the town, was then called *Mutton-lane*. It seems to have been a phrase of the same kind as the French expression—*caille coiffée*, and might be rendered in that language, *mutton en coiffes*. This appellation appears to have been as old as the time of King Henry III. "Item sequitur gravis poena corporalis, sed sine amissione vitæ vel membrorum, si raptus sit de *concubinâ* legitimâ, vel *aliâ* *quæstum faciente*, sine delectu personarum: hæc quidem *oves* debet rex tueri pro pace suâ." Bracton *de Legibus*, lib. ii. MALONE.

⁵ *Nay, in that you are astray ;]* For the reason Proteus gives,

SPEED. Nay, fir, lefs than a pound fhall ferve me for carrying your letter.

PRO. You miftake; I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

SPEED. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

PRO. But what faid ſhe? did ſhe nod.⁶

[*SPEED* nods.]

SPEED. I.

PRO. Nod, I? why, that's noddy.⁷

SPEED. You miſtook, fir; I ſay, ſhe did nod: and you aſk me, if ſhe did nod; and I ſay, I.

PRO. And that ſet together, is—noddy.

Dr. Thirlby adviſes that we ſhould read, a *ſray*, i. e. a ſtray ſheep; which continues Proteus's banter upon Speed. THEOBALD.

From the word *aſray* here, and *loſt muſton* above, it is obvious that the double reference was to the firſt ſentence of the General Confefſion in the Prayer-book. HENLEY.

⁶ ——— [*did ſhe nod.*] Theſe words were ſupplied by Theobald, to introduce what follows. STEVENS.

In Speed's answer the old ſpelling of the affirmative particle has been retained; otherwiſe the conceit of Proteus (ſuch as it is) would be unintelligible. MALONE.

⁷ ——— [*why, that's noddy.*] Noddy was a game at cards. So, in *The Inner Temple Maſk*, by Middleton, 1619: "I leave them wholly (ſays Chriſtmas) to my eldeſt ſon *Noddy*, whom, during his minority, I commit to the cuſtody of a pair of *knaves*, and *one and thirty*." Again, in *Quarles's Virgin Widow*, 1649: "Let her forbear cheſs and *noddy*, as games too ſerious." STEVENS.

This play upon ſyllables is hardly worth explaining. The ſpeakers intend to fix the name of *noddy*, that is, *fool*, on each other. So, in *The Second part of Paſquil's Mad Cappe*, 1600, fig. E.

"If ſuch a *Noddy* be not thought a *fool*."

Again, E 1.

"If ſuch an aſſe be *noddied* for the nonce. REED.

SPEED. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

PRO. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

SPEED. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

PRO. Why, fir, how do you bear with me?

SPEED. Marry, fir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

PRO. Befhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

SPEED. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

PRO. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

SPEED. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

PRO. Well, fir, here is for your pains: What said she?

SPEED. Truly, fir, I think you'll hardly win her.

PRO. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

SPEED. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind.* Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

* — *in telling her mind.*] The old copy has "—in telling your mind." But as this reading is to me unintelligible, I have adopted the emendation of the second folio. STEVENS.

The old copy is certainly right. The meaning is,—*She being so hard to me who was the bearer of your mind, I fear she will prove as left so to you, when you address her in person.* The opposition is between *brought* and *telling*. MALONE.

PRO. What, said she nothing?

SPEED. No, not so much as—*take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me;⁹ in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

PRO. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck;

Which cannot perish,² having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:—
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. Garden of Julia's house.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

JUL. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

LUC. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

⁹ — you have testern'd me;] You have gratified me with a tester, testern, or testen, that is, with a sixpence. JOHNSON,

By the succeeding quotation from the *Fruitful Sermons preached by Hugh Latimer, 1584. fol. 94.* it appears that a tester was of greater value than our sixpence: "They brought him a denari, a piece of their current coyne that was worth ten of our usual pence, such another piece as our testerns." HOLT WHITE,

The old reading is *cestern'd*. This typographical error was corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² *Which cannot perish, &c.*] The same proverb has already been alluded to in the first and last scenes of *The Tempest*. REED.

JUL. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

LUC. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew
my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

JUL. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?³

LUC. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.⁴

JUL. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

LUC. Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

JUL. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

LUC. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

JUL. How now! what means this passion at his
name?

LUC. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.⁵

³ *What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?*] This *Sir Eglamour* must not be confounded with the *persona dramatis* of the same name. The latter lived at Milan, and had vowed "pure chastity" upon the death of his "true love." RITSON.

⁴ — *be* [*Sir Eglamour*] *never should be mine.*] Perhaps *Sir Eglamour* was once the common cant term for an insignificant inamorato. So, in Decker's *Satirimaftix*:

"Adieu, *sir Eglamour*; adieu lute-string, curtain-rod, goose-quill," &c. *Sir Eglamour of Artoys* indeed is the hero of an ancient metrical romance, "Imprinted at London, in Foster-lane, at the sygne of the Harteshorne, by John Walley," bl. l. no date.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Should censure thus, &c.*] To *censure* means, in this place, to pass sentence. So, in Hinde's *Eliofsto Libidinoso*, 1606: "Eliofsto and Cleodora were astonished at such a hard *censure*, and went to limbo most willingly." STEEVENS.

To *censure*, in our author's time, generally signified to give one's judgement or opinion. MALONE.

JUL. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

LUC. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

JUL. Your reason?

LUC. I have no other but a woman's reason; I think him so, because I think him so.

JUL. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

LUC. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

JUL. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

LUC. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

JUL. His little speaking shows his love but small.

LUC. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

JUL. They do not love, that do not show their love.

LUC. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

JUL. I would, I knew his mind.

LUC. Peruse this paper, madam.

JUL. To Julia,—Say, from whom?

LUC. That the contents will shew.

JUL. Say, say; who gave it thee?

LUC. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way, Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

JUL. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!⁶ Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines? To whisper and conspire against my youth?

⁶ ——— a goodly broker!] A broker was used for matchmaker, sometimes for a procureur. JOHNSON.

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
 And you an officer fit for the place.
 There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
 Or else return no more into my sight.

LUC. To plead for love deserves more fee than
 hate.

JUL. Will you be gone?

LUC. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*]

JUL. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the
 letter.

It were a shame, to call her back again,
 And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
 What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
 And would not force the letter to my view?
 Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that?
 Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
 That, like a teaty babe, will scratch the nurse,
 And presently, all humbled, kifs the rod!
 How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
 When willingly I would have had her here!
 How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
 When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
 My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
 And ask remission for my folly past:—
 What ho! Lucetta!

So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:

“ And *fie* (o *fie*) these bed-brakers unclean,

“ The monsters of our sex,” &c. STEEVENS.

7 ——— [*say No, to that, &c.*] A paraphrase on the old proverb,
 “ Maids say *nay*, and take it.” STEEVENS.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

LUC. What would your ladyship?

FUL. Is it near dinner-time?

LUC. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,⁸
And not upon your maid.

FUL. What is't you took up
So gingerly?

LUC. Nothing.

FUL. Why did'st thou stoop then?

LUC. To take a paper up that I let fall.

FUL. And is that paper nothing?

LUC. Nothing concerning me.

FUL. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

LUC. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

FUL. Some love of yours hath writ to you in
rhime.

LUC. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

FUL. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.⁹

LUC. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

FUL. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.

LUC. Ay; and melodious were it, would you
sing it.

FUL. And why not you?

⁸ — stomach on your meat,] *Stomach* was used for *passion* or *obstinacy*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Light o' love*.] This tune is given in a note on *Much ado about Nothing*, Act III. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

LUC. I cannot reach so high.

JUL. Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

LUC. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

JUL. You do not?

LUC. No, madam; it is too sharp.

JUL. You, minion, are too saucy.

LUC. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:²
There wanteth but a mean³ to fill your song.

JUL. The mean is drown'd with your unruly
base.

LUC. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.⁴

² — too sharp a descant:] *Descant* is a term in music. See Sir John Hawkins's note on the first speech in *K. Richard III.*

STEVENS.

³ — but a mean, &c.] The *mean* is the *tenor* in music. So, in the enterlude of *Mary Magdalen's Repentance*, 1569:

“ Utilitie can sing the base full cleane,

“ And noble honour shall sing the *meane*.” STEVENS.

⁴ *Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.*] The speaker here turns the allusion (which her mistress employed) from the *base in music* to a country exercise, *Bid the base*: in which some pursue, and others are made prisoners. So that Lucetta would intend, by this, to say, Indeed I take pains to make you a captive to Proteus's passion.—He uses the same allusion in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“ To bid the winds a base he now prepares,”

And in his *Cymbeline* he mentions the game:

“ — Lads more like

“ To run the country base.” WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is not quite accurate. The game was not called *Bid the Base*, but *the Base*. To bid the base means here, I believe, to challenge to a contest. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ To bid the wind a base he now prepares,

“ And wh'er he run, or fly, they knew not whether.”

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 98. b. “ The Queen marched from York to Wakefield, and bade base to the duke, even before his castle.” MALONE.

JUL. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation!—

[Tears the letter.

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

LUC. She makes it strange; but she would be
best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

JUL. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the
same!

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ—*kind Julia*;—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus*:—

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly
heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down?⁵

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,

Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—

Mr. Malone's explanation of the verb—*bid*, is unquestionably just. So, in one of the parts of *K. Henry VI*:

“Of force enough to *bid* his brother battle.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— [*written down*?] To *write down* is still a provincial expression for *to write*. HENLEY.

*Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kifs, embrace, contend, do what you will.*

Re-enter LUCETTA.

LUC. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

JUL. Well, let us go.

LUC. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

JUL. If you respect them, best to take them up.

LUC. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down: Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.⁶

JUL. I see, you have a month's mind to them.⁷

⁶ *Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.*] That is, as Mr. M. Mason observes, *lest they should catch cold.* This mode of expression (he adds) is not frequent in Shakspeare, but occurs in every play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

So, in *The Captain*:

“ We'll have a bib, for spoiling of your doublet.”

Again, in *Love's Pilgrimage*:

“ Stir my horse, for catching cold.”

Again, in *The Pilgrim*:

“ All her face patch'd, for discovery.”

To these I shall add another instance from *Barnabé Riche's Soldiers Wise to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604. p. 64: “ — such other ill disposed persons, being once pressed, must be kept with continuall guard, &c. for running away.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *I see, you have a month's mind to them.*] A *month's mind* was an anniversary in times of popery; or, as Mr. Ray calls it, a less solemnity directed by the will of the deceased. There was also a *year's mind*, and a *week's mind*. See *Proverbial Phrases*.

This appears from the interrogatories and observations against the clergy, in the year 1552. Inter. 7: “ Whether there are any

LUC. Ay, madam, you may say what fights you see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

FUL. Come, come, will't please you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Antonio's House.

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

ANT. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk⁸ was that, Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

PAN. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

month's minds, and anniversaries? Strype's *Memorials of the Reformation*, Vol. II. p. 354.

"Was the *month's mind* of Sir William Laxton, who died the last month (July 1556.) his hearse burning with wax, and the morrow mass celebrated, and a sermon preached," &c. Strype's *Mem.* Vol. III. p. 305. GREY.

A month's mind, in the ritual sense, signifies not desire or inclination, but remembrance; yet I suppose this is the true original of the expression. JOHNSON.

In Hampshire, and other western counties, for "I can't remember it," they say, "I can't *mind* it." BLACKSTONE.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, chap. 24. speaking of *Poetical Lamentations*, says, they were chiefly used "at the burials of the dead, also at *month's minds*, and longer times:" and in the churchwardens' accounts of St. Helen's in Abingdon, Berkshire, 1558, these *month's minds*, and the expences attending them, are frequently mentioned. Instead of *month's minds*, they are sometimes called *month's monuments*, and in the Injunctions of K. Edward VI. *memories*, Injunct. 21. By *memories*, says Fuller, we understand the *Obsequia for the dead*, which some say succeeded in the place of the heathen *Parentalia*.

If this line was designed for a verse, we should read—*month's mind*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Swifter than the moon's sphere."

Both these are the Saxon genitive case. STEVENS.

8 ——— *what sad talk*——] *Sad* is the same as *grave* or *serious*. JOHNSON.

ANT. Why, what of him?

PAN. He wonder'd, that your lordship
 Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
 While other men, of slender reputation,⁸
 Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
 Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
 Some, to discover islands far away;⁹
 Some, to the studious universities.
 For any, or for all these exercises,
 He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
 And did request me, to importune you,
 To let him spend his time no more at home,
 Which would be great impeachment to his age,²
 In having known no travel in his youth.

ANT. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
 Whereon this month I have been hammering.

So, in *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638:

“Marry, sir knight, I saw them in *sad talk*,
 “But to say they were directly whispering,” &c.

Again, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“The king feigneth to talk *sadly* with some of his counsel.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — of slender reputation,] i. e. who are thought slightly of,
 are of little consequence. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Some to discover islands far away;*] In Shakspeare's time,
 voyages for the discovery of the islands of America were much in
 vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time,
 that the sons of noblemen, and of others of the best families in
 England, went very frequently on these adventures. Such as the
 Fortescues, Collitons, Thornhills, Farmers, Pickerings, Little-
 tons, Willoughbys, Chesters, Hawleys, Bromleys, and others.
 To this prevailing fashion our poet frequently alludes, and not
 without high commendations of it. WARBURTON.

² — *great impeachment to his age.*] *Impeachment*, as Mr. M.
 Mason very justly observes, in this instance signifies *reproach* or
imputation. So Demetrius says to Helena in *A Midsummer Night's*
Dream:

“You do *impeach* your modesty too much,

“To leave the city, and commit yourself

“Into the hands of one that loves you not.” STEEVENS.

I have consider'd well his loss of time ;
 And how he cannot be a perfect man,
 Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world :
 Experience is by industry achiev'd,
 And perfected by the swift course of time :
 Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him ?

PANT. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
 How his companion, youthful Valentine,
 Attends the emperor in his royal court.*

ANT. I know it well.

PANT. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent
 him thither :
 There shall he practice tilts and tournaments,
 Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen ;
 And be in eye of every exercise,
 Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

ANT. I like thy counsel ; well hast thou advis'd :
 And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
 The execution of it shall make known ;
 Even with the speediest expedition
 I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

PANT. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,

* *Attends the emperor in his royal court.*] Shakspeare has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor's court at Milan in this play. Several of the first German emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan, before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the poet fallen into any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan at the same time that the emperor held his court there. The first dukes of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not sovereign princes, as they afterwards became ; but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removeable at their pleasure. Such was the *Duke of Milan* mentioned in this play. Mr. M. Mason adds, that " during the wars in Italy between Francis I. and Charles V. the latter, frequently resided at Milan." STEVENS.

With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

ANT. Good company; with them shall Proteus
go:

And, in good time,⁴—now will we break with him.⁵

Enter PROTEUS.

PRO. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

ANT. How now? what letter are you reading there?

PRO. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or
two

Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

ANT. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

PRO. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

ANT. And how stand you affected to his wish?

⁴ — in good time.] *In good time* was the old expression when something happened that suited the thing in hand, as the French say, *à propos*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Richard III*:

“ And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.”

STEVENS.

⁵ — now will we break with him.] That is, *break* the matter to him. The same phrase occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. sc. i. M. MASON.

PRO. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

ANT. My will is something sort'd with his wish:
Mufe not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition⁶ thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readines to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

PRO. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

ANT. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after
thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt ANT. and PANT.*]

PRO. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of
burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth⁷

⁶ Like exhibition —] i. e. allowance.

So, in *Othello*:

“ Due reference of place and *exhibition*.”

Again, in the *Devil's Law Case*, 1623:

“ — in his riot does far exceed the *exhibition* I allowed him.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ O, how this spring of love resembleth —] At the end of this
verse there is wanting a syllable, for the speech apparently ends in.

The uncertain glory of an April day ;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away !

a quatrain. I find nothing that will rhyme to *sun*, and therefore shall leave it to some happier critic. But I suspect that the author might write thus :

“ O how this spring of love resembleth right,
“ The uncertain glory of an April day ;
“ Which now shows all the glory of the light,
“ And by and by a cloud takes all away !”

Light was either by negligence or affectation changed to *sun*, which, considered without the rhyme, is indeed better. The next transcriber, finding that the word *right* did not rhyme to *sun*, supposed it erroneously written, and left it out. JOHNSON.

It was not always the custom, among our early writers, to make the first and third lines rhyme to each other ; and when a word was not long enough to complete the measure, they occasionally extended it. Thus Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. 12 :

“ Formerly grounded, and fast fettelede.”

Again, B. II. c. 12 :

“ The while sweet Zephirus loud *whiftelede*
“ His treble, a strange kind of harmony ;
“ Which Guyon’s senses softly *tickeled*,” &c.

From this practice, I suppose, our author wrote *resembleth*, which, though it affords no jingle, completes the verse. Many poems have been written in this measure, where the second and fourth lines only rhyme. STEEVENS.

Resembleth is here used as a quadrifyllable, as if it was written *resembleth*. See *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. sc. the last :

“ And these two Dromios, one in *semblance*.”

As you like it, Act II. sc. ii :

“ The parts and graces of the *wrestler*.”

And it should be observed, that Shakspeare takes the same liberty with many other words, in which *l*, or *r*, is subjoined to another consonant. See *Comedy of Errors*, next verse but one to that cited above :

“ These are the parents to these *children*.”

where some editors, being unnecessarily alarmed for the metre, have endeavoured to help it by a word of their own :

“ These *plainly* are the parents to these children.”

TYRWHITT.

Thus much I had thought sufficient to say upon this point, in the edition of these plays published by Mr. Steevens in 1778.

Re-enter PANTHINO.

PANT. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Since which the Author of *Remarks*, &c. on that edition has been pleased to assert, p. 7. "that Shakspeare does not appear, from the above instances at least, to have taken the smallest liberty in extending his words: neither has the incident of *l*, or *r*, being subjoined to another consonant any thing to do in the matter."—"The truth is," he goes on to say, "that every *verb* in the English language gains an *additional syllable* by its termination in *st*, *th*, *ed*, *ing*, or, (when formed into a substantive) in *er*; and the above words, *when rightly printed*, are not only unexceptionable, but most just. Thus *resemble* makes *resemble-sth*; *wrestle*, *wrestle-er*; and *fettle*, *whistle*, *tickle*, make *fettle-ed*, *whistle-ed*, *tickle-ed*."

As to this *supposed* Canon of the English language, it would be easy to shew that it is quite fanciful and unfounded; and what he calls *the right method of printing the above words* is such as, I believe, was never adopted before by any mortal in writing them, nor can be followed in the pronunciation of them without the help of an entirely new system of spelling. But any farther discussion of this matter is unnecessary; because the hypothesis, though allowed in its utmost extent, will not prove either of the points to which it is applied. It will neither prove that Shakspeare has not taken a liberty in extending certain words, nor that he has not taken that liberty chiefly with words in which *l*, or *r*, is subjoined to another consonant. The following are all instances of nouns, substantive or adjective, which can receive no support from the supposed Canon. That Shakspeare has taken a liberty in extending these words is evident, from the consideration, that the same words are more frequently used, by his contemporaries and by himself, without the additional syllable. Why he has taken this liberty chiefly with words in which *l*, or *r*, is subjoined to another consonant, must be obvious to any one who can pronounce the language.

Country, trisyllable.

T. N. Act I. sc. ii. The like of him. Know'st thou this *country*?
Coriol. Act I. sc. iii. Die nobly for their *country*, than one.

Remembrance, quadrisyllable.

T. N. Act I. sc. i. And lasting in her sad *remembrance*.

W. T. Act IV. sc. iv. Grace and *remembrance* be to you both.

Angry, trisyllable.

Timon. Act III. sc. v. But who is man, that is not *angry*.

PRO. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Milan. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

SPEED. Sir, your glove.

VAL. Not mine; my gloves are on.

SPEED. Why then this may be yours, for this is
but one.⁸

VAL. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—

Henry, trisyllable.

Rich. III. Act II. sc. iii. So stood the state, when *Henry* the Sixth—
2 H. VI. Act II. sc. ii. Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the Fourth.
And so in many other passages.

Monstrous, trisyllable.

Macb. Act IV. sc. vi. Who cannot want the thought how *monstrous*.
Othello. Act II. sc. iii. 'Tis *monstrous*. Iago, who began it?

Assembly, quadrisyllable.

M. A. A. N. Act V. sc. last. Good morrow to this fair *assembly*.

Douglas, trisyllable.

1 H. IV. Act V. sc. ii. Lord *Douglas* go you and tell him so.

England, trisyllable.

Rich. II. Act IV. sc. i. Than Bolingbrooke return to *England*.

Humbler, trisyllable.

1 H. VI. Act III. sc. i. Methinks his lordship should be *humbler*.

Nobler, trisyllable.

Coriol. Act III. sc. ii. You do the *nobler*. Cor. I muse my mother—

TYRWHITT.

⁸ Val. *Not mine; my gloves are on.*

SPEED. *Why then, this may be yours, for this is but one.*] It should seem from this passage, that the word *one* was anciently pronounced as if it were written *ow*. The quibble here is lost by the change of pronunciation; a loss, however, which may be very patiently endured. MALONE.

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

SPEED. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

VAL. How now, firrah?

SPEED. She is not within hearing, fir.

VAL. Why, fir, who bade you call her?

SPEED. Your worship, fir; or else I mistook.

VAL. Well, you'll still be too forward.

SPEED. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

VAL. Go to, fir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

SPEED. She that your worship loves?

VAL. Why, how know you that I am in love?

SPEED. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learn'd, like fir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;⁹ to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at *Hallowmas*.² You were wont, when you laugh'd, to

⁹ — takes diet;] To take diet was the phrase for being under regimen for a disease mentioned in *Timon of Athens*:

“ — bring down the rose-cheek'd youth

“ To the tub-fast and the diet.” STEVENS.

² — *Hallowmas*.] This is about the feast of All-Saints, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes less comfortable.

JOHNSON.

It is worth remarking that on *All-Saints-Day* the poor people in *Staffordshire*, and perhaps in other country places, go from parish to parish a *souling* as they call it; i. e. begging and *puling* (or singing small, as Bailey's Dict. explains *puling*) for *small-cakes*, or

crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

VAL. Are all these things perceived in me?

SPEED. They are all perceived without you.

VAL. Without me? they cannot.

SPEED. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

VAL. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

SPEED. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

VAL. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

SPEED. Why, sir, I know her not.

VAL. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

SPEED. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

VAL. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

any good thing to make them merry. This custom is mentioned by Peck, and seems a remnant of Popish superstition to pray for departed souls, particularly those of friends. The *scaler's* song in *Staffordshire*, is different from that which Mr. Peck mentions, and is by no means worthy publication. TOLLET.

— to walk like one of the lions;] If our author had not been thinking of the lions in the Tower, he would have written—“to walk like a lion.” RITSON.

— none else would:] None else would be so simple.

JOHNSON.

SPEED. Sir, I know that well enough.

VAL. What dost thou know?

SPEED. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favoured.

VAL. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

SPEED. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

VAL. How painted? and how out of count?

SPEED. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

VAL. How esteemeft thou me? I account of her beauty.

SPEED. You never saw her since she was deformed.

VAL. How long hath she been deformed?

SPEED. Ever since you loved her.

VAL. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

SPEED. If you love her, you cannot see her.

VAL. Why?

SPEED. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at fir Proteus for going ungartered!⁵

VAL. What should I see then?

SPEED. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

⁵ ——— for going ungartered!] This is enumerated by Rosalind in *As you like it*, Act III. sc. ii. as one of the undoubted marks of love: "Then your hose should be *ungartered*, your bonnet unbande'd," &c. MALONE.

VAL. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

SPEED. True, fir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

VAL. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

SPEED. I would you were set;⁶ so, your affection would cease.

VAL. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

SPEED. And have you?

VAL. I have.

SPEED. Are they not lamely writ?

VAL. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

SPEED. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.⁷

⁶ *I would you were set;*] *Set for seated*, in opposition to *stand*, in the foregoing line. M. MASON.

⁷ *O excellent motion!* &c.] *Motion*, in Shakspeare's time, signified *puppet*. In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* it is frequently used in that sense, or rather perhaps to signify a *puppet-show*; the master whereof may properly be said to be an interpreter, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actors. The speech of the servant is an allusion to that practice, and he means to say, that Silvia is a *puppet*, and that Valentine is to interpret to, or rather for her. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The City Match*, 1639, by Jasper Maine:

“ ——— his mother came,

“ Who follows strange fights out of town, and went

“ To Brentford for a *motion*.” —

Again, in *The Pilgrim*:

“ ——— Nothing but a *motion*?

“ A *puppet* pilgrim?” — STEVENS.

VAL. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

SPEED. O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*]

SIL. Sir Valentine and servant,^a to you two thousand.

SPEED. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

VAL. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter, Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship.

SIL. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.⁹

VAL. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;^a For, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SIL. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

VAL. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,

^a *Sir Valentine and servant,*] Here Silvia calls her lover *servant*, and again below her *gentle servant*. This was the language of ladies to their lovers at the time when Shakspeare wrote.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607:

"Sweet sister, let's fit in judgement a little; faith upon my *servant* Monsieur Laverdure.

"*Mel.* Troth, well for a *servant*; but for a husband!"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"Every man was not born with my *servant* Brisk's features."

STEVENS.

⁹ — *'tis very clerkly done.*] i. e. like a scholar. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Thou art *clerkly*, fir John, *clerkly*." STEVENS.

^a — *it came hardly off;*] A similar phrase occurs in *Timon of Athens*, Act I. sc. i:

"This *comes off* well and excellent." STEVENS.

Please you command, a thousand times as much :
And yet,—

SIL. A pretty period ! Well, I guess the sequel ;
And yet I will not name it :—and yet I care not ;—
And yet take this again ;—and yet I thank you ;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

SPEED. And yet you will ; and yet another yet.
[*Aside.*

VAL. What means your ladyship ? do you not
like it ?

SIL. Yes, yes ; the lines are very quaintly writ ;
But since unwillingly, take them again ;
Nay, take them.

VAL. Madam, they are for you.

SIL. Ay, ay ; you writ them, sir, at my request ;
But I will none of them ; they are for you :
I would have had them writ more movingly.

VAL. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

SIL. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it
over :

And, if it please you, so ; if not, why, so.

VAL. If it please me, madam ! what then ?

SIL. Why, if it please you, take it for your la-
bour ;

And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit SILVIA.*

SPEED. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a
steeple !

My master sues to her ; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better ?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should
write the letter ?

VAL. How now, fir? what are you reasoning with yourself?³

SPEED. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reason.

VAL. To do what?

SPEED. To be a spokeman from madam Silvia.

VAL. To whom?

SPEED. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

VAL. What figure?

SPEED. By a letter, I should say.

VAL. Why, she hath not writ to me?

SPEED. What need she, when she made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

VAL. No, believe me.

SPEED. No believing you indeed, fir: But did you perceive her earnest?

VAL. She gave me none, except an angry word.

SPEED. Why, she hath given you a letter.

VAL. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

SPEED. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.⁴

VAL. I would, it were no worse.

SPEED. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
*For often you have writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;*

³ — reasoning [with yourself?] That is, *discoursing, talking.* An Italianism. JOHNSON.

⁴ — and there an end.] i. e. there's the conclusion of the matter. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — the times have been

“ That when the brains were out, the man would die,

“ And there an end.” — STEEVENS.

*Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind
discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her
lover.—*

All this I speak in print; ⁵ for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, fir? 'tis dinner-time.

VAL. I have din'd.

SPEED. Ay, but hearken, fir: though the came-
leon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am
nourished by my victuals, and would fain have
meat: O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be
moved. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.*

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

PRO. Have patience, gentle Julia.

JUL. I must, where is no remedy.

PRO. When possibly I can, I will return.

JUL. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a ring.*

PRO. Why then we'll make exchange; here,
take you this.

JUL. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

PRO. Here is my hand for my true constancy;

⁵ *All this I speak in print;]* *In print* means *with exactness*. So, in the comedy of *All Fools*, 1605:

“ — not a hair

“ About his bulk, but it stands *in print*.”

Again, in *The Portraiture of Hypocrisie*, bl. l. 1589: “ — others
lash out to maintaine their porte, which must needes bee *in print*.”

STEVENS.

And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,
 Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
 The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
 Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
 My father stays my coming; answer not;
 The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
 That tide will stay me longer than I should:

[Exit JULIA.]

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
 Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
 For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

PRO. Go; I come, I come:—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. A street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

LAUN. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the fourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen

our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my fister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog: ⁶—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog; ⁷—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman; ⁸—well, I kiss

⁶ — *I am the dog*: &c.] A similar thought occurs in a play printed earlier than the present. See *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

“ — you shall stand for the lady, you for her dog, and I the page; you and the dog looking one upon another: the page presents himself.” STEVENS.

⁷ — *I am the dog*, &c.] This passage is much confused, and of confusion the present reading makes no end. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *I am the dog, no, the dog is himself and I am me, the dog is the dog, and I am myself*. This certainly is more reasonable, but I know not how much reason the author intended to bestow on Launce's soliloquy. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *like a wood woman*; —] The first folios agree in *would-woman*: for which, because it was a mystery to Mr. Pope, he has unmeaningly substituted *ould woman*. But it must be writ, or at least understood, *wood woman*, i. e. crazy, frantic with grief; or distracted, from any other cause. The word is very frequently used in Chancer; and sometimes writ *wood*, sometimes *wode*. THEOBALD.

Print thus: “ Now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman.”

Perhaps the humour would be heightened by reading—(O, that *the shoe* could speak now!) BLACKSTONE.

her;—why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sifter; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, afs; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

LAUN. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost;⁹ for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

PAN. What's the unkindest tide?

LAUN. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

PAN. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood;

I have followed the punctuation recommended by Sir W. Blackstone. The emendation proposed by him was made, I find, by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

O that she could speak now like a wood woman!] Launce is describing the melancholy parting between him and his family. In order to do this more methodically, he makes one of his shoes stand for his father, and the other for his mother. And when he has done taking leave of his father, he says, *Now come I to my mother*, turning to the shoe that is supposed to personate her. And in order to render the representation more perfect, he expresses his wish that it could speak like a woman frantic with grief! There could be no doubt about the sense of the passage, had he said—“*O that it could speak like a wood woman!*” But he uses the feminine pronoun in speaking of the shoe, because it is supposed to represent a woman. M. MASON.

⁹ — *if the ty'd were lost;*] This quibble, wretched as it is, might have been borrowed by Shakspeare from Lilly's *Endymion*, 1591: “*Epi.* You know it is said, the *tide* tarrieth for no man.—*Sam.* True.—*Epi.* A monstrous lye: for I was *ty'd* two hours, and tarried for one to unloose me.” The same play on words occurs in Chapman's *Andromeda Liberata*, 1614:

“ And now came roaring to the *tied* the *tide*.” STEEVENS.

and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

LAUN. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

PAN. Where should I lose my tongue?

LAUN. In thy tale.

PAN. In thy tail?

LAUN. Lose the tide,^a and the voyage, and the master, and the service? The tide!—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

PAN. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

LAUN. Sir, call me what thou darest.

PAN. Wilt thou go?

LAUN. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Milan. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

SIL. Servant—

VAL. Mistress?

SPEED. Master, fir Thurio frowns on you.

^a *Lose the tide,*] Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors read—the *flood*. STEEVENS.

^b —*The tide!*] The old copy reads—“and the tide.” I once supposed these three words to have been repeated, through some error of the transcriber or printer; but, pointed as the passage now is, (with the omission of *and*) it seems to have sufficient meaning.

STEEVENS.

VAL. Ay, boy, it's for love.

SPEED. Not of you.

VAL. Of my mistress then.

SPEED. 'Twere good, you knock'd him.

SIL. Servant, you are sad.

VAL. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

THU. Seem you that you are not?

VAL. Haply, I do.

THU. So do counterfeit.

VAL. So do you.

THU. What seem I, that I am not?

VAL. Wife.

THU. What instance of the contrary?

VAL. Your folly.

THU. And how quote you my folly?⁴

VAL. I quote it in your jerkin.

THU. My jerkin is a doublet.

VAL. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

THU. How?

SIL. What, angry, fir Thurio? do you change colour?

VAL. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of camelcon.

⁴ — how quote you my folly?] To quote is to observe. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ I am sorry that with better heed and judgement

“ I had not *quoted* him.” STEEVENS.

Valentine in his answer plays upon the word, which was pronounced as if written *coat*. So, in *The Rape of Lucretia*, 1594:

“ — the illiterate, that know not how

“ To cipher what is writ in learned books,

“ Will *cote* my loathsome trespass in my looks.”

In our poet's time words were thus frequently spelt by the ear.

MALONE.

THU. That hath more mind to feed on your blood,
than live in your air.

VAL. You have said, fir.

THU. Ay, fir, and done too, for this time.

VAL. I know it well, fir; you always end ere you
begin.

SIL. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and
quickly shot off.

VAL. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

SIL. Who is that, servant?

VAL. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire:
fir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's
looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your
company.

THU. Sir, if you spend word for word with me,
I shall make your wit bankrupt.

VAL. I know it well, fir: you have an exchequer
of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give
your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries,
that they live by your bare words.

SIL. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes
my father.

Enter DUKE.

DUKE. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

VAL. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

DUKE. Know you Don Antonio, your country-
man?⁵

⁵ Know you Don Antonio, your countryman? The word *Don*
should be omitted; as besides the injury it does to the metre, the

VAL. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert⁶ so well reputed.

DUKE. Hath he not a son?

VAL. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

DUKE. You know him well?

VAL. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

DUKE. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this
good,

He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a-while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

VAL. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

characters are *Italians*, not *Spaniards*. Had the measure admitted it, Shakspeare would have written *Signor*. And yet, after making this remark, I noticed *Don Alphonso* in a preceding scene. But for all that, the remark may be just. RITSON.

⁶ ——— not without desert ———] And not dignified with so much reputation without proportionate merit. JOHNSON.

DUKE. Welcome him then according to his worth ;
 Silvia, I speak to you ; and you, fir Thurio :—
 For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it :'⁷
 I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit DUKE.*]

VAL. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
 Had come along with me, but that his mistress
 Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

SIL. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them
 Upon some other pawn for fealty.

VAL. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners
 still.

SIL. Nay, then he should be blind ; and, being
 blind,
 How could he see his way to seek out you ?

VAL. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

THU. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

VAL. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself ;
 Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

SIL. Have done, have done ; here comes the gen-
 tleman.

VAL. Welcome, dear Proteus !—Mistress, I be-
 seech you,
 Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

SIL. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
 If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

VAL. Mistress, it is : sweet lady, entertain him
 To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

SIL. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

⁷ *I need not 'cite him to it :]* i. e. incite him to it. MALONE.

PRO. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

VAL. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

PRO. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

SIL. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

PRO. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

SIL. That you are welcome?

PRO. No; that you are worthless.*

Enter Servant.

SER. Madam, my lord your father* would speak
with you.

SIL. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Servant.*
Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

* No; *that you are worthless.*] I have inserted the particle *so*, to fill up the measure. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the particle supplied is unnecessary. *Worthless* was, I believe, used as a trisyllable. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, p. 191.

MALONE.
Is *worthless* a trisyllable in the preceding speech of Silvia? Is there any instance of the licence recommended, respecting the adjective *worthless*, to be found in Shakspeare, or any other writer?

STEVENS.
* *Ser. Madam, my lord your father*—] This speech in all the editions is assigned improperly to Thurio; but he has been all along upon the stage, and could not know that the duke wanted his daughter. Besides, the first line and half of Silvia's answer is evidently addressed to two persons. A servant, therefore, must come in and deliver the message; and then Silvia goes out with Thurio. THEOBALD.

PRO. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*]

VAL. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

PRO. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

VAL. And how do yours?

PRO. I left them all in health.

VAL. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

PRO. My tales of love were wont to weary you; I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

VAL. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now: I have done penance for contemning love; Whose high imperious² thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs; For, in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow. O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord; And hath so humbled me, as, I confess, There is no woe to his correction,³

² Whose *high imperious* —] For *whose* I read *those*. I have contemned love and am punished. *Those* high thoughts, by which I exalted myself above human passions or frailties, have brought upon me fasts and groans. JOHNSON.

I believe the old copy is right. *Imperious* is an epithet very frequently applied to love by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. So, in *The Famous Historie of George Lord Faukonbridge*, 4to. 1616, p. 15: "Such an *imperious* God is love, and so commanding." A few lines lower Valentine observes, that—"love's a mighty lord." MALONE.

³ — no woe to his correction,] No misery that can be compared to the punishment inflicted by love. Herbert called for the prayers of the liturgy a little before his death, saying, *None to them, none to them.* JOHNSON.

Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
 Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
 Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
 Upon the very naked name of love.

PRO. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
 Was this the idol that you worship so?

VAL. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

PRO. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

VAL. Call her divine.

PRO. I will not flatter her.

VAL. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

PRO. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
 And I must minister the like to you.

VAL. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
 Yet let her be a principality,⁴
 Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

PRO. Except my mistress.

VAL. Sweet, except not any;
 Except thou wilt except against my love.

PRO. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

VAL. And I will help thee to prefer her too:

The same idiom occurs in an old ballad quoted in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1616:

"There is no comfort in the world

"To women that are kind." MALONE.

⁴ — a principality,] The first or *principal* of women. So the old writers use *state*. "*She is a lady, a great state.*" Latymer. "*This look is called in states warlike, in others otherwise.*" Sir. T. More. JOHNSON.

There is a similar sense of this word in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans viii. 38.—"nor angels nor *principalities*."

Mr. M. Mason thus judiciously paraphrases the sentiment of Valentine. "If you will not acknowledge her as divine, let her at least be considered as an angel of the first order, superior to every thing on earth." STEEVENS.

She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
 To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
 Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
 And, of so great a favour growing proud,
 Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,⁵
 And make rough winter everlastingly.

PRO. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

VAL. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
 To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
 She is alone.⁶

PRO. Then let her alone.

VAL. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine
 own;

And I as rich in having such a jewel,
 As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
 The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
 Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
 Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
 My foolish rival, that her father likes,
 Only for his possessions are so huge,
 Is gone with her along; and I must after,
 For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

PRO. But she loves you?

⁵ — summer-swelling flower,] I once thought that our poet had written *summer-smelling*; but the epithet which stands in the text I have since met with in the translation of Lucan, by Sir Arthur Gorges, 1614, B. VIII. p. 354:

“ — no Roman chieftaine should

“ Come near to Nyle's Pelusian mould,

“ But shun that *summer-swelling* shore.”

The original is, “ — ripasque *æstate tumentes*,” l. 829. May likewise renders it *summer-swelled* banks. The *summer-swelling* flower is the flower which swells in summer, till it expands itself into bloom. STEVENS.

⁶ *She is alone.*] She stands by herself. There is none to be compared to her. JOHNSON.

VAL. Ay, and we are betroth'd;
 Nay, more, our marriage hour,
 With all the cunning manner of our flight,
 Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
 The ladder made of cords; and all the means
 Plotted; and 'greed on, for my happiness.
 Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
 In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

PRO. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth:
 I must unto the road,⁷ to disembark
 Some necessaries that I needs must use;
 And then I'll presently attend you.

VAL. Will you make haste?

PRO. I will.—

[*Exit VAL.*]

Even as one heat another heat expels,
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
 So the remembrance of my former love
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten.⁸
 Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,⁹

⁷ — *the road,*] The haven, where ships ride at anchor.

MALONE.

⁸ *Even as one heat another heat expels,
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
 So the remembrance of my former love
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten.*] Our author seems here
 to have remembered *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,

“ So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.”

So also, in *Coriolanus*:

“ One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail.”

MALONE.

⁹ *Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,*] The old copy reads—

“ Is it mine or Valentine's praise?” STEVENS.

Here Proteus questions with himself, whether it is his own praise, or Valentine's, that makes him fall in love with Valentine's mistress. But not to insist on the absurdity of falling in love through his own praises, he had not indeed praised her any farther than giving his opinion of her in three words, when his friend asked it of him.

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
 That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
 She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
 That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
 Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,²
 Bears no impression of the thing it was.
 Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
 And that I love him not, as I was wont:
 O! but I love his lady too, too much;
 And that's the reason I love him so little.
 How shall I dote on her with more advice,³

A word is wanting in the first folio. The line was originally thus:

" Is it mine EYE, or Valentine's praise?"

Proteus had just seen Valentine's mistress, whom her lover had been lavishly praising. His encomiums therefore heightening Proteus's ideas of her at the interview, it was the less wonder he should be uncertain which had made the strongest impression, Valentine's praises, or his own view of her. WARBURTON.

The first folio reads:

" It is mine or Valentine's praise."

The second:

" Is it mine *then* or Valentine's praise?" RITSON.

I read, as authorized, in a former instance, by the old copy,—
 Valentines. See Act I. sc. iii. STEVENS.

² — a waxen image 'gainst a fire,] Alluding to the figures made by witches, as representatives of those whom they designed to torment or destroy. See my note on *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. iii.

STEVENS.

King James ascribes these images to the devil, in his treatise of *Dæmonologie*: "to some others at these times he teacheth how to make pictures of waxe or claye, that by the roasting thereof the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted, and dried away by continual sickness." See Servius on the 8th Eclogue of Virgil, Theocritus Idyl. 2. 22. Hudibras, p. 2. l. 2. v. 331. S. W.

³ — with more advice,] *With more advice*, is on further knowledge, or better consideration. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

" The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax."

The word, as Mr. Malone observes, is still current among mer-

That thus without advice begin to love her?
 'Tis but her picture⁴ I have yet beheld,
 And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
 But when I look on her perfections,⁵
 There is no reason but I shall be blind.
 If I can check my erring love, I will;
 If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

cantile people, whose constant language is, "we are *advised* by letters from abroad," meaning *informed*. So in bills of exchange the conclusion always is—"Without further *advice*." So in this very play:

"This pride of hers, upon *advice*," &c.

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Yet did repent me, *after more advice*." STEEVENS.

⁴ 'Tis but her picture——] This is evidently a slip of attention, for he had seen her in the last scene, and in high terms offered her his service. JOHNSON.

I believe Proteus means, that, as yet, he had seen only her outward form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

"All of her, that is *out of door*, most rich!

"If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare," &c.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. sc. i:

"Praise her but for this her *without-door* form."

Perhaps Proteus, is mentally comparing his fate with that of Pyrocles, the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*, who fell in love with Philoclea immediately on seeing her portrait in the house of Kalandar. STEEVENS.

⁵ *And that hath dazzled my reason's light;*

But when I look, &c.] Our author uses *dazzled* as a trisyllable. The editor of the second folio not perceiving this, introduced *so*, ("And that hath dazzled *so*," &c.) a word as hurtful to the sense as unnecessary to the metre. The plain meaning is, *Her mere outside has dazzled me;—when I am acquainted with the perfections of her mind, I shall be struck blind.* MALONE.

S C E N E V.

The same. A street.

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

SPEED. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.⁶

LAUN. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess's say, welcome.

SPEED. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, firrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

LAUN. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

SPEED. But shall she marry him?

LAUN. No.

SPEED. How then? Shall he marry her?

LAUN. No, neither.

SPEED. What, are they broken?

LAUN. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

SPEED. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

LAUN. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

⁶ ——— *to Milan.*] It is *Padua* in the former editions. See the note on Act III. *POPE.*

SPEED. What an afs art thou? I understand thee not.

LAUN. What a block art thou, that thou canst not?

My staff understands me.⁷

SPEED. What thou say'st?

LAUN. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

SPEED. It stands under thee, indeed.

LAUN. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

SPEED. But tell me true, will't be a match?

LAUN. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

SPEED. The conclusion is then, that it will.

LAUN. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

SPEED. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?⁸

⁷ *My staff understands me.*] This equivocation, miserable as it is, has been admitted by Milton in his great poem, *B. VI*:

“ ——— The terms we sent were terms of weight,
 “ Such as, we may perceive, amaz'd them all,
 “ And stagger'd many; who receives them right,
 “ Had need from head to foot well understand;
 “ Not understood, this gift they have besides,
 “ To shew us when our foes stand not upright.” JOHNSON.

The same quibble occurs likewise in the second part of *The Three Merry Coblers*, an ancient ballad:

“ Our work doth th' owners understand,
 “ Thus still we are on the mending hand.” STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?*] i. e. (as Mr. M. Mason has elsewhere observed) What say'st thou to this circumstance, — namely, that my master is become a notable lover? MALONE.

LAUN. I never knew him otherwise.

SPEED. Than how?

LAUN. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

SPEED. Why, thou whorson ass, thou mistakest me.

LAUN. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

SPEED. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

LAUN. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so;⁹ if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

SPEED. Why?

LAUN. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale * with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

SPEED. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁹ — so;] *So*, which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second. MALONE.

* — the ale —] *Ales* were merry meetings instituted in country places. Thus Ben Jonson:

“ And all the neighbourhood, from old records
 “ Of antique proverbs drawn from Whitson lords,
 “ And their authorities at wakes and ales,
 “ With country precedents, and old wives’ talks,
 “ We bring you now.”

Again, as Mr. M. Mason observes, in the play of *Lord Cromwell*:

“ O Tom, that we were now at Putney, at the ale there!”

See also Mr. T. Warton’s *History of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 128. STEVENS.

SCENE VI.¹

The same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

PRO. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
 To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
 To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
 And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
 Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
 Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
 O sweet-suggesting love,⁴ if thou hast sinn'd,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 But now I worship a celestial sun.
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
 And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
 To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
 Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
 But there I leave to love, where I should love,
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:

³ It is to be observed, that, in the folio edition there are no directions concerning the scenes; they have been added by the later editors, and may therefore be changed by any reader that can give more consistency or regularity to the drama by such alterations. I make this remark in this place, because I know not whether the following soliloquy of Proteus is so proper in the street. JOHNSON.

The reader will perceive that the scenery has been changed, though Dr. Johnson's observation is continued. STEVENS.

⁴ *O sweet-suggesting love,*] To *suggest* is to *tempt*, in our author's language. So again:

“Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*.”

The sense is, *O tempting love, if thou hast influenced me to sin, teach me to excuse it.* JOHNSON.

If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
 For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
 I to myself am dearer than a friend;
 For love is still more precious in itself:
 And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
 Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery us'd to Valentine:—
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
 Myself in counsel, his competitor:⁵
 Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight;⁶

⁵ — in counsel, his competitor:] *Myself, who am his competitor or rival, being admitted to his counsel.* JOHNSON.

Competitor is confederate, assistant, partner.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ It is not Cæsar's natural vice, to hate

“ One great competitor:”

and he is speaking of Lepidus, one of the triumvirate. STEEVENS.

Steevens is right in asserting, that *competitor*, in this place, means confederate, or partner.—The word is used in the same sense in *Twelfth Night*, where the Clown seeing Maria and Sir Toby approach, who were joined in the plot against Malvolio, says, “ The competitors enter.” And again, in *King Richard III.* the messenger says,

“ — The Guildfords are in arms,

“ And every hour more competitors

“ Flock to the rebels.”

So also, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ The king, and his competitors in oath.” M. MASON.

⁶ — pretended flight;] *Pretended flight is proposed or intended flight.* So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — What good could they pretend?”

Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine ;
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter :
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some fly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift !⁷ [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.*

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

JUL. Counsel, Lucetta ; gentle girl, assist me !
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly charact'rd and engrav'd,—
 To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

LUC. Alas ! the way is wearisome and long.

JUL. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly ;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as fir Proteus.

LUC. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Mr. M. Mason justly observes, that the verb *pretendre* in French, has the same signification. STEEVENS.

. Again, in Dr. A. Borde's *Introduction of Knowledge*, 1542, fig. H 3,
 " *I pretend* to return and come round about thorow other regyons
 in Europ." REED.

⁷ ——— *this drift!*] I suspect that the author concluded the act with
 this couplet, and that the next scene should begin the third act ;
 but the change, as it will add nothing to the probability of the
 action, is of no great importance. JOHNSON.

JUL. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

LUC. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

JUL. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns;

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

LUC. But in what habit will you go along?

JUL. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may bescem some well-reputed page.

LUC. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

JUL. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

LUC. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

JUL. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,

"What compass will you wear your farthingale?" Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

LUC. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.⁸

JUL. Out, out, Lucetta!⁹ that will be ill-favour'd.

LUC. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,

Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

JUL. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly: But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me, For undertaking so unsta'd a journey? I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

LUC. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

⁸ ——— *with a cod-piece, &c.*] Whoever wishes to be acquainted with this particular, relative to dress, may consult Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, in which such matters are very amply discussed. It is mentioned, however, in *Tyro's Roaring Megge*, 1598:

"Tyro's round breeches have a cliffe behind;

"And that same perking longitude before,

"Which for a *pin-case* antique plowmen wore."

Ocular instruction may be had from the armour shown as John of Gaunt's in the Tower of London. The same fashion appears to have been no less offensive in France. See Montaigne, Chap. XXII. The custom of sticking pins in this ostentatious piece of indecency, was continued by the illiberal warders of the Tower, till forbidden by authority. STEEVENS.

⁹ Out, out, *Lucetta!* &c.] Dr. Percy observes, that this interjection is still used in the North. It seems to have the same meaning as *apage*, Lat. STEEVENS.

So, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act II. sc. vi:

"Out, out! unworthy to speak where he breatheth."

JUL. Nay, that I will not.

LUC. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

JUL. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite² of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

LUC. All these are servants to deceitful men.

JUL. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

LUC. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come
to him!

JUL. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that
wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.³
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

² — as infinite —] Old edit.—of infinite. JOHNSON.

The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

³ — my longing journey.] Dr. Grey observes, that *longing* is a participle active, with a passive signification; for *longed*, wished, or desired.

Mr. M. Mason supposes Julia to mean a journey which she shall pass in longing. STEEVENS.

My goods, my lands, my reputation;
 Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
 Come, answer not, but to it presently;
 I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exit.

 ACT III. SCENE I.

Milan. *An Anti-room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

DUKE. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
 We have some secrets to confer about.—

[Exit THURIO.
 Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

PRO. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
 But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
 Done to me, undeserving as I am,
 My duty pricks me on to utter that
 Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
 Know, worthy prince, fir Valentine, my friend,
 This night intends to steal away your daughter;
 Myself am one made privy to the plot.
 I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
 On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
 And should she thus be stolen away from you,
 It would be much vexation to your age.
 Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
 To cross my friend in his intended drift,
 Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
 A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
 Being unprevented, to your timelefs grave.

DUKE. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
 Which to requite, command me while I live.
 This love of theirs myself have often seen,
 Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
 Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
 But, fearing lest my jealous aim⁴ might err,
 And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
 (A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
 I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
 That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
 And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
 The key whereof myself have ever kept;
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

PRO. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean⁵
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
 For which the youthful lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently;
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
 That my discovery be not aimed at⁶;
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.⁶

⁴ ——— *jealous aim* ———] *Aim is guess*, in this instance, as in the following. So, in *Rome and Juliet*:

"I ain'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd." STEVENS.

⁵ ——— *be not aimed at* ;] *Be not guessed*. JOHNSON.

⁶ ——— *of this pretence*.] *Of this claim made to your daughter*.
 JOHNSON.

Pretence is design. So, in *K. Lear*: "— to feel my affection to your honour, and no other *pretence* of danger."

Again, in the same play: "— *pretence* and purpose of unkindness." STEVENS.

DUKE. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

PRO. Adieu, my lord; fir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

DUKE. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

VAL. Please it your grace there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

DUKE. Be they of much import?

VAL. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

DUKE. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, fir Thurio, to my daughter.

VAL. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

DUKE. No, trust me; she is peevish, fullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where⁶ I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,

⁶ *And, where* —] *Where*, in this instance, has the power of *whereas*. So, in *Pericles*, Act I. sc. i:

“*Where* now you're both a father and a son.” STEEVENS.

I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
 And turn her out to who will take her in :
 Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower ;
 For me and my possessions she esteems not.

VAL. What would your grace have me to do in this ?

DUKE. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,⁷
 Whom I affect ; but she is nice, and coy,
 And nought esteems my aged eloquence :
 Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
 (For long ago I have forgot to court ;
 Besides, the fashion of the time⁸ is chang'd ;)
 How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
 To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

VAL. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words ;
 Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
 More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.⁹

⁷ — *sir, in Milan, here,*] It ought to be thus, instead of—*in Verona, here*—for the scene apparently is in Milan, as is clear from several passages in the first act, and in the beginning of the first scene of the fourth act. A like mistake has crept into the eighth scene of Act II, where Speed bids his fellow-servant Launce welcome to Padua. POPE.

⁸ — *the fashion of the time* —] The modes of courtship, the acts by which men recommended themselves to ladies. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Win her with gifts, if she respect not words ;
 Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,*

More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.] So, in our author's *Passionate Pilgrim* :

“ Spare not to spend,—
 “ The strongest castle, tower, and town,
 “ The golden bullet beats it down.”

A line of this stanza—

“ The strongest castle, tower, and town,”

and two in a succeeding stanza,

“ What though she strive to try her strength,
 “ And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,”——

remind us of the following verses in *The Historie of Graunde Amonre,*

DUKE. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.²

VAL. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;
 For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
 If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
 But rather to beget more love in you:
 If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
 For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
 For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away*:
 Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
 Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

[*fign. I 2.*] written by Stephen Hawes, near a century before those of Shakspeare:

“ Forfake her not, *though that she saye may*;
 “ A womans guise is evermore delay.
 “ No *castell* can be of so great a strength,
 “ If that there be a sure siege to it layed,
 “ It must yelde up, or els be won at length,
 “ Though that 'to-fore it hath bene long delayed;
 “ So continuance may you right well ayde:
 “ Some womans harte can not so harded be,
 “ But busy labour may make it agree.”

Another earlier writer than Shakspeare, (speaking of women, has also the same unfavourable (and, I hope, unfounded) sentiment:

“ 'Tis wisdom to give much; a gift prevails,
 “ When deep persuasive oratory fails.”

Marlowe's HERO AND LEANDER.

MALONE.

² — *that I sent her.*] To produce a more accurate rhyme, we might read:

“ — *that I sent, Sir:*”

Mr. M. Mason observes that the rhyme, which was evidently here intended, requires that we should read—“ what best content her.” The word *what* may imply *those which*, as well as *that which*.

STEVENS.

DUKE. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth ;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

VAL. Why then I would resort to her by night.

DUKE. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept
safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

VAL. What lets, ³ but one may enter at her window ?

DUKE. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground ;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

VAL. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

DUKE. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

VAL. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me
that.

DUKE. This very night ; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

VAL. By seven o' clock I'll get you such a ladder.

DUKE. But hark thee ; I will go to her alone ;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither ?

VAL. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

DUKE. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn ?

VAL. Ay, my good lord.

DUKE. Then let me see thy cloak ;

³ *What lets,*] i. e. what hinders. So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iv :
" By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

I'll get me one of such another length.

VAL. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

DUKE. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—

What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia?*

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

O, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,

Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,⁴

That they should harbour where their lord should be.

What's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—

Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)⁵

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

⁴ — for they are sent by me,] For is the same as for that, since.

JOHNSON.

⁵ — Merops' son,)] Thou art Phaëton in thy rashness, but without his pretensions; thou art not the son of a divinity, but a *terra filius*, a low-born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falsely reproached. JOHNSON.

This scrap of mythology Shakspeare might have found in the spurious play of *K. John*, 1591:

“ — as sometime Phaëton

“ Mistrusting silly Merops for his fire.”

Or in Robert Greene's *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:

“ Why, foolish, hardy, daring, simple groom,

“ Follower of fond conceited Phaëton,” &c. STEEVENS.

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates ;
 And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
 Is privilege for thy departure hence :
 Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
 Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
 But if thou linger in my territories,
 Longer than swiftest expedition
 Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
 By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
 I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
 Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
 But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[Exit DUKE.]

VAL. And why not death, rather than living torment ?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself ;
 And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
 Is self from self ; a deadly banishment !
 What light is light, if Silvia be not seen ?
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by ?
 Unless it be, to think that she is by,
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.*
 Except I be by Silvia in the night,
 There is no musick in the nightingale ;
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
 There is no day for me to look upon :
 She is my essence ; and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom : †

* *And feed upon the shadow of perfection.*]

Animum picturâ pascit inani. Virg. HENRY.

† *I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom :*] *To fly his doom*, used for *by flying*, or *in flying*, is a gallicism. The sense is, *By avoid-*

Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

PRO. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

LAUN. So-ho! fo-ho!

PRO. What see'st thou?

LAUN. Him we go to find: there's not a hair⁸
on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

PRO. Valentine?

VAL. No.

PRO. Who then? his spirit?

VAL. Neither.

PRO. What then?

VAL. Nothing.

LAUN. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

PRO. Whom⁹ would'st thou strike?

LAUN. Nothing.

PRO. Villain, forbear.

LAUN. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

PRO. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a
word.

VAL. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good
news,

ing the execution of his sentence I shall not escape death. If I
stay here, I suffer myself to be destroyed; if I go away, I destroy
myself. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— *there's not a hair* ———] Launce is still quibbling. He is
now running down the *hairs* that he started when he entered.

MALONE.

⁹ Whom ———] Old copy—*Who*. Corrected in the second folio.

MALONE.

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

PRO. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

VAL. Is Silvia dead?

PRO. No, Valentine.

VAL. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

PRO. No, Valentine.

VAL. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?

LAUN. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are
vanish'd.

PRO. That thou art banished, O, that's the news;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

VAL. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

PRO. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

VAL. No more; unless the next word, that thou
speak'st,

Have some malignant power upon my life:
 If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
 As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

PRO. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
 And study help for that which thou lament'st.
 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
 Here if thou stay, thou can'st not see thy love;
 Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
 Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
 And manage it against despairing thoughts.
 Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
 Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
 Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.*
 The time now serves not to expostulate:
 Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:

* *Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ‘These to her excellent white bosom,’ &c.

Again, in Gascoigne's *Adventures of Master F. I.* first edit. p. 266:
 “ — at delivrie therof, [i. e. of a letter] she understode not for
 what cause he thrust the same *into her bosome.*”

Trifling as the remark may appear, before the meaning of this
address of letters to the bosom of a mistress can be understood, it should
 be known that women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of
 their stays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love
 tokens, but even their money and materials for needle work. In
 many parts of England the rustic damsels still observe the same prac-
 tice; and a very old lady informs me that she remembers when it
 was the fashion to wear prominent stays, it was no less the custom
 for stratagem or gallantry to drop its literary favours within the
 front of them. STEVENS.

See Lord Surrey's Sonnets, 1557:

“ My song, thou shalt attain to find the pleasant place,
 “ Where she doth live, by whom I live; may chance to
 have the grace,
 “ When she hath read, and seen the grief wherein I serve,
 “ *Between her breasts she shall thee put, there shall she thee
 reserve.*” MALONE.

As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

VAL. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

PRO. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

VAL. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*]

LAUN. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have
the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave:
but that's all one, if he be but one knave.³ He

³ Laun. *I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave.*] Where is the sense? or, if you won't allow the speaker that, where is the humour of this speech? Nothing had given the fool occasion to suspect that his master was become double, like Antipholis in *The Comedy of Errors*. The last word is corrupt. We should read:

“ — if he be but one KIND.”

He thought his master was a *kind of knave*; however, he keeps himself in countenance with this reflection, that if he was a knave *but of one kind*, he might pass well enough amongst his neighbours. This is truly humorous. WARBURTON.

This alteration is acute and specious, yet I know not whether, in Shakspeare's language, *one knave* may not signify a *knave on only one occasion*, a *single knave*. We still use a *double villain* for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt. JOHNSON.

This passage has been altered, with little difference, by Dr. Warburton and sir Tho. Hanmer.—Mr. Edwards explains it,—“ if he *only* be a knave, if *I myself* be not found to be *another*.” I agree with Dr. Johnson, and will support the old reading and his interpretation with indisputable authority. In the old play of *Damon and Pythias*, *Aristippus* declares of *Carisophus*, “ you lose money by him if you sell him for *one knave*, for he serves for *twwayne*.”

This phraseology is often met with: *Arragon* says in the *Merchants of Venice*:

“ With *one fool's* head I came to woo,

“ But I go away with *two*.”

Donne begins one of his sonnets:

“ I am *two fools*, I know,

“ For *loving* and for *saying so*.” &c.

lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck⁴ that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips:⁵ yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare christian.⁶ Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions.⁷ Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

And when *Panurge* cheats *St. Nicholas* of the chapel, which he vowed to him in a storm, *Rabelais* calls him “a rogue—a *rogue and an half*—*Le gallant, gallant de demy*.” FARMER.

Again, in *Like will to Like*, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1587:

“ Thus thou may'ft be called a knave in graine,

“ And where knaves be scant, thou may'ft go for *swaym*.”

STEVENS.

⁴ ——— a team of horse shall not pluck ———] I see how *Valentine* suffers for telling his love-secrets, therefore I will keep mine close.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps *Launce* was not intended to shew so much sense; but here indulges himself in talking contradictory nonsense.

STEVENS.

⁵ ——— for she hath had gossips:] *Gossips* not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tartling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble between these is evident.

STEVENS.

⁶ ——— a bare christian.] *Launce* is quibbling on. *Bare* has two senses; *mere* and *naked*. In *Carolanus* it is used in the first:

“ 'Tis but a bare petition of the state.”

Launce uses it in both, and opposes the *naked* female to the water-spaniel cover'd with hairs of remarkable thickness. STEVENS.

⁷ — her conditions.] i. e. qualities. The old copy has *conditions*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Enter SPEED.

SPEED. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

LAUN. With my master's ship? ⁸ why, it is at sea.

SPEED. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

LAUN. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

SPEED. Why, man, how black?

LAUN. Why, as black as ink.

SPEED. Let me read them.

LAUN. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou can'st not read.

SPEED. Thou liest, I can.

LAUN. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

SPEED. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

LAUN. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: ⁹ this proves, that thou canst not read.

SPEED. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

LAUN. There; and faint Nicholas be thy speed! ¹⁰

⁸ With my master's ship?] In former editions it is,—

“With my mastership? why, it is at sea.”

For how does Launce mistake the word? Speed asks him about his mastership, and he replies to it *literatim*. But then how was his mastership at sea, and on shore too? The addition of a letter and a note of apostrophe, makes Launce both mistake the word, and sets the pun right: it restores, indeed, but a mean joke; but, without it, there is no sense in the passage. Besides, it is in character with the rest of the scene; and, I dare be confident, the poet's own conceit. THEOBALD.

⁹ — the son of thy grandmother:] It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. I suppose Launce infers, that if he could read, he must have read this well known observation. STEEVENS.

¹⁰ — faint Nicholas be thy speed!] St. Nicholas presided over scholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas's clerks*. Hence,

SPEED. Imprimis, *She can milk:*

LAUN. Ay, that she can.³

SPEED. Item, *She brews good ale.*

LAUN. And therefore comes the proverb,—Blessing o' your heart,⁴ you brew good ale.

SPEED. Item, *She can sew.*

LAUN. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

SPEED. Item, *She can knit.*

LAUN. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.⁵

SPEED. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

by a quibble between Nicholas and Old Nick, highwaymen, in *The First Part of Henry the Fourth*, are called *Nicholas's clerks.*

WARBURTON.

That this faint presided over young scholars, may be gathered from Knight's *Life of Dean Colet*, p. 362. for by the statutes of Paul's school there inserted, the children are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on his anniversary. The reason I take to be, that the legend of this faint makes him to have been a bishop, while he was a boy. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589: "Methinks this fellow speaks like bishop Nicholas; for on Saint Nicholas's night commonly the scholars of the country make them a bishop, who, like a foolish boy, goeth about blessing and preaching with such childish terms, as maketh the people laugh at his foolish counterfeit speeches." STEEVENS.

³ *Speed.* Imprimis, *she can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.] These two speeches should evidently be omitted. There is not only no attempt at humour in them, contrary to all the rest in the same dialogue, but *Launce* clearly directs *Speed* to go on with the paper where he himself left off. See his preceding soliloquy. FARMER.

⁴ *Blessing o' your heart, &c.*] So, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Augurs*:

"Our ale's o' the best,

"And each good guest

"Prays for their souls that brew it." STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— knit him a stock.] i. e. *stocking*. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"——— it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock."

STEEVENS.

LAUN. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

SPEED. Item, *She can spin.*

LAUN. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

SPEED. Item, *She bath many nameless virtues.*

LAUN. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

SPEED. *Here follow her vices.*

LAUN. Close at the heels of her virtues.

SPEED. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting,⁶ in respect of her breath.*

LAUN. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

SPEED. Item, *She bath a sweet mouth.⁷*

LAUN. That makes amends for her sour breath.

SPEED. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

LAUN. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

SPEED. Item, *She is slow in words.*

⁶ — *she is not to be kissed fasting,*] The old copy reads, — *she is not to be fasting,* &c. The necessary word, *kissed,* was first added by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *sweet mouth,*] This I take to be the same with what is now vulgarly called a *sweet tooth,* a luxurious desire of dainties and sweetmeats. JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Paynell's translation of Ulrich Hutten's Book *De medicina Gujaci & Morbo Gallico*, 1539: "—delycates and deynties, wherewith they may stere up their *sweete mouthes* and pronoke theyr appetites."

Yet how a *luxurious desire of dainties* can make amends for *offensive breath*, I know not. A *sweet mouth* may, however, mean a *liquorish* mouth, in a wanton sense. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Their saucy *sweetness* that do coin heaven's image," &c.

STEEVENS.

LAUN. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

SPEED, Item, *She is proud.*

LAUN. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

SPEED. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

LAUN. I care not for that neither, because I love crufts.

SPEED. Item, *She is curst.*

LAUN. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

SPEED. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.**

LAUN. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

*SPEED. Item, *She is too liberal.†*

LAUN. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

SPEED. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

* ——— *praise her liquor.*] That is, shew how well she likes it by drinking often. JOHNSON.

† ——— *She is too liberal.*] *Liberal*, is licentious and gross in language. So, in *Othello*: "Is he not a profane and very liberal counsellor?" JOHNSON.

Again, in *The Fair Maid of Bristow*, 1605, bl. 1:

"But Vallenger, most like a liberal villain,

"Did give her scandalous ignoble terms."

Mr. Malone adds another instance from *Woman's a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612:

"Next that the fame

"Of your neglect, and liberal talking tongue,

"Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong." STEEVENS.

LAUN. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

SPEED. Item, *She bath more hair than wit,*—

LAUN. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

SPEED. —*And more faults than hairs,*—

LAUN. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

SPEED. —*And more wealth than faults.*

LAUN. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: ² Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

* — *She bath more hair than wit,*] An old English proverb. See Ray's Collection:

“ Bush natural, *more hair than wit.*”

Again, in *Decker's Satiro-mastix*:

“ *Hair!* 'tis the basest stubble; in scorn of it

“ This proverb sprung,—*He has more hair than wit.*”

Again, in *Rhodan and Iris*, 1631:

“ Now is the old proverb really perform'd;

“ *More bath than wit.*” STEEVENS.

³ — *makes the faults gracious:*] *Gracious*, in old language, means *graceful*. So, in *K. John*:

“ There was not such a *gracious* creature born.”

Again, in *Albion's Triumph*, 1631:

“ On which (*the fræne*) were *lectoons* of several fruits in their natural colours, or which in *gracious* postures lay children sleeping.”

Again, in *The Mal-content*, 1604:

“ The most exquisite, &c. that ever made an old lady *gracious* by torch-light.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation of the word *gracious* has been controverted, but it is right. We have the same sentiment in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd *faults*

“ Look *handsome* in three hundred pounds a year!”

MALONE.

SPEED. What then?

LAUN. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

SPEED. For me?

LAUN. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

SPEED. And must I go to him?

LAUN. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

SPEED. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [Exit.]

LAUN. Now will he be fwing'd for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind.

DUKE. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

THU. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

DUKE. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; ⁴ which with an hour's heat

⁴ Trenched in ice;] Cut, carved in ice. *Trancher*, to cut, French. JOHNSON.

So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“Is deeply trenched in my blushing brow.” STEEVENS.

Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
 A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
 And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
 How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
 According to our proclamation, gone?

PRO. Gone, my good lord.

DUKE. My daughter takes his going grievously.^s

PRO. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

DUKE. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
 Proteus; the good conceit I hold of thee,
 (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
 Makes me the better to confer with thee.

PRO. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
 Let me not live to look upon your grace.

DUKE. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
 The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

PRO. I do, my lord.

DUKE. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
 How she opposes her against my will.

PRO. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

DUKE. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
 What might we do, to make the girl forget
 The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

PRO. The best way is, to slander Valentine
 With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
 Three things that women highly hold in hate.

DUKE. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

PRO. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

^s — *grievously.*] So some copies of the first folio; others have, *heavily.* The word therefore must have been corrected, while the sheet was working off at the press. The word *last*, p. 243, l. 2. was inserted in some copies in the same manner. MALONE.

Therefore it must, with circumstance,⁷ be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

DUKE. Then you must undertake to slander him.

PRO. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.⁸

DUKE. Where your good word cannot advantage
him,

Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

PRO. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

THU. Therefore as you unwind her love⁹ from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

DUKE. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this
kind;

⁷ — *with circumstance,*] With the addition of such incidental particulars as may induce belief. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *his very friend.*] *Very* is *immediate*. So, in *Macbeth*:
“ And the *very* ports they blow.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — *as you unwind her love* —] As you wind off her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. The housewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body, is a *bottom of thread*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Grange's Garden*, 1577, “ in answer to a letter written unto him by a Curtyzan:”

“ A *bottom* for your silke it seems

“ My letters are become,

“ Which oft with winding off and on

“ Are waisted whole and some.” STEEVENS.

Because we know, on Valentine's report,
 You are already love's firm votary,
 And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
 Upon this warrant shall you have access,
 Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
 For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
 And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
 Where you may temper her,² by your persuasion,
 To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

PRO. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
 But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
 You must lay lime,³ to tangle her desires,
 By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes
 Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

DUKE. Ay, much the force of heaven-bred poetry.⁴

PRO. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
 Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
 Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
 That may discover such integrity:⁵—
 For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;⁶

² ——— you may temper her,] Mould her, like wax, to whatever shape you please. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb; and shortly will I seal with him." MALONE.

³ ——— lime,] That is, birdlime. JOHNSON.

⁴ Ay, much the force of heaven-bred poetry.] The old copy reads—
 "Ay, much is," &c. RITSON.

⁵ ——— such integrity:] Such integrity may mean such ardour and sincerity as would be manifested by practising the directions given in the four preceding lines. STEEVENS.

I suspect that a line following this has been lost; the import of which perhaps was—

"As her obdurate heart may penetrate." MALONE.

⁶ For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;] This shews Shakspeare's knowledge of antiquity. He here assigns Orpheus his true character of legislator. For under that of a poet only, or

Whose golden touch 'could soften steel and stones,
 Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
 Forfake unfounded deeps to dance on sands.
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,
 Vifit by night your lady's chamber-window
 With some sweet concert :¹ to their instruments
 Tune a deploring dump ;² the night's dead silence
 Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.

lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, considered as a lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imagery exquisitely beautiful. For by his *lute*, is to be understood his *system of laws*; and by the *poets' sinews*, the power of numbers, which Orpheus actually employed in those laws to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people. WARBURTON.

Proteus is describing to Thurio the powers of poetry; and gives no quality to the lute of Orpheus, but those usually and vulgarly ascribed to it. It would be strange indeed if, in order to prevail upon the ignorant and stupid Thurio to write a sonnet to his mistress, he should enlarge upon the legislative powers of Orpheus, which were nothing to the purpose. Warburton's observations frequently tend to prove Shakspeare more profound and learned than the occasion required, and to make the Poet of Nature the most unnatural that ever wrote. M. MASON.

¹ ——— *with some sweet concert*:] The old copy has *consort*, which I once thought might have meant in our author's time a band or company of musicians. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Tyb. Mercutio, thou *consort'st* with Romeo.

“ Mer. *Consort!* what, dost thou make us *minstrels?*”

The subsequent words, “ *To their instruments—*,” seem to favour this interpretation; but other instances, that I have since met with, in books of our author's age, have convinced me that *consort* was only the old spelling of *concert*, and I have accordingly printed the latter word in the text. The epithet *sweet* annexed to it, seems better adapted to the musick itself than to the band. *Consort*, when accented on the first syllable, (as here) had, I believe, the former meaning; when on the second, it signified a company. So, in the next scene :

“ What say'st thou? Wilt thou be of our *consort?*”

MALONE.

² *Tune a deploring dump*:] A *dump* was the ancient term for a mournful elegy. STEEVENS.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.⁹

DUKE. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

THU. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice :
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort² some gentlemen well skill'd in musick :
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

DUKE. About it, gentlemen.

PRO. We'll wait upon your grace, till after supper ;
And afterward determine our proceedings.

DUKE. Even now about it ; I will pardon you.³
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest, near Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 *OUT.* Fellows, stand fast ; I see a passenger.

2 *OUT.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down
with 'em.

⁹ ——— *will inherit her.*] To *inherit*, is, by our author, sometimes used, as in this instance, for *to obtain possession of*, without any idea of acquiring *by inheritance*. So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

“ He that had wit, would think that I had none,

“ To bury so much gold under a tree,

“ And never after to *inherit it.*”

This sense of the word was not wholly difused in the time of Milton, who in his *Comus* has — “ *disinherit Chaos,*” — meaning only, *dispossess* it. STEEVENS.

² *To sort* —] i. e. to choose out. So, in *K. Richard III.* :

“ Yet I will *sort* a pitchy hour for thee.” STEEVENS.

³ ——— *I will pardon you.*] I will excuse you from waiting.

JOHNSON.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 *OUT.* Stand, fir, and throw us that you have about you;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rife you.⁴

SPEED. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains That all the travellers do fear so much.

VAL. My friends,—

1 *OUT.* That's not so, fir; we are your enemies.

2 *OUT.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *OUT.* Ay, by my beard, will we; For he's a proper man.⁵

VAL. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose; A man I am, cross'd with adverstity: My riches are these poor habiliments, Of which if you should here disfurnish me, You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *OUT.* Whither travel you?

VAL. To Verona.

1 *OUT.* Whence came you?

VAL. From Milan.

3 *OUT.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

VAL. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid.

⁴ *If not, we'll make you sit, and rife you.*] The old copy reads as I have printed the passage. Paltry as the opposition between *stand* and *fit* may be thought, it is Shakspeare's own. My predecessors read—"we'll make you, fir," &c. STEEVENS.

Sir, is the corrupt reading of the third folio. MALONE.

⁵ — a proper man.] i. e. a well-looking man; he has the appearance of a gentleman. So, afterwards:

"And partly, seeing you are beautified

"With goodly shaps—." MALONE.

Again, in *Othello*:

"This Ludovico is a proper man." STEEVENS.

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *OUT.* What, were you banish'd thence?

VAL. I was.

2 *OUT.* For what offence?

VAL. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *OUT.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

VAL. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *OUT.* Have you the tongues?

VAL. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *OUT.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat
friar,⁶

⁶ — Robin Hood's *fat friar*,] *Robin Hood* was captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen.

JOHNSON.

So, in *A merry Geste of Robyn Hood's*, &c. bl. l. no date:

“ These bysoppes and these archebysoppes

“ Ye shall them beate and bynde,” &c.

But by Robin Hood's *fat friar*, I believe, Shakspeare means *Friar Tuck*, who was confessor and companion to this noted out-law.
So, in one of the old songs of *Robin Hood*:

“ And of brave little John,

“ Of *Friar Tuck* and Will Scarlett,

“ *Stokely* and *Maid Marian*.”

Again, in the 26th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ Of *Tuck the merry friar* which many a sermon made,

“ In praise of *Robin Hood*, his out-lawes, and his trade.”

See figure III. in the plate at the end of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson seems to have misunderstood this passage. The speaker does not swear by the scalp of some churchman who had been plundered, but by the shaven crown of Robin Hood's chaplain.—“ We will live and die together, (says a personage in Peete's *Edward I.* 1593,) like Robin Hood, little John, *friar Tuck*, and *Maid Marian*.” MALONE,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *OUT.* We'll have him : first, a word.

SPEED.

Master, be one of them ;

It is an honourable kind of thievery.

VAL. Peace, villain !

2 *OUT.* Tell us this : Have you any thing to take to ?

VAL. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *OUT.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen, Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth Thrust from the company of awful men :⁷ Myself was from Verona banished, For practising to steal away a lady, An heir, and near allied unto the duke.⁸

⁷ — awful men :] Reverend, worshipful, such as magistrates, and other principal members of civil communities. JOHNSON.

Awful is used by Shakspeare, in another place, in the sense of *lawful*. Second part of *K. Henry IV.* Act IV, sc. ii :

“ We come within our *awful* banks again.” TYRWHITT.

So, in *King Henry V.* 1600 :

“ — creatures that by *awe* ordain

“ An *aw* of order to a peopled kingdom.” MALONE.

I believe we should read—*lawful* men—i. e. *legales homines*. So, in *The Newe Booke of Justices*, 1560 : “ — commanding him to the same to make an inquest and pannel of *lawful* men of his countie,” For this remark I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.

STEVENS.

Awful men means men well-governed, observant of law and authority ; full of, or subject to *awe*. In the same kind of sense as we use *fearful*. RITSON.

⁸ An heir, and near allied unto the duke.] All the impressions, from the first downwards, read—*An heir and niece allied unto the duke*. But our poet would never have expressed himself so stupidly, as to tell us, this lady was the duke's *niece*, and *allied* to him : for her alliance was certainly sufficiently included in the first term. Our author meant to say, she was an *heiress*, and *near allied* to the duke ; an expression the most natural that can be for the purpose, and very frequently used by the stage-poets. THEOBALD.

A *niece*, or a *nephew*, did not always signify the daughter of a

2 *OUT.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.⁹

1 *OUT.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,)
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality² much want;—

2 *OUT.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *OUT.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our
comfort?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

brother or sister, but any remote descendant. Of this use I have given instances, as to a *nepheru*. See *Othello*, Act I. I have not, however, disturbed Theobald's emendation. STEVENS.

Heir in our author's time (as it sometimes is now) was applied to females, as well as males. The old copy reads—*And heir*. The correction was made in the third folio. MALONE.

⁹ *Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.*] Thus Dryden:
"Madness laughing in his ireful mood."

Again, Gray:

"Moody madness, laughing, wild," HENLEY.

Mood is anger or resentment. MALONE.

² ——— *in our quality* ———] Our *quality* means our profession, calling, or condition of life. Thus in Massinger's *Roman Actor*, Arctinus says to Paris the tragedian:

"In thee, as being chief of thy profession,

"I do accuse the *quality* of treason:"

that is, the whole profession or fraternity.

Hamlet, speaking of the young players, says, "will they pursue the *quality* no longer than they can sing?" &c. &c. M. MASON.

1 *OUT.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *OUT.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

VAL. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.³

3 *OUT.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

PRO. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falshood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,⁴

³ — no outrages

[*On silly women, or poor passengers.*] This was one of the rules of Robin Hood's government. STEVENS.

⁴ — sudden quips,] That is, hasty passionate reproaches and scoffs. So Macbeth is in a kindred sense said to be *sudden*; that is, irascible and impetuous. JOHNSON.

The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
 Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
 The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
 But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
 And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, and Musicians.

THU. How now, fir Proteus? are you crept before us?

PRO. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go.^s

THU. Ay, but, I hope, fir, that you love not here.

PRO. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

THU. Whom? Silvia?

PRO. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

THU. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen, Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, at a distance; and JULIA in boy's clothes.

HOS. Now, my young guest! methinks you're allicholly; I pray you, why is it?

JUL. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

HOS. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear musick, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

The same expression is used by Dr. Wilson in his *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553: "And make him at his wit's end through the sudden quip." MALONE.

^s — you know, that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go.] Kindness will creep where it cannot gang, is to be found in Kelly's Collection of Scottish Proverbs, p. 226. REED.

JUL. But shall I hear him speak?

HOSR. Ay, that you shall.

JUL. That will be musick.

[*Musick plays.*]

HOSR. Hark! hark!

JUL. Is he among these?

HOSR. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

S O N G.

Who is Silvia? what is she,

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heavens such grace did lend her,⁶

That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness:⁷

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness;

And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing,

Upon the dull earth dwelling:

To her let us garlands bring.

⁶ *Who is Silvia? what is she, &c.*—

The heavens such grace did lend her,] So, in *Pericles*:

“ So buxom, blithe, and full of face,

“ As heaven had lent her all his grace.” DOUCE.

⁷ — *beauty lives with kindness*:] Beauty without kindness dies unenjoyed, and undelighting. JOHNSON.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?

How do you, man? the musick likes you not.

JUL. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

JUL. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

JUL. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

JUL. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in musick.

JUL. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the musick!

JUL. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

JUL. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick^s.

JUL. Where is Launce?

^s ——— out of all nick.] Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies.

WARBURTON.

So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

“ ——— I have carried

“ The tallies at my girdle seven years together,

“ For I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick*.”

As it is an inn-keeper who employs the allusion, it is much in character. STEEVENS.

HOSY. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

JUL. Peace! stand aside; the company parts.

PRO. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead, That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

THU. Where meet we?

PRO. At faint Gregory's well.

THU. Farewell. [*Exeunt THURIO and Musicians.*]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

PRO. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

SIL. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen: Who is that, that spake?

PRO. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

SIL. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

PRO. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

SIL. What is your will?

PRO. That I may compass yours.

SIL. You have your wish; my will is even this,⁹—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,

⁹ *You have your wish; my will is even this,*] The word *will* is here ambiguous. He wishes to *gain* her *will*: she tells him, if he *wants* her *will* he has it. JOHNSON.

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

PRO. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;
But she is dead.

JUL. 'Twere false, if I should speak it ;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. [*Aside.*]

SIL. Say, that she be ; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd : And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy ?

PRO. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

SIL. And so, suppose, am I ; for in his grave^a
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

PRO. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

SIL. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence ;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

JUL. He heard not that. [*Aside.*]

PRO. Madam, if your heart be so obdúrate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber ;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep :
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

JUL. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, de-
ceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*]

SIL. I am very loth to be your idol, sir ;

^a ——— in his grave —] The old copy has — her grave. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

But, since your falshood shall become you well³
 To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
 Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
 And so, good rest.

PRO. As wretches have o'er-night,
 That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS; and SILVIA, from above.]

JUL. Host, will you go?

HOST. By my hallidom,⁴ I was fast asleep.

³ *But, since your falshood shall become you well—*] This is hardly sense. We may read, with very little alteration,

“ But since you're false, it shall become you well.”

JOHNSON.

There is no occasion for any alteration, if we only suppose that it is understood here, as in several other places:

“ But, since your falshood, shall become you well

“ To worship shadows and adore false shapes,”

i. e. But, since your falshood, it shall become you well, &c.

Or indeed, in this place, *To worship shadows*, &c. may be considered as the nominative case to *shall become*. TYRWHITT.

“ I am very loth, says Silvia, to be your idol; but since your falshood to your friend and mistress will become you to worship shadows, and adore false shapes (i. e. will be properly employed in so doing), send to me, and you shall have my picture.” RITSON.

I once had a better opinion of the alteration proposed by Dr. Johnson than I have at present. I now believe the text is right, and that our author means, however licentious the expression,— But, since your falshood well becomes, or is well suited to, the worshipping of shadows, and the adoring of false shapes, send to me in the morning for my picture, &c. Or, in other words, But, since the worshipping of shadows and the adoring of false shapes shall well become you, false as you are, send, &c. *To worship shadows*, &c. I consider as the objective case, as well as you. There are other instances in these plays of a double accusative depending on the same verb. I have therefore followed the punctuation of the old copy, and not placed a comma after *falshood*, as in the modern editions. *Since* is, I think, here an adverb, not a preposition. MALONE.

⁴ *By my hallidom,*] i. e. my sentence at the general resurrection; or, as I hope to be saved: haligdom, Saxon. RITSON.

JUL. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

HOSR. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.

JUL. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGL. This is the hour that madam Silvia Entreated me to call, and know her mind; There's some great matter she'd employ me in.— Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

SIL. Who calls?

EGL. Your servant, and your friend; One that attends your ladyship's command.

SIL. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

EGL. As many, worthy lady, to yourself. According to your ladyship's impose,⁶ I am thus early come, to know what service It is your pleasure to command me in.

SIL. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,

⁵ — *most heaviest.*] This use of the double superlative is frequent in our author. So, in *King Lear*, Act II. sc. iii:

“ To take the basest and most poorest shape.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *your ladyship's impose.*] *Impose* is *injunction, command.* A talk set at college, in consequence of a fault, is still called an *imposition.* STEEVENS.

(Think not, I flatter, for, I swear, I do not,)
 Valiant, wise, remorseful,⁶ well accomplish'd.
 Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
 I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
 Nor how my father would enforce me marry
 Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
 Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
 No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
 As when thy lady and thy true love died,
 Upon whose grave thou vow'd'st pure chastity.⁷
 Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
 To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
 And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
 I do desire thy worthy company,
 Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
 Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
 But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
 And on the justice of my flying hence,
 To keep me from a most unholy match,
 Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.

⁶ ——— remorseful.] *Remorseful* is pitiful. So, in *The Maid Metamorphosis* by Lyly, 1600:

“ Provokes my mind to take *remorse* of thee.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 2d book of Homer's *Iliad*, 1598:

“ Descend on our long-toyled host with thy *remorseful eye*.”
 STEEVENS.

⁷ *Upon whose grave thou vow'd'st pure chastity.*] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. In Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, page 1013, there is the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity made by a widow. It seems that, besides observing the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil and a mourning habit. Some such distinction we may suppose to have been made in respect of male votarists; and therefore this circumstance might inform the players how sir Eglamour should be dress'd; and will account for Silvia's having chosen him as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her own character. STEEVENS.

I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

EGL. Madam, I pity much your grievances;[†]
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little[‡] what betideth me,
As much I wish all good besortune you.
When will you go?

SIL. This evening coming.

EGL. Where shall I meet you?

SIL. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

EGL. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

SIL. Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same.

Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him,
look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a
puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three
or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I

[†] — *grievances*;] Sorrows, sorrowful affections. JOHNSON.

[‡] *Recking as little*—] To *reck* is to care for. So, in *Hamlet*:
“ And *recks* not his own read.”

Both Chaucer and Spenser use this word with the same signifi-
cation. STEVENS.

have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself² in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog³ indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while,⁴ but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs:⁵ *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of*. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would

² — keep himself—] i. e. restrain himself. STEVENS.

³ — to be a dog—] I believe we should read.—*I would have*, &c. *one that takes upon him to be a dog*, to be a dog indeed, to be, &c. JOHNSON.

⁴ — a pissing while,] This expression is used in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*: “—have patience but a *issing while*.” It appears from Ray's Collection, that it is proverbial. STEVENS.

⁵ *The fellow that whips the dogs:*] This appears to have been part of the office of an *usher of the table*. So, in *Mucedorus*:

“—I'll prove my office good: for look you, &c.—When a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a *whip* I give him good time of the day, and strew rushes presently.” STEVENS.

do this for their servant?⁶ Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia;⁷ did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

PRO. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

JUL. In what you please;—I will do what I can.

PRO. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whore-
son peasant? [To LAUNCE.
Where have you been these two days loitering?

LAUN. Marry, sir, I carry'd mistress Silvia the
dog you bade me.

⁶ — their servant?] The old copy reads—his servant?

STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁷ — madam Silvia;] Perhaps we should read of madam Julia.
It was Julia only of whom a formal leave could have been taken.

STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, without any necessity I think, reads—Julia;
"alluding to the leave his master and he took when they left Verona." But it appears from a former scene, (as Mr. Heath has observed,) that Launce was not present when Proteus and Julia parted. Launce on the other hand has just taken leave of, i. e. parted from, (for that is all that is meant) madam Silvia.

MALONE.

Though Launce was not present when Julia and Proteus parted, it by no means follows that he and Crab had not likewise their audience of leave. RITSON.

PRO. And what says she to my little jewel?

LAUN. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

PRO. But she receiv'd my dog?

LAUN. No, indeed, she did not: here have I brought him back again.

PRO. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

LAUN. Ay, sir; the other squirrel⁸ was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

PRO. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again, Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say; Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end,⁹ turns me to shame.

[Exit LAUNCE.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt;

⁸ — the other squirrel, &c.] Sir. T. Hanmer reads—"the other, *Squirrel*," &c. and consequently makes *Squirrel* the proper name of the beast. Perhaps Launce only speaks of it as a diminutive animal, more resembling a *squirrel* in size, than a dog.

STEVENS.

The subsequent words,— "who is a dog as big as ten of yours," shew that Mr. Stevens's interpretation is the true one. MALONE.

⁹ — an end,] i. e. *in the end*, at the conclusion of every business he undertakes. STEVENS.

Still an end, and *most an end*, are vulgar expressions, and mean commonly, generally. So, in Maffinger's *Very Woman*, a Citizen asks the Master, who had slaves to sell, "What will that girl do?" To which he replies:

"—sure no harm at all, fir,

"For she sleeps *most an end*." M. MARON.

But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
 Which (if my augury deceive me not,
 Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
 Therefore know thou,² for this I entertain thee.
 Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
 Deliver it to madam Silvia:
 She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.³

JUL. It seems, you lov'd her not, to leave her
 token:⁴

She's dead, belike.⁵

² ——— know thou,] The old copy has—*shee*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

³ *She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.*] i. e. She, *who* delivered it to me, lov'd me well. MALONE.

⁴ *It seems, you lov'd her not, to leave her token:*] Proteus does not properly leave his lady's token, he gives it away. The old edition has it:

“ It seems you lov'd her not, *not* leave her token.”

I should correct it thus:

“ It seems you lov'd her not, *nor* *love* her token.”

JOHNSON.

The emendation was made in the second folio. MALONE.

Johnson, not recollecting the force of the word *leave*, proposes an amendment of this passage, but that is unnecessary; for, in the language of the time, to *leave* means to *part with*, or *give away*. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Portia, speaking of the ring she gave Bassanio, says,

“ ——— and here he stands;

“ I dare be sworn for him, he would not *leave* it,

“ Or pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

“ That the world masters.”

And Bassanio says, in a subsequent scene:

“ If you did know to whom I gave the ring, &c.

“ And how unwillingly I *left* the ring,

“ You would abate the strength of your displeasure.”

M. MASON.

To *leave*, is used with equal licence, in a former scene, for to *traff*. “ I *leave* to be,” &c. MALONE.

⁵ *She's dead, belike.*] This is said in reference to what Proteus had asserted to Silvia in a former scene; viz. that both *Julia* and *Valentine* were dead. STEVENS.

PRO. Not so; I think, she lives.

JUL. Alas!

PRO. Why dost thou cry, alas?

JUL. I cannot choose but pity her.

PRO. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

JUL. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

PRO. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit* PROTEUS.]

JUL. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.⁵

⁵ *To carry that, which I would have refus'd; &c.*] The sense is, to go and present that which I wish to be not accepted, to praise him whom I wish to be dispraised. JOHNSON.

I am my master's true confirmed love ;
 But cannot be true servant to my master,
 Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
 Yet will I woo for him ; but yet so coldly,
 As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you, be my mean
 To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

SIL. What would you with her, if that I be she ?

JUL. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
 To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

SIL. From whom ?

JUL. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

SIL. O !—he sends you for a picture ?

JUL. Ay, madam.

SIL. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[Picture brought.]

Go, give your master this : tell him from me,
 One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
 Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

JUL. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
 Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvis'd
 Deliver'd you a paper that I should not ;
 This is the letter to your ladyship.

SIL. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

JUL. It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

SIL. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines :
 I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
 And full of new-found oaths ; which he will break,
 As easily as I do tear his paper.

JUL. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

SIL. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

JUL. She thanks you.

SIL. What say'st thou?

JUL. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

SIL. Dost thou know her?

JUL. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept an hundred several times.

SIL. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook
her.

JUL. I think she doth; and that's her cause of
sorrow.

SIL. Is she not passing fair?

JUL. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,⁶
That now she is become as black as I.

⁶ *And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,*] The colour of a part *pinched*, is livid, as it is commonly termed, *black and blue*. The weather may therefore be justly said to *pinch* when it produces the same visible effect. I believe this is the reason why the cold is said to *pinch*. JOHNSON.

Cleopatra says of herself:

“ — think on me,

“ That am with Phoebus' amorous *pinches* black.”

STEVENS.

SIL. How tall was she?'

JUL. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgement,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,⁸
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;⁹

⁷ Sil. *How tall was she?*] We should read—"How tall is she?"
For that is evidently the question which Silvia means to ask.

⁸ — *weep a-good,*] i. e. in good earnest. *Tout de bon. Fr.*
RITSON.
STEVENS.

So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"And therewithal their knees have rankled so,
"That I have laugh'd a-good." MALONE.

⁹ — *'twas Ariadne, passioning*

For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;] The history of this twice-deserted lady is too well known to need an introduction here; nor is the reader interrupted on the business of Shakspeare: but I find it difficult to refrain from making a note the vehicle for a conjecture which I may have no better opportunity of communicating to the public.—The subject of a picture of Guido (commonly supposed to be Ariadne deserted by Theseus and courted by Bacchus) may possibly have been hitherto mistaken. Whoever will examine the fabulous history critically, as well as the performance itself, will acquiesce in the truth of the remark. Ovid, in his *Fabii*, tells us, that Bacchus (who left Ariadne to go on his Indian expedition) found too many charms in the daughter of one of the kings of that country.

"Interea Liber deponos crinibus Indos

"Vincit, et Eoo dives ab orbe redit.

"Inter captivas facit præstante puellas

"Grata nimis Baccho filia regis erat.

"Flebat amans conjux, spatiatæque littore curvo

"Edidit incultis talia verba sonis.

Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

SIL. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [Exit SILVIA.

JUL. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you
know her.—

“ Quid me desertis perituram, Liber, arenis
“ Servabas? potui dedoluisse semel.—
“ Ausus es ante oculos, adducta pellice, nostros
“ Tam bene compositum sollicitare torum,” &c.

Ovid. *Fast.* l. iii. v. 465.

In this picture he appears as if just returned from India, bringing with him his new favourite, who hangs on his arm, and whose presence only causes those emotions so visible in the countenance of Ariadne, who had been hitherto represented on this occasion:—

“ ——— as passioning

“ For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight.”

From this painting a plate was engraved by Giacomo Freij, which is generally a companion to the Aurora of the same master. The print is so common, that the curious may easily satisfy themselves concerning the propriety of a remark which has intruded itself among the notes on Shakspeare.

To passion is used as a verb, by writers contemporary with Shakspeare. In *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, printed 1598, we meet with the same expression:

“ ——— what, art thou *passioning* over the picture of Cleantes?”

Again, in *Eliofso Libidinoso*, a novel, by John Hinde, 1606:

“ ——— if thou gaze on a picture, thou must, with Pigmalion, be *passionate*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. 2:

“ Some argument of matter *passioned*.” STERVENB.

——— [*sees Ariadne, passioning* ———] On her being deserted by Theseus in the night, and left on the Island of Naxos.

MALONE.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
 I hope, my master's suit will be but cold,
 Since she respects my mistress' love so much.³
 Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
 Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
 If I had such a tire, this face of mine
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.⁴

³ — my mistress' love so much.] She had in her preceding speech called Julia *her mistress*; but it is odd enough that she should thus describe herself, when she is *alone*. Sir T. Hanmer reads—"his mistress;" but without necessity. Our author knew that his audience considered the disguised Julia in the present scene as a page to Proteus, and this, I believe, and the love of antithesis, produced the expression. MALONE.

⁴ I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.] It should be remembered, that false hair was worn by the ladies, long before *wigs* were in fashion. These false coverings, however, were called *periwigs*. So, in *Northward Ho*, 1607: "There is a new trade come up for craft gentlewomen, of *perriwig-making*: let your wife set up in the Strand." "*Periwicks*," however, are mentioned by Churchyard in one of his earliest poems. STEVENS.

See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. sc. iii: "—and her hair shall be of what colour it please God."—and *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. sc. ii:

"So are crisped snaky golden locks," &c.

Again, in *The Honestie of this age, proving by good circumstance that the world was never honest till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615: "My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crownes, to bestowe upon some new-fashioned attire;—upon such artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, 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 forty years 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 wear them

Her eyes are grey as glass;⁵ and so are mine:
 Ay, but her forehead's low,⁶ and mine's as high.
 What should it be, that he respects in her,
 But I can make respective⁷ in myself,
 If this fond love were not a blinded god?
 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.⁸

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 years would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them." MALONE.

⁵ *Her eyes are grey as glass;*] So Chaucer, in the character of his Prioreſs:

" Ful ſemelý hire wimple y-pinched was;

" Hire noſt tretis; hire *eyen grey as glas.*" THEOBALD.

⁶ — *her forehead's low,*] A high forehead was in our author's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful. So, in *The History of Guy of Warwick*, " Felice his lady" is ſaid to " have the ſame high forehead as Venus." JOHNSON.

⁷ — *pective* —] i. e. *reſpectable*. STEVENS.

⁸ *My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead*] It would be eaſy to read, with no more roughneſs than is found in many lines of Shakſpeare:

" — ſhould be a ſtatue in thy ſtead."

The ſenſe, as Mr. Edwards obſerves, is, " He ſhould have my ſubſtance as a *ſtatue*, inſtead of thee [the picture], who art a ſenſeleſs form." This word, however, is uſed without the article *a* in Maſſinger's *Great Duke of Florence*:

" — it was your beauty

" That turn'd me *ſtatue*."

And again, in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the 4th *Æneid*:

" And Trojan *ſtatue* throw into the flame."

Again, in Dryden's *Don Sebaſtian*:

" — try the virtue of that Gorgon face,

" To ſtare me into *ſtatue*." STEVENS.

Stevens has clearly proved that this paſſage requires no amendment; but it appears from hence, and a paſſage in Maſſinger, that

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,⁹
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit.*]

the word *statue* was formerly used to express a *portrait*. Julia is here addressing herself to a *picture*; and in the *City Madam*, the young ladies are supposed to take leave of the *statues* of their lovers, as they style them, though Sir John, at the beginning of the scene, calls them *pictures*, and describes them afterwards as nothing but superficies, colours, and no substance. M. MASON.

— statue —] *Statue* here, I think, should be written *statua*, and pronounced as it generally, if not always, was in our author's time, a word of three syllables. It being the first time this word occurs, I take the opportunity of observing that alterations have been often improperly made in the text of Shakspeare, by supposing *statue* to be intended by him for a disyllable. Thus in *King Richard III.* Act III. sc. vii:

“ But like dumb *statues* or breathing stones.”

Mr. Rowe has unnecessarily changed *breathing* to *subbreathing*, for a supposed defect in the metre, to an actual violation of the *ferula*.

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act II. sc. ii:

“ She dreamt to-night she saw my *statue*.”

Here, to fill up the line, Mr. Capell adds the name of Decius, and the last editor, deserting his usual caution, has improperly changed the regulation of the whole passage.

Again, in the same play, Act III. sc. ii:

“ Even at the base of Pompey's *statue*.”

In this line, however, the true mode of pronouncing the word is suggested by the last editor, who quotes a very sufficient authority for his conjecture. From authors of the times it would not be difficult to fill whole pages with instances to prove that *statue* was at that period a trisyllable. Many authors spell it in that manner. On so clear a point the first proof which occurs is enough. Take the following from *Bacon's Advancement of Learning*, 4to. 1633: “ It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statues* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no nor of the kings or great personages of much later years,” &c. p. 88. Again, “ — without which the history of the world seemeth to be as the *Statua* of Polyphemus with his eye out,” &c. REED.

⁹ — your unseeing eyes,] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Thou hast no *speculation* in those eyes—.” STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGL. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, should meet me.*
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes: Lady, a happy evening.

SIL. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

EGL. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough.† [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

THU. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

PRO. O, fir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

THU. What, that my leg is too long?

PRO. No; that it is too little.

* *That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, should meet me.*] The old copy redundantly reads: "— friar Patrick's cell—". But the omission of this title is justified by a passage in the next scene, where the Duke says—" At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not."

† — sure enough.] *Sure is safe, out of danger.* JOHNSON. STEVENS.

THU. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder,

PRO. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

THU. What says she to my face?

PRO. She says, it is a fair one.

THU. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

PRO. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.²

JUL. 'Tis true,³ such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*]

THU. How likes she my discourse?

PRO. Ill, when you talk of war.

THU. But well, when I discourse of love, and peace?

JUL. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*]

THU. What says she to my valour?

PRO. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

JUL. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*]

THU. What says she to my birth?

PRO. That you are well deriv'd.

JUL. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*]

THU. Considers she my possessions?

² Black men are pearls, &c.] So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

“ — a black complexion

“ Is always precious in a woman's eye.”

Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*:

“ — but to make every black slovenly cloud a pearl in bereye.”

STEEVENS,

“ A black man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye,” is one of Ray's proverbial sentences. MALONE.

³ Jul. 'Tis true, &c.] This speech, which certainly belongs to Julia, is given in the old copy to Thurio. Mr. Rowe restored it to its proper owner. STEEVENS.

PRO. O, ay; and pities them.

THU. Wherefore?

JUL. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*]

PRO. That they are out by lease.⁴

JUL. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

DUKE. How now, fir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw fir Eglamour⁵ of late?

THU. Not I.

PRO. Nor I.

DUKE. Saw you my daughter?

PRO. Neither.

DUKE. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant
Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:

⁴ *That they are out by lease.*] I suppose he means, because Thurio's folly has let them on disadvantageous terms. STEVENS.

She pities fir Thurio's possessions, because they are let to others, and are not in his own dear hands. This appears to me to be the meaning of it. M. MASON.

"By Thurio's *possessions*, he himself understands his lands and estate. But Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative sense, as signifying his *mental endowments*: and when he says they are *out by lease*, he means they are no longer enjoyed by their master (who is a fool,) but are leased out to another." *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEVENS.

⁵ — Sir Eglamour —] *Sir*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
 But mount you presently; and meet with me
 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
 That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
 Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*]

THU. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,⁶
 That flies her fortune when it follows her:
 I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia.⁷ [*Exit.*]

PRO. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
 Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*]

JUL. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
 Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.

Enter SILVIA, and Out-laws.

OUT. Come, come;
 Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

SIL. A thousand more mischances than this one
 Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 OUT. Come, bring her away.

1 OUT. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 OUT. Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,
 But Moyfes, and Valerius, follow him.
 Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,

⁶ — a peevish girl,] *Peevish*, in ancient language, signifies foolish. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

“To send such peevish tokens to a king.” STEVENS.

⁷ — reckless Silvia,] i. e. careless, heedless. So, in *Hamlet*:

“—like a puff'd and reckless libertine.” STEVENS.

There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

I *Out*. Come, I must bring you to our captain's
cave:

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

SIL. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

VAL. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.⁶
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Left, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!⁷

⁶ ——— record my woes.] To record anciently signified to sing.
So, in the *Pilgrim*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ——— O sweet, sweet! how the birds record too?”

Again, in a pastoral, by N. Breton, published in *England's Helicon*,
1614:

“ Sweet Philomel, the bird that hath the heavenly throat,
“ Doth now, alas! not once afford recording of a note.”

Again, in another *Dittie*, by Tho. Watson, *ibid*:

“ Now birds record with harmonic.”

Sir John Hawkins informs me, that to record is a term still used
by bird-fanciers, to express the first essays of a bird in singing.

STEVENS.

⁷ O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Left, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!] It is hardly possible to

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
 What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
 Have some unhappy passenger in chace:
 They love me well; yet I have much to do,
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.
 Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?
[Steps aside.]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

PRO. Madam, this service I have done for you,
 (Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
 To hazard life, and rescue you from him
 That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
 Vouchsafe me, for my meed,⁸ but one fair look;
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
 And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

VAL. How like a dream is this I see and he
 Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*]

SIL. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

PRO. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
 But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

point out four lines, in any of the plays of Shakspeare, more remarkable for ease and elegance. STEEVENS.

And leave no memory of what it was!] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*:

“ And leave no memory that e'er I was.” RITSON.

⁸ — my meed,] i. e. reward. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“ ——— thanks, to men

“ Of noble minds, is honourable meed.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575:

“ O Christ! that I were sure of it! in faith he should have his meed.”

See also Spenser, and almost every writer of the times. REED.

SIL. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

JUL. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*]

SIL. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be,)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

PRO. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,⁹
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

SIL. When Proteus cannot love where he's
belov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou had'st two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

PRO. In love,
Who respects friend?

SIL. All men but Proteus.

PRO. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

⁹ — and still approv'd,] *Approv'd* is felt, experienced.

SIL. O heaven!

PRO. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

VAL. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

PRO. Valentine!

VAL. Thou common friend, that's without faith
or love;²

(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand³
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest:⁴ O time, most
curst!

'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

² ——— that's without faith or love; } That's is perhaps here used,
not for *who is*, but for *id est*, that is to say. MALONE.

³ Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand—] The word
now is wanting in the first folio. STEVENS.

The second folio, to complete the metre, reads:

“ Who shall be trusted now, when one's right hand,—”

The addition, like all those made in that copy, appears to
have been merely arbitrary; and the modern word [*own*, which
was introduced by Sir T. Hamner] is, in my opinion, more likely
to have been the author's than the other. MALONE.

What! “all at one fell swoop!” are they all arbitrary, when
Mr. Malone has honoured so many of them with a place in his text?
Being completely satisfied with the reading of the second folio, I
have followed it. STEVENS.

⁴ The private wound, &c.] I have a little mended the measure.
The old edition, and all but Sir T. Hamner's, read:

“ The private wound is deepest: O time most accur'd.”

JOHNSON.

Deepest, highest, and other similar words, were sometimes used
by the poets of Shakspeare's age as monosyllables.

PRO. My shame and guilt confounds me.—
 Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
 Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
 I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
 As e'er I did commit.

VAL. Then I am paid;
 And once again I do receive thee honest:—
 Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
 Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
 By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—
 And, that my love may appear plain and free,
 All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.³

So, in our poet's 133d Sonnet:

“But slave to slavery my *sweetest* friend must be.” MALONE.

Perhaps our author only wrote—“*sweet*,” which the transcriber, or printer, prolonged into the superlative—“*sweetest*.” STEEVENS.

³ *All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.*] It is (I think) very odd, to give up his mistress thus at once, without any reason alledged. But our author probably followed the stories just as he found them in his novels as well as histories. POPE.

This passage either hath been much sophisticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shakspeare; for it is impossible he could make Valentine act and speak so much out of character, or give to Silvia so unnatural a behaviour, as to take no notice of this strange concession, if it had been made.

HANMER.

Valentine, from seeing *Silvia* in the company of Proteus, might conceive she had escaped with him from her father's court, for the purposes of love, though she could not foresee the violence which his villainy might offer, after he had seduced her under the pretence of an honest passion. If Valentine, however, be supposed to hear all that passed between them in this scene, I am afraid I have only to subscribe to the opinions of my predecessors. STEEVENS.

—*I give thee.*] Transfer these two lines to the end of Thurio's speech in page 287, and all is right. Why then should Julia faint? It is only an artifice, seeing *Silvia* given up to Valentine, to discover herself to Proteus, by a pretended mistake of the rings. One great fault of this play is the hastening too abruptly, and without due preparation, to the denouement, which shews that, if it be Shakspeare's (which I cannot doubt,) it was one of his very early performances. BLACKSTONE.

JUL. O me, unhappy! [Faints.]

PRO. Look to the boy.

VAL. Why, boy! why wag! how now? what is the matter?

Look up; speak.

JUL. O good fir, my master charg'd me To deliver a ring to madam Silvia; ⁴ Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

PRO. Where is that ring, boy?

JUL. Here 'tis: this is it. [Gives a ring.]

PRO. How! let me see: ⁵

Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

JUL. O, cry you mercy, fir, I have mistook; This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[Shows another ring.]

PRO. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart,

I gave this unto Julia.

JUL. And Julia herself did give it me; And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

PRO. How! Julia!

JUL. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths, ⁶

⁴ To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia;] Surely our author wrote— "To give a ring," &c. A verse so rugged must be one of those corrupted by the players, or their transcriber. STEEVENS.

⁵ Pro. How! let me see: &c.] I suspect that this unmetrical passage should be regulated as follows:

Pro. How! let me see it: Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. 'Cry you mercy', fir, I have mistook: this is the ring you sent To Silvia.

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this?

At my depart, I gave this unto Julia. STEEVENS.

⁶ Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,] So, in *Titus Andronicus*, Act V. sc. iii:

"But gentle people, give me aim a while."

And entertain'd them deeply in her heart :
 How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root ?⁶
 O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush !
 Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
 Such an immodest rayment ; if shame live⁷
 In a disguise of love :
 It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
 Women to change their shapes, than men their
 minds.

PRO. Than men their minds ! 'tis true : O heaven!
 were man

But constant, he were perfect : that one error
 Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all
 sins :

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins :
 What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
 More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye ?

VAL. Come, come, a hand from either :
 Let me be blest to make this happy close ;
 'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

PRO. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for
 ever.

JUL. And I have mine.⁸

Both these passages allude to the *ain-crier* in aschery. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. Sc. ii : " — all my neighbours shall cry *ain*." See note, *ibid.* STEEVENS.

⁶ *How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*cleft the root on't.* JOHNSON.

—*cleft the root?*] i. e. of her heart. MARONE.

⁷ —*if shame live*—] That is, *if it be any shame to wear a disguise for the purposes of love.* JOHNSON.

⁸ *And I have mine.*] The old copy reads—

" And I mine."

I have inserted the word *have*, which is necessary to metre, by the advice of Mr. Ritson. STEEVENS.

Enter Out-laws, with DUKE and THURIO.

OUT. A prize, a prize, a prize!

VAL. Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.¹
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

DUKE. Sir Valentine!

THU. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

VAL. Thurio give back, or else embrace thy
death;

Come not within the measure² of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee.³ Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

THU. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

DUKE. The more degenerate and base art thou,

¹ Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.] The old copy, without regard to metre, repeats the word *forbear*, which is here omitted.

STEVENS.

² — the measure.—] The length of my sword, the reach of my anger. JOHNSON.

³ Milan shall not behold thee.] All the editions—*Verona shall not behold thee*. But, whether through the mistake of the first editors, or the poet's own carelessness, this reading is absurdly faulty. For the threat here is to Thurio, who is a Milanese; and has no concern, as it appears, with Verona. Besides, the scene is betwixt the confines of Milan and Mantua, to which Silvia follows Valentine, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon these circumstances, I ventured to adjust the text, as I imagine the poet must have intended; i. e. Milan, thy country shall never see thee again: thou shalt never live to go back thither.

FERGUSON.

To make such means for her as thou hast done,⁴
 And leave her on such slight conditions.—
 Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
 I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
 And think thee worthy of an empress' love.⁵
 Know then, I here forget all former griefs,⁶
 Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
 Plead a new state⁷ in thy unrival'd merit,
 To which I thus subscribe,—sir Valentine,
 Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
 Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

VAL. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
 happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
 To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

DUKE. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

VAL. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
 Are men endued with worthy qualities;
 Forgive them what they have committed here,
 And let them be recall'd from their exile:
 They are reformed, civil, full of good,
 And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

DUKE. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them, and
 thee;

⁴ To make such means for her as thou hast done,] i. e. to make such interest for, to take such disingenuous pains about her. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ One that made means to come by what he hath.”

STEVENS.

⁵ And think thee worthy of an empress' love.] This thought has already occurred in the fourth scene of the second act:

“ He is as worthy for an empress' love.” STEVENS.

⁶ — all former griefs,] Griefs in old language frequently signified grievances, wrongs. MALONE.

⁷ Plead a new state—] Should not this begin a new sentence? Plead is the same as plead thou. TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's direction. STEVENS.

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars⁸
With triumphs,⁹ mirth, and rare solemnity.

VAL. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

DUKE. I think the boy hath grace in him; he
blushes.

VAL. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than
boy.

DUKE. What mean you by that saying?

VAL. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortun'd.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*²

⁸ — include *all jars* —] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads—*conclude*.

JOHNSON.

To *include* is to *shut up*, to *conclude*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — and *shut up*

“ In measureless content.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. ix:

“ And for to *shut up* all in friendly love.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *With triumphs*,] *Triumphs* in this and many other passages of Shakspeare, signify Masques and Revels, &c. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

“ With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comic shows.”

STEEVENS.

² In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just; but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture; and, if we

may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakspeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that Shakspeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest. JOHNSON.

Johnson's general remarks on this play are just, except that part in which he arraigns the conduct of the poet, for making Proteus say, that he had only seen the picture of Silvia, when it appears that he had had a personal interview with her. This, however, is not a blunder of Shakspeare's, but a mistake of Johnson's, who considers the passage alluded to in a more literal sense than the author intended it. Sir Proteus, it is true, had seen Silvia for a few moments; but though he could form from thence some idea of her person, he was still unacquainted with her temper, manners, and the qualities of her mind. He therefore considers himself as having seen her picture only.—The thought is just, and elegantly expressed.—So, in *The Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveless says to her:

“ I was mad once when I loved pictures;

“ For what are shape and colours else, but pictures?”

M. MASON.

Mr. Ritson's reply to the objections of Mr. Tyrwhitt, was not only too long to appear in its proper place, but was communicated too late to follow the note on which it is founded. STEEVENS.

Pro. O, how this spring of love resembleth, &c. pp. 191, 192, 193.

The learned and respectable writer of these observations is now unfortunately no more; but his opinions will not on that account have less influence with the readers of Shakspeare: I am therefore still at liberty to enforce the justice and propriety of my own sentiments, which I trust I shall be found to do with all possible delicacy and respect toward the memory and character of the truly ingenious gentleman from whom I have the misfortune to differ. I humbly conceive that, upon more mature consideration, Mr. Tyrwhitt would have admitted, that, if the proposed method of printing the words in question were once proved to be right, it would be of little consequence whether the discovery had ever been “ adopted before,” or could “ be followed in the pronunciation of them, without the help of an entire new system of spelling:”

which, in fact, is the very object I mean to contend for; or rather for a system of spelling, as I am perfectly confident we have none at present, or at least I have never been able to find it. We are not to regard the current or fashionable orthography of the day, as the result of an enquiry into the subject by men of learning and genius; but rather as the mechanical or capricious efforts of writers and printers to express by letters, according to their ear, the vulgar speech of the country, just as travelers attempt that of the Chick-saws or Cherokees, without the assistance of grammar, and utterly ignorant or regardless of consistency, principle, or system. This was the case in Caxton's time, when a word was spelled almost as many different ways as it contained letters, and is no otherwise at this day; and, perhaps, the prejudices of education and habit, even in minds sufficiently expanded and vigorous on other subjects, will always prevent a reform, which it were to be wished was necessary to objects of no higher importance. Whether what I call the *right method* of printing these words be "such as was never adopted before by any mortal," or not, does not seem of much consequence; for, reasoning from principle and not precedent, I am by no means anxious to avail myself of the inconsistencies of an age in which even scholars were not always agreed in the orthography of their own name: a sufficient number of instances will, however, occur in the course of this note to shew that the remark was not made with its author's usual deliberation; which I am the rather disposed to believe, from his conceiving that this method could not "be followed in pronunciation;" since were it universally adopted, pronunciation neither would nor possibly could be affected by it in any degree whatever. "Fanciful and unfounded" too as my "supposed canon" may be, I find it laid down in Ben Jonson's *Grammar*, which expressly says that "the second and third person singular of the present are made of the first by adding *est* and *etb*, which last is sometimes shortened into *r*." And afterward, speaking of the first conjugation, he tells us that "it fetcheth the time past from the present by adding *ed*." I shall have reason to think myself peculiarly unfortunate, if, after my hypothesis is "allowed in its utmost extent," it will not prove what it was principally formed to do, *viz.* that Shakspeare has not taken a liberty in extending certain words to suit the purpose of his metre. But, surely, if I prove that he has only given those words as they ought to be written, I prove the whole of my position, which should cease, of course, to be termed or considered an hypothesis. A mathematical problem may, at first sight, appear "fanciful and unfounded" to the ablest mathematician, but his assent is ensured by its demonstration. I may safely admit that the words in question are "more frequently used" by our author's contemporaries, and by himself, "without the additional syllable;" as this will only shew that his contemporaries and himself have "more fre-

quently" taken the liberty of shortening those words, than written them at length. Such a word as *alarm'd*, for instance, is generally, perhaps constantly, used by poets as a disyllable; and yet, if we found it given with its full power *a-larm-ed*, we should scarcely say that the writer had taken the liberty of lengthening it a syllable. Thus too the word *diamond* is usually spoken as if two syllables, but it is certainly three, and is so properly given by Shakspeare:

" Sir, I must have that *diamond* from you."

Hadst is now a monosyllable, but did our author therefore take a liberty in writing *Hadest*?

" Makes ill deeds done. *Hadest* thou not been by."

Not only this word, but *mayest*, *doest*, *doeth*, and the like are uniformly printed in the *bible* as disyllables. Does Butler, to serve his rhyme, stretch out the word *brethren* in the following passage?

" And fierce auxiliary men,

" That came to aid their *brethren*."

Or does he not rather give it, as he found it pronounced, and as it ought to be printed? The word *idly* is still more to the purpose: It is at present a disyllable; what it was in Shakspeare's time may appear from his *Comedy of Errors*, 1623:

" God helpe poore soules how *idly* doe they talk :"

or, indeed, from any other passage in that or the next edition, being constantly printed as a trisyllable. So, again in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, 1609, 1611:

" Both staring fierce, and holding *idly*."

And this orthography, which at once illustrates and supports my system, appears in Shelton's *Don Quixote*, Sir T. Smith's *Commonwealth*, Goulart's *Histories*, Holinshed's *Chronicle*, and numberless other books; and consequently proves that the word was not stretched out by Spenser to suit the purpose of his metre, though I am aware that it is misspelled *idely* in the first edition, which is less correctly printed. But the true and established spelling might have led Mr. Seward and Dr. Farmer to a better reading than *gently*, in the following line of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" For when the west wind courts her *gently*."

Proved, I suppose, is rarely found a disyllable in poetry, if even pronounced as one in prose; but, in the *Articles of Religion*, Oxford, 1728, it is spelled and divided after my own heart: " — whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be *prove-ed* thereby, &c." The words *observation* and *affection* are usually pronounced, the one as consisting of three, the other of four syllables, but each of them is in reality a syllable longer, and is so properly given by our author:

" With *observation*, the which he vents :"

" Yet have I fierce *affections*, and think."

Examples, indeed, of this nature would be endless; I shall therefore content myself with producing one more, from the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood*:

“ You that executors be made,

“ And *overseers* eke.”

In this passage the word *overseers* is evidently and properly used as a quadrisyllable; and, in one black letter copy of the ballad, is accurately printed as such, *overseers*; which, if Shakspeare's orthography should ever be an editor's object, may serve as a guide for the regulation of the following line:

“ That high *all-fer* that I dallied with.”

Of the words quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, as instances of the liberty supposed to have been taken by Shakspeare, those which I admit to be properly a syllable shorter, certainly obtained the same pronunciation in the age of this author which he has annexed to them. Thus *country*, *monstrous*, *remembrance*, *assembly*, were not only pronounced, in his time, the two first as *three*, the other as *four* syllables, but are so still; and the reason, to borrow Mr. Tyrwhitt's words, “ must be obvious to every one who can pronounce the language.” *Henry* was not only usually pronounced, (as indeed it is at present,) but frequently written as a trisyllable; even in prose. Thus in Dr. Hutton's *Discourse on the Antiquities of Oxford*, at the end of Hearne's *Textus Roffensis*, “ King *Henry* the eights colledge.” See, upon this subject, *Wallisi Grammatica*, p. 57. That Mr. Tyrwhitt should have treated the words *angry*, *bumbler*, *nobler*, used as trisyllables, among those which could “ receive no support from the supposed canon,” must have been owing to the obscure or imperfect manner in which I attempted to explain it; as these are, unluckily, some of the identical instances which the canon, if a canon it must be, is purposely made to support, or, rather, by which it is to be supported: an additional proof that Mr. Tyrwhitt, though he might think it proper to reprobate my doctrine as “ fanciful and unfounded,” did not give himself the trouble to understand it. This canon, in short, is nothing but a most plain and simple rule of English grammar, which has, in substance, at least, been repeated over and over:—Every word, compounded upon the principles of the English or Saxon language, always preserves its roots unchanged: a rule which, like all others, may be liable to exceptions, but I am aware of none at present. Thus *bumbler* and *nobler*, for instance, are composed by the adjectives *bumble*, *noble*, and *er*, the sign of the comparative degree; *angry*, of the noun *anger*, and *y* the Saxon adjective termination *ig*. In the use of all these, as trisyllables, Shakspeare is most correct; and that he is no less so in *England*, which used to be pronounced as three syllables, and is so still, indeed, by those who do not acquire the pronunciation of their mother tongue from the books of purblind pedants, who

want themselves the instruction they pretend to give, will be evident from the etymology and division of the word, the *criteria* or touchstones of orthography. Now, let us divide *England* as we please, or as we can, we shall produce neither its roots nor its meaning; for what can one make of the *land* of the *Engs* or the *gland* of the *Ens*? but write it as it ought to be written, and divide it as it ought to be divided, *En-gle-land*, (indeed it will divide itself, for there is no other way) and you will have the sense and derivation of the word, as well as the origin of the nation, at first sight; from the Saxon *Engla lanða*, the *land* or country of the *Engles* or *Angles*: just as *Scotland*, *Ireland*, *Finland*, *Lapland*, which neither ignorance nor pedantry has been able to corrupt, design the country of the *Scot*, the *Ire*, the *Fin*, and the *Lap*: and yet in spite of all sense and reason, about half the words in the language are in the same awkward and absurd predicament, than which nothing can be more distorted and unnatural; as, I am confident it must have appeared to Mr. Tyrwhitt, had he voluntarily turned his attention that way, or actually attempted, what he hastily thought would be very easy, to shew that this “supposed canon was quite fanciful and unfounded;” or, in short, as it will appear to any person, who tries to subject the language to the rules of syllabication, or in plainer English to spell his words; a task which, however useful, and even necessary, no Dictionary-maker has ever dared to attempt, or, at least, found it possible to execute. Indeed, the same kind of objection which Mr. Tyrwhitt has made to my system might be, and, no doubt, has, by superficial readers, been frequently made to *his own*, of inserting the final syllable in the genitives *Penus’s*, *Thefus’s*, *Venus’s*, *ox’s*, *afs’s*, *St. James’s*, *Thomas’s*, *Wallis’s*, &c. and printing, as he has done, *Penuses*, *Thefuses*, *Venuses*, *axes*, *asses*, *St. Jameses*, *Thomases*, *Wallises*; an innovation neither less singular nor more just, than the one I am contending for, in the conjugation, or use in composition, of *resemble*, *wrestle*, *wibble*, *tickle*, &c. But, as I am conscious that *I burn day-light*, so my readers are probably of opinion that *the game is not worth the candle*: I shall, therefore, take the hint; and, to shew how much or little one would have occasion, in adopting my system, to deviate from the orthography at present in use, I beg leave, in the few words I add, to introduce that which, as a considerable easy and lasting improvement, I wish to see established. Tedious, then, as my note has become, and imperfect as I am obliged to leave it, I flatter myself I have completely justified this divinity of authors from the ill founded charge of racking his words, as the tyrant did his captives. I hope too I have, at the same time, made it appear that there is something radically defective and erroneous in the vulgar methods of spelling, or rather misspelling; which requires correction. A lexicographer of eminence and abilities will have it

very much in his power to introduce a systematical reform, which, once established, would remain unvaried and invariable as long as the language endured. This Dr. Johnson might have had the honour of; but, learned and eloquent as he was, I must be permitted to think that a profound knowledge of the etymology, principles, and formation of the language he undertook to explain, was not in the number of those many excellencies for which he will be long and deservedly admired. RITSON.

M E R R Y W I V E S

O F

W I N D S O R . *

* MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.] A few of the incidents in this comedy might have been taken from some old translation of *Il Pecorone* by Giovanni Fiorentino. I have lately met with the same story in a very contemptible performance, intitled, *The fortunate, the deceived, and the unfortunate Lovers*. Of this book, as I am told, there are several impressions; but that in which I read it, was published in 1632, quarto. A somewhat similar story occurs in *Piacevoli Notti di Straparola*, Nott. 4^a. Fav. 4^a.

This comedy was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Jan. 18, 1601, by John Busby. STEEVENS.

This play should be read between *K. Henry IV.* and *K. Henry V.*
JOHNSON.

A passage in the first sketch of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* shews, I think, that it ought rather to be read between *the First* and *the Second Part of King Henry IV.* in the latter of which young Henry becomes king. In the last act, Falstaff says:

"Herne the hunter, quoth you? am I a ghost?"

"'Sblood, the fairies hath made a ghost of me.

"What, hunting at this time of night!

"I'll lay my life the mad prince of Wales

"Is stealing his father's deare."

and in this play, as it now appears, Mr. Page discountenances the addresses of Fenton to his daughter, because "he keeps company with the wild prince, and with Poins."

The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford in WESTWARD FOR SMELTS, a book which Shakspeare appears to have read, (having borrowed from it part of the fable of *Cymbeline*,) probably led him to lay the scene of Falstaff's love-adventures at *Windsor*. It begins thus: "In *Windsor* not long agoe dwelt a sumpterman, who had to wife a very faire but wanton creature, over whom, not without cause, he was something jealous; yet had he never any proof of her infidelity."

The reader who is curious in such matters, may find the story of *The Lovers of Pisa*, mentioned by Dr. Farmer in the following note, at the end of this play. MALONE.

The adventures of *Falstaff* in this play seem to have been taken from the story of *The Lovers of Pisa*, in an old piece, called "*Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie*." Mr. Capell pretended to much knowledge of this sort; and I am sorry that it proved to be only pretension.

Mr. Warton observes, in a note to the last *Oxford* edition, that the play was probably not written, as we now have it, before 1607, at the earliest. I agree with my very ingenious friend in this supposition, but yet the argument here produced for it may not be conclusive. *Slender* observes to master *Page*, that his greyhound

was out-run on Cotfale [*Cotswold-Hills in Gloucestershire*]; and Mr. Warton thinks, that the games, established there by Captain Dover in the beginning of K. James's reign, are alluded to.—But perhaps, though the Captain be celebrated in the *Annalia Dubrenfis* as the founder of them, he might be the reviewer only, or some way contribute to make them more famous; for in *The Second Part of Henry IV.* 1600, Justice Shallow reckons among the *Swinge-bucklers*, “*Will Squeele, a Cotfale man.*”

In the first edition of the imperfect play, *ſir Hugh Evans* is called on the title page, the *Welch Knight*; and yet there are some persons who still affect to believe, that all our author's plays were originally published by *himself*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's opinion is well supported by “An eclogue on the noble assemblies *revised* on Cotswold Hills, by Mr. Robert Dover.” See Randolph's Poems, printed at Oxford, 4to. 1638, p. 114. The hills of *Cotswold*, in *Gloucestershire*, are mentioned in *K. Richard II.* Act II. sc. iii. and by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, ſong 14. STEVENS.

Queen Elizabeth was ſo well pleaſed with the admirable character of Falſtaff in *The Two Parts of Henry IV.* that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, ſhe commanded Shakspeare to continue it for one play more, and to ſhew him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windſor*; which, Mr. Gildon ſays, [*Remarks on Shakspeare's plays*, 8vo. 1710,] he was very well aſſured our author finiſhed in a fortnight. But this muſt be meant only of the firſt imperfect ſketch of this comedy. An old quarto edition which I have ſeen, printed in 1602, ſays, in the title-page,—*As it hath been divers times acted before her majeſty, and elſewhere.* This, which we have here, was altered and improved by the author almoſt in every ſpeech. POPE. THEOBALD.

Mr. Gildon has likewiſe told us, “that our author's houſe at Stratford bordered on the Church-yard, and that he wrote the ſcene of the Ghofſt in *Hamlet* there.” But neither for this, or the aſſertion that the play before us was written in a fortnight, does he quote any authority. The latter circumſtance was firſt mentioned by Mr. Dennis. “This comedy,” ſays he, in his *Epistle Dedicatory to The Comical Gallant*, (an alteration of the preſent play,) 1702, “was written at her [Queen Elizabeth's] command, and by her direction, and ſhe was ſo eager to ſee it acted, that ſhe commanded it to be finiſhed in *fourteen days*; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleaſed at the repreſentation.” The information, it is probable, came originally from Dryden, who from his intimacy with Sir William Davenant had an opportunity of learning many particulars concerning our author.

At what period Shakspeare new-modelled *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is unknown. I believe it was enlarged in 1603. See some conjectures on the subject in the *Attempts to ascertain the order of his plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

It is not generally known, that the first edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, in its present state, is in the valuable folio, printed 1623, from whence the quarto of the same play, dated 1630, was evidently copied. The two earlier quartos, 1602, and 1619, only exhibit this comedy as it was originally written, and are so far curious, as they contain Shakspeare's first conceptions in forming a drama, which is the most complete specimen of his comick powers. T. WARTON.

PERSONS represented.

Sir John Falstaff.

Fenton.

Shallow, *a country Justice.*

Slender, *cousin to Shallow.*

Mr. Ford, } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*

Mr. Page, }

William Page, *a boy, son to Mr. Page.*

Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch parson.*

Dr. Caius, *a French physician.*

Host of the Garter Inn.

Bardolph, }

Pistol, } *followers of Falstaff.*

Nym, }

Robin, *page to Falstaff.*

Simple, *servant to Slender.*

Rugby, *servant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Anne Page, *her daughter, in love with Fenton.*

Mrs. Quickly, *servant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

M E R R Y W I V E S

O F

W I N D S O R.

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

Windfor. *Before Page's House.*

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

SHAL. Sir Hugh^a, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it:³ if he were twenty

^a *Sir Hugh,*] This is the first, of sundry instances in our poet, where a *parson* is called *sir*. Upon which it may be observed, that anciently it was the common designation both of one in holy orders and a knight. Fuller, somewhere in his Church History says, that anciently there were in England more *sirs* than *knights*; and so lately as temp. W. & Mar. in a deposition in the Exchequer in a case of tythes, the witness speaking of the curate, whom he remembered, styles him, *sir Giles*. Vide Gibbon's View of the State of the Churches of Door, Home-Lacy, &c. p. 36.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

Sir is the designation of a Bachelor of Arts in the Universities of Cambridge and Dublin; but is there always annexed to the surname;—*Sir Evans*, &c. In consequence, however, of this, all the inferior Clergy in England were distinguished by this title affixed to their christian name for many centuries. Hence our author's *Sir Hugh* in the present play,—*Sir Topas* in *Twelfth Night*, *Sir Oliver* in *As you like it*, &c. MALONE.

fir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

SLEN. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

SHAL. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum*.⁴

Sir seems to have been a title formerly appropriated to such of the inferior clergy as were only *Readers* of the service, and not admitted to be preachers, and therefore were held in the lowest estimation; as appears from a remarkable passage in Machell's *Mf. Collections for the history of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, in six volumes, folio, preserved in the Dean and Chapter's library at Carlisle. The reverend Thomas Machell, author of the Collections, lived temp. Car. II. Speaking of the little chapel of Martindale in the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, the writer says, "There is little remarkable in or about it, but a neat chapel-yard, which by the peculiar care of the old Reader, *Sir Richard*,* is kept clean, and as neat as a bowling-green."—

* Richard Berket, Reader, *Æt.* 74. *Mf.* note.

"Within the limits of mync own memory all *Readers* in chapels were called *Sirs*,† and of old have been writ so; whence, I suppose, such of the laity as received the noble order of knighthood being called *Sirs* too, for distinction sake had *Knight* writ after them; which had been superfluous, if the title of *Sir* had been peculiar to them. But now this *Sir Richard* is the only *Knight Templar* (if I may so call him) that retains the old style, which in other places is much laid aside, and grown out of use." PERCY.

See Mr. Douce's observations on the title "Sir," (as given to Ecclesiasticks) at the end of Act V.—The length of this curious Memoir obliges me to disjoin it from the page to which it naturally belongs. STEEVENS,

³ ——— a Star-chamber matter of it:] Ben Jonson intimates, that the Star-chamber had a right to take cognizance of such matters. See *The Magnetic Lady*, Act III. sc. iv:

"There is a court above, of the Star-chamber,

"To punish routs and riots." STEEVENS.

⁴ — *Cust-alorum*.] This is, I suppose, intended for a corruption of *Custos Rotulorum*. The mistake was hardly designed by the

† In the margin is a *Mf.* note seemingly in the hand-writing of Bp. Nicholson, who gave these volumes to the library:

"Since I can remember there was not a reader in any chapel but was called *Sir*."

SLEN. Ay, and *rotolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*;⁵ in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

SHAL. Ay, that we do;⁶ and have done⁷ any time these three hundred years.

SLEN. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

SHAL. It is an old coat.

author, who, though he gives Shallow folly enough, makes him rather pedantic than illiterate. If we read:

“*Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and Custos Rotulorum.*”

It follows naturally:

“*Slen. Ay, and Rotolorum too.*” JOHNSON.

I think with Dr. Johnson, that this blunder could scarcely be intended. *Shallow*, we know, had been bred to the law at *Clement's Inn*.—But I would rather read *custos* only; then *Slender* adds naturally, “*Ay, and rotolorum too.*” He had heard the words *custos rotulorum*, and supposes them to mean different offices.

FARMER.

Perhaps Shakspeare might have intended to ridicule the abbreviations sometimes used in writs and other legal instruments, with which his Justice might have been acquainted. In the old copy the word is printed *Cust-alorum*, as it is now exhibited in the text. If, however, this was intended, it should be *Cust-ulorum*; and, it must be owned, abbreviation by cutting off the beginning of a word is not authorized by any precedent, except what we may suppose to have existed in Shallow's imagination. MALONE.

⁵ — *who writes himself armigero*;) Slender had seen the Justice's attestations, signed “—*jurat coram me, Roberto Shallow, Armigero*;” and therefore takes the ablative for the nominative case of *Armiger*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Ay, that we do*;) The old copy reads—“that *I do*.”

The present emendation was suggested to me by Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *and have done*—] i. e. all the Shallows *have done*. Shakspeare has many expressions equally licentious. MALONE.

EVA. The dozen white loupes do become an old coat well;⁷ it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

SHAL. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.⁸

⁷ *The dozen white loupes do become an old coat well; &c.*] So, in *The Penniless Parliament of thread-bare Poets*, 1608: "But amongst all other decrees and statutes by us here set downe, wee ordaine and commaund, that three thinges (if they be not parted) ever to continue in perpetuall amitie, that is, a *Loose in an olde doublet*, a painted cloth in a painter's shop, and a foole and his bable." STEEVENS.

⁸ *The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.*] That is, the *fresh fish* is the coat of an ancient family, and the *salt fish* is the coat of a merchant grown rich by trading over the sea.

JOHNSON.

I am not satisfied with any thing that has been offered on this difficult passage. All that Mr. Smith told us was a mere *gratis dictum*. [His note, being worthless, is here omitted.] I cannot find that *salt fish* were ever really borne in heraldry. I fancy the latter part of the speech should be given to sir Hugh, who is at cross purposes with the Justice. *Shallow* had said just before, the coat is an old one; and now, that it is the luce, the fresh fish.—No, replies the parson, it cannot be old and fresh too—"the *salt fish* is an old coat." I give this with rather the more confidence, as a familiar mistake has happened a little lower in the scene,—"*Slice*, I say!" cries out Corporal Nym, "*Pauca, pauca: Slice!* that's my humour." There can be no doubt, but *pauca, pauca*, should be spoken by *Evans*:

Again, a little before this, the copies give us:

"*Slender.* You'll not confesse, you'll not confesse.

"*Shallow.* That he will not—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'tis a good dog."

Surely it should be thus:

"*Shallow.* You'll not confesse, you'll not confesse.

"*Slender.* That he will not.

"*Shallow.* 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault," &c. FARMER.

This fugitive scrap of Latin, *pauca*, &c. is used in several old pieces, by characters who have no more of literature about them, than *Nym*. So *Skinke*, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"But *pauca verba*, *Skinke*."

Again, in *Every man in his Humour*, where it is called the *beecher's phrase*. STEEVENS.

SHAL. I may quarter, coz?

SHAL. You may, by marrying.

Shakspeare seems to frolick here in his heraldry, with a design not to be easily understood. In Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. I. P. II. p. 615. the arms of *Geffrey de Lucy* are "de goules poudre a croifil dor a treis lez dor." Can the poet mean to quibble upon the word *poudré*, that is, *powdred*, which signifies *salted*; or strewed and sprinkled with any thing? In *Measure for Measure*, Lucio says—"Ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd." TOLLER.

The *luce* is a *pike* or *jack*: So, in Chaucer's *Prolog. of the Cant. Tales*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. pp. 351, 352.

"Full many a fair partrich hadde he in mewes,

"And many a breme, and many a *luce* in stewes."

In Ferne's *Blazon of Gentry*, 1586, quarto, the arms of the Lucy family are represented as an instance, that "signs of the coat should something agree with the name. It is the coat of Geffray Lord Lucy. He did bear gules, three *lucies* hariant, argent."

Mr. William Oldys, (Norroy King at Arms, and well known from the share he had in compiling the *Biographia Britannica*, among the collections which he left for a *Life of Shakspeare*.) observes, that—"there was a very aged gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Stratford, (where he died fifty years since) who had not only heard, from several old people in that town, of Shakspeare's transgression, but could remember the first stanza of that bitter ballad, which, repeating to one of his acquaintance, he preserved it in writing; and here it is, neither better nor worse, but faithfully transcribed from the copy which his relation very courteously communicated to me."

"A parliament member, a justice of peace,

"At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an *affe*,

"If lowfie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,

"Then Lucy is lowfie whatever befall it:

"He thinks himself greate,

"Yet an *affe* in his state,

"We allowe by his ears but with *affes* to mate.

"If Lucy is lowfie, as some volke miscalle it,

"Sing lowfie Lucy, whatever befall it."

"Contemptible as this performance must now appear, at the time when it was written it might have had sufficient power to irritate a vain, weak, and vindictive magistrate; especially as it was affixed to several of his park-gates, and consequently published among his neighbours.—It may be remarked likewise, that the jingle on which it turns, occurs in the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*."

EVA. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

SHAL. Not a whit.

EVA. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

SHAL. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.⁹

I may add, that the veracity of the late Mr. Oldys has never yet been impeached; and it is not very probable that a ballad should be forged, from which an undiscovered wag could derive no triumph over antiquarian credulity. STEEVENS.

The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.] Our author here alludes to the arms of Sir Thomas Lucy, who is said to have prosecuted him in the younger part of his life for a misdemeanour, and who is supposed to be pointed at under the character of Justice Shallow. The text however, by some carelessness of the printer or transcriber, has been so corrupted, that the passage, as it stands at present, seems inexplicable. Dr. Farmer's regulation appears to me highly probable; and in further support of it, it may be observed, that some other speeches, beside those he has mentioned, are misplaced in a subsequent part of this scene, as exhibited in the first folio. MALONE.

Perhaps we have not yet conceived the humour of Master Shallow. *Slender* has observed, that the family might give a dozen *white* Luces in their coat; to which the Justice adds, "It is an *old one*." This produces the *Parson's* blunder, and *Shallow's* correction. "The *Luce* is not the *Louse* but the *Pike*, the *fresh fish* of that name. Indeed our *Coat* is *old*, as I said, and the fish cannot be *fresh*; and therefore we bear the *white*, i. e. the *pickled* or *salt-fish*."

In the Northumberland Household Book, we meet with "nine barrels of *white* herringe for a hole yere, 4. 10. 0:" and Mr. *Pennant* in the additions to his *London* says, "By the very high price of the *Pike*, it is probable that this fish had not yet been introduced into our ponds, but was imported as a luxury, *pickled*."

It will be still clearer if we read—"the *saltfish* in an old coat."

FARMER.

⁹ The Council shall bear it; it is a riot.] By the Council is only meant the court of star-chamber, composed chiefly of the king's

EVA. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.²

SHAL. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

EVA. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page,³ which is pretty virginity.

SLEN. Mistrefs Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.⁴

council sitting in *Camerâ stellatâ*, which took cognizance of atrocious riots. In the old quarto, "the council shall know it," follows immediately after "I'll make a star-chamber matter of it."

BLACKSTONE.

So, in Sir John Harrington's *Epigrams*, 1618:

"No marvel, men of such a sumptuous dyet

"Were brought into the *Star-chamber* for a *ryot*."

MALONE.

See Stat. 13. Henry IV. c. 7. GREY.

² — *your vizaments in that.*] *Advysment* is now an obsolete word. I meet with it in the ancient morality of *Every Man*:

"That I may amend me with good *advysment*."

Again:

"I shall smite without any *advysment*."

Again:

"To go with good *advysment* and delyberacyon."

It is often used by Spenser in his *Faery Queen*. So, B. II. c. 9:

"Perhaps my succour and *advysment* meete." STEEVENS.

³ — *which is daughter to master George Page,*] The old copy reads—*Thomas Page*. STEEVENS.

The whole set of editions have negligently blundered one after another in Page's Christian name in this place; though Mrs. Page calls him George afterwards in at least six several passages.

THEOBALD.

⁴ — *speaks small like a woman.*] This is from the folio of 1623, and is the true reading. He admires her for the sweetness of her voice. But the expression is highly humorous, as making her *speaking small like a woman* one of her marks of distinction;

EVA. It is that fery verſon for all the 'orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and ſilver, is her grandfire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful re-furrections!) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter Abraham, and miſtreſs Anne Page.

SHAL. Did her grandfire leave her ſeven hundred pound?'

and the ambiguity of *ſmall*, which ſignifies *little* as well as *low*, makes the expreſſion ſtill more pleaſant. WARBURTON.

Thus *Lear*, ſpeaking of *Cordelia*:

“ — Her voice was ever ſoft,

“ *Gentle* and *low*:—an excellent thing in woman.”

STEVENS.

Dr. Warburton has found more pleaſantry here than I believe was intended. *Small* was, I think, not uſed, as he ſuppoſes, in an ambiguous ſenſe, for “*little*, as well as *low*,” but ſimply for *weak*, *ſlender*, *feminine*; and the only pleaſantry of the paſſage ſeems to be, that poor *Slender* ſhould characteriſe his miſtreſs by a general quality belonging to her whole ſex. In *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, *Quince* tells *Flute*, who objects to playing a woman's part, “You ſhall play it in a maſk, and you may ſpeak as *ſmall* as you will.” MALONE.

A *ſmall* voice is a *ſoft* and *melodious* voice. *Chaucer* uſes the word in that ſenſe, in *The Flower and the Leaf*, *Speght's* edit. p. 611:

“ The company answered all,

“ With voice ſweet entuned, and ſo *ſmall*,

“ That me thought it the ſweeteſt melody.”

Again, in *Fairfax's Godfrey of Bulloigne*, l. 15. ſt. 62:

“ She warbled forth a treble *ſmall*,

“ And with ſweet lookes, her ſweet ſongs enterlaced.”

When female characters were filled by boys, to ſpeak *ſmall* like a woman muſt have been a valuable qualification. So, in *Marſton's What you will*: “I was ſolicited to graunt him leave to play the lady in comedies preſented by children; but I knew his voice was too *ſmall*, and his ſtature too low. Sing a treble, *Holofernes*;—a very *ſmall* ſweet voice I'll aſſure you.” HOLT WHITE.

⁵ *Shal.* Did her grandfire leave her ſeven hundred pound?—I know the young gentlewoman; &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches are by miſ-

BR. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

SHAL. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

EVA. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

SHAL. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

EVA. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. Who's there?

EVA. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender

take given to Slender in the first folio, the only authentick copy of this play. From the foregoing words it appears that *Shallow* is the person here addressed; and on a marriage being proposed for his kinsman, he very naturally enquires concerning the lady's fortune. Slender should seem not to know what they are talking about; (except that he just hears the name of Anne Page, and breaks out into a foolish eulogium on her;) for afterwards Shallow says to him,—“Coz, there is, as it were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here; do you understand me?” to which Slender replies—“if it be so,” &c. The tender, therefore, we see, had been made to Shallow, and not to Slender, the former of which names should be prefixed to the two speeches before us.

In this play, as exhibited in the first folio, many of the speeches are given to characters to whom they do not belong. Printers, to save trouble, keep the names of the speakers in each scene ready composed, and are very liable to mistakes, when two names begin (as in the present instance,) with the same letter, and are nearly of the same length.—The present regulation was suggested by Mr. Capell, MALONE.

der; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

PAGE. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

SHAL. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I love you⁶ always with my heart, la; with my heart.

PAGE. Sir, I thank you.

SHAL. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

PAGE. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

· SLEN. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotfale.⁷

⁶ — I love you —] Thus the 4to. 1619. The folio—"I thank you —." Dr. Farmer prefers the first of these readings, which I have therefore placed in the text. STEEVENS.

⁷ How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotfale.] He means *Cotswold*, in *Gloucestershire*. In the beginning of the reign of James the First, by permission of the king, one Dover, a publick-spirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, in Warwickshire, instituted on the hills of *Cotswold* an annual celebration of games, consisting of rural sports and exercises. These he constantly conducted in person, well mounted, and accoutred in a suit of his majesty's old cloaths; and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and gentry for sixty miles round, till the grand rebellion abolished every liberal establishment. I have seen a very scarce book, entitled, "*Annalia Dubrensis. Upon the yearly celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick games upon Cotswold hills,*" &c. London, 1636, 4to. There are recommendatory verses prefixed, written by Drayton, Jonson, Randolph, and many others, the most eminent wits of the times. The games, as appears from a curious frontispiece, were, chiefly, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and particularly courting the hare with greyhounds. Hence also we see the meaning of another passage, where Falstaff, or Shallow, calls a stout fellow a *Cotswold-man*. But from what is here said, an inference of another kind may be drawn, respecting the age of the play. A meager and imperfect sketch of this comedy was printed in 1602. Afterwards Shakspeare new-wrote it entirely. This allusion therefore to the

PAGE. It could not be judg'd, fir.

SLEN. You'll not confefs, you'll not confefs.

SHAL. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

PAGE. A cur, fir.

SHAL. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is fir John Falstaff here?

PAGE. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

EVA. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

SHAL. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

PAGE. Sir, he doth in some sort confefs it.

SHAL. If it be confefs'd, it is not redrefs'd; is

Cotswold games, not founded till the reign of James the First, ascertain a period of time beyond which our author must have made the additions to his original rough draft, or, in other words, composed the present comedy. James the First came to the crown in the year 1603. And we will suppose that two or three more years at least must have passed before these games could have been effectually established. I would therefore, at the earliest, date this play about the year 1607. T. WARTON.

The *Annalia Dubrensis* consists entirely of recommendatory verses.
DOUCE.

The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire are a large tract of downs, famous for their fine turf, and therefore excellent for coursing. I believe there is no village of that name. BLACKSTONE.

* ——— 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:] Of these words, which are addressed to Page, the sense is not very clear. Perhaps Shallow means to say, that it is a known failing of Page's not to confefs that his dog has been out-run. Or, the meaning may be,—'tis your misfortune that he was out-run on Cotswold; he is, however, a good dog. So perhaps the word is used afterwards by Ford, speaking of his jealousy:

“ 'Tis my fault, master Page; I suffer for it.” MALONE.

Perhaps Shallow addresses these words to *Slender*, and means to tell *him*, “ it was *his* fault to undervalue a dog whose inferiority in the chase was not ascertained.” STEVENS.

not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me;—indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, Esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

PAGE. Here comes sir John.

Enter Sir John FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

FAL. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

SHAL. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.⁹

FAL. But not kifs'd your keeper's daughter?

SHAL. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

FAL. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—That is now answer'd.

SHAL. The Council shall know this.

FAL. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: ² you'll be laugh'd at.

⁹ ——— and broke open my lodge.] This probably alludes to some real incident, at that time well known. JOHNSON.

So probably Falstaff's answer. FARMER.

² 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel:.] The old copies read—'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in council. Perhaps it is an abrupt speech, and must be read thus:—'Twere better for you——if 'twere known in council, you'll be laugh'd at. 'Twere better for you, is, I believe, a menace. JOHNSON.

Some of the modern editors arbitrarily read—if 'twere not known in council:—but I believe Falstaff quibbles between *council* and *counsel*. The latter signifies *secrecy*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“The players cannot keep *counsel*, they'll tell all.”

Falstaff's meaning seems to be—'twere better for you if it were known only in *secrecy*, i. e. among your friends. A more publick complaint would subject you to ridicule.

Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to the Squires Tale*, v. 10305, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

“But wete ye what? in *conseil* be it seyde,

“Me reweth fore I am unto hire teyde.”

EPH. *Pauca verba*, fir John; good worts.

FAL. Good worts! good cabbage.³—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

SLEN. Marry, fir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals,⁴ Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards pick'd my pocket.⁵

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, last edit. p. 29:

“ But first for you *in council*, I have a word or twaine.”

STEEVENS.

Mr. Ritson supposes the present reading to be just, and quite in Falstaff's insolent sneering manner. “ It would be much better, indeed, to have it known in the council, where you would only be laughed at.” REED.

The spelling of the old quarto (*counsell*), as well as the general purport of the passage, fully confirms Mr. Steevens's interpretation.—“ *Sbal.* Well, the *Council* shall know it. *Fal.* 'Twere better for you 'twere known in *counsell*. You'll be laugh't at.”

In an office-book of Sir Heneage Finch, Treasurer of the Chambers to Queen Elizabeth, (a Ms. in the British Museum,) I observe that whenever the Privy *Council* is mentioned, the word is always spelt *Counsel*; so that the equivoque was less strained than it appears now.

“ *Mum* is *Counsell*, viz. *silence*,” is among Howel's Proverbial Sentences. See his *Dict.* folio, 1660. MALONE.

³ *Good worts! good cabbage.*] *Worts* was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

“ Planting of worts and onions, any thing.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *coney-catching rascals.*] A *coney-catcher* was, in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or sharper. Green, one of the first among us who made a trade of writing pamphlets, published *A Detection of the Frauds and Tricks of Coney-catchers and Coxcombers*. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

“ Thou shalt not *coney-catch* me for five pounds.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *They carried me, &c.*] These words, which are necessary to introduce what Falstaff says afterwards, [“ Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse!”] I have restored from the early quarto.

BAR. You Banbury cheefe! ⁶

SLEN. Ay, it is no matter.

PIST. How now, Mephostophilus? ⁷

SLEN. Ay, it is no matter.

NYM. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;* ⁸ slice! that's my humour. ⁹

Of this circumstance, as the play is exhibited in the folio, Sir John could have no knowledge. MALONE.

We might suppose that Falstaff was already acquainted with this robbery, and had received his share of it, as in the case of the handle of mistress Bridget's fan, Act II. sc. ii. His question, therefore, may be said to arise at once from conscious guilt and pretended ignorance. I have, however, adopted Mr. Malone's restoration. STEEVENS.

⁶ *You Banbury cheefe!*] This is said in allusion to the thin carcass of Slender. The same thought occurs in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:—"Put off your cloaths, and you are like a Banbury cheefe,—nothing but paring." So Heywood, in his collection of epigrams:

"I never saw *Banbury cheefe* thick enough,

"But I have oft seen Essex cheefe quick enough."

STEEVENS.

⁷ *How now, Mephostophilus?*] This is the name of a spirit or familiar, in the old story book of *Sir John Faustus*, or *John Faust*: to whom our author afterwards alludes, Act II. sc. ii. That it was a cant phrase of abuse, appears from the old comedy cited above, called *A pleasant Comedy of the Gentle Craft*, Signat. H 3. "Away you *Issington* whitepot; hence you hopper-arse, you barley-pudding full of maggots, you broiled carbonado: avaunt, avaunt, *Mephostophilus*." In the same vein, *Bardolph* here also calls *Slender*, "You *Banbury cheefe*." T. WARTON.

Pistol means to call *Slender* a very ugly fellow. So, in *Nasce it*, (*Humors*) by Richard Turner, 1607:

"O face, no face hath our *Theophilus*,

"But the right forme of *Mephostophilus*.

"I know 'twould serve, and yet I am no wizard,

"To play the Devil i'the vault without a vizard."

Again, in *The Muses Looking Glass*, 1638: "We want not you to play *Mephostophilus*. A pretty natural vizard!" STEEVENS.

⁸ *Slice, I say! pauca, pauca;*] Dr. Farmer (see a former note, p. 306, n. 8.) would transfer the Latin words to Evans. But the

SLEN. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

EVA. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

PAGE. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

EVA. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

FAL. Pistol,——

PIST. He hears with ears.

EVA. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this,² *He bears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

FAL. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

SLEN. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-fixpences,³ and

old copy, I think, is right. Pistol, in *K. Henry V.* uses the same language:

“——I will hold the *quondam* Quickly

“For the only she; and *pauca*, there's enough.”

In the same scene Nym twice uses the word *solus*. MALONE.

⁹ —— *that's my humour.*] So, in an ancient Ms. play, entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*:

“——I love not to disquiet ghosts, fir,

“Of any people living; *that's my humour*, fir.”

See a following note, Act II. sc. i. STEEVENS.

² —— *what phrase is this, &c.*] Sir Hugh is justified in his censure of this passage by *Pecham*, who in his *Garden of Eloquence*, 1577, places this very mode of expression under the article *Pleonasmus*.

HENDERSON.

³ —— *mill-fixpences.*] It appears from a passage in *Sir William*

two Edward shovel-boards,⁴ that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Davenant's Newses from Plymouth, that these mill'd-sixpences were used by way of counters to cast up money :

“ ——— A few mill'd sixpences, with which

“ My purser casts accompt.” STEEVENS.

⁴ Edward shovel-boards,] One of these pieces of metal is mentioned in Middleton's comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611 :

“ ——— away slid I my man, like a shovel-board shilling,” &c.

STEEVENS.

“ *Edward Shovel-boards*,” were the broad shillings of *Edw. VI.* Taylor, the water-poet, in his *Trovel of Twelve-pence*, makes him complain :

“ ——— the unthrift every day

“ With my face downwards do at shove-board play ;

“ That had I had a beard, you may suppose,

“ They had worne it off, as they have done my nose.”

And in a note he tells us : “ *Edw. shillings* for the most part are used at *shove-board*.” FARMER.

In the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* Falstaff says, “ Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-grout shilling.” This confirms Farmer's opinion, that pieces of coin were used for that purpose.

M. MASON.

The following extract, for the notice of which I am indebted to Dr. Farmer, will ascertain the species of coin mentioned in the text. “ I must here take notice before I entirely quit the subject of these last-mentioned shillings, that I have also seen some other pieces of good silver, greatly resembling the same, and of the same date 1547, that have been so much thicker as to weigh about *half an ounce*, together with some others that have weighed an ounce.” *Folkes's Table of English silver Coins*, p. 32. The former of these were probably what cost Master Slender two shillings and two-pence a-piece. REED.

It appears, that the game of *shovel-board* was played with the shillings of *Edward VI.* in Shadwell's time; for in his *Miser*, Act III. sc. i. Cheatly says, “ She persuaded him to play with hazard at backgammon, and he has already lost his *Edward shillings* that he kept for *Shovel-board*, and was polling out broad pieces (that have not seen the sun these many years) when I came away.”

In Shadwell's *Lancashire Witches*, Vol. III. p. 232. the game is called *Shuffle-board*. It is still played; and I lately heard a man ask another to go into an alehouse in the Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, to play at it. DOUCE.

FAL. Is this true, Pistol?

EVA. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

PIST. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John,
and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo :
Word of denial in thy labras here; ⁶

That Slender means the broad *billig* of one of our kings, appears from comparing these words with the corresponding passage in the old quarto: "Ay by this handkerchief did he;—two faire shovel-board *billings*, besides seven groats in mill sixpences."

How twenty *eight* pence could be lost in mill-sixpences, Slender, however, has not explained to us. MALONE.

⁵ *I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:*] Pistol, seeing Slender such a slim, puny wight, would intimate, that he is as thin as a plate of that compound metal, which is called *latten*: and which was, as we are told, the old *orichalc*. THEOBALD.

Latten is a mixed metal, made of copper and calamine.

MALONE.

The sarcasm intended is, that Slender had neither courage nor strength, as a latten sword has neither edge nor substance.

HEATH.

Latten may signify no more than *as thin as a lath*. The word in some counties is still pronounced as if there was no *b* in it: and Ray, in his Dictionary of North Country Words, affirms it to be spelt *lat* in the north of England.

Falstaff threatens, in another play, to drive prince Henry out of his kingdom, with a *dagger of lath*. A *latten bilboe* means therefore, I believe, no more than *a blade as thin as a lath—a vice's dagger*.

Theobald, however, is right in his assertion that *latten* was a metal. So Turberville, in his Book of Falconry, 1575: "—you must set her a *latten* basin, or a vessel of stone or earth." Again, in *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: "Whether it were lead or *latten* that hasp'd down those winking casements, I know not." Again, in the old metrical Romance of *Syr Bewis of Hampton*, bl. l. no date: "Windowes of *latiu* were fet with glasse."

Latten is still a common word for *tin* in the North.

STEVENS.

I believe Theobald has given the true sense of *latten*, though he is wrong in supposing, that the allusion is to Slender's *thinness*. It is rather to his *softness* or *weakness*. TYRWHITT.

⁶ *Word of denial in thy labras here;*] I suppose it should rather be read:

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou lieft.

SLEN. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

NYM. Be avis'd, fir, and pass good humours: I will say, *marry trap*,⁷ with you, if you run the nuthook's humour⁸ on me; that is the very note of it.

SLEN. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

FAL. What say you, Scarlet and John?⁹

BARD. Why, fir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

EVA. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

“*Word of denial in my labras hear;*”

that is, *bear* the word of denial in my lips. *Thou ly'st.* JOHNSON.

We often talk of giving the lie in a man's *teeth*, or in his *throat*. Pistol chooses to throw the word of denial in the *lips* of his adversary, and is supposed to point to them as he speaks.

STEEVENS.

There are few words in the old copies more frequently misprinted than the word *bear*. “*Thy lips*,” however, is certainly right, as appears from the old quarto: “I do retort the lie even in *thy gorge*, thy gorge, thy gorge.” MALONE.

⁷ — *marry trap*,] When a man was caught in his own stratagem, I suppose the exclamation of insult was—*marry, trap!*

JOHNSON.

⁸ — nuthook's *humour* —] *Nutbook* is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads, *base humour*.

If you run the Nutbook's humour on me, is in plain English, *if you say I am a Thief*. Enough is said on the subject of *booking moveables out at windows*, in a note on *K. Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

⁹ — *Scarlet and John?*] The names of two of Robin Hood's companions; but the humour consists in the allusion to Bardolph's *red face*; concerning which, see *The Second Part of Henry IV.*

WARBURTON.

BARD. And being fap,² fir, was, as they fay, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.³

SLEN. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick:

² *And being fap,*] I know not the exact meaning of this cant word, neither have I met with it in any of our old dramatic pieces, which have often proved the best comments on Shakspeare's vulgarisms.

Dr. Farmer, indeed, observes, that *to fib* is to beat; so that *being fap* may mean *being beaten*; and *cashiered*, turned out of company.

STEEVENS.

The word fap, is probably made from *vappa*, a drunken fellow, or a good-for-nothing fellow, whose virtues are all exhaled. Slender, in his answer, seems to understand that Bardolph had made use of a Latin word: "Ay, you spake in Latin then too;" as Pistol had just before. S. W.

It is not probable that any cant term is from the Latin; nor that the word in question was so derived, because Slender *mistook* it for Latin. The mistake, indeed, is an argument to the contrary, as it shows his ignorance in that language. *Fap* however, certainly means *drunk*, as appears from the glossaries. DOUCE.

³ — *careires.*] I believe this strange word is nothing but the French *carriere*; and the expression means, that *the common bounds of good behaviour were overpassed*. JOHNSON.

— *to pass the carriere* was a military phrase, or rather perhaps a term of the *manege*. I find it in one of Sir John Smythe's Discourses, 1589, where, speaking of horses wounded, he says— "they, after the first shrink at the entering of the bullet, doo *pass* *the* *carriere*, as though they had verie little hurt." Again, in Harrington's translation of Ariosto, book xxxviii. stanza 35:

"To stop, to start, to *pass carier*, to bound."

STEEVENS.

Bardolph means to say, "and so in the end he reel'd about with a circuitous motion, like a horse, *passing a carier*." To *pass a carier* was the technical term. So, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "— her hottest fury may be resembled to the *passing* of a brave *carriere* by a Pegasus."

We find the term again used in *K. Henry V.* in the same manner as in the passage before us: "— The king is a good king, but— he *passes* some humours and *carriers*." MALONE.

if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

EVA. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

FAL. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistrefs ANNE PAGE with wine; Mistrefs FORD and Mistrefs PAGE following.

PAGE. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit ANNE PAGE.*]

SLBN. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

PAGE. How now, mistress Ford?

FAL. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*kissing her.*]

PAGE. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness. [*Exeunt all but SHAL. SLENDER and EVANS.*]

SLBN. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here: 4—

4 — my book of Songs and Sonnets here:] It cannot be supposed that poor Slender was himself a poet. He probably means the Poems of Lord Surrey and others, which were very popular in the age of Queen Elizabeth. They were printed in 1567, with this title: "*Songes and Sonnettes*, written by the right honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and others."

Slender laments that he has not this fashionable book about him, supposing it might have assisted him in paying his addresses to Anne Page. MALONE.

Under the title mentioned by Slender, Churchyard very evidently points out this book in an enumeration of his own pieces, prefixed to a collection of verse and prose, called *Churchyard's Challenge*, 4to. 1593: "—and many things in the booke of *songes and sonets* printed then, were of my making." By *then* he means "in Queene Maries raigne;" for Surrey was first published in 1557.

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles*⁵ about you, have you?

SIM. *Book of Riddles!* why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?⁶

SHAL. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

SLEN. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

SHAL. Nay, but understand me.

SLEN. So I do, sir.

EVA. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

⁵ —*The book of riddles*—] This appears to have been a popular book, and is enumerated with others in *The English Courtier, and Country Gentleman*, bl. l. 4to. 1586, Sign. H 4. See quotation in note to *Much ado about Nothing*, Act II. sc. i. REED.

⁶ —*upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?*] Sure, Simple's a little out in his reckoning. Allhallowmas is almost five weeks *after* Michaelmas. But may it not be urged, it is designed Simple should appear thus ignorant, to keep up the character? I think not. The simplest creatures (nay, even naturals) generally are very precise in the knowledge of festivals, and marking how the seasons run: and therefore I have ventured to suspect our poet wrote *Martlemas*, as the vulgar call it: which is near a fortnight after All-Saint's day, i. e. eleven days, both inclusive. THEOBALD.

This correction, thus seriously and wisely enforced, is received by sir Thomas Hanmer; but probably Shakspeare intended to blunder. JOHNSON.

SLEN. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

EVA. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

SHAL. Ay, there's the point, fir.

EVA. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

SLEN. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

EVA. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth;⁷—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

SHAL. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

SLEN. I hope, fir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

EVA. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must

⁷ — *the lips is parcel of the mouth;*] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—"parcel of the *mind*."

To be *parcel* of any thing, is an expression that often occurs in the old plays.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

"And make damnation *parcel* of your oath."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"To make it *parcel* of my empery."

This passage, however, might have been designed as a ridicule on another, in John Lyly's *Midas*, 1592:

"*Pet.* What lips hath she?

"*Li.* Tush! *Lips are no part of the head, only made for a double-leaf door for the mouth.*" STEVENS.

The word *parcel*, in this place, seems to be used in the same sense as it was both formerly and at present in conveyances. "Part, *parcel*, or member of any estate," are formal words still to be found in various deeds. REED.

ſpeak poſſible, if you can carry her your deſires towards her.

SHAL. That you muſt: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

SLEN. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your requeſt, couſin, in any reaſon.

SHAL. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet coz; what I do, is to pleaſure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

SLEN. I will marry her, ſir, at your requeſt; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may deſcend it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occaſion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt:⁸ but if you ſay, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

EVA. It is a fery diſcretion anſwer; ſave, the fault is in the 'ort diſſolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, reſolutely;—his meaning is good.

SHAL. Ay, I think my couſin meant well.

SLEN. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang'd, la.

⁸ ——— *I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt:]* The old copy reads—*content*. STEVENS.

Certainly, the editors in their ſagacity have murdered a jeſt here. It is deſigned, no doubt, that Slender ſhould ſay *decrease*, inſtead of *increase*; and *diſſolved* and *diſſolutely*, inſtead of *reſolved* and *reſolutely*: but to make him ſay, on the preſent occaſion, that upon familiarity will grow more *content*, inſtead of *contempt*, is diſarming the ſentiment of all its ſalt and humour, and diſappointing the audience of a reaſonable cauſe for laughter. THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be ſupported by the ſame intentional blunder in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

“ Sir, the *contempts* thereof are as touching me.”

STEVENS.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

SHAL. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

ANNE. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

SHAL. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

EVA. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and Sir H. EVANS.*]

ANNE. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

SLEN. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

ANNE. The dinner attends you, sir.

SLEN. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth:—Go, firrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow:⁹ [*Exit SIMPLE.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet,² till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

ANNE. I may not go in without your worship: they will not fit, till you come.

⁹ Anne. *The dinner attends you, sir.*

Slen.—Go, firrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow:] This passage shews that it was formerly the custom in England, as it is now in France, for persons to be attended at dinner by their own servants, wherever they dined.

M. MASON.

² — *I keep but three men and a boy yet,]* As great a fool as the poet has made *Slender*, it appears, by his boasting of his wealth, his breeding and his courage, that he knew how to win a woman. This is a fine instance of Shakspeare's knowledge of nature.

WARBURTON.

SLEN. P'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

ANNE. I pray you, fir, walk in.

SLEN. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,³ three veneyes for a dish of stew'd prunes;⁴ and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat fince. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

³ — a master of fence,] *Master of defence*, on this occasion, does not simply mean a professor of the art of fencing, but a person who had taken his *master's degree* in it. I learn from one of the Sloanian MSS. (now in the British Museum, No. 2530, xxvi. D.) which seems to be the fragment of a register formerly belonging to some of our schools where the "Noble Science of Defence," was taught from the year 1568 to 1583, that in this art there were three degrees, viz. a *Master's*, a *Provost's*, and a *Scholar's*. For each of these a prize was played, as exercises are kept in universities for similar purposes. The weapons they used were the axe, the pike, rapier and target, rapier and cloke, two swords, the two-hand sword, the bastard sword, the dagger and staff, the sword and buckler, the rapier and dagger, &c. The places where they exercised were commonly theatres, halls, or other enclosures sufficient to contain a number of spectators; as Ely-Place in Holborn, the Bell Savage on Ludgate-Hill, the Curtain in Hollywell, the Gray Friars within Newgate, Hampton Court, the Bull in Bishopsgate-Street, the Clink, Duke's Place, Salisbury-Court, Bridewell, the Artillery garden, &c. &c. &c. Among those who distinguished themselves in this science, I find *Farlton* the Comedian, who "was allowed a master" the 23d of October, 1587 [I suppose, either as grand compounder, or by mandamus], he being "ordinary grome of her majesties chamber," and Robert Greene, who "plaide his maister's prize at Leadenhall with three weapons," &c. The book from which these extracts are made, is a singular curiosity, as it contains the oaths, customs, regulations, prizes, summonses, &c. of this once fashionable society. *K. Henry VIII. K. Edward VI. Philip and Mary*, and queen *Elizabeth*, were frequent spectators of their skill and activity. STEEVENS.

⁴ — three veneyes for a dish, &c.] i. e. three *venues*, French. Three different set-to's, *bouts*, (or *bits*, as Mr. Malone, perhaps

ANNE. I think, there are, fir; I heard them talk'd of.

SLEN. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

ANNE. Ay, indeed, fir.

SLEN. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerfon⁶ loose, twenty times; and

more properly, explains the word,) a technical term. So, in our author's *Love's Labour's Lost*: "a quick *venew* of wit." Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*:—"thou wouldst be loth to play half a dozen *venies* at Waiters with a good fellow for a broken head." Again, in *The Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609: "This was a pafs, 'twas fencer's play, and for the after *veny*, let me use my skill." So, in *The Famous History, &c. of Capt. Tho. Stukely*, 1605: "— for forfeits and *venneys* given upon a wager at the ninth button of your doublet."

Again, in the MSS. mentioned in the preceding note, "and at any prize whether it be maister's prize, &c. whosoever doth play agaynst the prizer, and doth strike his blowe and clofe with all, so that the prizer cannot strike his blowe after agayne, shall wyne no game for any *veneye* so given, althoughe it shold breake the prizer's head." STEEVENS.

⁵ *That's meat and drink to me now*:] Dekkar has this proverbial phrase in his *Satiromastix*: "Yes faith, 'tis *meat and drink to me*."

WHALLEY.

⁶ — *Sackerfon* —] *Seckarfon* is likewise the name of a bear in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Goosecap*. STEEVENS.

Sackerfon, or *Sacarfon*, was the name of a bear that was exhibited in our author's time at Paris-Garden in Southwark. See an old collection of *Epigrams* [by Sir John Davies] printed at Middlebourg (without date, but in or before 1598:)

"Publius, a student of the common law,

"To *Paris-garden* doth himself withdraw;—

"Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Broke, alone,

"To see old Harry Hunkes and *Sacarfon*."

Sacarfon probably had his name from his keeper. So, in the *Puritan*, a comedy, 1607: "How many dogs do you think I had upon me?—Almost as many as *George Stone*, the bear; three at once." MALONE.

have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd: ⁷—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

PAGE. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

SLEN. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, fir.

PAGE. By cock and pye,⁸ you shall not choose, fir: come, come.

SLEN. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

PAGE. Come on, fir.

SLEN. Mistrefs Anne, yourself shall go first.

ANNE. Not I, fir; pray you, keep on.

SLEN. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

ANNE, I pray you, fir.

SLEN. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

⁷ — *that it pass'd:*] *It pass'd,* or *this passes,* was a way of speaking customary heretofore, to signify the *excess,* or *extraordinary degree* of any thing. The sentence completed would be, *This passes all expression,* or perhaps, *This passes all things.* We still use *passing well,* *passing strange.* WARBURTON.

⁸ *By cock and pye,*] This was a very popular adjuration, and occurs in many of our old dramatic pieces. See note on Act V. sc. i. *K. Henry IV.* P. II. STEVENS.

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.*

EVA. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

SIMP. Well, fir.

EVA. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance⁹ with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheefe to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, Host, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

FAL. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook?^a Speak scholarly, and wifely.

⁹ — *that altogether's acquaintance*—] The old copy reads—*altogethers* acquaintance; but should not this be “that *altogether's* acquaintance,” i. e. that *is altogether* acquainted? The English, I apprehend, would still be bad enough for Evans. TYRWHITT.

I have availed myself of this judicious remark. STEEVENS.

^a — *my bully-rook?*] The spelling of this word is corrupted,

FAL. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

HOST. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

FAL. I sit at ten pounds a week.

HOST. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keifar,³ and Pheezar.⁴ I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well,⁵ bully Hector?

FAL. Do so, good mine host.

and thereby its primitive meaning is lost. The old plays have generally *bully-rook*, which is right; and so it is exhibited by the folio edition of this comedy, as well as the 4to. 1619. The latter part of this compound title is taken from the *rooks* at the game of chess. STEEVENS.

Bully-rook seems to have been the reading of some editions: in others it is *bully-rock*. Mr. Steevens's explanation of it, as alluding to chess-men, is right. But Shakspeare might possibly have given it *bully-rock*, as *rock* is the true name of these men, which is softened or corrupted into *rook*. There is seemingly more humour in *bully-rock*. WHALLEY.

³ — *Keifar*,] The preface to Stowe's Chronicle observes, that the Germans use the K for C, pronouncing *Keyfar*, for *Cæsar*, their general word for an emperor. TOLLET.

⁴ — *and Pheezar*.] *Pheezar* was a made word from *pheeze*. "I'll *pheeze* you," says Sly to the Hostess, in *The Taming of the Shrew*. MALONE.

⁵ — *said I well*,] The learned editor of the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, in 5 vols. 8vo. 1775, observes, that this phrase is given to the host in the *Pardoner's Prologue*:

"*Said I not wel? I cannot speke in terme:*" v. 12246. and adds, "it may be sufficient with the other circumstances of general resemblance, to make us believe, that Shakspeare, when he drew that character, had not forgotten his Chaucer." The same gentleman has since informed me, that the passage is not found in any of the ancient printed editions, but only in the MSS.

STEEVENS.

I imagine this phrase must have reached our author in some other way; for I suspect he did not devote much time to the perusal of old Mss. MALONE.

HOSY. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime:⁵ I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit* *HOSY.*]

FAL. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman, a fresh tapster:⁶ Go; adieu.

BARD. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

[*Exit* *BARD.*]

PIST. O base Gongarian wight!⁷ wilt thou the spigot wield?

⁵ ——— [*Let me see thee froth, and lime:*] Thus the quarto; the folio reads—"and *live*." This passage had passed through all the editions without suspicion of being corrupted; but the reading of the old quartos of 1602 and 1619, *Let me see thee froth and lime*, I take to be the true one. The Host calls for an immediate specimen of Bardolph's abilities as a tapster; and *frothing* beer and *liming* sack were tricks practised in the time of Shakspeare. The first was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the sack (i. e. sherry) to make it sparkle in the glass. *Froth* and *live* is sense, but a little forced; and to make it so we must suppose the Host could guess by his dexterity in frothing a pot to make it appear fuller than it was, how he would afterwards succeed in the world. Falstaff himself complains of *limed* sack. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— [*a wither'd servingman, a fresh tapster:*] This is not probably a parody on the old proverb—"A broken apothecary, a new doctor." See Ray's Proverbs, 3d edit. p. 2. STEEVENS.

⁷ *O base Gongarian wight! &c.*] This is a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombast plays, beginning,

"O base *Gongarian*, wilt thou the distaff wield?"

I had marked the passage down, but forgot to note the play. The folio reads—*Hungarian*.

Hungarian is likewise a cant term. So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608, the merry Host says, "I have knights and colonels in my house, and must tend the *Hungarians*."

Again:

"Come ye *Hungarian* pilchers."

Again, in *Westward Ho*, 1607:

"Play, you louzy *Hungarians*."

Again, in *News from Hell, brought by the Devil's carrier*, by Thomas Decker, 1606: "—— the leane-jaw'd *Hungarian* would not lay out a penny pot of sack for himself." STEEVENS.

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.⁸

FAL. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.⁹

The *Hungarians*, when infidels, over-ran Germany and France, and would have invaded England, if they could have come to it. See Stowe, in the year 930, and Holinshed's invasions of Ireland, p. 56. Hence their name might become a proverb of baseness. Stowe's Chronicle, in the year 1492, and Leland's Collectanea, Vol. I. p. 610, spell it *Hongarian* (which might be misprinted *Gongarian*;) and this is right according to their own etymology. *Hongyari*, i. e. domus suæ strenui defensores. TOLLET.

The word is *Gongarian* in the first edition, and should be continued, the better to fix the allusion. FARMER.

⁸ ——— *humour of it.*] This speech is partly taken from the corrected copy, and partly from the slight sketch in 1602. I mention it, that those who do not find it in either of the common old editions, may not suspect it to be spurious. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *at a minute's rest.*] Our author probably wrote:

“ ——— at a *minim's rest.*” LANGTON.

This conjecture seems confirmed by a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*: “ — rests his *minim*,” &c. It may, however, mean, that, like a skilful harquebuzier, he takes a good aim, though he has rested his piece for a minute only.

So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. B. VI:

“ To set up's rest to venture now for all.” STEEVENS.

A *minim* was anciently, as the term imports, the shortest note in musick. Its measure was afterwards, as it is now, as long as while two may be moderately counted. In *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv. Mercutio says of Tibalt, that in fighting he “ rests his *minim*, one, two, and the third in your bosom.” A minute contains sixty seconds, and is a long time for an action supposed to be instantaneous. *Nym* means to say, that the perfection of stealing is to do it in the shortest time possible. SIR J. HAWKINS.

'Tis true (says *Nym*) *Bardolph* did not keep time; did not steal at the critical and exact season, when he would probably be least observed. The true method is, to steal just at the instant when watchfulness is off its guard, and proposes but for a moment.

Pist. Convey, the wife it call:⁹ Smeal! foh; a fico for the phrase!²

FAL. Well, firs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

FAL. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.³

FAL. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

FAL. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

FAL. No quips now, Pistol; Indeed I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste;⁴ I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to

The reading proposed by Mr. Langton certainly corresponds more exactly with the preceding speech; but Shakspeare scarcely ever pursues his metaphors far. MALONE.

⁹ Convey, *the wife it call:*] So, in the old morality of *Hycle Scornor*, bl. l. no date:

“Syr, the horefons could not *convey* clene;

“For an they could have carried by craft as I can.” &c.

STEVENS.

² ——— *a fico for the phrase!*] i. e. a *fig* for it. Pistol uses the same phraseology in *King Henry V*:

“Die and be damn'd; and *fico* for thy friendship.”

STEVENS.

³ *Young ravens must have food.*] An adage. See Ray's *Proverbs*.

STEVENS.

⁴ ——— *about no waste;*] I find the same play on words in Heywood's *Epigrams*, 1562:

“Where am I least, husband? quoth he, in the *waist*;

“Which cometh of this, thou art vengeance strait lac'd.

“Where am I biggest, wife? in the *waste*, quoth she,

“For all is *waste* in you, as far as I see.”

And again, in *The Wedding*, a comedy, by Shirley, 1629:

“He's a great man indeed;

“Something given to the *waist*, for he lives within *no reasonable compass*.” STEVENS.

make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,⁵ she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am sir John Falstaff's*.

PISY. He hath study'd her well, and translated her well;⁶ out of honesty into English.

NYM. The anchor is deep:⁷ Will that humour pass?

⁵ — [*she carves,*] It should be remembered, that anciently the young of both sexes were instructed in *carving*, as a necessary accomplishment. In 1508, Wynkyn de Worde published "A Boke of *Keruing*." So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Biron says of Boyet, the French courtier: "— He can *carve* too, and lisp." STEEVENS.

⁶ — [*study'd her well, and translated her well;*] Thus the first quarto. The folio, 1623, reads—"studied her *will*, and translated her *will*." Mr. Malone observes, that there is a similar corruption in the folio copy of *King Lear*. In the quarto, 1608, signat. B, we find—"since what I *well* intend;" instead of which the folio exhibits—"since what I *will* intend," &c.

Translation is not used in its common acceptation, but means to *explain*, as one language is explained by another. So, in *Hamlet*:

"— these profound heavens

" You must *translate*; 'tis fit we understand them."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" Did in great Ilium thus *translate* him to me."

STEEVENS.

⁷ [*The anchor is deep:*] I see not what relation *the anchor* has to *translation*. Perhaps we may read—*the author is deep*; or perhaps the line is out of its place, and should be inserted lower, after Falstaff has said,

" Sail like my pinnace to those golden shores."

It may be observed, that in the hands of that time *anchor* and *author* could hardly be distinguished. JOHNSON.

" The anchor is deep," may mean—*his hopes are well founded*. So, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" — Now my latest *hope*,

" Forfake me not, but fling thy *anchor* out,

" And let it hold!"

Again, as Mr. M. Mason observes, in Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*:

" Farewell, my hopes; my *anchor* now is broken."

In the year 1558 a ballad, intitled "Hold the *ancer* fast," is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company. STEEVENS.

FAL. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.⁷

PIS. As many devils entertain;⁸ and, *To her, boy, say I.*

NYM. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

FAL. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious eyliads:⁹ sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.²

Dr. *Johnson* very acutely proposes "the *author* is deep." He reads with the first copy, "he hath studied her *well*."—And from this equivocal word, *Nym* catches the idea of *deepness*. But it is almost impossible to ascertain the diction of this whimsical character: and I meet with a phrase in *Fenner's Comptor's Commonwealth*, 1617, which may perhaps support the old reading: "Master *Decker's Bellman of London*, hath set forth the vices of the time so lively, that it is impossible the *anchbor* of any other man's braine could found the sea of a more deepe and dreadful mischeefe."

FARMER.

Nym, I believe, only means to say, the scheme for debauching *Ford's* wife is deep;—well laid. MALONE.

⁷ — the *hath* legions of angels.] Thus the old quarto. The folio reads—"he hath a legend of angels." STEEVENS.

⁸ As many devils entertain;] i. e. do you retain in your service as many devils as she has angels. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant."

This is the reading of the folio. MALONE.

The old quarto reads:

"As many devils attend her!" &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ — eyliads:] This word is differently spelt in all the copies. It occurs again, in *King Lear*, Act IV. sc. v:

"She gave strange æliads, and most speaking looks,

"To noble Edmund."

I suppose we should write *oëillades*, French. STEEVENS.

² — sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.] So, in our author's 20th Sonnet:

"An eye more bright than their's, less false in rolling,

"Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth." MALONE.

PIST. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.³

NYM. I thank thee for that humour.⁴

FAL. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention,⁵ that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.⁶ I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me;⁷ they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go,

³ *Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.*] So, in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1581:
"The sun shineth upon the dunghill." HOLT WHITE.

⁴ — *that humour.*] What distinguishes the language of Nym from that of the other attendants on Falstaff, is the constant repetition of this phrase. In the time of Shakspeare such an affectation seems to have been sufficient to mark a character. In *Sir Giles Goosecap*, a play of which I have no earlier edition than that of 1606, the same peculiarity is mentioned in the hero of the piece: "—his only reason for every thing is, that *we are all mortal*; then hath he another pretty phrase too, and that is, he will tickle *the vanity* of every thing." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *intention,*] i. e. eagerness of desire. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.*] If the tradition be true (as I doubt not but it is) of this play being wrote at queen Elizabeth's command, this passage, perhaps, may furnish a probable conjecture that it could not appear till after the year 1598. The mention of Guiana, then so lately discovered to the English, was a very happy compliment to sir Walter Raleigh, who did not begin his expedition for South America till 1595, and returned from it in 1596, with an advantageous account of the great wealth of Guiana. Such an address of the poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper impression on the people, when the intelligence of such a golden country was fresh in their minds, and gave them expectations of immense gain. THEOBALD.

⁷ *I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me;*] The same joke is intended here, as in *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*, Act II:

"—I will bar no honest man my house, nor no *cheater*."—

By which is meant *Escheatour*, an officer in the Exchequer, in no good repute with the common people. WARBURTON.

bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

PISY. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

NYM. I will run no base humour: here, take the
humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

FAL. Hold, firrah, [*to ROB.*] bear you these letters tightly;⁸
Sail like my pinnace⁹ to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o'the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

⁸ — bear you these letters tightly;] i. e. cleverly, adroitly. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Antony, putting on his armour, says,

“ My queen's a squire
“ More tight at this, than thou.” MALONE.

No phrase is so common in the eastern counties of this kingdom, and particularly in Suffolk, as *good tighty*, for *briskly and effectually*.
HENLEY.

⁹ — my pinnace —] A pinnace seems anciently to have signified a small vessel, or sloop, attending on a larger. So, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1613:

“ — was lately sent

“ With three-score sail of ships and pinnaces.”

Again, in *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610:

“ Our life is but a sailing to our death

“ Through the world's ocean: it makes no matter then,

“ Whether we put into the world's vast sea

“ Shipp'd in a pinnace, or an argosy.”

At present it signifies only a man of war's boat.

A passage similar to this of Shakspeare occurs in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ — this small pinnace

“ Shall sail for gold.” STEVENS.

A pinnace is a small vessel with a square stern, having sails and oars, and carrying three masts; chiefly used (says Roit, in his *Dictionary of Commerce*,) as a scout for intelligence, and for landing of men. MALONE.

Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,^a
 French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.*]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts!^b for gourd,
 and fullam holds,
 And high and low beguile the rich and poor:^c

^a — *the humour of this age,*] Thus the 4to, 1619: The folio reads—the honor of the age. STEVENS.

^b *Let vultures gripe thy guts!*] This hemistich is a burlesque on a passage in *Fambrlains, or The Scythian Shepberd*, of which play a more particular account is given in one of the notes to *Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. sc. iv. STEVENS.

I suppose the following is the passage intended to be ridiculed:

“ — and now doth ghastly death

“ With greedy talents [talons] gripe my bleeding heart,

“ And like a harper [harpy] tyers on my life.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ *Gripping our bowels with retorted thoughts.*” MALONE.

^c — *for gourd, and fullam holds,*

And high and low beguile the rich and poor:] *Fullam* is a cant term for false dice, *high* and *low*. Torriano, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets *Pise* by *false dice, high and low men, high fullams and low fullams*. Jonson, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, quibbles upon this cant term: “*Who, be serve? He keeps high men and low men, be has a fair living at Fullam.*”—As for *gourd*, or rather *gord*, it was another instrument of gaming, as appears from Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Scornful Lady*: “*— And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but GORDS or nine-pins.*” WARBURTON.

In *The London Prodigal* I find the following enumeration of false dice.—“*I bequeath two bale of false dice, videlicet, high men and low men, fulloms, stop cater-traics, and other bones of function.*”

Green, in his *Art of Juggling, &c.* 1612, says, “*What should I say more of false dice, of fulloms, high men, lowe men, gourds, and brizled dice, graviers, demies, and contraries?*”

Again, in *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640; among the false dice are enumerated, “*a bale of fullams.*”—“*A bale of gordes, with as many high-men as low-men for passage.*”

STEVENS.

Gourds were probably dice in which a secret cavity had been

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head,⁵ which be
humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.⁶

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

made; *fullams*, those which had been loaded with a small bit of lead. *High men* and *low men*, which were likewise cant terms, explain themselves. *High* numbers on the dice, at hazard, are from five to twelve, inclusive; *low*, from aces to four. MALONE.

High and low men were false dice, which, being chiefly made at *Fulbam*, were thence called "high and low *Fulbams*." The high *Fulbams* were the numbers, 4, 5, and 6. See the manner in which these dice were made, in *The Complete Gamester*, p. 12. edit. 1676, 12mo. DOUCE.

⁵ — in my head.] These words which are omitted in the folio, were recovered by Mr. Pope from the early quarto.

MALONE.

⁶ I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.] The folio reads: "— to Ford;" but the very reverse of this happens. See Act II. where *Nym* makes the discovery to *Page*, and not to *Ford*, as here promised; and *Pistol*, on the other hand, to *Ford*, and not to *Page*. Shakspeare is frequently guilty of these little forgetfulnesses.

STEEVENS.

The folio reads—to *Ford*; and in the next line—and I to *Page*, &c. But the reverse of this (as Mr. Steevens has observed) happens in Act II. where *Nym* makes the discovery to *Page*, and *Pistol* to *Ford*. I have therefore corrected the text from the old quarto, where *Nym* declares he will make the discovery to *Page*; and *Pistol* says, "And I to *Ford* will likewise tell—" MALONE.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page⁷ to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness,⁸ for the revolt of mien⁹ is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [Exeunt.]

⁷ *I will incense Page, &c.] So, in K. Henry VIII:*

“ ——— I have

“ *Incens’d* the lords of the council, that he is

“ A most arch heretic—.”

In both passages, to *incense* has the same meaning as to *instigate*.

STEVENS.

⁸ ——— yellowness,] *Yellowness* is jealousy. JOHNSON.

So, in *Law Tricks, &c.* 1608:

“ If you have me, you must not put on *yellow*.”

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“ ——— Flora well, perdie,

“ Did paint her *yellow* for her jealousy.” STEVENS.

⁹ ——— *the revolt of mien* —] *The revolt of mine* is the old reading. *Revolt of mien*, is *change of countenance*, one of the effects he has just been ascribing to jealousy. STEVENS.

This, Mr. Steevens truly observes to be the old reading, and it is authority enough for *the revolt of mien* in modern orthography. “ Know you that fellow that walketh there? says Eliot, 1593— he is an alchymist by his *mine*, and hath multiplied all to moonshine.” FARMER.

Nym means, I think, to say, *that kind of change in the complexion, which is caused by jealousy, renders the person possessed by such a passion dangerous*; consequently Ford will be likely to revenge himself on Falstaff, and I shall be gratified. I believe our author wrote— *that revolt, &c.* though I have not disturbed the text. *ye* and *yt* in the Mss. of his time were easily confounded. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Dr. Caius's House.

*Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.*²

QUICK. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

RUG. I'll go watch. [*Exit RUGBY.*

QUICK. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.³ An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:⁴ his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way:⁵ but nobody but has his fault;

² — *Rugby.*] This domestic of Dr. Caius received his name from a town in Warwickshire. STEEVENS.

³ — *at the latter end, &c.*] That is, when my master is in bed. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *no breed-bate:*] *Bate* is an obsolete word, signifying strife, contention. So, in the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1595:

“ Shall ever civil *bate*

“ Gnaw and devour our state?”

Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540:

“ We shall not fall at *bate*, or stryve for this matter.”

Stanyhurst, in his translation of Virgil, 1582, calls *Erinnys* a *make-bate*. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *he is something peevish that way:*] *Peevish* is foolish. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act II: “ — he's strange and *peevish*.” STEEVENS.

I believe, this is one of dame Quickly's blunders, and that she means *precise*. MALONE.

—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

SIM. Ay, for fault of a better.

QUICK. And master Slender's your master?

SIM. Ay, forsooth.

QUICK. Does he not wear a great round beard,⁶ like a glover's paring-knife?

SIM. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee face,⁷ with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colour'd beard.⁸

⁶ — a great round beard, &c.] See a note on *K. Henry V.* Act III. sc. vi: "And what a beard of the general's cut," &c. MALONE.

⁷ — a little wee face.] *Wee*, in the northern dialect, signifies very little. Thus, in the Scottish proverb that apologizes for a little woman's marriage with a big man: "— A wee mouse will creep under a mickle cornfack." COLLINS.

See, in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, a comedy, 1631: "He was nothing so tall as I; but a little wee man, and somewhat hutch-back'd."

Again, in *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

"Some two miles, and a wee bit, fir."

Wee is derived from *weenig*, Dutch. On the authority of the 4to, 1619, we might be led to read *wbey*-face: "— Somewhat of a weakly man, and has as it were a *wbey*-coloured beard." *Macbeth* calls one of the messengers *Wbey*-face. STEEVENS.

Little wee is certainly the right reading; it implies something extremely diminutive, and is a very common vulgar idiom in the North. *Wee* alone, has only the signification of *little*. Thus *Cleveland*:

"A Yorkshire wee bit, longer than a mile."

The proverb is a mile and a wee bit; i. e. about a league and a half. RITSON.

⁸ — a Cain-colour'd beard.] Cain and Judas, in the tapestries and pictures of old, were represented with yellow beards.

THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be countenanced by a parallel expression in an old play called *Blurt Master Constable*, or, *The Spaniard's Night-Walk*, 1602:

"_____ over all,

"A goodly, long, thick, *Abraham-colour'd beard*."

QUICK. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

SIM. Ay, forfooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands,^s as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*; 1599, Basilisco says:

“ ——— where is the eldest son of Priam,

“ That *Abraham-colour'd* Trojan?” ———

I am not however, certain, but that *Abraham* may be a corruption of *auburn*.

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1603:

“ And let their beards be of *Judas* his own colour.”

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

“ That's he in the *Judas* beard.” ———

Again, in *The Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

“ I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*.”

In an age, when but a small part of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from representations in painting or tapestry. A *cane-colour'd* beard however, [the reading of the quarto,] might signify a beard of the colour of *cane*, i. e. a sickly yellow; for *straw-coloured* beards are mentioned in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. STEVENS.

The words of the quarto,—a *whey-colour'd* beard, strongly favour this reading; for *whey* and *cane* are nearly of the same colour.

MALONE.

The new edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. V. p. 295, asserts, that painters constantly represented *Judas* the traitor with a *red head*. Dr. Plot's *Oxfordshire*, p. 153, says the same. This conceit is thought to have arisen in England, from our ancient grudge to the *red-haired Danes*. TOLLET.

See my quotation in *King Henry VIII.* Act V. sc. ii.

STEVENS.

^s ——— as tall a man of his hands,] Perhaps this is an allusion to the jockey measure, *so many hands high*, used by grooms when speaking of horses. *Tall*, in our author's time, signified not only height of stature, but stoutness of body. The ambiguity of the phrase seems intended. PERCY.

Whatever be the origin of this phrase, it is very ancient, being used by Gower:

“ A worthie knight was of his bonde,

“ There was none fuche in all the londe.”

De Confessione Amantis, lib. v. fol. 118. b.

STEVENS.

QUICK. How say you?—O, I should remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

SIM. Yes, indeed, does he.

QUICK. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

RUG. Out, alas! here comes my master.

QUICK. We shall all be shent:⁹ Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Sbuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—*and down, down, adown-a,*² &c. [*sings.*]

The *tall man* of the old dramattick writers, was a man of a bold, intrepid disposition, and inclined to quarrel; such as is described by Steevens in the second scene of the third act of this play.

M. MASON.

“A tall man of his hands” sometimes meant quick-handed, active; and as Simple is here commending his master for his gymnastick abilities, perhaps the phrase is here used in that sense. See Florio’s Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. “*Manesco.* Nimble or quick-handed; a tall man of his hands.” MALONE.

⁹ *We shall all be shent:*] i. e. Scolded, roughly treated. So, in the old *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:

“——I can tell thee one thyng,

“In fayth you wyll be *shent.*” STEEVENS.

² ——*and down, down, adown-a, &c.*] To deceive her master, she sings as if at her work. SIR J. HAWKINS.

This appears to have been the burden of some song then well known. In *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609, sign. E 1. one of the characters says, “Hey good boies! i’faith now a three man’s

*Enter Doctor CAIUS.*³

CAIUS. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*;⁴ a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

QUICK. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

[*Aside.*]

CAIUS. *Fe, fe fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.*

long, or the old *downe adowne*: 'well things must be as they may; fil's the other quart: muskadiue with an egge is fine, there's a time for all things, bonos nochtos.'" REED.

³ *Enter Doctor Caius.*] It has been thought strange, that our author should take the name of *Caius* [an eminent physician who flourished in the reign of Elizabeth, and founder of Caius College in our university] for his Frenchman in this comedy; but Shakspeare was little acquainted with literary history; and without doubt, from this unusual name, supposed him to have been a foreign quack. Add to this, that the doctor was handed down as a kind of Rosicrucian: Mr. Ames had in MS. one of the "*Secret Writings of Dr. Caius.*" FARMER.

This character of *Dr. Caius* might have been drawn from the life; as in *Jacke of Dover's Quest of Enquirie*, 1604, (perhaps a republication,) a story called *The Foole of Winsor* begins thus: "Upon a time there was in *Winsor* a certain simple outlandishe doctor of phisicke belonging to the deane," &c. STEEVENS,

⁴ — *un boitier verd*;] *Boitier* in French signifies a case of surgeon's instruments, GRAY.

I believe it rather means a box of *saks*, or case to hold *simples*, for which Caius professes to seek. The same word, somewhat curtailed, is used by Chaucer, in *The Pardoner's Prologue*, l. 1224: "And every boist ful of thy letuarie."

Again, in *The Skynners' Play*, in the Chester Collection of Mysteries, MS. Harl. p. 149: Mary Magdalen says:

"To balme his bodye that is so brighte,
"Boyste here have I brought." STEEVENS.

QUICK. Is it this, fir?

CAIUS. *Ouy; mette le' au mon pocket; Depeche,* quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

QUICK. What, John Rugby! John!

RUG. Here, fir.

CAIUS. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

RUG. 'Tis ready, fir, here in the porch.

CAIUS. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

QUICK. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

CAIUS. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

QUICK. Good master, be content.

CAIUS. Verefore shall I be content-a?

QUICK. The young man is an honest man.

CAIUS. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

QUICK. I beseech you, be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

CAIUS. Vell.

SIM. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

QUICK. Peace, I pray you.

CAIUS. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

SIM. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

QUICK. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

CAIUS. Sir Hugh fend-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: Tarry you a little-a while. [*writes.*]

QUICK. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink,[‡] make the beds, and do all myself;—

SIM. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

QUICK. Are you avis'd o'that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

CAIUS. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit SIMPLE.*]

QUICK. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

[‡] — *dress meat and drink,*] Dr. Warburton thought the word *drink* ought to be expunged; but by *drink* Dame Quickly might have intended potage and soup, of which her master may be supposed to have been as fond as the rest of his countrymen.

CAIUS. It is no matter—a for dat:—do not you tell—a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest;⁶ and I have appointed mine hof of *de Farterre* to meafure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

QUICK. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-ger!⁷

CAIUS. Rugby, come to the court vit me;—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.*]

QUICK. You shall have An fools-head⁸ of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

FENT. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

QUICK. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

⁶ — *de Jack priest*;] *Jack* in our author's time was a term of contempt: So, saucy *Jack*, &c. See *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Act III. sc. iii: "The prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-cup;" and *Much ado about Nothing*, Act I. sc. i: "—do you play the flouting *Jack*?"

MALONE.

⁷ *What the good-ger!*] She means to say—"the *gonjere*, i. e. *morbus Gallicus*. So, in *K. Lear*:

"The *gonjeres* shall devour them."

See Hanmer's note, *King Lear*, Act V. sc. iii. STEVENS.

Mrs. Quickly scarcely ever pronounces a hard word rightly. *Good-ger* and *Good-year* were in our author's time common corruptions of *gonjere*; and in the books of that age the word is as often written one way as the other. MALONE.

⁸ *You shall have An fool's-head*—] Mrs. Quickly, I believe, intends a quibble between *ann*, sounded broad, and *one*, which was formerly sometimes pronounced *on*, or with nearly the same sound. In the Scottish dialect *one* is written, and I suppose pronounced, *ane*.—In 1603, was published "*Ane verie excellent and delectable Treatise, intituled Philotus*," &c. MALONE.

Enter FENTON.

FENT. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

QUICK. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

FENT. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

QUICK. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

FENT. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

QUICK. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

FENT. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

QUICK. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest,⁹ an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly^a and musing: But for you—Well, go to.

FENT. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou see'st her before me, commend me—

QUICK. Will I? i'faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

⁹ — *but, I detest,*] She means—I *protest.* MALONE.

The same intended mistake occurs in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. i: “My wife, sir, whom I *detest* before heaven and your honour,” &c.—“Dost thou *detest* her therefore?” STEEVENS.

^a — *so allicholly* —] And yet, in a former part of this very scene, Mrs. Quickly is made to utter the word—*melancholy*, without the least corruption of it. Such is the inconsistency of the first folio. STEEVENS.

FENT. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.
[Exit.]

QUICK. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon't! what have I forgot?^a
[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's House.

Enter Mistress PAGE, with a letter.

MRS. PAGE. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [reads.]

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor:^b You are not young, no more am I; go to

^a —Out upon't! what have I forgot? This excuse for leaving the stage, is rather too near Dr. Caius's "Od's me! qu'ay j'oublié!" in the former part of the scene. STEEVENS.

^b —*though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor:*] This is obscure: but the meaning is, *though love permit reason to tell what is fit to be done, he seldom follows its advice.*—By *precisian*, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and sanctity. On which account they gave this name to the puritans of that time. So Osborne—"Conform their mode, words, and looks, to these PRECISIANS," And Maime, in his *City Match*:

"—I did commend

"A great PRECISIAN to her for her woman."

WARBURTON.

Of this word I do not see any meaning that is very apposite to the present intention. Perhaps Falstaff said, *Though love use reason as his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor.* This will be plain sense. Ask not the *reason* of my love; the business of *reason* is not to assist love, but to cure it. There may however be this

then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

*Thine own true knight,
By day or night,³
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight,*

John Falstaff.

meaning in the present reading. *Though love*, when he would submit to regulation, may use reason as his *precisian*, or director in nice cases, yet when he is only eager to attain his end, he takes not reason for his *counsellor*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson wishes to read *physician*; and this conjecture becomes almost a certainty from a line in our author's 147th sonnet:

"My reason the *physician* to my love," &c. FARMER.

The character of a *precisian* seems to have been very generally ridiculed in the time of Shakspeare. So, in *The Malcontent*, 1604: "You must take her in the right vein then; as, when the sign is in Pisces, a fishmonger's wife is very sociable: in Cancer, a *precisian's* wife is very flexible."

Again, *Dr. Faustus*, 1604:

"I will set my countenance like a *precisian*?"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Case is alter'd*, 1609:

"It is *precisianism* to alter that,

"With austere judgement, which is given by nature."

STEVENS.

If *physician* be the right reading, the meaning may be this: A lover uncertain as yet of success, never takes reason for his counsellor, but, when desperate, applies to him as his physician.

MUSGRAVE.

³ *Thine own true knight,*

By day or night,] This expression, which is ludicrously employed by Falstaff, anciently meant, at all times.

So, in the third book of Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*:

"The sonne cleped was Machayre,

"The daughter eke Canace hight,

"By daie bothe and eke by night."

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew himself a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour⁴ hath this Flemish drunkard⁵ pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:⁶—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men.⁷ How shall I be revenged on him? for re-

Loud and still, was another phrase of the same meaning.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — [*What an unweigh'd behaviour, &c.*] Thus the folio 1623. It has been suggested to me, that we should read—*aw*. STEEVENS.

⁵ — [*Flemish drunkard*—] It is not without reason that this term of reproach is here used. *Sir John Smythe* in *Certain Discourses, &c.* 4to. 1590, says, that the habit of drinking to excess was introduced into England from the Low Countries “by some of our such men of warre within these very few years: whereof it is come to passe that now-a-dayes there are very fewe feastes where our said men of warre are present, but that they do invite and procure all the companie, of what calling soever they be, to carowing and quaffing; and, because they will not be denied their challenges, they, with many new conges, ceromonies, and reverences, drinke to the health and prosperitie of princes; to the health of counsellors, and unto the health of their greatest friends both at home and abroad: in which exercise they never cease till they be dead drunke, or, as the *Flemings* say, *Doot dronken*.” He adds, “And this aforesaid detestable vice hath within these fixe or seven yeares taken wonderful roote amongst our English Nation, that in times past was wont to be of all other nations of Christendome one of the soberest.” REED.

⁶ — [*I was then frugal of my mirth*:] By breaking this speech into exclamations, the text may stand; but I once thought it must be read, *If I was not then frugal of my mirth, &c.* JOHNSON.

⁷ — [*for the putting down of men*.] The word which seems to have been inadvertently omitted in the folio, was restored by Mr. Theobald from the quarto, where the corresponding speech runs thus: “Well, I shall trust *fat* men the worse, while I live, for his sake. O God; that I knew how to be revenged of him!” —Dr. Johnson, however, thinks that the insertion is unnecessary,

venged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

MRS. FORD. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

MRS. PAGE. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

as "Mrs. Page might naturally enough, in the first heat of her anger, rail at the sex for the fault of one." But the authority of the original sketch in quarto, and Mrs. Page's frequent mention of the size of her lover in the play as it now stands, in my opinion fully warrant the correction that has been made. Our author well knew that bills are brought into parliament for some purpose that at least appears *practicable*. Mrs. Page therefore in her passion might exhibit a bill for the putting down or destroying men of a particular description; but Shakspeare would never have made her threaten to introduce a bill to effect an *impossibility*; viz. the extermination of the whole species.

There is no error more frequent at the press than the omission of words. In a sheet of this work now before me, [Mr. Malone means in his own edition] there was an *out*, (as it is termed in the printing-house,) that is, a passage omitted, of no less than ten lines. In every sheet some words are at first omitted.

The expression, *putting down*, is a common phrase of our municipal law. MALONE.

I believe this passage has hitherto been misunderstood, and therefore continue to read with the folio, which omits the epithet *—fat*.

The *putting down* of men, may only signify *the humiliation of them, the bringing them to shame*. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio says of the clown—"I saw him, the other day, *put down* by an ordinary fool;" i. e. *confounded*. Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*—"How the ladies and I have *put him down*!" Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*—"You have *put him down*, lady, you have *put him down*."

I cannot help thinking that the extermination of all men would be as *practicable* a design of parliament, as the *putting down* of those whose only offence was *embonpoint*.

I persist in this opinion, even though I have before me (in support of Mr. Malone's argument) the famous print from P. Brueghel, representing the *Lean Cooks* expelling the *Fat one*. STEVENS.

MRS. FORD. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

MRS. PAGE. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

MRS. FORD. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

MRS. PAGE. What's the matter, woman?

MRS. FORD. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

MRS. PAGE. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispenſe with trifles;—what is it?

MRS. FORD. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

MRS. PAGE. What?—thou lieſt!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.*

* *What?—thou lieſt!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.* I read thus—*These knights we'll hack, and so thou shouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.* The punishment of a recreant, or undeserving knight, was to *hack* off his spurs: the meaning therefore is; it is not worth the while of a gentlewoman to be made a knight, for we'll degrade all these knights in a little time, by the usual form of *backing* off their spurs, and thou, if thou art knighted, shalt be hacked with the rest.

JOHNSON.

Sir T. Hanmer says, to *hack*, means to turn hackney, or prostitute. I suppose he means—*These knights will degrade themselves, so that ſhe will acquire no honour by being connected with them.*

It is not, however, impossible that Shakspeare meant by—*these knights will hack*—these knights will soon become *hackney'd* characters.—So many knights were made about the time this play was amplified (for the passage is neither in the copy 1602, nor 1619) that such a stroke of satire might not have been unjustly thrown in. In *Hans Beer Pot's Invisible Comedy*, 1618, is a long piece of ridicule on the same occurrence:

“ 'Twas strange to see what *knighthood* once would do:

“ Stir great men up to lead a martial life——

Mrs. FORD. We burn day-light :⁹—here, read, read ;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worfe of fat men, as long as I have an

“ To gain this honour and this dignity.—

“ But now, alas ! 'tis grown ridiculous,

“ Since bought with money, sold for basest prize,

“ That some refuse it who are counted wife.” STEVENS.

These knights will *back* (that is, become cheap or vulgar,) and therefore she advises her friend not to sully her gentry by becoming one. The whole of this discourse about knighthood is added since the first edition of this play [in 1602]; and therefore I suspect this is an oblique reflection on the prodigality of James I. in bestowing these honours, and erecting in 1611 a new order of knighthood, called Baronets; which few of the ancient gentry would condescend to accept. See Sir Hugh Spelman's epigram on them, *Gloss.* p. 76, which ends thus :

“ — dum cauponare recusant

“ Ex vera geniti nobilitate viri ;

“ Interea e caulis hic prorepat, ille tabernis,

“ Et modo fit dominus, qui modo servus erat.”

See another stroke at them in *Orbello*, Act III. sc. iv.

BLACKSTONE.

Sir W. Blackstone supposes that the order of Baronets (created in 1611) was likewise alluded to. But it appears to me highly probable that our author amplified the play before us at an earlier period. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. Article, *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Between the time of King James's arrival at Berwick in April 1603, and the 2d of May, he made two hundred and thirty-seven knights; and in the July following between three and four hundred. It is probable that the play before us was enlarged in that or the subsequent year, when this stroke of satire must have been highly relished by the audience. MALONE.

⁹ *We burn day-light :*] i. e. we have more proof than we want. The same proverbial phrase occurs in *The Spanish Tragedy* :

“ Hier. Light me your torches.”

“ Pedro. Then we burn day-light.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio uses the same expression, and then explains it :

“ We waste our lights in vain like lamps by day.”

STEVENS.

I think, the meaning rather is, we are wasting time in idle talk, when we ought to read the letter; resembling those who waste candles by burning them in the day-time. MALONE.

eye to make difference of men's liking:^a And yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves*.^b What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him

^a ——— *men's liking*:] i. e. men's condition of body. Thus in the Book of Job. "Their young ones are in good *liking*." Falstaff also, in *King Henry IV.* says—"I'll repent while I am in some *liking*." STEVENS.

^b ——— *Green sleeves*.] This song was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in September 1580: "Licensed unto Richard Jones, a newe northerne dittye of the lady *Green Sleeves*." Again, "Licensed unto Edward White, a ballad, beinge the *Lady Greene Sleeves*, answered to Jenkyn hir friend." Again, in the same month and year: "*Green Sleeves* moralized to the Scripture," &c. Again, to Edward White:

"*Green Sleeves* and countenance.

"In countenance is *Green Sleeves*."

Again, "A new Northern Song of *Green Sleeves*, beginning,

"The bonniest lads in all the land."

Again, in February 1580: "A reprehension against *Greene Sleeves*, by W. Elderton." From a passage in *The Loyal Subject*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, it should seem that the original was a wanton ditty:

"And set our credits to the tune of *Greene Sleeves*."

But whatever the ballad was, it seems to have been very popular. August 1581, was entered at Stationers' Hall, "A new ballad, entitled:

"*Greene Sleeves* is worn away,

"Yellow sleeves come to decay,

"Black sleeves I hold in despite,

"But white sleeves is my delight."

Mention of the same tune is made again in the fourth act of this play. STEVENS,

in his own greafe.³—Did you ever hear the like?

MRS. PAGE. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the prefs,⁴ when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion.⁵ Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

MRS. FORD. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

MRS. PAGE. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some strain in me,⁶ that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

³ ——— *melted him in his own greafe.*] So Chaucer, in his *Wif of Bathes Prologue*, 6069:

“That in his owen grese I made him frie.” STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *prefs.*] *Prefs* is used ambiguously, for a *prefs* to print, and a *prefs* to squeeze. JOHNSON.

⁵ *I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion.*] Mr. Warton judiciously observes, that in consequence of English versions from Greek and Roman authors, an inundation of classical pedantry very soon infected our poetry, and that perpetual allusions to ancient fable were introduced, as in the present instance, without the least regard to propriety; for Mrs. Page was not intended, in any degree, to be a learned or an affected lady. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *some strain in me.*] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—“some *stain* in me,” but, I think, unnecessarily. A similar expression occurs in *The Winter's Tale*:

MRS. FORD. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

MRS. PAGE. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

MRS. FORD. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not fully the chariness of our honesty.⁷ O, that my husband saw this letter!⁸ it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

MRS. PAGE. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

MRS. FORD. You are the happier woman.

MRS. PAGE. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*they retire.*]

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM,

FORD. Well, I hope, it be not so.

PIST. Hope is a curtail dog⁹ in some affairs:

“ With what encounter so uncurrent have I

“ *Strain'd* to appear thus?”

And again, in *Timon*:

“ ——— a noble nature

“ May catch a *wrench.*” STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *the chariness of our honesty.*] i. e. the caution which ought to attend on it. STEEVENS.

⁸ O, that my husband saw this letter!] Surely Mrs. Ford does not wish to excite the jealousy of which she complains. I think we should read—O, if my husband, &c. and thus the copy, 1619: “ O lord, if my husband should see the letter! i' faith, this would even give edge to his jealousy.” STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *curtail dog* —] That is, a dog that misses his game. The tail is counted necessary to the agility of a greyhound. JOHNSON.

Sir John affects thy wife.

FORD. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

PIST. He woos both high and low, both rich
and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry;³ Ford, perpend.⁴

FORD. Love my wife?

PIST. With liver burning hot:⁵ Prevent, or go
thou,

—curtail-dog—] That is, a dog of small value;—what
we now call a *car*. MALONE.

³ —gally-mawfry;] i. e. A medley. So, in *The Winter's
Tale*: "They have a dance, which the wenches say is a *galli-
maufry* of gambols." Pistol ludicrously uses it for a woman.
Thus, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

"Let us show ourselves gallants or *galli-maufries*."

STEVENS.

The first folio has—*the gallymaufry*. *Thy* was introduced by the
editor of the second. *The gallymawfry* may be right: He loves a
medley; all sorts of women, high and low, &c. Ford's reply,
"Love my wife!" may refer to what Pistol had said before: "Sir
John affects thy wife." *Thy* gallymawfry sounds however more like
Pistol's language than the other; and therefore I have followed the
modern editors in preferring it. MALONE.

⁴ —Ford, perpend.] This is perhaps a ridicule on a pompous
word too often used in the old play of *Cambyfes*:

"My sapient words I say *perpend*."

Again:

"My queen *perpend* what I pronounce."

Shakspeare has put the same word into the mouth of Polonius.

STEVENS.

Pistol again uses it in *K. Henry V.*; so does the Clown in *Twelfth
Night*: I do not believe therefore that any ridicule was here aimed
at Preston, the author of *Cambyfes*. MALONE.

⁵ *With liver burning hot*:] So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

"If ever love had interest in his liver."

The *liver* was anciently supposed to be the inspirer of amorous
passions. Thus in an old Latin distich:

Cor ardet, pulmo loquitur, fel commovet iras;

Splen ridere facit, cogit amare jecur. STEVENS.

Like Sir Afton he, with Ring-wood at thy heels :—
O, odious is the name!

FORD. What name, fir?

PISTOL. The horn, I fay : Farewel.

Take heed ; have open eye ; for thieves do foot by
night :

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do
sing.⁶—

Away, fir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page ; he fpeaks fenfe.⁷ [*Exit* PISTOL.]

FORD. I will be patient ; I will find out this.

⁶ ——— *cuckoo-birds do fing.*] Such is the reading of the folio. The quartos, 1602, and 1619, read—*when cuckoo-birds appear.* The modern editors—*when cuckoo-birds affright.* For this laft reading I find no authority. STEVENS.

⁷ *Away, fir corporal Nym.*—

Believe it, Page ; he fpeaks fenfe.] Nym, I believe, is out of place, and we fhould read thus :

Away, fir corporal.

Nym. *Believe it, Page ; he fpeaks fenfe.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps Dr. Johnson is miftaken in his conjecture. He feems not to have been aware of the manner in which the author meant this fcene fhould be reprefented. Ford and Pistol, Page and Nym, enter in pairs, each pair in feparate converfation ; and while Pistol is informing Ford of Falftaff's defign upon his wife, Nym is, during that time, talking *afide* to Page, and giving information of the like plot againft *him*.—When Pistol has finifhed, he calls out to Nym to come *away* ; but feeing that he and Page are ftill in clofe debate, he goes off alone, firft affuring Page, he may depend on the truth of Nym's ftory. *Believe it, Page, &c.* Nym then proceeds to tell the remainder of his tale out aloud. *And this is true, &c.* A little further on in this fcene, Ford fays to Page, *You heard what this knave (i. e. Pistol) told me, &c.* Page replies, *Yes ; And you heard what the other (i. e. Nym) told me.* STEVENS.

Believe it, Page ; he fpeaks fenfe.] Thus has the paffage been hitherto printed, fays Dr. Farmer ; but furely we fhould read—*Believe it, Page, he fpeaks ;* which means no more than—*Page, believe what he fays.* This fenfe is expreffed not only in the manner peculiar to *Pistol*, but to the grammar of the times.

STEVENS.

Nym. And this is true; [*to Page.*] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife;⁸ there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheefe; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit Nym.*]

PAGE. *The humour of it,*⁹ quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

⁸ — *I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; &c.*] Nym, to gain credit, says, that he is above the mean office of carrying love-letters; he has nobler means of living; he has a sword, and upon his necessity, that is, when his need drives him to unlawful expedients, his sword shall bite. JOHNSON.

⁹ *The humour of it,*] The following epigram, taken from *Humor's Ordinarie*, where a man may see verie merrie and exceeding well used for his sixpence, quarto, 1607, will best account for Nym's frequent repetition of the word *humour*. Epig. 27:

- “ Aske HUMORS what a feather he doth weare,
 “ It is his *humour* (by the Lord) he'll sweare;
 “ Or what he doth with such a horse-taile locke,
 “ Or why upon a whore he spendes his stocke,—
 “ He hath a *humour* doth determine so:
 “ Why in the stop-throte fashion he doth goe,
 “ With scarfe about his necke, hat without band,—
 “ It is his *humour*. Sweet sir, understand,
 “ What cause his purse is so extreame distrest
 “ That oftentimes is scarcely penny-blest;
 “ Only a *humour*. If you question, why
 “ His tongue is ne'er unfurnish'd with a lye,—
 “ It is his *humour* too he doth protest:
 “ Or why with sergeants he is so opprest,
 “ That like to ghosts they haunt him ev'rie day;
 “ A rascal *humour* doth not love to pay.
 “ Object why bootes and spurres are still in season,
 “ His *humour* answers, *humour* is his reason.
 “ If you perceive his wits in wetting shrunke,
 “ It cometh of a *humour* to be drunke,

FORD. I will seek out Falstaff.

PAGE: I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

FORD. If I do find it, well.

PAGE. I will not believe such a Cataian,² though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

“ When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore,

“ The occasion is, his *humour* and a whoore :

“ And every thing that he doth undertake,

“ It is a veine, for fenceles *humour's* sake.” STEVENS.

² *I will not believe such a Cataian,*] All the mystery of the term *Cataian*, for a liar, is only this. China was anciently called *Cataia* or *Catbay*, by the first adventurers that travelled thither; such as M. Paulo, and our Mandeville, who told such incredible wonders of this new discovered empire (in which they have not been outdone even by the Jesuits themselves, who followed them,) that a notorious liar was usually called a *Cataian*. WARBURTON.

“ This fellow has such an odd appearance, is so unlike a man civilized, and taught the duties of life, that I cannot credit him.” To be a foreigner was always in England, and I suppose every where else, a reason of dislike. So Pistol calls Sir Hugh in the first act, a *mountain foreigner*; that is, a fellow uneducated, and of gross behaviour; and again in his anger calls Bardolph, *Hungarian wight*.

JOHNSON.

I believe that neither of the commentators is in the right, but am far from professing, with any great degree of confidence, that I am happier in my own explanation. It is remarkable, that in Shakspeare, this expression—a *true man*, is always put in opposition (as it is in this instance) to—a *thief*. So, in *Henry IV. P. I.*

“ — now the *thieves* have bound the *true men*.”

The Chinese (anciently called *Cataians*) are said to be the most dextrous of all the nimble-finger'd tribe; and to this hour they deserve the same character. Pistol was known at Windsor to have had a hand in picking Slender's pocket, and therefore might be called a *Cataian* with propriety, if my explanation be admitted.

That by a *Cataian* some kind of *barber* was meant, I infer from the following passage in *Love and Honour*, a play by Sir William D'Avenant, 1649:

“ Hang him, bold *Cataian*, he indites finely,

“ And will live as well by sending short epistles,

“ Or by the sad *wibber* at your *gamester's* ear,

FORD. 'Twas a good sensible fellow :³ Well.

PAGE. How now, Meg?

MRS. PAGE. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

MRS. FORD. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

FORD. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

MRS. FORD. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

MRS. PAGE. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to Mrs. FORD.*

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

MRS. FORD. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

MRS. PAGE. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

QUICK. Ay, forsooth; And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

“ When the great By is drawn,

“ As any *distress* gallant of them all.”

Catbaia is mentioned in *The Tamer Tamed*, of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ I'll wish you in the Indies, or *Catbaia*.”

The tricks of the *Catbaians* are hinted at in one of the old black letter histories of that country; and again in a dramattick performance, called the *Pedler's Prophecy*, 1595:

“ ——— in the east part of *Inde*,

“ Through seas and floods, they work all *thirvijs*.”

STEVENS.

³ 'Twas a good sensible fellow:] This, and the two preceding speeches of Ford, are spoken to himself, and have no connection with the sentiments of Page, who is likewise making his comment on what had passed, without attention to Ford. STEVENS.

Mrs. PAGE. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Mrs. QUICKLY.*]

PAGE. How now, master Ford?

FORD. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

PAGE. Yes; And you heard what the other told me?

FORD. Do you think there is truth in them?

PAGE. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.⁴

FORD. Were they his men?

PAGE. Marry, were they.

FORD. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

PAGE. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

FORD. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head:⁵ I cannot be thus satisfied.

PAGE. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

⁴ — *very rogues, now they be out of service.*] A *rogue* is a wanderer or *vagabond*, and, in its consequential signification, a *cheat*.

⁵ — *I would have nothing lie on my head:*] Here seems to be an allusion to Shakespeare's favourite topick, the cuckold's horns. MALONE.

Enter Host, and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice,⁵ I say.

SHAL. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

SHAL. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between fir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

FORD. Good mine host o'the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[*They go aside.*]

SHAL. Will you [*to Page*] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no fuit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

FORD. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook;⁶ only for a jest.

⁵ — cavalero-justice,] This cant term occurs in *The Stately Moral of three Ladies of London*, 1590:

“Then know, Castilian cavaleros, this.”

There is also a book printed in 1599, called, *A countercuffe given to Martin Junior; by the venturous, hardie, and renowned Pasquill of Englande*, CAVALIERO. STEVENS.

⁶ — and tell him, my name is Brook;] Thus both the old quartos; and thus most certainly the poet wrote. We need no

HosT. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go on, hearts?⁷

SHAL. Have with you, mine host.

PAGE. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.⁸

better evidence than the pun that Falstaff anon makes on the name, when Brook sends him some burnt sack.

Such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow such liquor. The players, in their edition, altered the name to *Broom*.

THEOBALD.

⁷ ——— *will you go on, hearts?*] For this substitution of an intelligible for an unintelligible word, I am answerable.—The old reading is—*an-beirs*. See the following notes. STEEVENS.

We should read, *Will you go ON, HERIS?* i. e. Will you go on, master? *Heris*, an old Scotch word for master. WARBURTON.

The merry Host has already saluted them separately by titles of distinction; he therefore probably now addresses them collectively by a general one—*Will you go on, heroes?* or, as probably—*Will you go on, hearts?* He calls Dr. Caius *Heart of Elder*; and adds, in a subsequent scene of this play, *Farewell my hearts*. Again, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bottom says, “—Where are these hearts?” *My brave hearts, or my bold hearts*, is a common word of encouragement. A *heart of gold* expresses the more soft and amiable qualities, the *mores aurei* of Horace; and a *heart of oak* is a frequent encomium of rugged honesty. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Mynbeers*. STEEVENS.

There can be no doubt that this passage is corrupt. Perhaps we should read—*Will you go and bear us?* So, in the next page—“I had rather *bear them* scold than fight.” MALONE.

⁸ ——— *in his rapier.*] In the old quarto here follow these words:

Shal. I tell you what, master Page; I believe the doctor is no jester; he'll lay it one [on]; for though we be justices and doctors and churchmen, yet we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. True, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page.

Page. Master Shallow, you yourself have been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Part of this dialogue is found afterwards in the third scene of the present act; but it seems more proper here, to introduce what Shallow says of the prowess of his youth. MALONE.

SHAL. Tut, fir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passies, stoc-cadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword,⁹ I would have made you four tall fellows^a skip like rats.

⁹ — *my long sword,*] Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes raised with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with his *long sword*, and ridicules the terms and rules of the rapier. JOHNSON.

The *two-handed sword* is mentioned in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:

“ Somtyme he serveth me at borde,

“ Somtyme he bereth my *two-hand sword*.”

See a note to *The First Part of K. Henry IV.* ACT II.

STEEVEN.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of the *long sword* is certainly right; for the early quarto reads—*my two-hand sword*; so that they appear to have been synonymous.

Carleton, in his *Thankful Remembrance of God's Mercy*, 1635, speaking of the treachery of one Rowland York, in betraying the town of Deventer to the Spaniards in 1587, says: “ he was a Londoner, famous among the cutters in his time, for bringing in a new kind of fight—to run the point of the *rapier* into a man's body. This manner of fight *be* brought *first* into *England*, with great admiration of his audaciousness: when in England before that time, the use was, with little bucklers, and with *broad swords*, to strike, and not to thrust; and it was accounted unmanly to strike under the girdle.”

The Continuator of Stowe's *Annals*, p. 1024, edit. 1631, supposes the rapier to have been introduced somewhat sooner, viz. about the 20th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, [1578] at which time, he says, Sword and Bucklers began to be disused. Shakspeare has here been guilty of a great anachronism in making Shallow ridicule the terms of the rapier in the time of Henry IV. an hundred and seventy years before it was used in England. MALONE.

It should seem from a passage in Nash's *Life of Jacke Wilson*, 1594, that rapiers were used in the reign of Henry VIII: “ At that time I was no common squire, &c.—my *rapier* pendant like a round stick fastned in the tacklings, for skippers the better to climbe by.” Sig. C 4. RITSON.

HOSY. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

PAGE. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt* *Hosy*, *SHALLOW*, and *PAGE*.]

FORD. Though *Page* be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,³ yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at

² — tall fellows —] A tall fellow, in the time of our author, meant a stout, bold, or courageous person. In *A Discourse on Usury*, by Dr. Wilson, 1584, he says, "Here in England, he that can rob a man on the high-way, is called a tall fellow." Lord Bacon says, "that bishop Fox caufed his castle of Norham to be fortified, and manned it likewise with a very great number of tall soldiers."

The elder quarto reads—*tall fencers*. STEVENS.

³ — stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,] Thus all the copies. But Mr. Theobald has no conception how any man could stand firmly on his wife's frailty. And why? Because he had no conception how he could stand upon it, without knowing what it was. But if I tell a stranger, that the bridge he is about to cross is rotten, and he believes it not, but will go on, may I not say, when I see him upon it, that he stands firmly on a rotten plank? Yet he has changed *frailty* for *fealty*, and the Oxford editor has followed him. But they took the phrase, to stand firmly on, to signify to insist upon; whereas it signifies to rest upon, which the character of a secure fool, given to him, shews. So that the common reading has an elegance that would be lost in the alteration. WARBURTON.

To stand on any thing, does signify to insist on it. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: "All captains, and stand upon the honesty of your wives." Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book VI. chap. 30:

"For stoutly on their honesties doe wylie harlots stand."

The jealous *Ford* is the speaker, and all chastity in women appears to him as frailty. He supposes *Page* therefore to insist on that virtue as steady, which he himself suspects to be without foundation.

STEVENS.

— and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,] i. e. has such perfect confidence in his unchaste wife. His wife's frailty is the same as—his frail wife. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with death and honour, for an honourable death. MALONE.

Page's house; and, what they made there,⁴ I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

FAL. I will not lend thee a penny.

PIST. Why, then the world's mine oyster,⁵
Which I with sword will open.—
I will retort the sum in equipage.⁶

⁴ — and, what they made there,] An obsolete phrase signifying—what they did there. MALONE.

So, in *As you like it*, Act I. sc. i:

“ Now, sir, what make you here ? ” STEEVENS.

⁵ — the world's mine oyster, &c.] Dr. Grey supposes Shakspeare to allude to an old proverb, “ — The mayor of Northampton opens oysters with his dagger.” — i. e. to keep them at a sufficient distance from his nose, that town being fourscore miles from the sea. STEEVENS.

⁶ *I will retort the sum in equipage.*] This is added from the old quarto of 1619, and means, I will pay you again in stolen goods. WARBURTON.

I rather believe he means, that he will pay him by waiting on him for nothing. So, in *Love's Pilgrimage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ And boy, be you my guide,

“ For I will make a full descent in equipage.”

That equipage ever meant *stolen goods*, I am yet to learn.

STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton may be right; for I find *equipage* was one of the cant words of the time. In *Davies' Papers Complaint*, (a poem which has erroneously been ascribed to *Donne*) we have several of them:

“ Embellish, blandishment, and equipage.”

Which words, he tells us in the margin, *overmuch favour of wittleffe affectation.* FARMER.

FAL. Not a penny. I have been content, fir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Dr. Warburton's interpretation is, I think, right. *Equipage* indeed does not *per se* signify *stolen* goods, but such goods as Pistol promises to return, we may fairly suppose, would be stolen. *Equipage*, which, as Dr. Farmer observes, had been but newly introduced into our language, is defined by Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616: "Furniture, or provision for horsemanship, especially in triumphs or tournaments." Hence the modern use of this word. MALONE.

7 — your coach-fellow, Nym;] Thus the old copies. *Coach-fellow* has an obvious meaning; but the modern editors read, *coach-fellow*. The following passage from Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* may justify the reading I have chosen: "—'Tis the swaggering *coach-horse* Anaiides, that draws with him there."

Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606: "Are you he my page here makes choice of to be his fellow *coach-horse*?" Again, in a *True Narrative of the entertainment of his Royal Majestie, from the time of his departure from Edinburgh, till his receiving in London, &c.* 1603: "— a base pilfering theefe was taken, who plaid the cutpurse in the court: his fellow was ill mist, for no doubt he had a walking-mate: they drew together like *coach-horses*, and it is pitie they did not hang together." Again, in *Every Woman in her humour*, 1609:

"For wit, ye may be *coach'd* together."

Again, in 10th Book of *Chapman's Translation of Homer*:

"— their chariot horse, as they *coach-fellows* were."

STEVENS.

— your coach-fellow, Nym;] i. e. he, who draws along with you; who is joined with you in all your knavery. So before, Page, speaking of Nym and Pistol, calls them a "yoke of Falstaff's discarded men." MALONE.

8 — tall fellows:] See p. 369. STEVENS.

9 — lost the handle of her fan,] It should be remembered, that

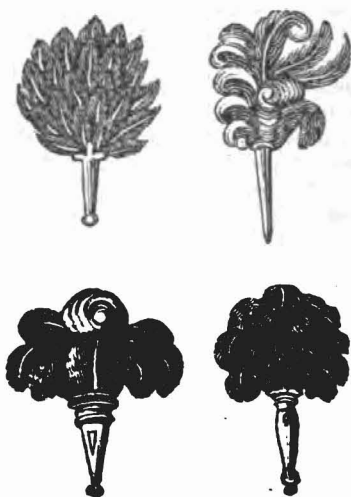
P155. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

fans, in our author's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers (or others of equal length and flexibility,) which were stuck into handles. The richer sort of these were composed of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. One of them is mentioned in *The Fleire*, Com. 1610: "— she hath a fan with a *short silver handle*, about the length of a barber's fyringe." Again, in *Love and Honour*, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1649: "All your plate, Vasco, is the *silver handle* of your old prisoner's fan."

Again, in *Marston's* III. Satyre, edit. 1598:

"How can he keepe a lazie waiting man,
"And buy a hooede and *silver-handled fan*
"With fortie pound?"

In the frontispiece to a play, called *Englisbmen for my Money*, or *A pleasant Comedy of a Woman will have her Will*, 1616, is a portrait of a lady with one of these fans, which, after all, may prove the best commentary on the passage. The three other specimens are taken from the *Habiti Antichi et Moderni di tutto il Mondo*, published at Venice, 1598, from the drawings of *Titian*, and *Cesare Vecelli*, his brother. This fashion was perhaps imported from Italy, together with many others, in the reign of King Henry VIII. if not in that of King Richard II.



STEVENS.

FAL. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'ft thou, I'll endanger my foul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A ſhort knife and a throng;²—to your manor of Picket-hatch,³ go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you

Thus alſo Marſton, in *The Scourge of Villanie*, Lib. III. fat. 8:

“ ——— Another, he

“ Her *ſilver-handled fan* would gladly be.”

And in other places. And Biſhop Hall, in his *Satires*, published 1597, Lib. V. fat. iv:

“ Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting manne,

“ Or buys a hooede, or *ſilver-handled fanne*.”

In the Sidney papers, published by *Collins*, a fan is preſented to queen Elizabeth for a new year's gift, the handle of which was ſtudded with diamonds. T. WARTON.

² ——— *A ſhort knife and a throng*;] So Lear: “When cut-purſes come not to *throng*s.” WARBURTON.

Part of the employment given by Drayton, in *The Mooncalf*, to the *Baboon*, ſeems the ſame with this recommended by Falſtaff:

“ He like a gypſey oftentimes would go,

“ All kinds of gibberish be bath learn'd to know:

“ And with a ſtick, a ſhort ſtring, and a nooſe,

“ Would ſhow the people tricks at faſt and looſe,”

Theobald has *throng* inſtead of *thong*. The latter ſeems right.

LANGTON.

Greene, in his *Life of Ned Browne*, 1592, ſays: “I had no other fence but my *ſhort knife*, and a paire of *purſe-ſtrings*.”

STEVENS.

Mr. Dennis reads—*thong*; which has been followed, I think, improperly, by ſome of the modern editors.

Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616, furniſh us with a confirmation of the reading of the old copies: “The eye of this wolf is as quick in his head as a *cutpurſe* in a *throng*.” MALONE.

³ ——— *Picket-hatch*,] Is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour*:

“ From the Bordello it might come as well,

“ The Spital, or *Pick-hatch*.”

Again, in Randolph's *Muſes Looking-glaſs*, 1638:

“ ——— the lordſhip of *Turnbull*,

“ Which with my *Pick-hatch* Grange, and Shore-ditch farm,” &c.

rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the

Pick-hatch was in *Turnbull-street* :

“ ——— your whore doth live

“ In *Pick-hatch*, *Turnbull-street*.”

Amends for Ladies, a Comedy by N. Field, 1618.

The derivation of the word *Pick-hatch* may perhaps be discovered from the following passage in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607: “ —Set some *picks* upon your *hatch*, and, I pray, profess to keep a bawdy-house.” Perhaps the unseasonable and obstreperous irruptions of the gallants of that age, might render such a precaution necessary. So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609: “ ——— if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door *hatch'd*,” &c. STEVENS.

Pick-hatch was a cant name of some part of the town noted for bawdy-houses; as appears from the following passage in Marston's *Scourge for Villanie*, Lib. III. fat. x :

“ ——— Looke, who yon doth go ;

“ The meager lecher lewd Luxurio.—

“ No newe edition of drabbes comes out,

“ But scene and allow'd by Luxurio's snout.

“ Did ever any man ere heare him talke

“ But of *Pick-hatch*, or of some Shoreditch baulke,

“ Aretine's filth,” &c.

Sir T. Hanmer says, that this was “ a noted harbour for thieves and pickpockets,” who certainly were proper companions for a man of Pistol's profession. But Falstaff here more immediately means to ridicule another of his friend's vices; and there is some humour in calling Pistol's favourite brothel, his manor of *Pickt-hatch*. Marston has another allusion to *Pickt-hatch* or *Pick-hatch*, which confirms this illustration :

“ ——— His old cynick dad

“ Hath forc'd him cleave forsake his *Pick-hatch* drab.”

Lib. I. fat. iii. T. WARTON.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Epig*, XII. on Lieutenant Shift :

“ Shift, here in town, not meanest among squires

“ That haunt *Pickt-hatch*, Merth Lambeth, and White fryers.”

Again, in *The Blacke Booke*, 1604, 4to. Lucifer says—“ I proceeded towards *Pickt-hatch*, intending to beginne their first, which (as I may fitly name it) is the very skirts of all Brothel-houses,” Douce.

left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags,⁴ your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases,⁵ and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

P157. I do relent; What would'st thou more of man?

⁴ — ensconce your rags, &c.] A *sconce* is a petty fortification. To *ensconce*, therefore, is to protect as with a fort. The word occurs again in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. STEEVENS.

⁵ — red-lattice phrases,] Your ale-house conversation.

JOHNSON.

Red lattice at the doors and windows, were formerly the external denotements of an ale-house. So, in *A Fine Companion*, one of Shackerley Marmion's plays:—"A waterman's widow at the sign of the *red lattice* in Southwark." Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"—his sign pulled down, and his *lattice* born away."

Again, in *The Miseries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607:

"—'tis treason to the *red lattice*, enemy to the sign-post."

Hence the present *chequers*. Perhaps the reader will express some surprize, when he is told that shops, with the sign of the *chequers*, were common among the Romans. See a view of the left-hand street of Pompeii, (No. 9.) presented by Sir William Hamilton, (together with several others, equally curious,) to the *Antiquary Society*. STEEVENS.

The following passage in Braithwaite's *Strapado for the Devil*, 1615, confirms Mr. Steevens's observation.—"To the true discoverer of secrets, Monsieur *Bacchus*.—Master-gunner of the *potte-pot* ordnance,—prime-founder of *red lattices*," &c.

In *King Henry IV.* P. II. Falstaff's page, speaking of Bardolph, says, "he called me even now, my lord, through a *red lattice*, and I could see no part of his face from the window." MALONE.

This designation of an ale-house is not altogether lost, though the original meaning of the word is, the sign being converted into a *green lettuce*; of which an instance occurs in Brownlow Street, Holborn.—In *The last Will and Testament of Lawrence Lucifer, the old Batchiler of Limbo*, at the end of the "*Blacke Booke*," 1604, 4to. is the following passage:—"watched sometimes ten houres together in an ale-house, ever and anon peeping forth, and *sampling thy nose* with the *red Lattis*." DOUCE.

Enter ROBIN.

ROB. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

FAL. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

QUICK. Give your worship good-morrow.

FAL. Good-morrow, good wife.

QUICK. Not so, an't please your worship.

FAL. Good maid, then.

QUICK. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

FAL. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

QUICK. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

FAL. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

QUICK. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

FAL. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,——

QUICK. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

FAL. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

QUICK. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

FAL. Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?

QUICK. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

FAL. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

QUICK. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries,⁶ as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor,⁷ could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;⁸ but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

* — canaries,] This is the name of a brisk light dance, and is therefore properly enough used in low language for any hurry or perturbation. JOHNSON.

So, Nash, in *Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication*, 1595, says: "A merchant's wife jets it as gingerly, as if she were dancing the canaries." It is highly probable, however, that *canaries* is only a mistake of Mrs. Quickly's for *quandaries*; and yet the Clown, in, *As you like it*, says, "we that are true lovers, run into strange capers."

STEVENS.

7 — lay at Windsor,] i. e. resided there. MALONE.

* — earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;] This may be illustrated by a passage in Gervase Holles's *Life of the First Earl of Clare*. *Biog. Brit.* Art. HOLLES: "I have heard the earl of Clare say, that when he was *pensioner* to the queen, he did not know a worse man of the whole band than himself; and that all the world knew he had then an inheritance of 4000l. a year." TYRWHITT.

FAL. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

QUICK. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

FAL. Ten and eleven?

QUICK. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;⁹—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold² life with him, good heart.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, says, that a *penfioner* was "a gentleman about his prince, alwaie redie, with his speare." STEEVENS.

Penfioners were Gentlemen of the band of *Penfioners*.—"In the month of December," [1539] says Stowe, *Annals*, p. 973, edit. 1605, "were appointed to waite on the king's person fifty Gentlemen, called *Penfioners*, or *Speares*, like as they were in the first year of the king; unto whom was assigned the summe of fiftie pounds, yerely, for the maintenance of themselves, and everie man two horses, or one horse and a gelding of service." Their drefs was remarkably splendid, and therefore likely to attract the notice of Mrs. Quickly. Hence, [as both Mr. Steevens and Mr. T. Warton have observed] in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, our author has selected from all the tribes of flowers the *golden-coated* cowslips to be *penfioners* to the Fairy Queen:

"The cowslips tall her *penfioners* be,

"In their *gold coats* spots you see;" &c. MALONE.

⁹ — you wot of:] To wot is to know. Obsolete. So, in *King Henry VIII.*: "— wot you what I found?" STEEVENS.

² — frampold—] This word I have never seen elsewhere, except in Dr. Haeket's *Life of Archbishop Williams*, where a *frampul* man signifies a peevish troublesome fellow. JOHNSON.

In *The Roaring Girl*, a comedy, 1611, I meet with a word, which, though differently spelt, appears to be the same;

"Lax. Coachman.

"Coach. Anon, sir!

"Lax. Are we fitted with good *phrampell* jades?"

FAL. Ten and eleven : Woman, commend me to her ; I will not fail her.

QUICK. Why you say well : But I have another messenger to your worship : Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too ;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other : and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home ; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man ; surely, I think you have charms, la ; yes, in truth.

FAL. Not I, I assure thee ; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

QUICK. Blessing on your heart for't !

FAL. But, I pray thee, tell me this : has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me ?

QUICK. That were a jest, indeed !—they have not

Ray, among his *South* and *East* country words, observes, that *frampald*, or *frampard*, signifies *fretful*, *peevish*, *cross*, *froward*. As *froward* (he adds) comes from *from* ; so may *frampard*.

Nash, in his *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599, speaking of *Leander*, says : “ the churlish *frampold* waves gave him his belly full of fish-broth.”

Again, in *The Inner Temple Masque*, by *Middleton* 1619 : “ —'tis so *frampole*, the puritans will never yield to it.” Again, in *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green*, by *John Day* : “ I think the fellow's *frampell*,” &c. And, in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit at several Weapons* :

“ Is Pompey grown so malapert, so *frampel* ?”

STEVENS.

Thus, in *The Isle of Gulls*—“ What a goodyer aile you mother ? are you *frampull* ? know you not your own daughter ?”

HENLEY.

so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves;³ her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

FAL. Why, I will.

QUICK. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word,⁴ that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

FAL. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN.*]

³ — to send her your little page, of all loves;] *Of all loves*, is an adjuration only, and signifies no more than if she had said, desires you to send him *by all means*.

It is used in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. I. 1635:—"conjuring his wife, *of all loves*, to prepare cheer sitting," &c. Again, in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, p. 1064: "Mrs. Arden desired him, *of all loves*, to come backe againe." Again, in *Othello*, Act III: "—the general so likes your musick, that he desires you, *of all loves*, to make no more noise with it." STEVENS.

⁴ — a nay-word,] i. e. a watch-word. So, in a subsequent scene: "—We have a *nay-word* to know one another," &c.

STEVENS.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers :⁵—
Clap on more sails ; pursue, up with your fights ;⁶
Give fire ; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them
all ! [Exit PISTOL.]

⁵ *This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—*] Punk is a plausible reading, yet absurd on examination. For are not all *punks* Cupid's carriers? Shakspeare certainly wrote :

“ *This PINK is one of Cupid's carriers :*

And then the sense is proper, and the metaphor, which is all the way taken from the marine, entire. A *pink* is a vessel of the small craft, employed as a *carrier* (and so called) for merchants. Fletcher uses the word in his *Tamer Tamed* :

“ This PINK, this painted foist, this cockle-boat.

WARBURTON.

So, in *The Ladies' Privilege*, 1640: “ These gentlemen know better to cut a caper than a cable, or board a *pink* in the bordells, than a pinnace at sea.” A small salmon is called a *salmon-pink*.

Dr. Farmer, however, observes, that the word *punk* has been unnecessarily altered to *pink*. In Ben Jonson's *Bartbolomew Fair*, justice Overdo says of the pig-woman; “ She hath been before me, *punk*, *pinnace*, and bawd, any time these two and twenty years.” STEVENS.

⁶ — up with your fights;] So again, in Fletcher's *Tamer Tamed* :

“ To hang her *fights* out, and defy me, friends !

“ A well-known man of war.”

As to the word *fights*, both in the text and in the quotation, it was then, and, for aught I know, may be now, a common sea-term. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyages*, p. 66, says: “ For once we cleared her deck ; and had we been able to have spared but a dozen men, doubtless we had done with her what we would ; for she had no close *FIGHTS*,” i. e. if I understand it right, *no small arms*. So that by *fights* is meant any manner of defence, either small arms or cannon. So, Dryden, in his tragedy of *Ambonya* :

“ Up with your *FIGHTS*,

“ And your *nettings* prepare,” &c. WARBURTON.

The quotation from Dryden might at least have raised a suspicion that *fights* were neither *small arms*, nor *cannon*. *Fights* and *nettings* are properly joined. *Fights*, I find, are *cloaths* hung round the ship to conceal the men from the enemy ; and *close-fights* are *bulk-heads*, or any other shelter that the fabrick of a ship affords.

JOHNSON.

FAL. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grosly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

BARD. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.⁶

FAL. Brook, is his name?

So, in Heywood and Rowley's comedy, called *Fortune by Land and Sea*:—"display'd their ensigns, up with all their fights, their matches in their cocks," &c. Again, in *The Christian turned Turk*, 1612: "Lace the netting, and let down the fights, make ready the shot," &c. Again, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1615:

"Then now up with your fights, and let your ensigns,
"Blest with St. George's crosse, play with the winds."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

"—while I were able to endure a tempest,
"And bear my fights out bravely, till my tackle
"Whistled i' th' wind."—— STEEVENS.

⁶ — one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.] It seems to have been a common custom at taverns, in our author's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another, either as a memorial of friendship, or (as in the present instance) by way of introduction to acquaintance. Of the existence of this practice the following anecdote of Ben Jonson and the ingenious Bishop Corbet furnishes a proof. "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, and in comes Bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of *raw* wine, and gives it to the tapster. 'Sirrah, says he, carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him, I sacrifice my service to him.' The fellow did, and in those words. Friend, says Dr. Corbet, I thank him for his love; but 'pr'ythee tell him from me that he is mistaken; for sacrifices are always burnt." *Merry Passages and Jestes*, MSS. Harl. 6395. MALONE.

BARD. Ay, fir.

FAL. Call him in; [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; *via!*⁷

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

FORD. Bless you, fir.

FAL. And you, fir: Would you speak with me?

FORD. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

FAL. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

FORD. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

FAL. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

FORD. Good fir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you;⁸ for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

FAL. Money is a good soldier, fir, and will on.

⁷ — go to; via! This cant phrase of exultation or defiance, is common in the old plays. So, in *Blurt Master Constable*:

“Via for fate! Fortune, lo! this is all.” STEVENS.

Markham uses this word as one of the vocal helps necessary for reviving a horse's spirits in galloping large rings, when he grows slothful. Hence this cant phrase (perhaps from the Italian, *via*) may be used on other occasions to quicken or pluck up courage. TOLLET.

⁸ — not to charge you;] That is, not with a purpose of putting you to expence, or being burthensome. JOHNSON.

FORD. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, fir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

FAL. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

FORD. I will tell you, fir, if you will give me the hearing.

FAL. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

FORD. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good fir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith⁹ you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

FAL. Very well, fir; proceed.

FORD. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

FAL. Well, fir.

FORD. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; see'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever

⁹ —sith—] i. e. since. STEVENS.

I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed,² I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.³*

FAL. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

FORD. Never.

FAL. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

FORD. Never.

FAL. Of what quality was your love then?

FORD. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

FAL. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

FORD. When I have told you that, I have told you

² — meed,] i. e. reward. So Spenser:

“A rosy garland was the victor's meed.”

Again, in our author's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look.” STEVENS.

³ *Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;*

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.] These lines

have much the air of a quotation, but I know not whether they belong to any contemporary writer. In Florio's *Second Fruits*, 1591, I find the following verses:

“Di donne e, et sempre fu natura,

“Odiar chi l'ama, e chi non l'ama cura.”

Again:

“—— Sono simili a crocodilli

“Chi per prender l'huomo, piangono, e preso la devorano,

“Chi le fugge seguono, e chi le segue fuggono.”

Thus translated by Florio:

“—— they are like crocodiles,

“They weep to winne, and wonne they cause to die,

“Follow men flying, and men following fly.” MALONE.

all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,⁴ authentick in your place and person, generally allowed⁵ for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

FAL. O, sir!

FORD. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege⁶ to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

FAL. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

FORD. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against.⁷ Now, could I come

⁴ — of great admittance,] i. e. admitted into all, or the greatest companies. STEEVENS.

⁵ — generally allowed —] Allowed is approved. So, in *King Lear*:

“ — if your sweet sway

“ Allows obedience,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ — to lay an amiable siege —] i. e. a siege of love. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — the siege of loving terms.” MALONE.

⁷ She is too bright to be look'd against.]

“ Nimum lubricus aspici.” *Hor.* MALONE.

to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument⁸ to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity,⁹ her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

FAL. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

FORD. O good sir!

FAL. Master Brook, I say you shall.

FORD. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

FAL. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

⁸ — instance and argument —] Instance is example.

JOHNSON.

⁹ — the ward of her purity,] i. e. The defence of it.

STEVENS.

What Ford means to say is, that if he could once detect her in a crime, he should then be able to drive her from those defences with which she would otherwise ward off his addresses, such as her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, &c.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Hermione, speaking of Polixenes, says to Leontes,

“ — Tell him, you're sure

“ All in Bohemia's well,” &c. “ Say this to him,

“ He's beat from his best ward.” M. MASON.

FORD. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

FAL. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of moneey; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

FORD. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

FAL. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile;² thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [Exit.

FORD. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable

² ——— and I will aggravate his stile;] *Stile* is a phrase from the Herald's office. Falstaff means, that he will add more titles to those he already enjoys. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

“ I will create lords of a greater style.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. V. c. 2:

“ As to abandon that which doth contain

“ Your honour's stile, that is, your warlike shield.”

terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms ! names !—Amaimon sounds well ; Lucifer, well ; Barbason,³ well ; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends : but cuckold ! wittol-cuckold !⁴ the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an afs, a secure afs ; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous : I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheefe, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle,⁵ or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself : then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises : and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy !—Eleven o'clock⁶ the hour ;—I will prevent

³ — Amaimon — Barbason,] The reader who is curious to know any particulars concerning these dæmons, may find them in Reginald Scott's *Inventarie of the Names, Shapes, Powers, Governement, and Effects of Devils and Spirits, of their severall Segnories and Degrees: a strange Discourse woorth the reading*, p. 377, &c. From hence it appears that Amaimon was king of the East, and Barbatos a great countie or earle. STEEVENS.

⁴ — wittol-cuckold !] One who knows his wife's falsehood, and is contented with it ;—from *wittan*, Sax. to know. MALONE.

⁵ — an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle,] Heywood, in his *Challenge for Beauty*, 1636, mentions the love of aqua-vitæ as characteristick of the *Irisb* :

“ The Briton he metheglin quaffs,

“ The *Irisb* aqua-vitæ.”

The Irish aqua-vitæ, I believe, was not brandy, but *usquebaugh*, for which Ireland has been long celebrated. MALONE.

Dericke, in *The Image of Irelande*, 1581, Sign. F 2, mentions *Uſkebeagbe*, and in a note explains it to mean aqua vitæ. REED.

⁶ — Eleven o'clock —] Ford should rather have said *ten o'clock* : the time was between ten and eleven ; and his impatient suspicion was not likely to stay beyond the time. JOHNSON.

It was necessary for the plot that he should mistake the hour, and come too late. M. MASON.

It is necessary for the business of the piece that Falstaff should be at Ford's house before his return. Hence our author made him name

this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Windfor Park.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

CAIUS. Jack Rugby!

RUG. Sir.

CAIUS. Vat is de clock, Jack?

RUG. 'Tis past the hour, fir, that fir Hugh promised to meet.

CAIUS. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

RUG. He is wise, fir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

CAIUS. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

RUG. Alas, fir, I cannot fence.

CAIUS. Villainy, take your rapier.

RUG. Forbear; here's company.

the later hour. See Act III. sc. ii:—"The clock gives me my cue;—there I shall find Falstaff." When he says above, "I shall prevent *ibid*," he means, not the meeting, but his wife's effecting her purpose. MALONE.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER *and* PAGE.

HOST. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

SHAL. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

PAGE. Now, good master doctor!

SLEN. Give you good-morrow, sir.

CAIUS. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

HOST. To see thee fight, to see thee foin,⁷ to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock,⁸ thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco?⁹ ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder?² ha! is he dead, bully Stale?³ is he dead?

* ——— to see thee foin,] To *foin*, I believe, was the ancient term for making a thrust in fencing, or tilting. So, in *The Wife Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638:

“ I had my wards, and *foins*, and quarter-blows.”

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“ ——— suppose my duellist

“ Should falsify the *foine* upon me thus,

“ Here will I take him.”

Speaser, in his *Faery Queen*, often uses the word *foin*. So, in B. II. c. 8:

“ And strook and *foyn'd*, and lash'd outrageously.”

Again, in *Holinshed*: p. 833: “ First six *foines* with hand-speares,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— thy stock,] Stock is a corruption of *stocata*, Ital. from which language the technical terms that follow are likewise adopted.

STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— my Francisco?] He means, my Frenchman. The quarto reads—my *Francoyes*. MALONE.

² ——— my heart of elder?] It should be remembered, to make this joke relish, that the *elder* tree has *no heart*. I suppose this expression was made use of in opposition to the common one, *heart of oak*. STEEVENS.

³ ——— bully Stale?] The reason why Caius is called *bully Stale*,

CAIUS. By gar, he is de coward Jack priestf of the world; he is not show his face.

HOST. Thou art a Castilian⁴ king, Urinal! Hecflor of Greece, my boy!

and afterwards *Urinal*, must be sufficiently obvious to every reader, and especially to those whose credulity and weakness have enrolled them among the patients of the present *German* empiric, who calls himself *Dozor* Alexander Mayersbach. STEVENS.

⁴ — *Castilian* —] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Cardalian*, as used corruptedly for *Cæur de lion*, JOHNSON.

Castilian and *Ethiopian*, like *Cataian*, appear in our author's time to have been cant terms. I have met with them in more than one of the old comedies. So, in a description of the *Armada* introduced in the *Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

“To carry, as it were, a careless regard of these *Castilians*, and their accustom'd bravado.”

Again:

“To parley with the proud *Castilians*.”

I suppose *Castilian* was the cant term for *Spaniard* in general.

STEVENS.

I believe this was a popular slur upon the Spaniards, who were held in great contempt after the business of the *Armada*. Thus we have a *Treatise Parænetical, wherein is shewed the right way to resist the Castilian king*: and a sonnet, prefixed to *Lea's Answer to the Untruths published in Spain, in glorie of their supposed Victory achieved against our English Navie*, begins:

“Thou fond *Castilian king!*”—and so in other places.

FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's observation is just. Don Philip the Second affected the title of King of Spain; but the realms of Spain would not agree to it, and only styled him King of *Castile* and *Leon*, &c. and so he wrote himself. His cruelty and ambitious views upon other states, rendered him universally detested. The *Castilians*, being descended chiefly from Jews and Moors, were deemed to be of a malign and perverse disposition; and hence, perhaps, the term *Castilian* became opprobrious. I have extracted this note from an old pamphlet, called *The Spanish Pilgrime*, which I have reason to suppose is the same discourse with the *Treatise Parænetical*, mentioned by Dr. Farmer. TOLLET.

Dr. Farmer, I believe, is right. The host, who, availing himself of the poor Doctor's ignorance of English phraseology, applies to him all kind of opprobrious terms, here means to call him a coward. So, in *The Three Lords of London*, 1590:

CAIUS. I pray you, bear vitnefs that me have ftay fix or feven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

SHAL. He is the wifer man, mafter doctör: he is a curer of fouls, and you a curer of bodies; if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair^s of your profeſſions: is it not true, mafter Page?

PAGE. Maſter Shallow, you have yourſelf been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

SHAL. Bodykins, maſter Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are juſtices, and doctörs, and churchmen, maſter Page, we have ſome falt of our youth in us; we are the ſons of women, maſter Page.

PAGE. 'Tis true, maſter Shallow.

SHAL. It will be found ſo, maſter Page. Maſter doctör Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am ſworn of the peace: you have ſhowed yourſelf a wife phyſician, and ſir Hugh hath ſhown himſelf a wife and patient churchman: you muſt go with me, maſter doctör.

“ My lordes, what means theſe gallants to performe ?

“ Come theſe *Caſtillian cowards* but to brave ?

“ Do all theſe mountains move, to breed a mouſe ?”

There may, however, be alſo an alluſion to his profeſſion, as a *water-caſter*.

I know not whether we ſhould not rather point—Thou art a *Caſtilian, king-urinal!* &c.

In *K. Henry VIII.* Wolſey is called count-cardinal. MALONE.

^s — *againſt the hair, &c.*] This phraſe is proverbial, and is taken from ſtoking the *hair* of animals a contrary way to that in which it grows. So, in T. Churchyard's *Diſcourſe of Rebellion*, &c. 1570:

“ You ſhoote amis when boe is drawn to eare,

“ And brush the cloth full fore *againſt the beare.*”

We now ſay againſt the *grain*. STEEVENS.

Hosr. Pardon, gueft justice :—A word, monfieur Muck-water.⁶

CAIUS. Muck-water! vat is dat?

Hosr. Muck-water, in our Englifh tongue, is valour, bully.

⁶ —*Muck-water.*] The old copy reads—*mock-water.* STEVENS.

The hoft means, I believe, to reflect on the infpection of urine, which made a confiderable part of practical phyfick in that time; yet I do not well fee the meaning of *mock-water.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer judiciously propofes to read—*muck-water*, i. e. the drain of a dunghill.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa, of the *Vanitie and Uncertainty of Arts and Sciences*, Englifhed by James Sanford, Gent. bl. l. 4to. 1569. might have furnifhed Shakspeare with a fufficient hint for the compound term *muck-water*, as applied to Dr. Caius. Dr. Farmer's emendation is completely countenanced by the fame work, p. 145.

"Furthermore, Phifitians oftentimes be contagious by reafon of urine," &c. but the reft of the paffage (in which the names of *Efculapius*, *Hippocrates*, &c. are ludicrously introduced) is too indelicate to be laid before the reader. STEVENS.

Muck-water, as explained by Dr. Farmer, is mentioned in Evelyn's *Philofophical Difcourfe on Earth*, 1676, p. 160. REED.

A word, Monfieur Muck-water.] The fecond of thefe words was recovered from the early quarto by Mr. Theobald. Some years ago I fufpected that *mock-water*, which appears to me to afford no meaning, was corrupt, and that the author wrote—*Make-water*. I have fince obferved that the words *mock* and *make* are often confounded in the old copies, and have therefore now more confidence in my conjecture. It is obfervable that the hoft, availing himfelf of the Doctor's ignorance of Englifh, annexes to the terms that he ufes a fenfe direftly oppofite to their real import. Thus, the poor Frenchman is made to believe, that "he will *clapper-claw* thee tightly," fignifies, "he will make thee *amends*." Again, when he propofes to be his *friend*, he tells him, "for this I will be thy *adverfary* toward Anne Page." So alfo, inftead of "heart of *oat*," he calls him "heart of *elder*." In the fame way, he informs him that *Make-water* means "*valour*."—In the old play called *The Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*, 1602, a female of this name is mentioned. MALONE.

I have inferted Dr. Farmer's emendation in my text. Where is the humour or propriety of calling a *Phyfician—Make-water*? It is furely a term of general application. STEVENS.

CAIUS. By gar, then I have as much muck-water as de Englishman :—Scurvy jack-dog-priest ! by gar, me vil cut his ears.

HOST. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

CAIUS. Clapper-de-claw ! vat is dat ?

HOST. That is, he will make thee amends.

CAIUS. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me ; for, by gar, me vill have it.

HOST. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

CAIUS. Me tank you for dat.

HOST. And moreover, bully, — But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*]

PAGE. Sir Hugh is there, is he ?

HOST. He is there : see what humour he is in ; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields : will it do well ?

SHAL. We will do it.

PAGE. *SHAL.* and *SLEN.* Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW and SLENDER.*]

CAIUS. By gar, me vill kill de priest ; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

HOST. Let him die : but, first, sheath thy impatience ; throw cold water on thy choler :⁷ go about the fields with me through Frogmore ; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting ; and thou shall woo her : Cry'd game, said I well ?⁸

⁷ ——— *throw cold water on thy choler :*] So, in *Hamlet :*

“ Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

“ Sprinkle cool patience.” STEVENS.

⁸ ——— *cry'd game, said I well ?*] Mr. Theobald alters this nonsense to *try'd game* ; that is, to nonsense of a worse com-

CAIUS. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure—a you de good guesft,

plexion. Shakspeare wrote and pointed thus, *CRY AIM, said I well?* i. e. consent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good proposal? for *to cry aim* signifies to consent to, or approve of any thing. So, again in this play: *And to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall CRY AIM,* i. e. approve them. And again, in *King John*, Act II. sc. ii:

“ It ill becomes this presence to *cry aim*

“ To these ill-tuned repetitions.”

i. e. to approve of, or encourage them. The phrase was taken, originally, from archery. When any one had challenged another to shoot at the butts (the perpetual diversion, as well as exercise, of that time,) the standers-by used to say one to the other, *Cry aim*, i. e. accept the challenge. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, Act V. make the Duke say:

“ ——— *must I cry AIME*

“ To this unheard of insolence?”——

i. e. encourage it, and agree to the request of the duel, which one of his subjects had insolently demanded against the other.——But here it is remarkable, that the senseless editors, not knowing what to make of the phrase, *Cry aim*, read it thus:

“ ——— *must I cry AI-ME;*”

as if it was a note of interjection. So again, Massinger, in his *Guardian*:

“ I will *CRY AIM*, and in another room

“ Determine of my vengeance”——

And again, in his *Renegado*:

“ ——— to play the pander

“ To the viceroys loose embraces, and *cry aim*,

“ While he by force or flattery,” &c.——

But the Oxford editor transforms it to *Cock o' the Game*; and his improvements of Shakspeare's language abound with these modern elegances of speech, such as *mynbeers*, *bull-baitings*, &c.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is right in his explanation of *cry aim*, and in supposing that the phrase was taken from archery; but is certainly wrong in the particular practice which he assigns for the original of it. It seems to have been the office of the *aim-crier*, to give notice to the archer when he was within a proper distance of his mark, or in a direct line with it, and to point out why he failed to strike it. So, in *All's lost by Lust*, 1633:

“ He gives me *aim*, I am three bows too short;

“ I'll come up nearer next time.”

de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612 :

“ I'll *give aim* to you,

“ And tell how near you shoot.”

Again, in *The Spanish Gipsie*, by Rowley and Middleton, 1653 :

“ Though I am no great mark in respect of a huge butt, yet I can tell you, great bobbers have shot at me, and shot golden arrows; but I myself *gave aim*, thus :—wide, four bows; short, three and a half;” &c. Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque* (no date) “ We'll stand by, and *give aim*, and holoo if you hit the clout.” Again, in Jarvis Markham's *Englisch Arcadia*, 1607 : “ Thou smiling *aim-crier* at princes' fall.” Again, *ibid.* “ — while her own creatures, like *aim criers*, beheld her mischance with nothing but lip-pity.”

In Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, p. 402, a book is mentioned, called “ *Ayme for Finsburie Archers*, or an Alphabetical Table of the name of every *Mark* in the same Fields, with their *true Distances*, both by the Map and the Dimenfuration of the Line, &c. 1594.” Shakspeare uses the phrase again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, scene the last, where it undoubtedly means to *encourage* :

“ Behold her that *gave aim* to all thy vows.”

So, in *The Pallgrave*, by W. Smith, 1615 :

“ Shame to us all, if we *give aim* to that.”

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607 :

“ A mother to *give aim* to her own daughter!”

Again, in *Fenton's Tragical Discourses*, bl. l. 1567. “ — Standyng rather in his window to—*crye ayme*, than helpyng any waye to part the fraye,” p. 165. b.

The original and literal meaning of this expression may be ascertained from some of the foregoing examples, and its figurative one from the rest; for, as Dr. Warburton observes, it can mean nothing in these latter instances, but to *consent to, approve, or encourage*.—It is not, however, the reading of *Shakspeare* in the passage before us, and therefore, we must strive to produce some sense from the words which we find there—*cry'd game*.

We yet say, in colloquial language, that such a one is—*game*—or *game to the back*. There is surely no need of blaming Theobald's emendation with such severity. *Cry'd game* might mean, in those days,—a *profess'd buck*, one who was as well known by the report of his gallantry, as he could have been by *proclamation*. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ On whose bright crest, fame, with her loud'st O-yes,

“ *Cries*, this is he.”

Hosr. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page; said I well?

CAIUS. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Hosr. Let us wag then.

CAIUS. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

EV. I pray you now, good master Slender's ferv-ing-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Pphysick*?

SIM. Marry, fir, the city-ward,⁹ the park-ward,

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II. sc. i:

“ — find what you seek,

“ That fame may cry you loud.”

Again, in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*, 1629:

“ A gull, an arrant gull by proclamation.”

Again, in *King Lear*: “ — A proclaim'd prize.” Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.”

Cock of the Game, however, is not, as Dr. Warburton pronounces it, a *modern elegance of speech*, for it is found in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602: B. XII. c. 74: “ This cocke of game, and (as might seeme) this hen of that fame fether.” Again, in *The Married Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ O craven chicken of a cock o' th' game!”

And in many other places. STEVENS.

⁹ — the city-ward,] The old editions read—the *Pittie-ward*, the modern editors the *Pitty-wary*. There is now no place that answers to either name at Windfor. The author might possibly have written (as I have printed) the *City-ward*, i. e. towards London.

every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

EVA. I most fehermently desire you, you will also look that way.

SIM. I will, sir.

EVA. 'Ples my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'plefs my soul!

[Sings.

*To shallow rivers,² to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;*

In the Itinerarium, however, of *William de Worcestre*, p. 251. the following account of distances in the City of Bristol occurs. "*Via de Pytsey a Pytsey-yate, porta vocata Nether Pytsey, usque antiquam portam Pytsey usque viam ducentem ad Wynach-strete continet 140 gressus,*" &c. &c. The word — *Pitsey*, therefore, which seems unintelligible to us, might anciently have had an obvious meaning. STEVENS.

² *To shallow rivers, &c.*] This is part of a beautiful little poem of the author's; which poem, and the answer to it, the reader will not be displeas'd to find here.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

“ Come live with me, and be my love,
“ And we will all the pleasures prove
“ That hills and vallies, dale and field,
“ And all the craggy mountains yield.
“ There will we sit upon the rocks,
“ And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
“ By shallow rivers, by whose falls
“ Melodious birds sing madrigals:
“ There will I make thee beds of roses
“ With a thousand fragrant posies,
“ A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
“ Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
“ A gown made of the finest wool,
“ Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
“ Fair lined slippers for the cold,
“ With buckles of the purest gold;

MERRY WIVES

*There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow —*

“ A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
“ With coral clasps, and amber studs :
“ And if these pleasures may thee move,
“ Come live with me, and be my love.
“ Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
“ As precious as the gods do eat,
“ Shall on an ivory table be
“ Prepar’d each day for thee and me.
“ The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
“ For thy delight each May morning :
“ If these delights thy mind may move,
“ Then live with me, and be my love.”*

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.

“ If that the world and love were young,
“ And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
“ These pretty pleasures might me move
“ To live with thee, and be thy love.
“ But time drives flocks from field to fold,
“ When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
“ And Philomel becometh dumb,
“ And all complain of cares to come :
“ The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
“ To wayward winter reckoning yields.
“ A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
“ Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
“ Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
“ Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
“ Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
“ In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
“ Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
“ Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;
“ All these in me no means can move
“ To come to thee, and be thy love.
“ What should we talk of dainties then,
“ Of better meat than's fit for men ?

* The conclusion of this and the following poem seem to have furnished Milton with the hint for the last lines both of his *Allegro* and *Panjerose*. STEEVENS.

‘Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

“ These are but vain : that’s only good
 “ Which God hath blefs’d, and sent for food,
 “ But could youth last, and love still breed,
 “ Had joys no date, and age no need ;
 “ Then these delights my mind might move
 “ To live with thee, and be thy love.”

These two poems, which Dr. Warburton gives to Shakspeare, are, by writers nearer that time, disposed of, one to Marlow, the other to Raleigh. They are read in different copies with great variations. JOHNSON.

In *England’s Helicon*, a collection of love-verses printed in Shakspeare’s life-time, viz. in quarto, 1600, the first of them is given to Marlowe, the second to *Ignoto*; and Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, observes, that there is good reason to believe that (not Shakspeare, but) Christopher Marlowe wrote the song, and Sir Walter Raleigh the *Nymph’s Reply*; for so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, who has inserted them both in his *Compleat Angler*, under the character of “ That smooth song which was made by *Kit Marlowe*, now at least fifty years ago; and an *answer* to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days Old fashioned poetry, but choicely good.” See *The Reliques, &c.* Vol. I. p. 218, 221, third edit.

In Shakspeare’s sonnets, printed by Jaggard, 1599, this poem was imperfectly published, and attributed to Shakspeare. Mr. Malone, however, observes, that “ What seems to ascertain it to be Marlowe’s, is, that one of the lines is found (and not as a quotation) in a play of his—*The Jew of Malta*; which, though not printed till 1633, must have been written before 1593, as he died in that year :”

“ Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
 “ Shalt live with me, and be my love.” STEVENS.

Evans in his panick mis-recites the lines, which in the original run thus :

“ There will we sit upon the rocks,
 “ And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 “ By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 “ Melodious birds sing madrigals :
 “ There will I make thee beds of roses
 “ With a thousand fragrant posies,” &c.

In the modern editions the verses sung by Sir Hugh have been corrected, I think, improperly. His mis-recitals were certainly intended.—He *sings* on the present occasion, to shew that he is not

MERRY WIVES

*Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Pabylon,³—
And a thousand vagram poesies.
To shallow—*

afraid. So Bottom, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear, I am not afraid." MALONE.

A late editor has observed that Evans in his panick fings, like Bottom, to shew he is not afraid: It is rather to keep up his spirits; as he fings in Simple's absence, when he has "a great dispositions to cry." RITSON.

The tune to which the former was sung, I have lately discovered in a MS. as old as Shakspeare's time, and it is as follows:



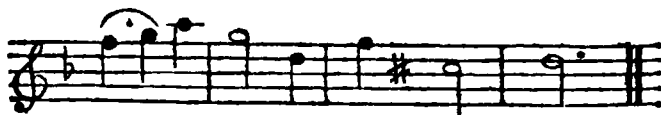
Come live with me and be my



love, and we will all the pleasures prove



that hills and valleys, dale and field, and



all the craggy mountains yield

SIR J. HAWKINS.

³ *When as I sat in Pabylon,*—] This line is from the old version of the 137th Psalm:

"When we did sit in Babylon,
"The rivers round about,
"Then, in remembrance of Sion,
"The tears for grief burst out."

SIMP. Yonder he is coming, this way, fir Hugh.

EVA. He's welcome:—

To swallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

SIM. No weapons, fir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

EVA. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep 't in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

SHAL. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good fir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

SLEN. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

PAGE. Save you, good fir Hugh!

EVA. 'Plefs you from his mercy fake, all of you!

SHAL. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

PAGE. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatick day?

EVA. There is reasons and causes for it.

PAGE. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

The word *rivers*, in the second line, may be supposed to have been brought to Sir Hugh's thoughts by the line of Marlowe's madrigal that he has just repeated; and in his fright he blends the sacred and prophane song together. The old quarto has—"There lived a man in *Babylon*;" which was the first line of an old song, mentioned in *Twelfth Night*:—but the other line is more in character. MALONE.

EVA. Fery well: What is it?

PAGE. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

SHAL. I have lived fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

EVA. What is he?

PAGE. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

⁴ *I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward;*] We must certainly read—*three score*. In *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* during Falstaff's interview with Master Shallow, in his way to York, which Shakspeare has evidently chosen to fix in 1412, (though the Archbishop's insurrection actually happened in 1405,) Silence observes that it was then *fifty-five years* since the latter went to Clements Inn; so that, supposing him to have begun his studies at *sixteen*, he would be born in 1341, and, consequently, be a very few years older than John of Gaunt, who, we may recollect, broke his head in the tilt-yard. But, besides this little difference in age, John of Gaunt at eighteen or nineteen would be above six feet high, and poor Shallow, with all his apparel, might have been *trusi'd into an eel'skin*. Dr. Johnson was of opinion that the present play ought to be read between the *First* and *Second Part of Henry IV.* an arrangement liable to objections which that learned and eminent critick would have found it very difficult, if not altogether impossible to surmount. But, let it be placed where it may, the scene is clearly laid between 1402, when Shallow would be *sixty one*, and 1412, when he had the meeting with Falstaff: Though one would not, to be sure, from what passes upon that occasion, imagine the parties had been together so lately at Windsor; much less that the Knight had ever beaten his worship's keepers, kill'd his deer, and broke open his lodge. The alteration now proposed, however, is in all events necessary; and the rather so, as Falstaff must be nearly of the same age with Shallow, and *fourscore* seems a little too late in life for a man of *his kidney* to be making love to, and even supposing himself admired by, two at a time, travelling in a buck-basket, thrown into a river, going to the wars, and making prisoners. Indeed, he has luckily put the matter out of all doubt, by telling us, in *The First Part of K. Henry IV.* that his age was "some *fifty*, or, by'r lady, *inclining to three score*."

RITSON.

EVA. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

PAGE. Why?

EVA. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

PAGE. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

SLEN. O, sweet Anne Page!

SHAL. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them afunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

PAGE. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

SHAL. So do you, good master doctor.

HOST. Difarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

CAIUS. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet a-me?

EVA. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

CAIUS. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

EVA. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.⁵

⁵ ——— for missing your meetings and appointments.] These words, which are not in the folio, were recovered from the quarto, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

CAIUS. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jar-terre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

EVA. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgement by mine host of the Garter.

HOST. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welch;⁶ soul-curer and body-curer.

CAIUS. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

HOST. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my fir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

SHAL. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

SLEN. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and Host.]

CAIUS. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

⁶ *Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welch;*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*Gallia* and *Wallia*: but it is objected that *Wallia* is not easily corrupted into *Gaul*. Possibly the word was written *Guallia*. FARMER.

Thus, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. *Gualtier* for *Walter*. STEVENS.
The quarto, 1602, confirms Dr. Farmer's conjecture. It reads—*Peace I say, Gawle and Gawlia, French and Welch, &c.* MALONE.

? — *make-a de sot of us?*] *Sot*, in French, signifies a fool.

MALONE.

EVA. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy,* cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

CAIUS. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

EVA. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you follow. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. PAGE. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

ROB. I had rather, forfooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. PAGE. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

* ——— scall, *scurvy*,] *Scall* was an old word of reproach, as *scab* was afterwards.

Chaucer imprecates on his *scriuener*:

“ Under thy longe lockes mayest thou have the *scalle*.”

JOHNSON.

Scall, as Dr. J. interprets it, is a scab breaking out in the hair, and approaching nearly to the leprosy. It is used by other writers of Shakspeare's time. You will find what was to be done by persons afflicted with it, by looking into *Leviticus*, 13 ch. v. 30, 31, and seqq. WHALLEY.

Enter FORD.

FORD. Well met, mistress Page : Whither go you ?

MRS. PAGE. Truly, sir, to see your wife : Is she at home ?

FORD. Ay ; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company : I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

MRS. PAGE. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

FORD. Where had you this pretty weather-cock ?

MRS. PAGE. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of : What do you call your knight's name, sirrah ?

ROB. Sir John Falstaff.

FORD. Sir John Falstaff !

MRS. PAGE. He, he ; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he !—Is your wife at home, indeed ?

FORD. Indeed, she is.

MRS. PAGE. By your leave, sir ;—I am sick, 'till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.*]

FORD. Has Page any brains ? hath he any eyes ? hath he any thinking ? Sure they sleep ; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination ; he gives her folly motion, and advantage : and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind !⁹—and Falstaff's boy with her !—Good plots !—they are laid ; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well ; I will take him, then tor-

⁹ *A man may hear this shower sing in the wind !*] This phrase has already occurred in *The Tempest*, Act II. sc. ii : "I hear it *sing in the wind.*" STEEVENS,

ture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page,² divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.³ [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm,⁴ that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, Sir HUGH EVANS, CAIUS and RUGBY.

SHAL. PAGE, &c. Well met, master Ford.

FORD. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

SHAL. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

SLEN. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

SHAL. We have linger'd⁵ about a match between

² ——— *so seeming mistress Page,*] *Seeming is specious.* So, in *K. Lear*:

“ If ought within that little *seeming* substance.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*, Act I. sc. iv:

“ ——— Hence shall we see,

“ If power change purpose, what our *seemers* be.” STEVENS.

³ ——— *shall cry aim.*] i. e. shall *encourage.* So, in *K. John*, Act II. sc. i:

“ It ill befits this presence, to *cry aim*

“ To these ill-tuned repetitions.”

The phrase, as I have already observed, is taken from archery. See note on the last scene of the preceding act, where Dr. Warburton would read—*cry aim*, instead of—“ *cry'd game.*” STEVENS.

⁴ ——— *as the earth is firm,*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— Thou sure *firm-set earth*—.” MALONE.

⁵ *We have linger'd*—] They have not linger'd very long. The match was proposed by Sir Hugh but the day before. JOHNSON.

Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

SLER. I hope, I have your good-will, father Page.

PAGE. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

CAIUS. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nurf-a Quickly tell me so mush.

HOSR. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday,⁵ he smells April and May:⁶ he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; ⁷ he will carry't.

Shallow represents the affair as having been *long in hand*, that he may better excuse himself and *Slender* from accepting *Ford's* invitation on the day when it was to be concluded. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *he writes verses, he speaks holiday,*] i. e. in an high-flown, fustian stile. It was called a *holy-day stile*, from the old custom of acting their farces of the *mysteries* and *maralities*, which were turgid and bombast, on holy-days. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:—"I cannot woo in *festival terms*." And again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Thou spend'st such *high-day wit* in praising him."

WARBURTON.

I suspect that Dr. Warburton's supposition that this phrase is derived from the season of acting the old mysteries, is but an *holy-day* hypothesis; and have preserved his note only for the sake of the passages he quotes. Fenton is not represented as a talker of bombast.

He speaks holiday, I believe, means only, his language is more *curious* and *affectedly chosen* than that used by ordinary men.

MALONE.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"With many *holiday* and lady terms." STEEVENS.

To *speak holiday* must mean to speak out of the common road, superior to the vulgar; alluding to the better dress worn on such days. RITSON.

⁶ — *he smells April and May*:] This was the phraseology of the time; not "he smells of April," &c. So, in *Measure for*

PAGE. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: ⁶ he kept company with the wild prince and Poin; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Measure:—"he would mouth with a beggar of fifty, though she smells brown bread and garlick." MALONE.

7 ——— 'tis in his buttons;] Alluding to an ancient custom among the country fellows, of trying whether they should succeed with their mistresses, by carrying the *batchelor's buttons* (a plant of the *Lycnis* kind, whose flowers resemble a coat button in form) in their pockets. And they judged of their good or bad success by their growing, or their not growing there. SMITH.

Greene mentions these *batchelor's buttons* in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*:—"I saw the *batchelor's buttons*, whose virtue is, to make wanton maidens weep, when they have worn them forty weeks under their aprons," &c.

The same expression occurs in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

"He wears *batchelor's buttons*, does he not?"

Again, in *The Constant Maid*, by Shirley, 1640:

"I am a *batchelor*.

"I pray, let me be one of your *buttons* still then."

Again, in *A Fair Quarrel*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1617:

"I'll wear my *batchelor's buttons* still."

Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, comedy, by Rowley, 1632:

"Go, go and rest on Venus' violets; shew her

"A dozen of *batchelors' buttons*, boy."

Again, in *Westward Ho*, 1606: "Here's my husband, and no *batchelor's buttons* are at his doublet." STEVENS.

* ——— of no having:] *Having* is the same as *estate* or *fortune*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Of noble *having*, and of royal hope."

Again, *Twelfth Night*:

"—— My *having* is not much;

"I'll make division of my present with you:

"Hold, there is half my coffer." STEVENS.

FORD. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

SHAL. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER.*]

CAIUS. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit RUGBY.*]

HOST. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit HOST.*]

FORD. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance.⁹ Will you go, gentles?

⁹ Host. *Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.*

Ford. [*Aside.*] *I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance.* To *drink in pipe-wine* is a phrase which I cannot understand. May we not suppose that Shakspeare rather wrote, *I think I shall drink HORN-PIPE wine first with him: I'll make him dance?*

Canary is the name of a *dance*, as well as of a *wine*. Ford lays hold of both senses; but, for an obvious reason, makes the *dance* a *horn-pipe*. It has been already remarked, that Shakspeare has frequent allusions to a *cuckold's horns*. TYRWHITT.

So, in *Pasquil's Night-cap*, 1612. p. 118:

“ It is great comfort to a *cuckold's* chance

“ That many thousands doe the *Hornepipe dance*.”

STEVENS.

Pipe is known to be a vessel of wine, now containing two hog-heads. *Pipe-wine* is therefore wine, not from the *bottle*, but the *pipe*; and the jest consists in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a cask of wine, and a musical instrument. JOHNSON.

The jest here lies in a mere play of words. “ I'll give him *pipe-wine*, which shall make him *dance*.” *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEVENS.

ALL. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

MRS. FORD. What, John! what, Robert!

MRS. PAGE. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck-
basket—

MRS. FORD. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

Enter Servants with a Basket.

MRS. PAGE. Come, come, come.

MRS. FORD. Here, set it down.

MRS. PAGE. Give your men the charge; we must
be brief.

MRS. FORD. Marry, as I told you before, John,
and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-
house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth,

The phrase,—“to drink *in* pipe-wine”—always seemed to me a very strange one, till I met with the following passage in King James's first speech to his parliament, in 1604; by which it appears that “to drink *in*” was the phraseology of the time: “—— who either, being old, have retained their first drunken-*in* liquor,” &c.

MALONE.

I have seen the phrase often in books of Shakspeare's time, but neglected to mark the passages. The following, however, though of somewhat later authority, will confirm Mr. Malone's observation. “A player acting upon a stage a man killed; but being troubled with an extream cold, as he was lying upon the stage fell a coughing; the people laughing, he rushed up, ran off the stage, saying, thus it is for a man to *drink in* porridg, for then he will be sure to cough in his grave,” *Jocabella, or a Cabinet of Conceits*, by Robert Chamberlaine, 1640, N^o 84. REED.

and (without any pause, or staggering,) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters^a in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side.

MRS. PAGE. You will do it?

MRS. FORD. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called. [Exit Servants.

MRS. PAGE. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

MRS. FORD. How now, my eyas-musket?³ what news with you?

^a — [the whitsters —] i. e. the blanchers of linen. Douce.

³ How now, my eyas-musket?] *Eyas* is a young unfledg'd hawk; I suppose from the Italian *Niafo*, which originally signified any young bird taken from the nest unfledg'd, afterwards a young hawk. The French, from hence, took their *niais*, and used it in both those significations; to which they added a third, metaphorically, a silly fellow; *un garçon fort niais, un niais*. *Musket* signifies a *sparrow hawk*, or the smallest species of hawks. This too is from the Italian *Muschetto*, a small hawk, as appears from the original signification of the word, namely, a troublesome stinging fly. So that the humour of calling the little page an *eyas-musket* is very intelligible. WARBURTON.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "— no hawk so haggard but will stoop to the lure: no *niesse* so ramage but will be reclaimed to the luncs." *Eyas-musket* is the same as *infant Lilliputian*. Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. xi, ft. 34:

" — youthful gay,

" Like *eyas-hauke*, up mounts unto the skies,

" His newly budded pinions to essay."

In *The Booke of Hawkyng*, &c. commonly called *The Booke of St. Albans*, bl. l. no date, is the following derivation of the word; but whether true or erroneous, is not for me to determine: "An hawk is called an *eyesse* from her *eyen*. For an *hauke* that is brought up under a *buffarde* or *puttock*, as many bea, have watry *eyen*," &c.

ROB. My master fir John is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

MRS. PAGE. You little Jack-a-lent,⁴ have you been true to us?

ROB. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

MRS. PAGE. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

MRS. FORD. Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[Exit ROBIN.]

MRS. PAGE. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, his me.

[Exit Mrs. PAGE.]

MRS. FORD. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.⁵

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?⁶ Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough;⁷

⁴ — Jack-a-lent,] A Jack o' lent was a puppet thrown at in Lent, like shrove-cocks. So, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600:

“A mere anatomy, a Jack of Lent.”

Again, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

“Now you old Jack of Lent, fix weeks and upwards.”

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*: “—for if a boy, that is throwing at his Jack o' Lent, chance to hit me on the shins,” &c. See a note on the last scene of this comedy. STEVENS.

⁵ — from jays.] So, in *Cymbeline*:

“—some jay of Italy,

“Whose mother was her painting,” &c. STEVENS.

⁶ *Have I caught my heavenly jewel?*] This is the first line of the second song in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. TOLLET.

⁷ — *Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough;*] This

this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

MRS. FORD. O sweet fir John!

FAL. Mistrefs Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistrefs Ford. Now shall I fin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

MRS. FORD. I your lady, fir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

FAL. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent⁸ of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.⁹

sentiment, which is of sacred origin, is here indecently introduced. It appears again, with somewhat less of profaneness, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. and in *Othello*, Act II. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *arched bent* —] Thus the quartos 1602, and 1619. The folio reads—*arched beauty*. STEEVENS.

The reading of the quarto is supported by a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

“ Bliss in our brows-bent.” MALONE.

⁹ — *that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.*] Instead of—*Venetian admittance*, the old quarto reads—“ or any Venetian attire.” STEEVENS.

The old quarto reads—*tire-vellet*, and the old folio reads—*or any tire of Venetian admittance*. So that the true reading of the whole is this, *that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-VALIANT, or any tire of Venetian admittance*. The speaker tells his mistress, she had a face that would become all the head dresses in fashion. The *ship-tire* was an open head dress, with a kind of scarf depending from behind. Its name of *ship-tire* was, I presume, from its giving the wearer some resemblance of a *ship* (as Shakspeare says) *in all her trim*: with all her pennants out, and flags and streamers flying.

This was an image familiar with the poets of that time. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play of *Wis without Money*:—
“ She spreads fattens as the king's ships do canvas every where; she

MRS. FORD. A plain kerchief, fir John : my brows become nothing else ; nor that well neither.

may space her misen," &c. This will direct us to reform the following word of *tire-valiant*, which I suspect to be corrupt, *valiant* being a very incongruous epithet for a woman's head-dress : I suppose Shakspeare wrote *tire-vailant*. As the *ship-tire* was an open head-dress, so the *tire-vailant* was a close one, in which the head and breast were covered as with a veil. And these were, in fact, the two different head-dresses then in fashion, as we may see by the pictures of that time. One of which was so open, that the whole neck, breasts, and shoulders, were opened to view : the other, so securely inclosed in kerchiefs, &c. that nothing could be seen above the eyes, or below the chin. WARBURTON.

In the fifth act, Fenton mentions that his mistress is to meet him,

" With ribbons *pendant* flaring 'bout her head."

This, probably, was what is here called the *ship-tire*. MALONE.

— *the tire valiant*,] I would read—*tire volant*. Stubbes, who describes most minutely every article of female dress, has mentioned none of these terms, but speaks of veils depending from the top of the head, and flying behind in loose folds. The word *volant* was in use before the age of Shakspeare. I find it in *Wilfride Holme's Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion*, 1537 :

" — high *volant* in any thing divine."

Tire vellet, which is the reading of the old quarto, may be printed, as Mr. Tollet observes, by mistake, for *tire-velvet*. We know that *velvet-hoods* were worn in the age of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

Among the presents sent by the Queen of Spain to the Queen of England, in April 1606, was a *velvet* cap with gold buttons. Catharine's cap, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is likewise of velvet.

Tire-volant, however, I believe with Mr. Steevens, was the poet's word. " Their heads (says Nashe in 1594) with their *top* and *top-gallant* lawne baby caps, and snow-resembled silver curlings, they make a plain puppet-stage of. Their breasts they embuske up on hie, and their round roseate buds they immodestly lay forth, to shew, at their hands there is fruit to be hoped." *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 4to. 1594. MALONE.

— of Venetian admittance.] i. e. of a fashion received or admitted from Venice. So, in *Westward Hoe*, 1606, by Decker and Webster :—" now she's in that Italian *head-tire* you sent her." Dr. Farmer proposes to read—" of Venetian remittance." STEEVENS.

In how much request the *Venetian tyre* formerly was held, appears from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624 : " — let her have the Spanish gate, [*gate*] the *Venetian tire*, Italian complements and endowments." MALONE.

FAL. Thou art a traitor² to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe³ were not; nature is thy friend:⁴ Come, thou canst not hide it.

May not the *tire valiant* be so called from the air of boldness and confidence which it might give the wearer? A certain court divine (who can hardly be called a courtly one) in a sermon preached before King James the First, thus speaks of the ladies' head dresses: "Oh what a wonder it is to see a ship under saile with her tacklings and her masts, and her tops and top gallants, with her upper decks and her nether decks, and so bedeckt with her streames, flags and ensigus, and I know not what; yea but a world of wonders it is to see a woman created in God's image, so miscreate oft times and deformed with her French her Spanish and her foolish fashions, that he that made her, when he looks upon her, shall hardly know her, with her plumes, her fans, and a silken vizard, with a ruffe, like a saile; yea, a ruffe like a rainbow, with a feather in her cap, like a flag in her top, to tell (I thinke) which way the wind will blow." The MERCHANT ROYALL, a sermon preached at Whitehall before the King's Majestie, at the nuptials of Lord Hay and his Lady, Twelfth-day, 1607, 4to. 1615. Again, it—"is proverbially said, that far fetcht and deare bought is fittest for ladies; as now-a-daies what groweth at home is base and homely; and what every one eates is meate for dogs; and wee must have bread from one cuntry, and drinke from another; and wee must have meate from Spaine, and sauce out of Italy; and if wee weare any thing, it must be pure *Venetian*, Roman, or barbarian; but the fashion of all must be French." *Ibid.* REED.

² — a traitor —] i. e. to thy own merit. STEVENS.

The folio reads—thou art a *tyrant*, &c. but the reading of the quarto appears to me far better. MALONE.

³ — fortune thy foe —] "was the beginning of an old ballad, in which were enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon mankind, through the caprice of fortune." See note on *The Custom of the Country*, Act I. sc. i. by Mr. Theobald; who observes, that this ballad is mentioned again in a comedy by John Tatham, printed in 1660, called *The Rump, or Mirror of the Times*, wherein a Frenchman is introduced at the bonfire made for the burning of the rumps, and, catching hold of Priscilla, will oblige her to dance, and orders the musick to play *Fortune my Foe*. See also, *Lingua*, Vol. V. Doddsley's collection, p. 188; and *Tom Effence*, 1677, p. 37. Mr.

MRS. FORD. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

FAL. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklers-bury⁵ in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee;⁶ none but thee; and thou deservest it.

MRS. FORD. Do not betray me, sir; I fear, you love mistress Page.

FAL. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.⁷

Ritson observes, that "the tune is the identical air now known by the song of *Death and the Lady*, to which the metrical lamentations of extraordinary criminals have been usually chanted for upwards of these two hundred years." REED.

The first stanza of this popular ballad was as follows:

"Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me?"

"And will my fortune never better be?"

"Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain,

"And wilt thou not restore my joys again?" MALONE.

⁴ — *nature is thy friend:*] *Is*, which is not in the old copy, was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁵ — *like Buckler's-bury, &c.*] *Buckler's-bury*, in the time of Shakspeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry. STEVENS.

⁶ — *I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn-buds,—I cannot: but I love thee;*] So, in *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606:

"I cannot play the dissembler,

"And woo my love with courting ambages,

"Like one whose love hangs on his smooth tongue's end;

"But in a word I tell the sum of my desires,

"I love faire Lelia." MALONE.

⁷ — *as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.*] Our poet has a similar image in *Coriolanus*:

"— whose breath I bate,

"As reek o' the rotten fens." STEVENS.

MRS. FORD. Well, heaven knows, how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

FAL. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

MRS. FORD. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

ROB. [*within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

FAL. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.⁵

MRS. FORD. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.— [*FALSTAFF bides himself.*]

Enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

MRS. PAGE. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

MRS. FORD. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

MRS. PAGE. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

MRS. FORD. What cause of suspicion?

MRS. PAGE. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

MRS. FORD. Why, alas! what's the matter?

⁵ — behind the arras.] The spaces left between the walls and the wooden frames on which arras was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors than to the authors of their ancient dramatic pieces. Borachio in *Much ado about Nothing*, and Polonius in *Hamlet*, also avail themselves of this convenient recess. STEVENS.

MRS. PAGE. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

MRS. FORD. Speak louder.⁶—[*Aside.*]—'Tis not so, I hope.

MRS. PAGE. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

MRS. FORD. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

MRS. PAGE. For shame, never stand *you bad rather*, and *you bad rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whitening-time,⁷ send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

MRS. FORD. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

⁶ *Speak louder.*] i. e. that Falstaff who is retized may hear. This passage is only found in the two elder quartos. STEVENS.

⁷ — *whiting-time,*] Bleaching time; spring. The season when "maidens bleach their summer smocks." HOLT WHITE.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;— follow your friend's counsel;— I'll in.

MRS. PAGE. What! sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters knight?

FAL. I love thee, and none} but thee; ⁸ help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]

MRS. PAGE. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

MRS. FORD. What, John, Robert, John! [Exit Robin. Re-enter Servants.] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; Where's the cowl-staff? ⁹ look, how you drumble: ² carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; ³ quickly, come.

⁸ — and none but thee;] These words which are characteristic, and spoken to Mrs. Page aside, deserve to be restored from the old quarto. He had used the same words before to Mrs. Ford,

MALONE.

⁹ — the cowl-staff?] Is a staff used for carrying a large tub or basket with two handles. In Essex the word *cowl* is yet used for a tub. MALONE.

² — how you drumble:] The reverend Mr. Lambe, the editor of the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Flodden*, observes, that—*look how you drumble*, means—*how confused you are*; and that in the North, *drumbl'd ale* is *muddy, disturbed ale*. Thus, a Scottish proverb in Ray's collection:

“ It is good fishing in *drumbling* waters.”

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, this word occurs: “ — gray-beard *drumbling* over a discourse.” Again: “ — your fly in a boxe is but a *drumbl'-bee* in comparison of it.” Again: “ — this *drumbling* course.”

STEVENS.

To *drumbl'e*, in Devonshire, signifies to mutter in a fullen and inarticulate voice. No other sense of the word will either explain

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

FORD. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

SERV. To the laundress, forsooth.

MRS. FORD. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

FORD. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear.⁴ [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen,

this interrogation, or the passages adduced in Mr. Steevens's note. To *drumble and drone* are often used in connexion. HENLEY.

A *drumble drone*, in the western dialect, signifies a drone or humble-bee. Mrs. Page may therefore mean—How lazy and stupid you are! be more alert. MALONE.

³ — carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead;] Mr. Dennis objects, with some degree of reason, to the probability of the circumstance of Falstaff's being carried to Datchet mead, and thrown into the Thames. "It is not likely (he observes) that Falstaff would suffer himself to be carried in the basket as far as Datchet mead, which is half a mile from Windsor, and it is plain that they could not carry him, if he made any resistance." MALONE.

⁴ — it shall appear.] Ford seems to allude to the cuckold's horns. So afterwards: "—and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *peer out, peer out.*" *Of the season* is a phrase of the forest. MALONE.

Mr. Malone points the passage thus.—"Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too; it shall appear." I am satisfied with the old punctuation. In *The Rape of Lucrece*, our poet makes his heroine compare herself to an "*unseasonable doe*;" and, in Blunt's *Customs of Manors*, p. 168, is the same phrase employed by Ford.—"A bukke delivered him *of seyssone*, by the woodmaster and keepers of Needwoode." STEEVENS.

So, in a letter written by Queen Catharine, in 1526, Howard's Collection, Vol. I. p. 212: "We will and command you, that

I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—So, now uncape.⁵

PAGE. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

FORD. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

EVA. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

CAIUS. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

PAGE. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.*]

ye delyver or cause to be delyvered unto our trusty and well-beloved John Creusse—one buck of *season*." "The *season* of the hynd or doe (says Manwood) doth begin at Holyrood-day, and lasteth till Candelmas." *Forest Laws*, 1598. MALONE.

⁵ — So, now uncape.] So the folio of 1623 reads, and rightly. It is a term in fox-hunting, which signifies to dig out the fox when earth'd. And here is as much as to say, take out the foul linen under which the adulterer lies hid. The Oxford editor reads—*uncouple*, out of pure love to an emendation.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton seems to have forgot that the linen was already carried away. The allusion in the foregoing sentence is to the stopping every hole at which a fox could enter, before they *uncape* or turn him out of the bag in which he was brought. I suppose every one has heard of a *bag-fox*. STEEVENS.

Warburton, in his note on this passage, not only forgets that the foul linen had been carried away, but he also forgets that Ford did not at that time know that Falstaff had been hid under it; and Steevens forgets that they had not Falstaff in their possession, as hunters have a *bag-fox*, but were to find out where he was hid. They were not to chase him, but to rouse him. I therefore believe that Hanmer's amendment is right, and that we ought to read—*uncouple*.—Ford, like a good sportsman, first stops the earths, and then uncouples the hounds. M. MASON.

MRS. PAGE. Is there not a double excellency in this?

MRS. FORD. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

MRS. PAGE. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!⁶

MRS. FORD. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

MRS. PAGE. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would, all of the same strain were in the same distress.

MRS. FORD. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

MRS. PAGE. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

MRS. FORD. Shall we send that foolish carrion,⁷ mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

MRS. PAGE. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Mr. M. Mason also seems to forget that Ford at least thought he had Falstaff secure in his house, as in a bag, and therefore speaks of him in terms applicable to a bag-fox. STEEVENS.

⁶ — who *was in the basket!*] We should read—*what* was in the basket: for though in fact Ford has asked no such question, he could never suspect there was either *man* or *woman* in it. The propriety of this emendation is manifest from a subsequent passage, where Falstaff tells Master Brook—"the jealous knave asked them once or twice *what* they had in their basket." RITSON.

⁷ — *that foolish carrion,*] The old copy has—*foolish* carrion. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

FORD. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

MRS. PAGE. Heard you that?

MRS. FORD. Ay, ay, peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

FORD. Ay, I do so.

MRS. FORD. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

FORD. Amen.

MRS. PAGE. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

FORD. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

EVA. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement!

CAIUS. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

PAGE. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windfor Castle.

FORD. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

EVA. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

CAIUS. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

FORD. Well;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me;

¹ *Ay, ay, peace:*] These words were recovered from the early quarto by Mr. Theobald. But in his and the other modern editions, *I*, the old spelling of the affirmative particle, has inadvertently been retained. MALONE.

I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

PAGE. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

FORD. Any thing.

EVA. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

CAIUS. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

EVA. In your teeth: * for shame.

FORD. Pray you go, master Page.

EVA. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

CAIUS. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

EVA. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

A Room in Page's House.

Enter FENTON, and Mistress ANNE PAGE.

FENT. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

ANNE. Alas! how then?

FENT. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expence,

* *In your teeth:*] This dirty restoration was made by Mr. Theobald. Evans's application of the doctor's words is not in the folio.

I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
 Besides these, other bars he lays before me,——
 My riots past, my wild societies;
 And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
 I should love thee, but as a property.

ANNE. May be, he tells you true.

FENT. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
 Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth⁹
 Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
 Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
 Than stamps in gold, or fums in sealed bags;
 And 'tis the very riches of thyself
 That now I aim at.

ANNE. Gentle master Fenton,
 Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, fir:
 If opportunity and humblest suit
 Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.

[They converse apart.]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Mrs. QUICKLY.

SHAL. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my
 kinsman shall speak for himself.

SLEN. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't:² slid, 'tis
 but venturing.

⁹ —— *father's wealth* ——] Some light may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing, that Latymer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, *That though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for her portion.* At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affection of Belinda. No poet will now fly his favourite character at less than fifty thousand. JOHNSON.

² *I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't:*] *To make a bolt or a shaft of a thing* is enumerated by Ray, amongst others, in his collection of proverbial phrases. *Ray's Proverbs*, p. 179, Edit. 1742. REED.

SHAL. Be not dismay'd.

SLEN. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

QUICK. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

ANNE. I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
[*Aside.*]

QUICK. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

SHAL. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

SLEN. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

SHAL. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

SLEN. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

SHAL. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

SLEN. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,³ under the degree of a 'squire.

The *shaft* was such an arrow as skilful archers employed. The *bolt* in this proverb means, I think, the *fool's bolt*. MALONE.

A *Shaft* was a general term for an *arrow*. A *bolt* was a thick short one, with a knob at the end of it. It was only employed to shoot birds with, and was commonly called a "bird-bolt." The word occurs again in *Much ado about Nothing*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *Twelfth Night*. STEEVENS.

³ — come cut and long-tail,] i. e. come *poor*, or *rich*, to offer himself as my rival. The following is said to be the origin of the phrase. According to the forest laws, the dog of a man, who had no right to the privilege of chace, was obliged to cut, or *law* his dog among other modes of disabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog so cut was called a *cat*, or *cut-tail*, and by contrac-

SHAL. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

tion cur. *Cut and long-tail* therefore signified the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman.

Again, in *The first part of the Eighth liberal Science*, entitled *Art Adulandi, &c. devised and compiled by Ulpian Fulwel, 1576*:—
 “—yea, even their very dogs, Rug, Rig, and Risbie, yea, *cut and long-taille*, they shall be welcome.” STEEVENS.

—*come cut and long-tail,*] I can see no meaning in this phrase. Slender promises to make his mistress a gentlewoman, and probably means to say, he will deck her in a gown of the *court-cut*, and with a *long train or tail*. In the comedy of *Eastward Ho*, is this passage: “The one must be ladyfied forsooth, and be attired just to the *court cut and long taylor*,” which seems to justify our reading—*Court cut and long tail.* SIR J. HAWKINS.

—*come cut and long-tail,*] This phrase is often found in old plays, and seldom, if ever, with any variation. The change therefore proposed by Sir John Hawkins cannot be received, without great violence to the text. Whenever the words occur, they always bear the same meaning, and that meaning is obvious enough without any explanation. The origin of the phrase may however admit of some dispute, and it is by no means certain that the account of it, here adopted by Mr. Steevens from Dr. Johnson, is well-founded. That there ever existed such a mode of disqualifying dogs by the laws of the forest, as is here asserted, cannot be acknowledged without evidence, and no authority is quoted to prove that such a custom at any time prevailed. The writers on this subject are totally silent, as far as they have come to my knowledge. *Mannwood*, who wrote on the Forest Laws before they were entirely disused, mentions *expedition* or cutting off three claws of the fore-foot, as the *only* manner of lawing dogs; and with his account, the *Charter of the Forest* seems to agree. Were I to offer a conjecture, I should suppose that the phrase originally referred to horses, which might be denominated *cut and long tail*, as they were curtailed of this part of their bodies, or allowed to enjoy its full growth; and this might be practised according to the difference of their value, or the uses to which they were put. In this view, *cut and long tail* would include the whole species of horses good and bad. In support of this opinion it may be added, that formerly a *cut* was a word of reproach in vulgar colloquial abuse, and I believe is never to be found applied to horses, except to those of the worst kind. After all, if any authority can be produced to countenance Dr. Johnson’s explanation, I shall be very ready to retract every thing that is here said. See also a note on *The Match at Midnight*, Doddsley’s Collection of Old Plays, Vol. VII. p. 424, edit. 1780. REED.

ANNE. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

SHAL. Marry, I thank you for it; thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

ANNE. Now, master Slender.

SLEN. Now, good mistress Anne.

ANNE. What is your will?

SLEN. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

ANNE. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

SLEN. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole!⁴ They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE, and Mistress PAGE.

PAGE. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?

The last conversation I had the honour to enjoy with Sir William Blackstone, was on this subject; and by a series of accurate references to the whole collection of ancient *Forest Laws*, he convinced me of our repeated error, *expeditation* and *genusciffion*, being the only established and technical modes ever used for disabling the canine species. Part of the *tails* of spaniels indeed are generally *cut off* (*ornamenti gratia*) while they are puppies, so that (admitting a loose description) every kind of dog is comprehended in the phrase of *cut and long-tail*, and every rank of people in the same expression, if metaphorically used. STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *happy man be his dole!*] A proverbial expression. See Ray's collection, p. 116. edit. 1737. STEEVENS.

You wrong me, fir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, fir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

FENT. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

MRS. PAGE. Good master Fenton, come not to
my child.

PAGE. She is no match for you.

FENT. Sir, will you hear me?

PAGE. No, good master Fenton.
Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

QUICK. Speak to mistress Page.

FENT. Good mistress Page, for that I love your
daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,⁴
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

ANNE. Good mother, do not marry me to 'yon
fool.

MRS. PAGE. I mean it not; I seek you a better
husband.

QUICK. That's my master, master doctor.

ANNE. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.⁵

MRS. PAGE. Come, trouble not yourself: Good
master Fenton,

⁴ *I must advance the colours of my love,*] The same metaphor occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ And death's pale flag is not advanced there.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — be set quick i' the earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips.] This is a common proverb in the southern counties. I find almost the same expression in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*: “ Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowl'd at.” COLLINS.

I will not be your friend, nor enemy :
 My daughter will I question how she loves you,
 And as I find her, so am I affected ;
 'Till then, farewell, fir :—She must needs go in ;
 Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ANNE.*

FENT. Farewell, gentle mistress ; farewell, Nan.⁵

QUICK. This is my doing now ;—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician ?⁶
 Look on master Fenton :—this is my doing.

⁵ *Farewell, gentle mistress ; farewell, Nan.] Mistress is here used as a trissyllable. MALONE.*

If *mistress* can be pronounced as a trissyllable, the line will still be uncommonly defective in harmony. Perhaps a monosyllable has been omitted, and we should read—

“ Farewell, my gentle mistress ; farewell, Nan.” STEVENS.

⁶ — fool, and a physician ?] I should read—*fool* or a *physician*, meaning Slender and Caius. JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads according to Dr. Johnson’s conjecture. This may be right.—Or my Dame Quickly may allude to the proverb, a man of *forty* is either a *fool* or a *physician* ; but she asserts her master to be both. FARMER.

So, in *Microcosmus*, a masque by Nabbes, 1637 :

“ Choleric. Phlegm’s a fool.

“ Melancholic. Or a physician.”

Again, in a *Maidenhead well lost*, 1632 :

“ No matter whether I be a fool or a physician.”

Mr. Dennis, of irascible memory, who altered this play, and brought it on the stage, in the year 1702, under the title of *The Comical Gallant*, (when, thanks to the alterer, it was fairly damn’d,) has introduced the proverb at which Mrs. Quickly’s allusion appears to be pointed. STEVENS.

I believe the old copy is right, and that Mrs. Quickly means to insinuate that she had addressed *at the same time* both Mr. and Mrs. Page on the subject of their daughter’s marriage, one of whom favoured Slender, and the other Caius : “ — on a fool or a physician,” would be more accurate, but *and* is sufficiently suitable to dame Quickly, *referendo singula singulis*.

Thus : “ You two are going to throw away your daughter on a fool and a physician ; you, fir, on the former, and you, madam, on the latter.” MALONE.

FENT. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night⁷

Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains.
[Exit.]

QUICK. Now heaven fend thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously⁸ for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to fir John Falstaff from my two mistresses; What a beast am I to slack it?⁹ [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

FAL. Bardolph, I say,—

BARD. Here, fir.

FAL. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [Exit BARD.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's

⁷ —once to-night—] i. e. *sometime* to-night. So, in a letter from the sixth earl of Northumberland; (quoted in the notes on the household book of the fifth earl of that name:) “—notwithstanding I trust to be able *ons* to set up a chapell off myne owne.”

STEVENS.

⁸ —speciously—] She means to say *specialy*. STEVENS.

⁹ —to slack it?—] i. e. neglect. So, in *King Lear*: “—if they chanced to slack you, we could control them.” STEVENS.

gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies,* fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the wine.

BARD. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

FAL. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

BARD. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

QUICK. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.

FAL. Take away these chalices: Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

* — a bitch's blind puppies,] The old copy reads—" a blind bitch's puppies." STEEVENS.

I have ventured to transpose the adjective here, against the authority of the printed copies. I know, in horses, a colt from a blind stallion loses much of the value it might otherwise have; but are puppies ever drown'd the sooner, for coming from a blind bitch? The author certainly wrote, as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies. THEOBALD.

The transposition may be justified from the following passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: " — one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it." STEEVENS.

BAR. With eggs, fir?

FAL. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit BARDOLPH.*]—How now?

QUICK. Marry, fir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

FAL. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

QUICK. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

FAL. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

QUICK. Well, she laments, fir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

FAL. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

QUICK. I will tell her.

FAL. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

QUICK. Eight and nine, fir.

FAL. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

QUICK. Peace be with you, fir! [*Exit.*]

FAL. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

FORD. Bless you, fir!

FAL. Now, master Brook? you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

FORD. That, indeed, fir John, is my businefs.

FAL. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the' hour she appointed me.

FORD. And how sped you, fir?'

FAL. Very ill-favour'dly, master Brook.

FORD. How so, fir? Did' she change her determination?

FAL. No, master Brook: but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kifs'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

FORD. What, while you were there?

FAL. While I was there.

FORD. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

FAL. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.¹

FORD. A buck-basket!

FAL. By the Lord, a buck-basket: ¹ ramm'd me

¹ — how sped you, fir!] The word *how* I have restored from the old quarto. MALONE.

² — and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.] As it does not appear that his being convey'd into the buck-basket was owing to the supposed *distraktion* of Mistress Ford, I have no doubt but we should read—"and Ford's wife's *direction*," which was the fact. M. MASON.

³ By the Lord, a buck-basket:] Thus the old quarto. The editor of

in with foul shirts and smocks, focks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

FORD. And how long lay you there?

FAL. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who ask'd them once or twice, what they had in their basket: ⁴ I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffer'd the pangs of three several deaths: ⁵ first, an intolerable

the first folio, to avoid the penalty of the statute of King James I. reads—*Yes*, &c. and the editor of the second, which has been followed by the moderns, has made Falstaff desert his own character, and assume the language of a Puritan. MALONE.

The second folio reads—*yea*; and I cannot discover why this affirmative should be considered as a mark of puritanism. *Yea*, at the time our comedy appeared, was in as frequent use as—*yes*; and is certainly put by Shakspeare into the mouths of many of his characters whose manners are widely distant from those of canting purists. STEVENS.

⁴ — *what they had in their basket*:] So, before: “What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!” but Ford had asked no such question. Our author seems seldom to have revised his plays. MALONE.

Falstaff, in the present instance, may purposely exaggerate his alarms, that he may thereby enhance his merit with Ford, at whose purse his designs are ultimately levelled. STEVENS.

⁵ — *several deaths*:] Thus the folio and the most correct of the quartos. The first quarto reads—*egregious deaths*. STEVENS.

fright, to be detected with⁶ a jealous rotten bell-weather: next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo,⁷ in the circumference of a peck,⁸ hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,⁹—think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

⁶ ——— *detected with*—] Thus the old copies. *With* was sometimes used for *of*. So, a little after:

“ I sooner will suspect the sun *with* cold.”

Detected *of* a jealous, &c. would have been the common grammar of the times. The modern editors read—*by*. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *bilbo*,] A *bilbo* is a Spanish blade, of which the excellence is flexibility and elasticity. JOHNSON.

Bilbo, from *Bilboa*, a city of Biscay, where the best blades are made. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *of a peck*,] Thus the folio. The old quarto reads—of a *pack*; and perhaps rightly. Pedlar's packs are sometimes of such a size as to admit of Falstaff's description; but who but a Lilliputian could be “ compassed in a *peck*?” MALONE.

Falstaff designedly exaggerates the inconveniences of his situation: When he tells us, that formerly he “ was not an eagle's talon in the waist, and could have crept through an alderman's thumb-ring,” are we to suppose he has a literal meaning?—and may not some future critic enquire of us whether we ever saw any Pedlar's pack of such a size as would contain a person of Falstaff's bulk?”

Besides;—to try the flexibility of swords, it might have been usual to incurvate them within a wooden circuit like that of a *peck* measure; but who would have thought of making the same experiment within a *pedlar's pack*? STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *kidney*,] *Kidney* in this phrase now signifies *kind or qualities*, but Falstaff means, *a man whose kidneys are as fat as mine*.

JOHNSON.

FORD. In good sadness, fir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

FAL. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

FORD. 'Tis past eight already, fir.

FAL. Is it? I will then address me² to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.

FORD. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets! — Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad.³ [Exit.

² — address me —] i. e. make myself ready. So, in *King Henry V*:

“ To-morrow for our march we are *address*.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ But they did say their prayers, and *address'd* them

“ Again to sleep.” STEVENS.

³ — I'll be horn mad.] There is no image which our author

ACT IV. SCENE I.⁴*The Street.**Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.*

MRS. PAGE. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

QUICK. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

MRS. PAGE. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, fir Hugh? no school to-day?

EVA. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

QUICK. Blessing of his heart!

MRS. PAGE. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son

appears so fond of, as that of cuckold's horns. Scarcely a light character is introduced that does not endeavour to produce merriment by some allusion to horned husbands. As he wrote his plays for the stage rather than the press, he perhaps reviewed them seldom, and did not observe this repetition; or finding the jest, however frequent, still successful, did not think correction necessary.

JOHNSON.

⁴ This is a very trifling scene, of no use to the plot, and I should think of no great delight to the audience; but Shakspeare best knew what would please. JOHNSON.

We may suppose this scene to have been a very entertaining one to the audience for which it was written. Many of the old plays exhibit pedants instructing their scholars. Mariton has a very long one in his *What you Will*, between a schoolmaster, and *Holofernes*, *Nathaniel*, &c. his pupils. The title of this play was perhaps borrowed by Shakspeare, to join to that of *Twelfth Night*. *What you Will* appeared in 1607. *Twelfth Night* was first printed in 1623.

STEVENS.

profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

EVA. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

MRS. PAGE. Come on, firrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

EVA. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

WILL. Two.

QUICK. Truly I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

EVA. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

WILL. *Pulcher.*

QUICK. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

EVA. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?

WILL. A stone.

EVA. And what is a stone, William?

WILL. A pebble.

EVA. No, it is *Lapis*; I pray you remember in your prain.

WILL. *Lapis.*

EVA. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

WILL. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

EVA. *Nominativo, big, bag, bog*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, bujus*: Well, what is your *accusativo case*?

WILL. *Accusativo, binc.*

EVA. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, bing, bang, bog.*

QUICK. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

EVA. Leave your prabbles, o'man. What is the focative case, William?

WILL. O—*vocativo*, O.

EVA. Remember, William; focative is, *caret*.

QUICK. And that's a good root.

EVA. 'Oman, forbear.

MRS. PAGE. Peace.

EVA. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

WILL. *Genitive case*?

EVA. Ay.

WILL. *Genitive*,—*borum*, *barum*, *borum*.⁵

QUICK. 'Vengeance of *Jenny's* case! fie on her! —never name her, child, if she be a whore.

EVA. For shame, 'oman.

QUICK. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack,⁶ which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*; —fie upon you!

EVA. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures, as I would desires.

MRS. PAGE. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

EVA. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

⁵ — *borum*, *barum*, *borum*.] Taylor, the water-poet, has borrowed this jest, such as it is, in his character of a strumpet:

“ And come to *borum*, *barum*, *wborum*, then

“ She proves a great proficient among men.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *to hick and to hack*,] Sir William Blackstone thought that this, in Dame Quickly's language, signifies “ to stammer or hesitate, as boys do in saying their lessons;” but Mr. Steevens, with more probability, supposes that it signifies, in her dialect, *to do mischief*. MALONE.

WILL. Forsooth, I have forgot.

EVA. It is *ki*, *kæ*, *cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*,⁶ and your *cods*, you must be preeches.⁷ Go your ways, and play, go.

MRS. PAGE. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

EVA. He is a good sprag⁸ memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

MRS. PAGE. Adieu, good fir Hugh. [*Exit Sir HUGH.*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Room in Ford's House.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. FORD.

FAL. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love,⁹ and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not

⁶ ——— your *kies*, your *kæs*, &c.] All this ribaldry is likewise found in Taylor the water-poet. See fol. edit. p. 106.

⁷ ——— you must be preeches.] Sir Hugh means to say—you must be breech'd, i. e. flogg'd. To breech is to flog. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“ I am no breeching scholar in the schools.”
Again, in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, By Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Cry like a breech'd boy, not eat a bit.” STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— sprag ———] I am told that this word is still used by the common people in the neighbourhood of Bath, where it signifies *ready, alert, sprightly*, and is pronounced as if it was written—*sprack*.

STEEVENS.

A *sprack* lad or wench, says Ray, is *apt to learn, ingenious*. REED.

⁹ ——— your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love,] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— for some term

“ To do obsequious sorrow.”

The epithet *obsequious* refers, in both instances, to the seriousness with which *obsequies*, or funeral ceremonies, are performed. STEEVENS.

only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

MRS. FORD. He's a birding, sweet fir John.

MRS. PAGE. [*Witbin.*] What hoa, goffip Ford! what hoa!

MRS. FORD. Step into the chamber, fir John.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

MRS. PAGE. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

MRS. FORD. Why, none but mine own people.

MRS. PAGE. Indeed?

MRS. FORD. No, certainly:—Speak louder. [*Aside.*]

MRS. PAGE. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

MRS. FORD. Why?

MRS. PAGE. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes² again: he so takes on³ yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer-out, peer-out!*⁴ that any madness, I

² — *lunes* —] i. e. lunacy, frenzy. See a note on *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. sc. ii. The folio, reads—*lines*, instead of *lunes*. The elder quartos—his old *vaine* again. STEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

³ — *be so takes on* —] *To take on*, which is now used for *to grieve*, seems to be used by our author for *to rage*. Perhaps it was applied to any passion. JOHNSON.

It is used by Nash in *Pierce Penniless; his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, in the same sense: "Some will *take on* like a madman, if they see a pig come to the table." MALONE.

⁴ — *Peer-out!*] That is, *appear horns*. Shakspeare is at his old lunes. JOHNSON.

ever yet beheld, seem'd but tamenefs, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now : I am glad the fat knight is not here.

MRS. FORD. Why, does he talk of him ?

MRS. PAGE. Of none but him ; and fwears, he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket : protests to my husband, he is now here ; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspition : but I am glad the knight is not here ; now he shall see his own foolery.

MRS. FORD. How near is he, mistress Page ?

MRS. PAGE. Hard by ; at street end ; he will be here anon.

MRS. FORD. I am undone !—the knight is here.

MRS. PAGE. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you ? —Away with him, away with him ; better shame than murder.

MRS. FORD. Which way should he go ? how should I bestow him ? Shall I put him into the basket again ?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. No, I'll come no more i' the basket : May I not go out, ere he come ?

MRS. PAGE. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols,⁵ that none shall issue

Shakspeare here refers to the practice of children, when they call on a snail to push forth his horns :

“ Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,

“ Or else I'll beat you black as a coal.” *HENLEY.*

⁵ — watch the door with pistols,] This is one of Shakspeare's anachronisms. *DOUCE.*

out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here? ⁶

FAL. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

MRS. FORD. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole. ⁷

FAL. Where is it?

MRS. FORD. He will seek there on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract ⁸ for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

FAL. I'll go out then.

MRS. PAGE. If you go ⁹ out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguis'd,—

Thus, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Thaliard says,

“ _____ if I

“ Can get him once within my *pistol's* length,” &c.

and Thaliard was one of the courtiers of Antiochus the third, who reigned 200 years before Christ; a period rather too early for the use of *pistols*. STEVENS.

⁶ *But what make you here?*] i. e. *what do you here.* MALONE.

The same phrase occurs in the first scene of *As you like it*:

“ Now, sir! *what make you here?*” STEVENS.

⁷ — *creep into the kiln-hole.*] I suspect, these words belong to Mrs. Page. See Mrs. Ford's next speech. That, however, may be a second thought; a correction of her former proposal: but the other supposition is more probable. MALONE.

⁸ — *an abstract*—] i. e. a list, an inventory. STEVENS.

Rather, a short note or description. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ The *abstracts*, and brief chronicle of the times.”

MALONE.

⁹ Mrs. Page. *If you go, &c.*] In the first folio, by the mistake of the compositor, the name of Mrs. Ford is prefixed to this speech and the next. For the correction now made I am answerable. The editor of the second folio put the two speeches together, and gave them both to Mrs. Ford. The threat of danger from *without* ascertains the first to belong to Mrs. Page. See her speech on *Salstaff's* circumstance. MALONE.

MRS. FORD. How might we disguise him?

MRS. PAGE. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

FAL. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

MRS. FORD. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

MRS. PAGE. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too:² Run up, sir John.

MRS. FORD. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page, and I, will look some linen for your head.

MRS. PAGE. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[Exit FALSTAFF.]

MRS. FORD. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

² — her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too:] The *thrum* is the end of a weaver's warp, and we may suppose, was used for the purpose of making coarse hats. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ O fates, come, come,
“ Cut thread and *thrum*.”

A *muffler* was some part of dress that covered the face. So, in *The Cocker's Prophecy*, 1594:

“ Now is she bare fac'd to be seen:—strait on her *Muffler* goes.”

Again, in Laneham's account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Kenelworth castle, 1575: “—his mother lent him a *nu-muffler* for a napkin, that was tyed to hiz gyrdl for lozyng.” STEVENS.

The *muffler* was a part of female attire, which only covered the lower half of the face. DOUCE.

A *thrum'd* hat was made of very coarse woollen cloth. See MINSHEU'S *DICTIONARY*, 1617, in v. *Thrum'd* is, formed of *thrums*.

MRS. PAGE. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

MRS. FORD. But is my husband coming?

MRS. PAGE. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

MRS. FORD. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

MRS. PAGE. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

MRS. FORD. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. [Exit.

MRS. PAGE. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.³

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act, that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draff*.⁴

[Exit.

Re-enter Mrs. FORD, with two Servants.

MRS. FORD. Go, firs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch.

[Exit.

1. SERV. Come, come, take it up.

2. SERV. Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight's again.

³ — *misuse him enough.*] *Him* which was accidentally omitted in the first folio, was inserted by the editor of the second.

MALONE.

⁴ — *Still swine, &c.*] This is a proverbial sentence. See Ray's Collection. MALONE.

⁵ — *of the knight* —] The only authentick copy, the first folio,

I. *SERV.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

FORD. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—You, youth in a basket, come out here!⁶—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,⁷ a pack, a conspiracy, against me: Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

PAGE. Why, this passes!⁸ Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

reads—"full of knight." The editor of the second—of *the* knight; I think, unnecessarily. We have just had—"hard at door," MALONE.

At door, is a frequent provincial ellipsis. *Full of knight* is a phrase without example; and the present speaker (one of Ford's drudges) was not meant for a dealer in grotesque language. I therefore read with the second folio. STEEVENS.

⁶ You, *youth in a basket, come out here!*] This reading I have adopted from the early quarto. The folio has only—"Youth in a basket!" MALONE.

⁷ — a ging,] Old Copy—*gin*. *Ging* was the word intended by the poet, and was anciently used for *gang*. So, in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, 1631:

"The secret is, I would not willingly
"See or be seen to any of this *ging*,
"Especially the lady."

Again, in *The Alchemist*, 1610:

"—Sure he has got
"Some bawdy picture to call all this *ging*;
"The friar and the boy, or the new motion," &c.

MALONE.

The second folio [1632] (so severely censured by Mr. Malone, and yet so often quoted by him as the source of emendations,) reads—*ging*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *this* passes!] The force of the phrase I did not understand.

EVA. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

SHAL. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

FORD. So say I too, fir. — Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

MRS. FORD. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

FORD. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, firrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

PAGE. This passeth!

MRS. FORD. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

FORD. I shall find you anon.

EVA. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

FORD. Empty the basket, I say.

MRS. FORD. Why, man, why,—

FORD. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my

when a former impression of Shakspeare was prepared; and therefore gave these two words as part of an imperfect sentence. One of the obsolete senses of the verb, *to pass*, is *to go beyond bounds*.

So, in *Sir Clyomon, &c. Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599:

“ I have such a deal of substance here when Brian's men are slaine,

“ That it *passeth*. O that I had while to stay!”

Again, in the translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595: “ This *passeth*! that I meet with none, but thus they vex me with strange speeches.” STEVENS.

house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

MRS. FORD. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

PAGE. Here's no man.

SHAL. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.⁹

EVA. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

FORD. Well, he's not here I seek for.

PAGE. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

FORD. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.² Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

MRS. FORD. What ho, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

FORD. Old woman! What old woman's that?

MRS. FORD. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

FORD. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession

⁹ — *this wrongs you.*] This is below your character, unworthy of your understanding, injurious to your honour. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Bianca, being ill treated by her rugged sister, says:

“ You *wrong* me much, indeed you *wrong* yourself.”

JOHNSON.

² — *his wife's leman.*] *Leman*, i. e. *lover*, is derived from *leef*, Dutch, *beloved*, and *man*. STEEVENS.

of fortune-telling. She works by charms,³ by spells, by the figure, and such daubery⁴ as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

MRS. FORD. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.⁵

Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by Mrs. PAGE.

MRS. PAGE. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

³ *She works by charms, &c.*] Concerning some old woman of Brentford, there are several ballads; among the rest, *Julian of Brentford's last Will and Testament*, 1599. STEEVENS.

This without doubt was the person here alluded to; for in the early quarto Mrs. Ford says—"my maid's aunt, Gillian of Brentford, hath a gown above." So also, in *Westward Hoe*, a comedy, 1607: "I doubt that old hag, Gillian of Brentford, has bewitch'd me." MALONE.

Mr. Steevens, perhaps, has been misled by the vague expression of the Stationers' book. *Lyl of Breyntford's Testament*, to which he seems to allude, was written by Robert, and printed by William Copland, long before 1599. But this, the only publication, it is believed, concerning the above lady, at present known, is certainly no ballad. RITSON.

Julian of Brainford's testament is mentioned by Laneham in his letter from *Killingworth Castle*, 1575, amongst many other works of established notoriety. HENLEY.

⁴ — *such daubery* —] *Dauberics are counterfeits; disguises*. So, in *King Lear*, Edgar says: "I cannot daub it further." Again, in *K. Richard III.*:

"So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue."

STEEVENS.

Perhaps rather—*such gross falsehood, and imposition*. In our author's time a *dauber* and a *plasterer* were synonymous. See Minshew's *Dict.* in v. "To lay it on with a trowel" was a phrase of that time, applied to one who uttered a gross lie. MALONE.

⁵ — *let him not strike the old woman.*] *Not*, which was inadvertently omitted in the first folio, was supplied by the second.

MALONE.

FORD. I'll *prat* her:—Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him.*] you rag,⁶ you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon!⁷ out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

MRS. PAGE. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

MRS. FORD. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

FORD. Hang her, witch!

EVA. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.⁸

⁶ — you rag,] This opprobrious term is again used in *Timon of Athens*: “—thy father, that poor rag—” Mr. Rowe unnecessarily dismissed this word, and introduced *bag* in its place.

MALONE.

⁷ — ronyon!] *Ronyon*, applied to a woman, means, as far as can be traced, much the same with *scall* or *scab* spoken of a man.

JOHNSON.

From *Rogueux*, Fr. So, in *Macbeth*:

“Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed *ronyon* cries.”

Again, in *As you like it*: “the *roynish* clown.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — I spy a great peard under her muffler.] One of the marks of a supposed witch was a beard.

So, in *The Duke's Mistrefs*, 1638:

“—— a chin, without all controversy, good

“To go a fishing with; a *witches beard* on't.”

See also *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. iii.

The *muffler* (as I have learnt since our last sheet was worked off) was a thin piece of linen that covered the lips and chin. See the figures of two market-women, at the bottom of G. Hoefnagle's curious plate of Nonfuch, in *Braunii Civitates Orbis Terrarum*; Part V. Plate I. See likewise the bottom of the view of Shrewsbury, &c. *ibid.* Part VI. Plate II. where the female peasant seems to wear the same article of dress. See also a country-woman at the corner of Speed's map of England. STEEVENS.

As the second stratagem, by which Falstaff escapes, is much the grosser of the two, I wish it had been practised first. It is very unlikely that Ford, having been so deceived before, and knowing that he had been deceived, would suffer him to escape in so slight a disguise. JOHNSON.

FORD. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail,² never trust me when I open again.

PAGE. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exit* PAGE, FORD, SHALLOW, and EVANS.]

MRS. PAGE. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

MRS. FORD. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

MRS. PAGE. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

MRS. FORD. What think you? May we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

MRS. PAGE. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery,³ he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.⁴

MRS. FORD. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

² — cry out thus upon no trail,] The expression is taken from the hunters. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. *To cry out*, is to open or bark. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ How cheerfully on the false trail they cry :

“ Oh! this is counter, ye false Danish dogs !” STEEVENS.

³ — if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery,] Our author had been long enough in an attorney's office to learn that *fee-simple* is the largest estate, and *fine and recovery* the strongest assurance, known to English law. RITSON.

⁴ — in the way of waste, attempt us again.] i. e. he will not make further attempts to ruin us, by corrupting our virtue, and destroying our reputation. STEEVENS.

MRS. PAGE. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

MRS. FORD. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period⁴ to the jest, should he not be publickly shamed.

MRS. PAGE. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter HOST and BARDOLPH.

BARD. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

HOST. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

BARD. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.⁵

HOST. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my houses

⁴ — no period —] Shakspeare seems, by no period, to mean, no proper catastrophe. Of this Hamner was so well persuaded, that he thinks it necessary to read—no right period. STEEVENS.

Our author often uses *period*, for *end* or *conclusion*. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ O, let me make the *period* to my curse.” MALONE.

⁵ — I'll call them to you.] Old Copy—I'll call *him*. Corrected in the third folio. MALONE.

a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off;⁶ I'll sauce them: Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁶ — *they must come off;*] *To come off, is, to pay.* In this sense it is used by Massinger in *The Unnatural Combat*, Act IV. sc. ii. where a wench, demanding money of the father to keep his bastard, says: “*Will you come off, fir?*” Again, in Decker’s *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

“Do not your gallants *come off* roundly then?”

Again, in Heywood’s *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1633, p. 2: “— and then if he will not *come off*, carry him to the compter.” Again, in *A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1608:

“Hark in thine ear:—will he *come off* think’st thou, and pay my debts?”

Again, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

“It is his meaning I should *come off*.”

Again, in *The Widow*, by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1542: “I am forty dollars better for that: an ’twould *come off* quicker, ’twere nere a whit the worse for me.” Again, in *A merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. 1. no date: “Therefore *come of* lightly, and geve me my mony.” STEEVENS.

“They must *come off*, (says mine host,) I’ll sauce them.” This passage has exercised the critics. It is altered by Dr. Warburton; but there is no corruption, and Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted it. The quotation, however, from *Massinger*, which is referred to likewise by Mr. Edwards in his *Canons of Criticism*, scarcely satisfied Mr. Heath, and still less Mr. Capell, who gives us, “They must *not* come off.” It is strange that any one, conversant in old language, should hesitate at this phrase. Take another quotation or two, that the difficulty may be effectually removed for the future. In John Heywood’s play of *The Four P’s*, the pedlar says:

“— If you be willing to buy,

“Lay down money, *come off* quickly.”

In *The Widow*, by Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton,—“if he will *come off* roundly, he’ll set him free too.” And again, in *Fennor’s Comptor’s Commonwealth*:—“except I would *come off* roundly, I should be bar’d of that priviledge,” &c. FARMER.

The phrase is used by Chaucer, *Friar’s Tale*, 338. edit. Urry:

“*Come off*, and let me riden hastily,

“Give me twelve pence; I may no longer tarie.”

TYRWHITT.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Ford's House.

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

EVA. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

PAGE. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

MRS. PAGE. Within a quarter of an hour.

FORD. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,⁷
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

PAGE. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

⁷ *I rather will suspect the sun with cold,*] Thus the modern editions.—The old ones read—with *gold*, which may mean, I rather will suspect the sun can be a thief, or be *corrupted by a bribe*, than thy honour can be betrayed to wantonness. Mr. Rowe silently made the change, which succeeding editors have as silently adopted. A thought of a similar kind occurs in *Henry IV.* P. I:

“ Shall the blessed *sun* of heaven prove a *niche* ?”

I have not, however, displaced Mr. Rowe's emendation; as a zeal to preserve old readings, without distinction, may sometimes prove as injurious to our author's reputation, as a desire to introduce new ones, without attention to the quaintness of phraseology then in use. STEVENS.

So, in *Westward for Smelts*, a pamphlet which Shakspeare certainly had read: “ I answere in the behalfe of one, who is *as free from disloyaltie, as is the sunne from darknes, or the fire from cold.*” A husband is speaking of his wife. MALONE.

Be not as extreme in submission,
 As in offence;
 But let our plot go forward: let our wives
 Yet once again, to make us publick sport,
 Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
 Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

FORD. There is no better way than that they spoke
 of.

PAGE. How! to fend him word they'll meet him
 in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never
 come.

EVA. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers;
 and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman:
 methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he
 should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd,
 he shall have no desires.

PAGE. So think I too.

MRS. FORD. Devise but how you'll use him when
 he comes,
 And let us two devise to bring him thither.

MRS. PAGE. There is an old tale goes, that Herne
 the hunter,
 Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
 Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
 Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
 And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;*

* — and takes the cattle;] To take, in Shakspeare, signifies
 to seize or strike with a disease; to blast. So, in *Lear*:

“ — Strike her young bones,
 “ Ye taking airs, with lameness.” JOHNSON.

So, in Markham's *Treatise of Horses*, 1595, chap. 8: “ Of a
 horse that is taken. A horse that is bereft of his feeling, mooving
 or styring, is said to be taken, and in sooth so he is, in that he is
 arrested by so villainous a disease; yet some farriers, not well un-
 derstanding the ground of the disease, conster the word taken, to

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner :

You have heard of such a spirit ; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld⁹

Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

PAGE. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak :
But what of this ?

MRS. FORD. Marry, this is our device ;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.¹

PAGE. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape : When you have brought him
thither,

What shall be done with him ? what is your plot ?

MRS. PAGE. That likewise have we thought upon,
and thus :

be striken by some planet or evil-spirit, which is false," &c. Thus our poet :

" — No planets *strike*, no fairy *takes*." TOLLET.

⁹ — *idle-headed eld* —] *Eld* seems to be used here, for what our poet calls in *Macbeth*—the *olden time*. It is employed in *Measure for Measure*, to express *age* and *decrepitude* :

" — doth beg the alms

" Of pallied *eld*." STEEVENS.

I rather imagine it is used here for *old persons*. MALONE.

² *Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.*] This line, which is not in the folio, was properly restored from the old quarto by Mr. Theobald. He at the same time introduced another—

" We'll send him word to meet us in the field,"—which is clearly unnecessary, and indeed improper ; for the word *field* relates to two preceding lines of the quarto, which have not been introduced :

" Now, for that Falstaff has been so deceiv'd,

" As that he dares not meet us in the *house*,

" We'll send him word to meet us in the *field*."

MALONE.

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
 And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
 Like urchins, ouphes,³ and fairies, green and white,
 With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
 And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
 As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
 Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
 With some diffused song;⁴ upon their sight,
 We two in great amazedness will fly:
 Then let them all encircle him about,
 And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;⁵

³ — *urchins, ouphes,*] The primitive signification of *urchin* is a hedge-hog. In this sense it is used in *The Tempest*. Hence it comes to signify any thing little and dwarfish. *Ouph* is the Teutonick word for a *fairy* or *goblin*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *With some diffused song;*] A *diffused song* signifies a song that strikes out into wild sentiments beyond the bounds of nature, such as those whose subject is fairy land. WARBURTON.

Diffused may mean *confused*. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 553: "Rice quoth he, (i. e. Cardinal Wolsey,) speak you Welch to him: I doubt not but thy speech shall be more *diffuse* to him, than his French shall be to thee." TOLLER.

By *diffused song*, Shakspeare may mean such unconnected ditties as mad people sing. Kent, in *K. Lear*, when he has determined to assume an appearance foreign to his own, declares his resolution to *diffuse his speech*, i. e. to give it a wild and irregular turn.

STEEVENS.

With some diffused song;] i. e. wild, irregular, discordant. That this was the meaning of the word, I have shown in a note on another play by a passage from one of Greene's pamphlets, in which he calls a dress of which the different parts were made after the fashions of different countries, "a *diffused* attire." MALONE.

⁵ *And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;*] This use of *to* in composition with verbs, is very common in Gower and Chaucer, but must have been rather antiquated in the time of Shakspeare. See, Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, B. IV. fol. 7:

"All *to-tore* is myn araic."

And Chaucer, *Reeve's Tale*, 1169:

"— mouth and nose *to-broke*."

The construction will otherwise be very hard. TYRWHITT.

And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape prophane.

MRS. FORD. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,⁶
And burn him with their tapers.

MRS. PAGE. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

FORD. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

EVA. I will teach the children their behaviours;
and I will be like a jack-an-apes also,⁷ to burn the
knight with my taber.

I add a few more instances, to show that this use of the preposition *to* was not entirely antiquated in the time of our author. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 7:

"With briars and bushes all *to-rent* and scratched."

Again, B. V. c. 8:

"With locks all loose, and raiment all *to-tore*."

Again, B. V. c. 9:

"Made of strange stuffe, but all *to-worne* and ragged,

"And underneath the breech was all *to-torne* and jagged."

Again, in *The Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"The post at which he runs, and all *to-burns* it."

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"Watchet fattin doublet, all *to-torn*." STEEVENS.

The editor of Gawin Douglas's Translation of the *Æneid*, fol. Edinb. 1710, observes in his *General Rules for the Understanding the Language*, that *to* prefixed, in antient writers, has little or no significance, but with *all* put before it, signifies *altogether*. Since, Milton has "were *all to-ruffled*." See *Comus*, v. 380. Warton's edit. It is not likely that this practice was become antiquated in the time of Shakspeare, as Mr. Tyrwhitt supposes. HOLT WHITE.

⁶ ——— *pinch him sound*,] i. e. *soundly*. The adjective used as an adverb. The modern editors read—*raund*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also*,] The idea of this stratagem, &c. might have been adopted from part of the entertainment prepared by Thomas

FORD. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

MRS. PAGE. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

PAGE. That silk will I go buy;—and in that time⁸ Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [*Aside.* And marry her at Eton. — Go, send to Falstaff straight.

FORD. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook: He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

MRS. PAGE. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,⁹
And tricking for our fairies.²

EVA. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.]

Churchyard for Queen Elizabeth at Norwich: “And these boyes, &c. were to play by a deuise and degrees the *Phayries*, and to daunce (as neere as could be ymagined) like the *Phayries*. Their attire, and comming so strangely out, I know made the *Queenes* highnesse smile and laugh withall, &c. *I ledde the yong foolishe Phayries a daunce, &c.* and as I heard said, it was well taken.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *That silk will I go buy;—and in that time—*] Mr. Theobald, referring *that time* to the time of buying the silk, alters it to *time*. But there is no need of any change; *that time* evidently relating to the time of the mask with which Falstaff was to be entertained, and which makes the whole subject of this dialogue. Therefore the common reading is right. WARBURTON.

⁹ — *properties*,] *Properties* are little incidental necessities to a theatre, exclusive of scenes and dresses. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*: “—a shoulder of mutton for a *property*.” See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

² — *tricking for our fairies*.] *To trick*, is to dress out. So, in *Milton*:

“Not *trick'd* and frounc'd as she was wont,

“With the Attic boy to hunt;

“But kerchief'd in a homely cloud.” STEEVENS.

MRS. PAGE. Go, mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to fir John, to know his mind.

[Exit Mrs. FORD.]

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an ideot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave
her. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

HOST. What would'st thou have, boor? what,
thick-skin?³ speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short,
quick, snap.

SIM. Marry, fir, I come to speak with fir John
Falstaff from master Slender.

HOST. There's his chamber, his house, his castle,
his standing-bed, and truckle-bed;⁴ 'tis painted

³ ——— *what, thick-skin?*] I meet with this term of abuse in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book VI. chap. 30:

“ That he, so foul a *thick-skin*, should so fair a lady catch.”
STEVENS.

⁴ ——— *standing-bed, and truckle-bed;*] The usual furniture of chambers in that time was a standing-bed, under which was a *truckle, truckle, or running bed*. In the standing-bed lay the master, and in the truckle bed the servant. So, in Hall's *Account of a Servile Tutor*:

“ He lieth in the *truckle-bed*,

“ While his young master lieth o'er his head.” JOHNSON.

So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

“ When I lay in a *trundle-bed* under my tutor.”

about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new : Go, knock and call ; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian*⁵ unto thee : Knock, I say.

SIMP. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber ; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down : I come to speak with her, indeed.

HOSP. Ha ! a fat woman ! the knight may be robbed : I'll call. — Bully knight ! Bully sir John ! speak from thy lungs military : Art thou there ? it is thine host, thine Ephesian,⁶ calls.

FAL. [*above.*] How now, mine host ?

HOSP. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar⁷ carries the coming down of thy fat woman : Let her descend, bully, let her descend ; my chambers are honourable : Fie ! privacy ? fie !

And here the tutor has the upper bed. Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*, &c. 1637 : " — shew these gentlemen into a close room with a *standing-bed* in't, and a *truckle* too." STEVENS.

⁵ — [*Anthropophaginian* —] i. e. a cannibal. See *Osello*, Act I. sc. iii. It is here used as a sounding word to astonish *Simple*. *Ephesian*, which follows, has no other meaning. STEVENS.

⁶ — [*thine Ephesian*,] This was a cant term of the time. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. sc. ii. " *P. Henry*. What company ? *Page*. *Ephesians*, my lord, of the old church." See the note there. MALONE.

⁷ — [*Bohemian-Tartar* —] The French call a *Bohemian* what we call a *Gypsy* ; but I believe the *Host* means nothing more than, by a wild appellation, to insinuate that *Simple* makes a strange appearance. JOHNSON.

In Germany there were several companies of vagabonds, &c. called *Tartars* and *Zigans*. " These were the same in my opinion," says *Mezeray*, " as those the French call *Bohemians*, and the English *Gypsies*." *Bulceel's Translation of Mezeray's History of France*, under the year 1417. TOLLER.

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

SIMP. Pray you, fir, was't not the wife woman of Brentford?⁸

FAL. Ay, marry was it, muscle-shell;⁹ What would you with her?

SIMP. My master, fir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, fir, whether one Nym, fir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

FAL. I spake with the old woman about it.

SIMP. And what says she, I pray, fir?

FAL. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

SIMP. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

FAL. What are they? let us know.

HOST. Ay, come; quick.

SIMP. I may not conceal them, fir.

FAL. Conceal them, or thou diest.¹⁰

⁸ — *wife woman of Brentford?*] In our author's time female dealers in palmistry and fortune-telling were usually denominated *wife women*. So the person from whom Heywood's play of *The Wife Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638, takes its title, is employed in answering many such questions as are the objects of *Simple's* enquiry. REED.

This appellation occurs also in our Version of the Bible: "Her *wife ladies* answered her, yea she returned answer to herself." Judges v. 29. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *muscule-shell;*] He calls poor Simple *muscule-shell*, because he stands with his mouth open. JOHNSON.

¹⁰ *Simp. I may not conceal them, fir.*

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.] In both these instances, Dr. Farmer thinks we should read—*reveal*. STEEVENS.

SIMP. Why, fir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

FAL. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

SIMP. What, fir?

FAL. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

SIMP. May I be so bold to say so, fir?

FAL. Ay, fir Tike; who more bold?³

SIMP. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit SIMP.*]

HOST. Thou art clerkly,⁴ thou art clerkly, fir John: Was there a wife woman with thee?

FAL. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.⁵

Simp. I may, &c.] In the old copy this speech is given to Falstaff. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. I mention this error, because it justifies other similar corrections that have been made. MALONE.

³ *Ay, fir Tike; who more bold?*] In the first edition, it stands: "I Tike, who more bolde." And should plainly be read here, *Ay, fir Tike, &c.* FARMER.

The folio reads—*Ay, fir, like, &c.* MALONE.

⁴ — *clerkly,*] i. e. scholar-like. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. sc. i:

"——'tis very clerkly done." STEVENS.

⁵ — *I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.*] He alludes to the beating which he had just received. The same play on words occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act V: "—sorry you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much."

STEVENS.

To *pay*, in our author's time, often signified to *beat*. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. "—seven of the eleven I paid." MALONE.

Enter BARDOLPH.

BARD. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! meer cozenage!

HOST. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

BARD. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus.⁶

HOST. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

EVAN. Where is mine host?

HOST. What is the matter, sir?

EVAN. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couzin germans, that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd: Fare you well. [Exit.]

Enter CAIUS.

CAIUS. Vere is mine Host de Jarterre.

HOST. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

⁶ — like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus.] *John Fauf*, commonly called *Doctor Faustus*, was a German. STEEVENS.

Marlowe's Play on this subject had sufficiently familiarized Bardolph's simile to our author's audience. STEEVENS.

CAIUS. I cannot tell vat is dat : But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany* : by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come : I tell you for good vill : adieu.
[Exit.]

HOSY. Hue and cry, villain, go :—assist me, knight ; I am undone :—fly, run, hue and cry, villain ! I am undone !
[Exeunt Host and BARDOLPH.]

FAL. I would, all the world might be cozen'd ; for I have been cozen'd, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transform'd, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me ; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear.* I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero*.⁷ Well, if my wind were but

* — crest-fallen as a dried pear.] To ascertain the propriety of this similitude, it may be observed that *pears*, when they are *dried*, become flat, and lose the crest and oblong form that, in their natural state, distinguishes them from apples. STEVENS.

⁷ — *Primero*.] A game at cards. JOHNSON.

Primero was in Shakspeare's time the fashionable game. In the Earl of Northumberland's letters about the powder plot, Jos. Percy was playing at *Primero* on Sunday, when his uncle, the conspirator, called on him at Essex House. This game is again mentioned in our author's *Henry VIII.* PERCY.

“ *Primero* and *Primovista*, two games of cards. *Primum et primum visum*, that is, first, and first scene, because he that can show such an order of cards, wins the game.” See Minsheu's *Dict.* 1617.

REED.

In the *Sydney Papers*, Vol. II. p. 83, is the following account of an altercation that happened between our poet's generous patron, and one Willoughby, at this game: “ The quarrel of my lord Southampton to Ambrose Willoughby grew upon this: That he, with Sir Waker Rawley and Mr. Parker, being at *Primero* in the presence-chamber, the queen was gone to bed ; and he being there, as squire of the body, desired him to give over. Soon after he

long enough to fay my prayers,* I would repent.—

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

QUICK. From the two parties, forsooth.

FAL. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd! I have suffer'd more for their fakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

QUICK. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

FAL. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman,⁹ deliver'd me, the knave constable had

spoke to them againe, that if they would not leave, he would call in the guard to pull down the bord; which Sir Walter Rawley seeing, put up his money, and went his wayes; but my lord Southampton took exceptions at hym, and told hym, he would remember yt: and so finding hym between the Tennis-Court wall and the garden, strooke him; and Willoughby pull'd of some of his lockes." This happened in the beginning of 1598. MALONE.

The manner of playing at this game may be seen in an Epigram quoted in *Dodley's Collection of old Plays*, Vol. V. p. 168, edit. 1780. See also Vol. X. p. 368, and Vol. XII. p. 396. REED.

* ——— *to say my prayers,*] These words were restored from the early quarto by Mr. Pope. They were probably omitted in the folio on account of the Stat. 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. MALONE.

⁹ ——— *action of an old woman,*] What! was it any dexterity of wit in Sir John Falstaff to counterfeit the action of an *old woman*, in order to escape being apprehended for a *witch*? Surely, one would imagine, this was the readiest means to bring him into such a scrape: for none but *old women* have ever been suspected of be-

set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

QUICK. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well,^a that you are so cross'd.

FAL. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON and Host.

HOST. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

FENT. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee

ing *witches.* The text must certainly be restor'd a *wood* woman, a crazy, frantick woman; one too wild, and silly, and unmeaning, to have either the malice, or mischievous subtlety of a witch in her.

THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but rejected by Dr. Warburton. To me it appears reasonable enough.

JOHNSON.

I am not certain that this change is necessary. Falstaff, by counterfeiting such weakness and infirmity, as would naturally be pitied in an old woman, averted the punishment to which he would otherwise have been subjected, on the supposition that he was a witch. *STEEVENS.*

The reading of the old copy is fully supported by what Falstaff says afterwards to Ford: "I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor *old* woman." *MALONE.*

^a *Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, &c.*] The great fault of this play is the frequency of expressions so profane, that no necessity of preserving character can justify them. There are laws of higher authority than those of criticism. *JOHNSON.*

A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

HosT. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

FENT. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser,)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof³ so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene:⁴ the image of the jest⁵

[*Showing the letter.*]

³ *The mirth whereof*—] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*The mirth whereof's* so larded, &c. but the old reading is the true one, and the phraseology that of Shakspere's age. *Whereof* was formerly used as we now use *thereof*; “—the mirth thereof being so larded,” &c. So, in *Mount Tabor, or Private Exercises of a Penitent Sinner*, 8vo. 1639: “In the mean time [they] closely conveyed under the cloaths wherewithal he was covered, a vizard, like a swine's snout, upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being holden severally by those three ladies; who fall to singing again,” &c. MALONE.

⁴ — wherein fat Falstaff

Hath a great scene:] The first folio reads:

“Without the show of both: fat Falstaff,” &c.

I have supplied the word that was probably omitted at the press, from the early quarto, where, in the corresponding place, we find—

“Wherein fat Falstaff hath a mighty scene [*scene*].”

The editor of the second folio, to supply the metre, arbitrarily reads—

“Without the shew of both:—fat Sir John Falstaff—.”

MALONE.

⁵ — *the image of the jest*—] *Image* is *representation*. So, in *K. Richard III*:

“And liv'd by looking on his images.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:—“The image of it gives me content already.” STEEVENS.

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host :
 To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
 Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen ;
 The purpose why, is here ;⁷ in which disguise,
 While other jests are something rank on foot,⁸
 Her father hath commanded her to slip
 Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
 Immediately to marry : she hath consented :
 Now, sir,
 Her mother, even strong against that match,⁹
 And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
 That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
 While other sports are tasking of their minds,³
 And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
 Straight marry her : to this her mother's plot
 She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
 Made promise to the doctor :—Now, thus it rests :
 Her father means she shall be all in white ;
 And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
 To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
 She shall go with him :—her mother hath intended,

These words allude to a custom still in use, of hanging out painted representations of shows.

So, in *Buffy d'Ambois* :

“ ——— like a monster

“ Kept onely to show men for goddesse money :

“ That false hagge often paints him in her cloth

“ Ten times more monstrous than he is in troth.” HENLEY.

⁷ ——— is here ;] i. e. in the letter. STEVENS.

⁸ *While other jests are something rank on foot,*] i. e. while they are hotly pursuing other merriment of their own. STEVENS.

⁹ ——— even strong against that match,] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—*ever*, but perhaps without necessity. *Even strong*, is as strong, with a similar degree of strength. So, in *Hamlet*, “ ——— even christian” is fellow christian. STEVENS.

³ ——— talking of their minds,] So, in *K. Henry V* :

“ ——— some things of weight

“ That task our thoughts concerning us and France.”

STEVENS.

The better to denote³ her to the doctor,
 (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)
 That, quaint in green,⁴ she shall be loose enrob'd,
 With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
 And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
 The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Horr. Which means she to deceive? father or
 mother?

³ — to denote —] In the Mss. of our author's age *n* and *u* were formed so very much alike, that they are scarcely distinguishable. Hence it was, that in the old copies of these plays one of these letters is frequently put for the other. From the cause assigned, or from an accidental inversion of the letter *n* at the press, the first folio in the present instance reads—*devote*, *u* being constantly employed in that copy instead of *v*. The same mistake has happened in several other places. Thus, in *Much ado about Nothing*, 1623, we find, "he is *turn'd* orthographer," instead of *turn'd*. Again, in *Othello*:—"to the contemplation, mark, and *devotement* of her parts," instead of *denotement*. Again, in *King John*: "This *expeditious* charge, instead of *expedition's*. Again, *ibid*: *invulnerable* for *invulnerable*. Again, in *Hamlet*, 1605, we meet with this very word put by an error of the press for *denote*:

"Together with all forms, modes, shapes of grief,

"That can *devote* me truly."

The present emendation, which was suggested by Mr. Steevens, is fully supported by a subsequent passage quoted by him:—"the white will *decipher* her well enough." MALONE.

⁴ — quaint in green,] — may mean fantastically dressed in green. So, in Milton's *Masque at Ludlow Castle*:

"—— left the place,

"And my *quaint* habits, breed astonishment."

Quaintness, however, was anciently used to signify *gracefulness*. So, in Greene's *Dialogue between a He and She Coney-catcher*, 1592: "I began to think what a handsome man he was, and wished that he would come and take a night's lodging with me, sitting in a dump to think of the *quaintness* of his personage." In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III. sc. i. *quaintly* is used for *ingeniously*:

"—— a ladder *quaintly* made of cords." STEEVENS.

In *Daniel's Sonnets*, 1594, it is used for *fantastick*.

"Prayers prevail not with a *quaint* disdayne." MALONE.

FENT. Both, my good host, to go along with me :
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

HOST. Well, husband your device; I'll to the
vicar :
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

FENT. So shall I evermore be bound to thee ;
Besides, I'll make a present recompence. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. QUICKLY.

FAL. Pr'ythee, no more prattling ;—go.—I'll hold :⁵ This is the third time ; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go ; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers,⁶ either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

QUICK. I'll provide you a chain ; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

FAL. Away, I say ; time wears : hold up your head, and mince.⁷ [*Exit Mrs. QUICKLY.*]

⁵ ——— *I'll hold :*] I suppose he means—I'll keep the appointment. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *they say, there is divinity in odd numbers,*] Alluding to the Roman adage—

——— *numero deus impari gaudet.* Virgil, Ecl. viii.

STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *hold up your head, and mince.*] To mince is to walk with affected delicacy. So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ ——— turn two mincing steps

“ Into a manly stride.” STEEVENS.

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

FORD. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

FAL. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle.⁴ I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese,⁵ played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*]

⁴ ——— *because I know also, life is a shuttle.*] An allusion to the sixth verse of the seventh chapter of the Book of *Job*: "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle," &c. STEVENS.

⁵ ——— *Since I plucked geese,*] To strip a living goose of his feathers, was formerly an act of puerile barbarity. STEVENS.

SCENE II.

Windfor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

PAGE. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.⁶

SLEN. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word,⁷ how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries, *budget*;⁸ and by that we know one another.

SHAL. That's good too: But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

PAGE. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil,⁹ and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

⁶ — *my daughter.*] The word *daughter* was inadvertently omitted in the first folio. The emendation was made by the editor of the second. MALONE.

⁷ — *a nay-word,*] i. e. a watch-word. Mrs. Quickly has already used it in this sense. STEVENS.

⁸ — *mum; she cries, budget;*] These words appear to have been in common use before the time of our author. "And now if a man call them to accomptes, and aske the cause of al these their tragical and cruel doings, he shall have a short answer with *mum budget*, except they will peradventure allege this," &c. *Oration against the unlawful insurrections of the Protestants*, bl. l. 8vo. 1615, Sign. C 8. REED.

⁹ — *No man means evil but the devil,*] This is a double blunder; for some, of whom this was spoke, were women. We should read then, *No ONE man.* WARBURTON.

SCENE III.

The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Dr. CAIUS.

MRS. PAGE. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

CAIUS. I know vat I have to do; Adieu.

MRS. PAGE. Fare you well, fir. [*Exit CAIUS.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

MRS. FORD. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?³

There is no blunder. In the ancient interludes and moralities, the beings of supreme power, excellence, or depravity, are occasionally styled *men*. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Dogberry says: "God's a good *man*." Again, in an Epitaph, part of which has been borrowed as an absurd one, by Mr. Pope and his associates, who were not very well acquainted with ancient phraseology:

"Do all we can,

"Death is a *man*

"That never spareth none."

Again, in *Jeronimo, or The First Part of the Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"You're the last *man* I thought on, save the *devil*."

STEVENS.

³ — and the Welch devil, Hugh? The former impressions read—*the Welch devil* Herne? But Falstaff was to represent Herne, and he was no Welchman. Where was the attention or sagacity of our editors, not to observe that Mrs. Ford is enquiring for [Sir *Hugh*] Evans by the name of the Welch devil? Dr. Thirlby likewise discover'd the blunder of this passage. THROBOLD.

MRS. PAGE. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak,⁴ with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

MRS. FORD. That cannot choose but amaze him.

MRS. PAGE. If he be not amazed, he will be mock'd; if he be amazed, he will every way be mock'd.

MRS. FORD. We'll betray him finely.

MRS. PAGE. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

MRS. FORD. The hour draws on; To the oak,
to the oak! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Windfor Park.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, and Fairies.

EVA. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt,*

I suppose only the letter *H.* was set down in the MS; and therefore, instead of *Hugh* (which seems to be the true reading,) the editors substituted *Herne*. STEEVENS.

So, afterwards: "Well said, fairy *Hugh*." MALONE.

⁴ — in a pit hard by Herne's oak,] An oak, which may be that alluded to by Shakspeare, is still standing close to a pit in Windfor forest. It is yet shown as the oak of *Herne*. STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF disguised, with a buck's head on.

FAL. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods affixt me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose?—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

⁵ — *When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do?*] Shakspeare had perhaps in his thoughts the argument which Chereas employed in a similar situation. *Ter. Eun.* Act III. sc. v:

“ ————— Quia confimilem luserat
 “ Jam olim ille ludum, impendio magis animus gaudebat mihi
 “ Deum sese in hominem convertisse, atque per alienas tegulas
 “ Venisse clanculum per impluvium, fucum factum mulieri.
 “ At quem deum? qui templa cœli summa sonitu concutit.
 “ Ego bomuncio hoc non facerem? Ego vero illud ita feci, ac
 lubens.”

A translation of Terence was published in 1598.

The same thought is found in Lily's *Euphuus*, 1580: “I think in those days love was well ratified on earth, when lust was so full authorized by the gods in heaven.” MALONE.

⁶ — *Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?*] This, I find, is technical. In Turberville's *Booke of Hunting*, 1575: “During the time of their rut, the harts live

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

MRS. FORD. Sir John? art thou there, my deer?
my male deer?

FAL. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky
rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green
Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes;
let there come a tempest of provocation,⁹ I will
shelter me here. [Embracing her.

with small sustenance.—The red mushroome helpeth well to make
them *pyffe their greace*, they are then in so vehement heate," &c.

FARMER.

In Ray's *Collection of Proverbs*, the phrase is yet further explain-
ed: "He has piss'd his tallow. This is spoken of bucks who grow
lean after rutting-time, and may be applied to men."

The phrase, however, is of French extraction. Jacques de
Fouilloux in his quarto volume entitled *La Venerie*, also tells us that
stags in rutting time live chiefly on large red mushrooms, "qui
aident fort à leur faire *piffer le jus*." STEVENS.

⁹ Let the sky rain potatoes;—hail kissing-comfits, and snow erin-
goes; let there come a tempest of provocation,] Potatoes, when they
were first introduced in England, were supposed to be strong pro-
vocatives. See Mr. Collins's note on a passage in *Troilus and Cres-
sida*, Act V. sc. ii.

Kissing-comfits were sugar-plums, perfum'd to make the breath
sweet.

Monfieur Le Grand D'Auffi in his *Histoire de la vie privée des
Français*, Vol. II. p. 273. observes—"Il y avait aussi de petits
drageoirs qu'on portait en poche pour avoir, dans le jour, de quoi se
parfumer la bouche."

So, also in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"— Sure your pistol holds

" Nothing but perfumes or *kissing comfits*."

In *Sweetman Arraign'd*, 1620, these confections are calle'd—" *kiss-
ing-causes*." " Their very breath is sophisticated with amber-pellets,
and *kissing-causes*."

Again, in *A Very Woman*, by Massinger:

" *Comfits* of ambergris to help our *kisses*."

For eating these, queen Mab may be said, in *Romeo and Juliet*,
to *plague their lips with blisters*.

Eringoes, like potatoes, were esteemed to be stimulatives. So, (says
the late Mr. Henderfon,) in Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

VOL. III.

I i

MRS. FORD. Mistrefs Page is come with me, sweetheart.

FAL. Divide me like a bribe-buck,² each a haunch : I will keep my fides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk,³ and my horns I bequeath

“ Whose root th’ *eringo* is, the reines that doth inflame,
“ So strongly to performe the Cytherean game.”

But Shakspeare, very probably, had the following artificial *tempest* in his thoughts, when he put the words on which this note is founded, into the mouth of Falstaff.

Holinshed informs us, that in the year 1583, for the entertainment of prince Alasco, was performed “ a verie statelic tragedie named *Dido*, wherein the queen’s banquet (with Æneas’ narration of the destruction of Troie) was lively described in a marchpaine patterne,—*the tempest wherein it hailed small confets, rained rose-water, and snow an artificial kind of snow*, all strange, marvellous and abundant.”

Rantome also, describing an earlier feast given by the Vidam of Chartres, says—“ Au dessert, il y eut un *orage artificiel* qui, pendant une demie heure entiere, fit tomber une *pluie d’eaux odorantes, & un grêle de dragées.*” STEVENS.

² *Divide me like a bribe-buck,*] i. e. (as Mr. Theobald observes) a buck sent for a bribe. He adds, that the old copies, mistakingly, read—*brib’d-buck.* STEVENS.

Cartwright, in his *Love’s Convert*, has an expression somewhat similar :

“ Put off your mercer with your *fee-buck* for that season.”

M. MASON.

³ ——— *my shoulders to the fellow of this walk,*] Who the *fellow* is, or why he keeps his *shoulders* for him, I do not understand.

JOHNSON.

A *walk* is that district in a forest, to which the jurisdiction of a particular keeper extends. So, in Lodge’s *Rosalynde*, 1592 : “ Tell me, forester, under whom maintainest thou thy *walke* ?” MALONE.

To the keeper the *shoulders* and *humbles* belong as a perquisite.

GREY.

So, in *Friar Bacon*, and *Friar Bungay*, 1599 :

“ Butter and cheefe, and *humbles* of a deer,

“ Such as poor keepers have within their lodge.”

Again, in Holinshed, 1586, Vol. I. p. 204 : “ The keeper, by a custome—hath the skin, head, *umbles*, chine and *shoulders.*”

STEVENS.

your husbands. Am I a woodman?⁴ ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*]

MRS. PAGE. Alas! what noise?

MRS. FORD. Heaven forgive our sins!

FAL. What should this be?

MRS. FORD. } Away, away. [*They run off.*]

MRS. PAGE. }

FAL. I think, the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

*Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, like a satyr; Mrs. QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*⁵

QUICK. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,

⁴ — a woodman?] A woodman (says Mr. Reed in a note on *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. sc. iii.) was an attendant on the officer, called *Forrester*. See Manwood on the *Forest Laws*, 4to. 1615, p. 46. It is here, however, used in a wanton sense, for one who chooses female game as the objects of his pursuit.

In its primitive sense I find it employed in an ancient MS. entitled *The boke of huntynge, that is cleped Mayster of Game*: "And wondre ye not though I sey woodemanly, for it is a poynt of a woodemanny's craft. And though it be wele fytting to an hunter to kun do it, yet natheles it longeth more to a woodemanny's craft," &c. A woodman's calling is not very accurately defined, by any author I have met with. STEVENS.

⁵ This stage-direction I have formed on that of the old quarto, corrected by such circumstances as the poet introduced when he new-modelled his play. In the folio there is no direction whatsoever. Mrs. Quickly and Pistol seem to have been but ill suited to the delivery of the speeches here attributed to them; nor are either

You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,⁶
Attend your office, and your quality.⁷—

of those personages named by Ford in a former scene, where the intended plot against Falstaff is mentioned. It is highly probable, (as a modern editor has observed,) that the performer who had represented Pistol, was afterwards, from necessity, employed among the fairies; and that his name thus crept into the copies. He here represents *Puck*, a part which in the old quarto is given to Sir Hugh. The introduction of Mrs. Quickly, however, cannot be accounted for in the same manner; for in the first sketch in quarto, she is particularly described as *the Queen of the Fairies*; a part which our author afterwards allotted to Anne Page. MALONE.

⁶ *You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,*] But why *orphan-heirs*? Destiny, whom they succeeded, was yet in being. Doubtless the poet wrote:

“*You ouphen heirs of fixed destiny,*”

i. e. you *elves*, who minister, and succeed in some of the works of destiny. They are called, in this play, both before and afterwards, *ouphes*; here *ouphen*; *en* being the plural termination of Saxon nouns. For the word is from the Saxon *Alpenne*, *lamie*, *demonies*. Or it may be understood to be an adjective, as *wooden*, *swollen*, *golden*, &c. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton corrects *orphan* to *ouphen*; and not without plausibility, as the word *ouphes* occurs both before and afterwards. But, I fancy, in acquiescence to the vulgar doctrine, the address in this line is to a part of the *troop*, as mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies: *orphans* in respect of their real parents, and now only dependent on *destiny* herself. A few lines from Spenser will sufficiently illustrate this passage:

“The man whom *beavens* have ordaynd to bee

“The spouse of *Britomart* is *Artegall*.

“He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree*,

“Yet is no *Fary* horne, ne sib at all

“To *elves*, but sprong of seed terrestriall,

“And whilome by false *Faries* stolen away,

“Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall,” &c.

Edit. 1590. B. III. ft. 26. FARMER.

Dr. Warburton objects to their being *heirs* to *Destiny*, who was still in being. But Shakspeare, I believe, uses *heirs*, with his usual laxity, for *children*. So, to *inherit* is used in the sense of to *possess*.

MALONE.

⁷ ——— *quality*.] i. e. *fellowship*. See *The Tempest*: “*Ariel*, and all his *quality*.” STEVENS.

Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.⁸

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd,⁹ and hearths un-
swept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:²

Our radiant queen hates fluts, and fluttery.

FAL. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them,
shall die:

I'll wink and couch: No man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

EVA. Where's *Bede*?³—Go you, and where you
find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

⁸ *Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.*

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.] These two lines were certainly intended to rhyme together, as the preceding and subsequent couplets do; and accordingly, in the old editions, the final words of each line are printed, *eyes* and *toyes*. This, therefore, is a striking instance of the inconvenience, which has arisen from modernizing the orthography of Shakspeare.

TYRWHITT.

⁹ *Where fires thou find'st unrak'd,*] i. e. unmade up, by covering them with fuel, so that they may be found alight in the morning. This phrase is still current in several of our midland counties.

STEVENS.

² — as bilberry:] The *bilberry* is the *wortleberry*. Fairies were always supposed to have a strong aversion to fluttery. Thus, in the old song of *Robin Good-Fellow*. See Dr. Percy's *Reliques*, &c. Vol. III:

“When house or hearth doth fluttish lye,

“I pinch the maidens black and blue,” &c.

STEVENS.

³ *Evans. Where's Bede? &c.*] Thus the first folio. The quartos—*Pead*.—It is remarkable that, throughout this metrical business, Sir Hugh appears to drop his Welch pronunciation, though he resumes it as soon as he speaks in his own character. As Falstaff, however, supposes him to be a Welch Fairy, his peculiarity of utterance must have been preserved on the stage, though it be not distinguished in the printed copies. STEVENS.

Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
 Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
 But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
 Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and
 shins.

3 ——— *Go you, and where you find a maid,——*

Raise up the organs of her fantasy;] The sense of this speech is—that she, who had performed her religious duties, should be secure against the illusion of fancy; and have her sleep, like that of infancy, undisturbed by disordered dreams. This was then the popular opinion, that evil spirits had a power over the fancy; and, by that means, could inspire wicked dreams into those who, on their going to sleep, had not recommended themselves to the protection of heaven. So Shakspeare makes Imogen, on her lying down, say:

“ From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

“ Guard me, beseech ye!”

As this is the sense, let us see how the common reading expresses it;

“ Raise up the organs of her fantasy;”

i. e. inflame her imagination with sensual ideas; which is just the contrary to what the poet would have the speaker say. We cannot therefore but conclude he wrote:

“ REIN up the organs of her fantasy;”

i. e. curb them, that she be no more disturbed by irregular imaginations, than children in their sleep. For he adds immediately:

“ Sleep she as sound as careless infancy.”

So, in *The Tempest*:

“ Do not give dalliance

“ Too much the rein.”

And, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ I give my sensual race the rein.”

To give the rein, being just the contrary to rein up. The same thought he has again in *Macbeth*:

“ —— Merciful powers!

“ Refrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

“ Gives way to in repose.” WARBURTON.

This is highly plausible; and yet, raise up the organs of her fantasy, may mean, elevate her ideas above sensuality, exalt them to the noblest contemplation.

Mr. Malone supposes the sense of the passage, collectively taken, to be as follows.

Go you, and wherever you find a maid asleep, that hath thrice prayed to the deity, though, in consequence of her innocence, she

QUICK. About, about;
 Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
 Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;⁴
 That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
 In state as wholesome,⁵ as in state 'tis fit;
 Worthy the owner, and the owner it.⁶

sleep as soundly as an infant, elevate her fancy, and amuse her tranquil mind with some delightful vision; but those whom you find asleep, without having previously thought on their sins, and prayed to heaven for forgiveness, pinch, &c. It should be remembered that those persons who sleep very soundly, seldom dream. Hence the injunction to "raise up the organs of her fantasy," "Sleep she," &c. i. e. *though* she sleep as sound, &c.

The fantasies with which the mind of the virtuous maiden is to be amused, are the reverse of those with which Oberon disturbs Titania in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"There sleeps Titania;—

"With the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,

"And make her full of hateful fantasies."

Dr. Warburton, who appears to me to have totally misunderstood this passage, reads—*Rein up*, &c. in which he has been followed, in my opinion too hastily, by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

⁴ — *on every sacred room*;] See Chaucer's *Can't. Tales*, v. 3482, edit. Tyrwhitt. "On four halves of the hous aboute," &c.

MALONE.

⁵ *In state as wholesome*,] *Wholsome* here signifies *integer*. He wishes the castle may stand in its present state of perfection, which the following words plainly show;

"—— as in state 'tis fit." WARBURTON.

⁶ *Worthy the owner, and the owner it*.] *And* cannot be the true reading. The context will not allow it; and his court to queen Elizabeth directs us to another:

"—— as the owner it."

For, sure, he had more address than to content himself with wishing a thing *to be*, which his complaisance must suppose actually *was*, namely, the worth of the owner. WARBURTON.

Surely this change is unnecessary. The fairy wishes that the castle and its owner, *till the day of doom*, may be worthy of each other. Queen Elizabeth's worth was not devolvable, as we have seen by the conduct of her foolish successor. The prayer of the fairy is therefore sufficiently reasonable and intelligible without alteration. STEEVENS.

The several chairs of order look you scour
 With juice of balm,⁷ and every precious flower:
 Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
 With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
 Like to the Garter's compafs, in a ring:
 The expreffure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to fee;
 And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal y Pense*, write,
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
 Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,⁸
 Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee:
 Fairies use flowers for their charactery.⁹

⁷ *The several chairs of order look you scour*

With juice of balm, &c.] It was an article of our ancient luxury, to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. Pliny informs us, that the Romans did the same, to drive away evil spirits. STEVENS.

⁸ *In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;*

Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,] These lines are most miserably corrupted. In the words—*Flowers purple, blue, and white*—the *purple* is left uncompar'd. To remedy this, the editors, who seem to have been sensible of the imperfection of the comparison, read—*AND rich embroidery*; that is, according to them, as the blue and white flowers are compared to saphire and pearl, the *purple* is compared to *rich embroidery*. Thus, instead of mending one false step, they have made two, by bringing *saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery* under one predicament. The lines were wrote thus by the poet:

“ *In emerald tufts, flowers purfled, blue, and white;*

“ *Like saphire, pearl, in rich embroidery.*”

i. e. let there be blue and white flowers *worked* on the greenward, like saphire and pearl *in* rich embroidery. To *purfle*, is to over-lay with tinsel, gold thread, &c. so our ancestors called a certain lace of this kind of work a *purfling-lace*. 'Tis from the French *pourfiler*. So Spenser:

“ — she was yclad,

“ All in a filken camus, lilly white,

“ *Purfled* upon, with many a folded plight.”

The change of *and* into *in* in the second verse, is necessary. For flowers *worked*, or *purfled* in the grass, were not like saphire and pearl simply, but saphire and pearl in embroidery. How the cor-

Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o' clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

EVIL. Pray you, lock hand in hand;² yourselves
in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.³

rapt reading *and* was introduced into the text, we have shown above. WARBURTON.

Whoever is convinced by Dr. Warburton's note, will show he has very little studied the manner of his author, whose splendid incorrectness in this instance, as in some others, is surely preferable to the insipid regularity proposed in its room. STEEVENS.

9 — *character*.] For the matter with which they make letters.
JOHNSON.

So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"All the *character* of my sad brows."

i. e. all that seems to be written on them.

Again, in *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, by Chapman, 1595:

"Wherein was writ in fable *charectry*." STEEVENS.

Bullokar, in his *English Expofitor improved by R. Browne*, 12mo. says that *character* is "a writing by characters in strange marks." In 1588 was printed—" *Character*, an arte of shorte, swift, and secrete writing by character. Invented by Timothie Brighte, Doctor of Phisike." This seems to have been the first book upon short-hand writing printed in England. DOUCE.

² — *lock hand* in hand;] The metre requires us to read—"lock hands." Thus Milton, who perhaps had this passage in his mind, when he makes Comus say—

"Come, knit hands, and beat the ground

"In a light fantastic round." STEEVENS.

³ — *of middle earth*.] Spirits are supposed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell under ground; men therefore are in a middle station. JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"And win the fayrest mayde of *middle erde*."

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, fol. 26:

"Adam, for pride lost his price

"In *mydell erth*."

FAL. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy !
left he transform me to a piece of cheefe !

PIS. Vile worm,² thou waft o'er-look'd even in
thy birth.³

QUICK. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end :⁴
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,

Again, in the MSS. called *William and the Werewolf*, in the library of King's College, Cambridge, p. 15 :

“ And feide God that madest man, and all *middel ertbe*.”

Ruddiman, the learned compiler of the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's Translation of the *Æneid*, affords the following illustration of this contested phrase. “ It is yet in use in the North of Scotland among old people, by which they understand *this earth in which we live, in opposition to the grave*: Thus they say, *There's no man in middle ert is able to do it, i. e. no man alive, or on this earth*, and so it is used by our author. But the reason is not so easy to come by ; perhaps it is because they look upon this life as a *middle state* (as it is) between Heaven and Hell, which last is frequently taken for the grave. Or that life is as it were a *middle* betwixt non-entity, before we are born, and death, when we go hence and are no more seen ; as life is called a coming into the world, and death a going out of it.”—Again, among the Addenda to the Glossary aforesaid—“ *Myddil ert* is borrowed from the A. S. MIDDAN-EARD, MID-DANGEARD, *mundus*, MIDDANEARDLICE, *mundanus*, SE LARSSA MIDDAN-EARD, *microcosmus*. STEEVENS.

The author of THE REMARKS says, the phrase signifies neither more nor less, than the *earth* or *world*, from its imaginary situation in the *midst* or *middle* of the Ptolemaic system, and has not the least reference to either spirits or fairies. REED.

² Vile *worm*,] The old copy reads—*wild*. That *wild*, which so often occurs in these plays, was not an error of the press, but the old spelling and the pronunciation of the time, and appears from these lines of Heywod, in his *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637 :

“ EARTH. What goddes, or how styl'd ?

“ AGE. Age, am I call'd.

“ EARTH. Hence false virago *wild*.” MALONE.

³ ——— o'er-look'd *even in thy birth*.] i. e. *sighted* as soon as born. STEEVENS.

⁴ *With trial-fire, &c.*] So Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Faithful Shepherdess* :

“ In this flame his finger thrust,

“ Which will burn him if he lust ;

And turn him to no pain; ⁵ but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

PISA. A trial, come.—

EVA. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*]

FAL. Oh, oh, oh!

QUICK. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

EVA. It is right; indeed ⁶ he is full of lecheries
and iniquity.

SONG. *Fie on sinful fantasy!*
Fie on lust and luxury! ⁷
Lust is but a bloody fire, ⁸
Kindled with unchaste desire,

“ But if not, away will turn,
“ As loth unspotted flesh to burn.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *And turn him to no pain;*] This appears to have been the common phraseology of our author's time. So again, in *The Tempest*:

“ ———— O, my heart bleeds,
“ To think of the *teen* that I have *turn'd* you to.”

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

“ Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
“ For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
“ And all the *trouble* thou hast *turn'd* me to.”

Of this line there is no trace in the original play, on which the third Part of *K. Henry VI.* was formed. MALONE.

⁶ *Eva. It is right; indeed, &c.*] This short speech, which is very much in character for sir Hugh, I have inserted from the old quarto, 1619. THEOBALD.

I have not discarded Mr. Theobald's insertion, though perhaps the propriety of it is questionable. STEEVENS.

⁷ ———— *and luxury!*] *Luxury* is here used for *incontinence*. So, in *King Lear*: “To't *luxury*, pell-mell, for I lack foldiers.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Lust is but a bloody fire,*] A *bloody fire*, means a *fire in the blood*. In *The Second Part of Henry IV.* Act IV. the same expression occurs:

*Fed in heart ; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, bigger and bigger.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;
Pinch him for his villainy ;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.*

During this song,⁹ the fairies pinch Falstaff.² Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green ; Slender another way, and takes off a fairy in white ; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

*Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, and Mrs. FORD.
They lay hold on him.*

PAGE. Nay, do not fly : I think, we have watch'd you now ;
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn ?

" Led on by bloody youth," &c.

i. e. sanguine youth. STEVENS.

In Sonnets by H. C. [Henry Constable,] 1594, we find the same image :

" Lust is a fire, that for an hour or twaine

" Giveth a scorching blaze, and then he dies ;

" Love a continual furnace doth maintaine," &c.

So also, in *The Tempest* :

" ——— the strongest oaths are straw

" To the fire i' the blood." MALONE.

⁹ *During this song,*] This direction I thought proper to insert from the old quartos. THEOBALD.

² ——— *the fairies pinch Falstaff.*] So, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591 : " The fairies dance, and, with a song, pinch him." And, in his *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600, they threaten the same punishment.

STEVENS.

MRS. PAGE. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:—

Now, good fir John, how like you Windfor wives? See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes Become the forest better than the town? ³

FORD. Now, fir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money;

³ See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes

Become the forest better than the town?] Mrs. Page's meaning is this. Seeing the horns (the types of cuckoldom) in Falstaff's hand, she asks her husband, whether those yokes are not more proper in the forest than in the town; i. e. than in his own family.

THEOBALD.

The editor of the second folio changed *yokes* to—*oaks*.

MALONE.

Perhaps, only the printer of the second folio is to blame, for the omission of the letter—*y*. STEEVENS.

I am confident that *oaks* is the right reading. I agree with Theobald that the words, "See you these husbands?" relate to the buck's horns;—but what resemblance is there between the horns of a buck and a yoke? What connection is there between a yoke and a forest? Why, none; whereas on the other hand, the connection between a forest and an oak is evident; nor is the resemblance less evident between a tree and the branches of a buck's horns; they are indeed called branches from that very resemblance; and the horns of a deer are called in French *les bois*. Though horns are types of cuckoldom, yokes are not; and surely the types of cuckoldom, whatever they may be, are more proper for a town than for a forest. I am surpris'd that the subsequent editors should have adopted an amendment, which makes the passage nonsense. M. MASON.

I have inserted Mr. M. Mason's note, because he appears to think it brings conviction with it. Perhaps, however, (as Dr. Farmer observes to me,) he was not aware that the extremities of *yokes* for cattle, as still used in several counties of England, bend upwards, and rising very high, in shape resemble *horns*.

STEEVENS.

which must be paid to master Brook; ⁴ his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

MRS. FORD. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

FAL. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

FORD. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

FAL. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the soperery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, ⁵ when 'tis upon ill employment!

⁴ ——— to master Brook;] We ought rather to read with the old quarto,—“ which must be paid to master Ford;” for as Ford, to mortify Falstaff, addresses him throughout his speech by the name of *Brook*, the describing himself by the same name creates a confusion. A modern editor plausibly enough reads—“ which must be paid too, Master Brook;” but the first sketch shows that *to* is right; for the sentence, as it stands in the quarto, will not admit *too*.

MALBURN.

⁵ ——— how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent,] A *Jack o' Lent* appears to have been some puppet which was thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks.

So, in the old comedy of *Lady Alimony*, 1659:

“ ——— throwing cudgels

“ At *Jack-a-lents*, or Shrove-cocks.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Tamer Tamed*:

“ ——— if I forfeit,

“ Make me a *Jack o' Lent*, and break my shins

“ For untagg'd points, and counters.”——

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“ ——— on an Ash-Wednesday,

“ Where thou didst stand six weeks the *Jack o' Lent*,

“ For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee.”

STEVENS

EVA. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

FORD. Well said, fairy Hugh.

EVA. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

FORD. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

FAL. Have I lay'd my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize?⁶ 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

EVA. Seefe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

FAL. Seefe and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

MRS. PAGE. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

FORD. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

MRS. PAGE. A puff'd man?

PAGE. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

FORD. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

PAGE. And as poor as Job?

⁶ — a coxcomb of frize?] i. e. a fool's cap made out of Welch materials. Wales was famous for this cloth. So, in *K. Edward I.* 1599: "Enter Lluellin, alias prince of Wales, &c. with swords and bucklers, and frieze jerkins." Again: "Enter Suffex, &c. with a mantle of frieze." "— my boy shall weare a mantle of this country's weaving, to keep him warm." STEEVENS.

FORD. And as wicked as his wife?

EVA. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

FAL. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel;⁷ ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me:⁸ use me as you will.

⁷ — *the Welch flannel*;] The very word is derived from a *Welch* one, so that it is almost unnecessary to add that *flannel* was originally the manufacture of Wales. In the old play of *K. Edward I.* 1599: "Enter Hugh ap David, Guentlian his wench in *flannel*, and Jack his novice." Again:

"Here's a wholesome Welch Wench,
"Lapt in her *flannel*, as warm as wool." STEVENS.

⁸ — *ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me*:] Though this be perhaps not unintelligible, yet it is an odd way of confessing his dejection. I should wish to read:

" — *ignorance itself* has a plume o' me."

That is, I am so depressed, that ignorance itself plucks me, and decks itself with the spoils of my weakness. Of the present reading, which is probably right, the meaning may be, I am so enfeebled, that *ignorance itself* weighs me down and oppresses me.

JOHNSON.
"Ignorance itself, says Falstaff is a *plummet o'er me*." If any alteration be necessary, I think, "Ignorance itself is a *planet o'er me*," would have a chance to be right. Thus Bobadil excuses his cowardice: "Sure I was struck with a *planet*, for I had no power to touch my *weapon*." FARMER.

As Mr. M. Mason observes, there is a passage in this very play which tends to support Dr. Farmer's amendment.

"I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang *like a meteor o'er* the cuckold's horns: Master Brook, thou shalt know, I will *predominate* over the peasant."

Dr. Farmer might also have countenanced his conjecture by a passage in *K. Henry VI.* where queen Margaret says, that Suffolk's face.

" — *rul'd like a wandring planet over me*." STEVENS.

Perhaps Falstaff's meaning may be this: "Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: i. e. *above me*;" ignorance itself is not so low as I am, by the length of a *plummet line*. TYRWHITT.

FORD. Marry, fir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

MRS. FORD. Nay, husband,⁹ let that go to make amends:

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

FORD. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

PAGE. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife,² that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

MRS. PAGE. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

[*Aside.*]

Enter SLENDER.

SLEN. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Ignorance *itself* is a plummet o'er me — i. e. serves to point out my obliquities. This is said in consequence of Evans's last speech. The allusion is to the examination of a carpenter's work by the *plummet* held over it; of which line Sir Hugh is here represented as the *lead*. HENLEY.

I am satisfied with the old reading. MALONE.

⁹ Mrs. Ford. *Nay, husband,*] This and the following little speech I have inserted from the old quartos. The retrenchment, I presume, was by the players. Sir John Falstaff is sufficiently punished, in being disappointed and exposed. The expectation of his being prosecuted for the twenty pounds, gives the conclusion too tragical a turn. Besides, it is *poetical justice* that Ford should sustain this loss, as a fine for his unreasonable jealousy. THEOBALD.

² — *laugh at my wife,*] The two plots are excellently connected, and the transition very artfully made in this speech.

JOHNSON.

PAGE. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatch'd?

SLÉN. Despatch'd!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

PAGE. Of what, son?

SLÉN. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

PAGE. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

SLÉN. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

PAGE. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

SLÉN. I went to her in white,³ and cry'd, *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

EVA. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?⁴

PAGE. O, I am vex'd at heart: What shall I do?

MRS. PAGE. Good George, be not angry: I knew

³ — *in white*,] The old copy, by the inadvertence of either the author or transcriber, reads—in *green*; and in the two subsequent speeches of Mrs. Page, instead of *green* we find *white*. The corrections, which are fully justified by what has preceded, (see p. 473) were made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ — *marry boys?*] This and the next speech are likewise restorations from the old quarto. STEEVENS.

of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

CAIUS. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

MRS. PAGE. Why, did you take her in green?

CAIUS. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windfor. [*Exit CAIUS.*

FORD. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

PAGE. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

ANNE. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

PAGE. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

MRS. PAGE. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

FENT. You do amaze her;⁵ Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, She and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy, that she hath committed:

⁵ — amaze her;] i. e. confound her by your questions. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV. sc. iii:

“ I am amaz'd with matter.” STEVENS.

And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon
her.

FORD. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

FAL. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special
stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

PAGE. Well, what remedy? Fenton,⁵ heaven give
thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

FAL. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are
chas'd.⁶

EVA. I will dance and eat plums at your wed-
ding.⁷

⁵ *Page.* *Well, what remedy?*] In the first sketch of this play, which, as Mr. Pope observes, is much inferior to the latter performance, the only sentiment of which I regret the omission, occurs at this critical time. When Fenton brings in his wife, there is this dialogue.

Mrs. Ford. *Come, Mrs. Page, I must be bold with you.*

'Tis pity to part love that is so true.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside.*] *Although that I have mis'd in my intent,
Yet I am glad my husband's match is cross'd.*

— *Here Fenton, take her.* —

Eva. *Come, master Page, you must needs agree.*

Ford. *I' faith, sir, come, you see your wife is pleas'd.*

Page. *I cannot tell, and yet my heart is eas'd;*

And yet it doth me good the doctor mis'd.

Come hither, Fenton, and come hither daughter. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *all sorts of deer are chas'd.*] Young and old, does as well as bucks: He alludes to Fenton's having just *run down* Anne Page.
MALONE.

⁷ *I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.*] I have no doubt but this line, supposed to be spoken by Evans, is misplaced, and should come in after that spoken by Falstaff, which being intended

MRS. PAGE. Well, I will muse no further:—Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

FORD. Let it be so:—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to night, shall lie with mistress Ford.³

[*Exeunt.*]

to rhyme with the last line of Page's speech, should immediately follow it; and then the passage will run thus:

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

Evans. I will dance and eat plums, &c. M. MASON.

I have availed myself of Mr. M. Mason's very judicious remark, which had also been made by Mr. Malone, who observes that Evans's speech—"I will dance," &c. was restored from the first quarto by Mr. Pope. STEVENS.

³ Of this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with the character of Falstaff, that she wished it to be diffused through more plays; but suspecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diversify his manner, by shewing him in love. No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakspeare knew what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known, that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakspeare was the first that produced upon the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or

married. The poore wench was bound to the stake, and had not onely an old impotent man, but one that was so jealous, as none might enter into his house without suspicion, nor shee doo any thing without blame: the least glance, the smallest countenance, any smile, was a manifest instance to him, that shee thought of others better than himselfe; thus he himselfe liued in a hell, and tormented his wife in as ill perplexitie. At last it chanced, that a young gentleman of the citie comming by her house, and seeing her looke out at her window, noting her rare and excellent proportion, fell in loue with her, and that so extreame, as his passion had no means till her fauour might mitigate his heartficke content. The young man that was ignorant in amorous matters, and had neuer bene vsed to courte anye gentlewoman, thought to reueale his passions to some one freend, that might give him counsaile for the winning of her loue; and thinking experience was the surest maister, on a daye seeing the olde doctor walking in the church, (that was Margarets husband,) little knowing who he was, he thought this the fittest man to whom he might discover his passions, for that hee was olde and knewe much, and was a phisition that with his drugges might help him forward in his purposes: so that seeing the old man walke solitary, he ioinde vnto him, and after a curteous salute, tolde him he was to impart a matter of great import vnto him; wherein if hee would not onely be secrete, but endeauour to pleasure him, his pains should be euery way to the full considered. You must imagine, gentleman, quoth Mutio, for so was the doctors name, that men of our profession are no blabs, but hold their secrets in their hearts' bottome; and therefore reueale what you please, it shall not onely be concealed, but cured; if either my art or counsaile may do it. Upon this Lionello, (so was the young gentleman called,) told and discourst vnto him from point to point how he was false in loue with a gentlewoman that was married to one of his profession; discovered her dwelling and the house; and for that he was vnacquainted with the woman, and a man little experienced in loue matters, he required his fauour to further him with his aduise. Mutio at this motion was stung to the hart, knowing it was his wife hee was fallen in loue withal: yet to conceale the matter, and to experience his wiues chastity, and that if she plaide false, he might be reuenged on them both, he dissembled the matter, and answered, that he knewe the woman very well, and commended her highly; but saide, she had a churle to her husband, and therefore he thought shee would bee the more tractable: trie her man, quoth hee; fainte hart neuer woonne fair lady; and if shee will not bee brought to the bent of your bowe, I will provide such a potion as shall dispatch all to your owne content; and to giue you further instructions for opportunitie, knowe that her husband is fourth euery afternoone from three till fixe.

Thus farre I have aduised you, because I pittie your passions as my selfe being once a louer : but now I charge thee, reueale it to none whomsoeuer, lest it doo disparage my credit, to meddle in amorous matters. The young gentleman not onely promised all carefull secrecy, but gaue him hartly thanks for his good counsell, promising to meete him there the next day, and tell him what newes. Then hee left the old man, who was almost mad for feare his wife should any way play false. He saw by experience, braue men came to besiege the castle, and seeing it was in a woman's custodie, and had so weake a gouernor as himselfe, he doubted it would in time be deliuered up : which feare made him almost franticke, yet he driude of the time in great torment, till he might heare from his riuall. Lionello, he hastes him home, and futes him in his brauerye, and goes down towards the house of Mutio, where he sees her at her windowe, whom he courted with a passionate looke, with such an humble salute, as shee might perceine how the gentleman was affectionate. Margareta looking earnestly upon him, and noting the perfection of his proportion, accounted him in her eye the flower of all Pisa; thinkte herselfe fortunate if she might haue him for her frend, to supply those defaultes that she found in Mutio. Sundry times that afternoone he past by her window, and he cast not vp more louing lookes, then he receiued gracious fauours: which did so encourage him, that the next daye betweene three and sixe hee went to her house, and knocking at the doore, desired to speake with the mistris of the house, who hearing by her maid's description what he was, commaunded him to come in, where she interteined him with all curtesie.

“ The youth that neuer before had giuen the attempt to couet a ladye, began his exordium with a blushe; and yet went forward so well, that hee discourst vnto her howe he loued her, and that if it might please her so to accept of his seruice, as of a freende cuer vowde in all duetye to bee at her commaunde, the care of her honour should bee deerer to him then his life, and hee would bee ready to prise her discontent with his bloud at all times.

“ The gentlewoman was a little coye, but before they part they concluded that the next day at foure of the clock hee should come thither and eate a pound of cherries, which was resolued on with a succado des labres; and so with a loath to depart they took their leaues. Lionello, as ioyfull a man as might be, hyed him to the church to meete his olde doctor, where hee found him in his olde walke. What newes, syr, quoth Mutio? How have you sped? Even as I can wishe, quoth Lionello; for I haue been with my mistresse, and haue found her so tractable, that I hope to make the old peasant her husband look broad-headed by a pair of brow-antlers. How deepe this strooke into Mutio's hart, let them imagine that can conjecture what ielousie is; insomuch that the olde doctor askte, when should be the time: marry, quoth Lionello, to

morrow at foure of the clocke in the afternoone; and then maister doctor, quoth hee, will I dub the olde squire knight of the forked order.

“ Thus they pass on in chat, till it grew late; and then Lyonello went home to his lodging, and Mutio to his house, covering all his sorrowes with a merrye countenance, with full resolution to revenge them both the next day with extremetic. He pass the night as patiently as he could, and the next day after dinner away hee went, watching when it should bee four of the clocke. At the houre justly came Lyonello, and was intertained with all curtesie: but scarce had they kist, ere the maide cried out to her mistresse that her maister was at the doore; for he hasted, knowing that a horne was but a litle while in grafting. Margaret at this alarum was amazed, and yet for a shifte chopt Lyonello into a great driefatte full of feathers, and sat her downe clofe to her woorke: by that came Mutio in blowing; and as though he came to looke somewhat in haste, called for the keyes of his chambers, and looked in euery place, searching so narrowlye in euerye corner of the house, that he left not the very priuie vnsearcht. Seeing he could not finde him, hee saide nothing, but faying himself not well at ease, stayde at home, so that poore Lionello was faine to staye in the driefatte till the old churle was in bed with his wife: and then the maide let him out at a backe doore, who went home with a flea in his eare to his lodging.

“ Well, the next daye he went again to meete his doctor, whome hee found in his woonted walcke. What news, quoth Mutio? How haue you sped? * A poxe of the old slaue, quoth Lionello, I was no sooner in, and had giuen my mistresse one kisse, but the iealous asse was at the door; the maid spied him, and, cryed, *her maister*: so that the poore gentlewoman for verye shifte, was faine to put me in a driefatte of feathers that stooode in an olde chamber, and there I was faine to tarrie while he was in bed and asleepe, and then the maide let me out, and I departed.

“ But it is no matter; ’twas but a chauce; and I hope to crye quittance with him ere it be long. As how, quoth Mutio? Marry thus, quoth Lionello: she sent me woord by her maide this daye, that upon Thursday next the old churle suppeth with a patient of his a mile out of Pifa, and then I feare not but to quitte him for all. It is well, quoth Mutio; fortune bee your freende. I thank you, quoth Lionello; and so after a little more prattle they departed.

“ To be shorte, Thursday came; and about fixe of the clocke fourth goes Mutio, no further than a freendes house of his, from whence hee might descrye who went into his house. Straight he sawe Lionello enter in; and after goes hee, infomuche that hee was

* See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, p. 437.

scarcelye sitten downe, before the mayde cryed out againe, *my maister comes*. The good wife that before had provided for afterclaps, had found out a priuie place between two feelings of a plauncher, and there she thrust Lionello; and her husband came sweting. What news, quoth shee, drives you home againe so soone, husband? Marrye, sweet wife, (quoth he) a fearfull dreame that I had this night, which came to my remembrance; and that was this: Methought there was a villicine that came secretly into my house with a naked poinard in his hand, and hid himselfe; but I could not finde the place: with that mine nose bled, and I came backe; and by the grace of God I will seek euery corner in the house for the quiet of my minde. Marry I pray you doo, husband, quoth she. With that he lockt in all the doors, and began to search euery chamber, euery hole, euery chest, euery tub, the very well; he stabd euery featherbed through, and made hauocke, like a mad man, which made him thinke all was in vaine, and hee began to blame his cies that thought they saw that which they did not. Upon this he reffe halfe lunaticke, and all night he was very wakefull; that towards the morning he fell into a dead sleepe, and then was Lionello conueighd away.

“ In the morning when Mutio wakened, hee thought how by no meanes hee should bee able to take Lyonello tardy: yet he laid in his head a most dangerous plot, and that was this. Wife, quoth he, I must the next Monday ride to Vycensa to visit an olde patient of mine; till my returne, which will be some ten dayes, I will have thee stay at our little graunge house in the countrey. Marry very well content, husband, quoth she: with that he kist her, and was verye pleasant, as though he had suspected nothing, and away hee flinges to the church, where he meetes Lionello. What fir, quoth he, what newes? Is your mistresse yours in possession? No, a plague of the old slane, quoth he: I think he is either a witch, or els woorkes by magick: for I can no sooner enter in the doors, but he is at my backe, and so he was againe yesternight; for I was not warm in my seat before the maide cried, *my maister comes*; and then was the poore soule faine to conueigh me between two feelings of a chamber in a fit place for the purpose: wher I laught hartely to myself, to see how he fought euery corner, ranfact euery tub, and stabd euery featherbed,—but in vaine; I was safe euough till the morning, and then when he was fast asleepe, I lept out. Fortune frowns on you, quoth Mutio: Ay, but I hope, quoth Lionello, this is the last time, and now shee will begin to smile; for on Monday next he rides to Vicensa, and his wife lyes at a grange house a little of the towne, and there in his absence I will reuenge all forepassed misfortunes. God send it be so, quoth Mutio; and took his leaue. These two louers longed for Monday, and at last it came. Early in the morning Mutio horst himselfe, and his

wife, his maide, and a man, and no more, and away he rides to his grange house; where after he had brok his fast he took his leaue, and away towards Vicenza. He rode not far ere by a false way he returned into a thicket, and there with a company of cuntry peasants lay in an ambuscade to take the young gentleman. In the afternoon comes Lionello galloping; and assoon as he came within sight of the house, he sent back his horse by his boy, & went easily afoot, and there at the very entry was entertained by Margaret, who led him up y^e staires, and conuaid him into her bedchamber, saying he was welcome into so mean a cottage: but quoth she, now I hope fortune shal not envy the purity of our loues. Alas, alas, mistris (cried the maid,) heer is my maister, and 100 men with him, with bills and stanes. We are betrayed, quoth Lionel, and I am but a dead man. Feare not, quoth she, but follow me; and fraight she carried him downe into a lowe parlor, where stood an old rotten chest full of writings. She put him into that, and couered him with old papers and euidences, and went to the gate to meet her husband. Why signior Mutio, what means this hurly burly, quoth she? Vile and shamelesse strumpet as thou art, thou shalt know by and by, quoth he. Where is thy loue? All we haue watcht him, & seen him enter in: now quoth he, shal neither thy tub of feathers nor thy feeling serue, for perish he shall with fire, or els fall into my hands. Doo thy worst, iecalous foole, quoth she; I ask thee no fauour. With that in a rage he beset the house round, and then set fire on it. Oh! in what a perplexitie was poore Lionello, that was shut in a chest, and the fire about his eares? And how was Margaret passionat, that knew her louer in such danger? Yet she made light of the matter, and as one in a rage called her maid to her and said: Come on, wench; seeing thy maister mad with iecalousie hath set the house and al my liuing on fire, I will be reuenged vpon him; help me heer to lift this old chest where all his writings and deeds are; let that burne first; and assoon as I see that on fire, I will walk towards my freends: for the old foole wil be beggard, and I will refuse him. Mutio that knew al his obligations and statutes lay there, puld her back, and bad two of his men carry the chest into the feeld, and see it were safe; himself standing by and seeing his house burnd downe, sticke and stone. Then quieted in his minde he went home with his wife, and began to flatter her, thinking assuredly yt he had burnd her paramour; causing his chest to be carried in a cart to his house at Pisa. Margaret impatient went to her mothers, and complained to her and to her brethren of the iecalousie of her husband; who maintained her it be true, and desired but a daies respite to proue it. Wel, hee was bidden to supper the next night at her mothers, she thinking to make her daughter and him freends againe. In the meane time he to his woonted walk in the church, & there *prater expectationem* he found Lionello walking.

Wondring at this, he straight enquires, what news? What newes, maister doctor, quoth he, and he fell in a great laughing: in faith yesterday I scapt a scowring; for, syrrah, I went to the grange house, where I was appointed to come, and I was no sooner gotten vp the chamber, but the magicall villeine her husband beset the house with bills and staues, and that he might be sure no feeling nor corner should shrowde me, he set the house on fire, and so burnt it to the ground. Why, quoth Mutio, and how did you escape? Alas, quoth he, wel fare a woman's wit! She conueighed me into an old chette full of writings, which she knew her husband durst not burne; and so was I saued and brought to Pifa, and yesternight by her maide let home to my lodging. This, quoth he, is the pleasantest iest that euer I heard; and vpon this I haue a sute to you. I am this night bidden fourth to supper; you shall be my guest; onely I will craue so much fauour, as after supper for a pleasant sporte to make relation what successe you haue had in your loues. For that I will not sticke, quoth he; and so he carried Lionello to his mother-in-lawes house with him, and discoursed to his wiues brethren who he was, and how at supper he would disclose the whole matter: for quoth he, he knowes not that I am Margarets husband. At this all the brethren bad him welcome, & so did the mother too; and Margaret she was kept out of sight. Supper-time being come, they fell to their victuals, & Lionello was carrowft vnto by Mutio, who was very pleasant, to draw him to a merry humor, that he might to the ful discourse the effect & fortunes of his loue. Supper being ended, Mutio requested him to tel to the gentleman what had hapned between him & his mistresse. Lionello with a smiling countenance began to describe his mistresse, the house and street where she dwelt, how he fell in loue with her, and how he vsed the counsell of this doctor, who in al his affaires was his secretarye. Margaret heard all this with a greate feare; & when he came at the last point she caused a cup of wine to be given him by one of her sisters wherein was a ring that he had giuen Margaret. As he had told how he escapt burning, and was ready to confirm all for a troth, the gentlewoman drunke to him; who taking the cup, and seeing the ring, hauing a quick wit and a reaching head, spide the fetch, and perceiued that all this while this was his louers husband, to whome he had reuealed these escapes. At this drinking y^e wine, and swallowing the ring into his mouth, he went forward: Gentlemen, quoth he, how like you of my loues and my fortunes? Wel, quoth the gentlemen; I pray you is it true? As true, quoth he, as if I would be so simple as to reueal what I did to Margarets husband: for know you, gentlemen, that I knew this Mutio to be her husband whom I notified to be my loue; and for yt he was generally known through Pifa to be a sealous fool, therefore with these tales I brought him into this paradise, which indeed are fol-

lies of mine own braine: for trust me, by the faith of a gentleman, I neuer spake to the woman, was never in her companie, neither doo I know her if I see her. At this they all fell in a laughing at Mutio, who was ashamed that Lionello had so scoft him: but all was well,—they were made friends; but the iest went so to his hart, that he shortly after died, and Lionello enioyed the ladye: and for that they two were the death of the old man, now are they plagued in purgatory, and he whips them with nettles.”

It is observable that in the foregoing novel (which, I believe, Shakspeare had read,) there is no trace of the buck-basket.—In the first tale of *The Fortunate, the Deceived, and Unfortunate Lovers*, (of which I have an edition printed in 1684, but the novels it contains had probably appeared in English in our author's time,) a young student of Bologne is taught by an old doctor how to make love; and his first essay is practised on his instructor's wife. The jealous husband having tracked his pupil to his house, enters unexpectedly, fully persuaded that he should detect the lady and her lover together; but the gallant is protected from his fury by being concealed *under a heap of linen half-dried*; and afterwards informs him, (not knowing that his tutor was likewise his mistress's husband,) what a lucky escape he had. It is therefore, I think, highly probable that Shakspeare had read both stories. MALONE.

Sir Hugh Evans.] See p. 303, and 304.

The question whether priests were formerly knights in consequence of their being called *Sir*, still remains to be decided. Examples that those of the *lower class* were so called are very numerous; and hence it may be fairly inferred that *they* at least were not knights, nor is there perhaps a single instance of the order of knighthood being conferred upon ecclesiastics of any degree.

Having casually, however, met with a note in Dyer's Reports, which seems at first view not only to contain some authority for the custom of *knighting priests* by Abbots, in consequence of a charter granted to the Abbot of Reading for that purpose, but likewise the opinion of two learned judges, founded thereupon, that priests *were anciently knights*, I have been induced to enter a little more fully upon this discussion, and to examine the validity of those opinions. The extract from Dyer is a marginal note in p. 216. B. in the following words: “Trin. 3 Jac. *Banc le Roy* Holcraft and Gibbons, *cas* Popham dit que il ad view un ancien charter grant al Abbot de Reading per Roy d'Angleterre, a fair knight, sur que son conceit fuit que l'Abbot fait, ecclesiastical persons, knights, d'illongue come a luy le nosmes de Sir John and Sir Will. que est done al ascun Clerks a cest jour fuit derivee quel opinion Coke Attorney-General applaud disont que fueront milites caelestes & milites terrestres.” It is proper to mention here that all the reports have been diligently searched for this case

of Holcraft and Gibbons, in hopes of finding some further illustration, but without success.

The charter then above-mentioned appears upon further enquiry to have been the foundation charter of Reading Abbey, and to have been granted by Henry I. in 1125. The words of it referred to by Chief Justice Popham, and upon which he founded his opinion, are as follow: "*Nec faciat milites nisi in sacra veste Christi, in qua parvulos suscipere modeste caveat. Maturus autem seu discretus tam clericos quam laicos provide suscipiat.*" This passage is likewise cited by Selden in his notes upon Eadmer, p. 206, and to illustrate the word "*clericos*" he refers to Mathew Paris for an account of a priest called John Gatesdene, who was created a knight by Henry III. but not until after he had resigned all his benefices, "as he ought to have done," says the historian, who in another place relating the disgrace of Peter de Rivallis, Treasurer to Henry III. (See p. 405, edit. 1640,) has clearly shown how incompatible it was that the clergy should bear arms, as the profession of a knight required; and as a further proof may be added the well known story, related by the same historian, of Richard I. and the warlike Bishop of Beauvais. I conceive then that the word "*clericos*" refers to such of the clergy who should apply for the order of knighthood under the usual restriction of quitting their former profession; and from Selden's note upon the passage it may be collected that this was his own opinion; or it may possibly allude to those particular knights who were considered as religious or ecclesiastical, such as the knights of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, &c. concerning whom see Ashmole's Order of the Garter, p. 49-51.

With respect to the custom of ecclesiastics conferring the order of knighthood, it certainly prevailed in this country before the conquest, as appears from Ingulphus, and was extremely disliked by the Normans; and therefore at a Council held at Westminster in the third year of Henry I. it was ordained, "*Ne Abbates faciant milites.*" See Eadmeri Hist. 68. and Selden's note, p. 207. However it appears that notwithstanding this prohibition, which may at the same time serve to show the great improbability that the order of knighthood was conferred upon ecclesiastics, some of the ceremonies at the creation of knights still continued to be performed by Abbots, as the taking the sword from the altar, &c. which may be seen at large in Selden's Titles of Honour, Part II. chap. v. and Dugd. Warw. 531, and accordingly this charter, which is dated twenty-three years after the Council at Westminster, amongst other things directs the Abbot, "*Nec faciat milites nisi in sacra veste Christi,*" &c. Lord Coke's acquiescence in Popham's opinion is founded upon a similar misconception, and his quaint remark "*que fuerunt milites cælestes & milites terrestres,*" can only excite a smile. The marginal quotation from Fuller's Church History, B. VI

p. 352. "Moe Sirs than knights" referred to in a former note by Sir J. Hawkins, certainly means—"that these Sirs were not knights," and Fuller accounts for the title by supposing them ungraduated Priests.

Before I dismiss this comment upon the opinions of the learned Judges, I am bound to observe that Popham's opinion is also referred to, but in a very careless manner, in Godbolt's Reports, p. 399, in these words: "Popham once Chief Justice of this court said that he had seen a commission directed unto a bishop to knight all the *parsons* within his diocese, and that was the cause that they were called Sir John, Sir Thomas, and so they continued to be called until the reign of Elizabeth." The idea of knighting *all the parsons* in a diocese is too ludicrous to need a serious refutation; and the inaccuracy of the assertion, that the title of *Sir* lasted till the reign of Elizabeth, thereby implying that it then ceased, is sufficiently obvious, not only from the words of Popham in the other quotation "*que est donec alii clerici cesset jour,*" but from the proof given by Sir John Hawkins of its existence at a much later period.

Having thus, I trust, refuted the opinion that the title of *Sir* was given to priests in consequence of their being *knights*, I shall venture to account for it in another manner.

This custom then was most probably borrowed from the French, amongst whom the title *Domnus* is often appropriated to ecclesiastics, more particularly to the Benedictines, Carthusians, and Cistercians. It appears to have been originally a title of honour and respect, and was perhaps at first, in this kingdom as in France, applied to particular orders, and became afterwards general as well among the secular as the regular clergy. The reason of preferring *Domnus*, to *Dominus* was, that the latter belonged to the supreme Being, and the other was considered as a subordinate title, according to an old verse:

"*Cælestem Dominum, terrestrem dicito Domnum.*"

Hence, *Dom*, *Damp*, *Dan*, *Sire*, and, lastly *Sir*; for authorities are not wanting to show that all these titles were given to ecclesiastics: but I shall forbear to produce them, having, I fear, already trespassed too far upon the reader's patience with this long note.

DOUCE.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.