THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

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


BY THE

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IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

FIRST published in the folio of 1623, and among the worst-printed plays in that volume. In many places the text, as there given, is in a most unsatisfactory state, and in not a few I fear it must be pronounced incurably at fault. A vast deal of study and labour has been spent in trying to rectify the numerous errors: nearly all the editors and commentators, from Rowe downwards, have strained their faculties upon the work: many instances of corruption have indeed yielded to critical ingenuity and perseverance, and it is to be hoped that still others may; yet there are several passages that seem too hard for any legitimate efforts of corrective sagacity and skill. The matter need not be dwelt upon here, as it is set forth in detail in the Critical Notes. Of course, in a case of such extreme textual corruption, something more of scope than usual must, in all reason, be allowed to conjectural emendation.

No direct and certain contemporary notice of *All's Well that Ends Well* has come down to us. But the often-quoted list of Shakespeare's plays set forth by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, includes a play called *Love's Labours Won*, — a title nowhere else given to any of the Poet's pieces. Dr. Farmer, in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, 1767, first gave out the conjecture, that the two titles belonged to one and the same play; and this opinion has since been concurred or acquiesced in by so many competent critics, that it might well be allowed to pass without further argument. There is no other of the Poet's dramas to which that title applies so well, while, on the other hand, it certainly fits this play quite as well as the one it now bears. The whole play is emphatically love's labours; its main interest throughout turns on the unwearied and finally-successful
struggles of affection against the most stubborn and disheartening obstacles. It may indeed be urged that the play entitled Love’s Labours Won has been lost; but this, it being considered what esteem the Poet’s works were held in, both in his time and ever since, is so very improbable as to be hardly worth dwelling upon. There was far more likelihood that other men’s dross would be fathered upon him than that any of his gold would be lost. And, in fact, contemporary publishers were so eager to make profit of his reputation, that they forged his name to various plays which most certainly had no touch of his hand.

There is, then, no reasonable doubt that this play was originally written before 1598. For myself, I have no doubt that the original writing was several years before that date; as early, perhaps, as 1592 or 1593. Coleridge, in his Literary Remains, holds the play to have been “originally intended as the counterpart of Love’s Labours Lost”; and a comparison of the two naturally leads to that conclusion without any help from the title. This inward relation of the plays strongly infers them both to have been written about the same time, or in pretty near succession. Now Love’s Labours Lost was printed in 1598, and in the title-page is said to have been “newly corrected and augmented”; and its diversities of style naturally infer a considerable interval of time between the original writing and the revisal.

It is abundantly certain, from internal evidence, that the play now in hand also underwent revisal, and this too after a much longer interval than in the case of Love’s Labours Lost. Here the diversities of style are much more strongly marked than in that play. Accordingly it was Coleridge’s decided opinion, first given out in his lectures in 1813, and again in 1818, though not found in his Literary Remains, that “All’s Well that Ends Well was written at two different and rather distant periods of the Poet’s life.” This we learn from Collier, who heard those lectures, and who adds that Coleridge “pointed out very clearly two distinct styles, not only of thought, but of expression.” The same judgment has since been enforced by Tieck and other able critics; and the grounds of it are so manifest in the play itself, that no observant reader will be apt to question it. Verplanck tells us he had formed the same opinion before he learned through
Collier what Coleridge thought on the subject; and his judgment of the matter is given as follows: "The contrast of two different modes of thought and manners of expression, here mixed in the same piece, must be evident to all who have made the shades and gradations of Shakespeare's varying and progressive taste and mind at all a subject of study."

Some of the more recent Shakespearians are for dividing the Poet's time of authorship into four or five distinct periods: but I am still content with the threefold division of early, middle, and later periods; as these seem to me enough for all practical purposes. In All's Well, we have no help, outside of the play itself, towards determining at what time the revisal was made, or how long a period intervened between this and the original writing. To my taste, the better parts of the workmanship relish strongly of his later style,—perhaps I should say quite as strongly as the poorer do of his early style. This would bring the revisal down to as late a time as 1603 or 1604. I place the finished Hamlet at or near the close of the Poet's middle period; and I am tolerably clear that in All's Well he discovers a hand somewhat more practised in sinewy sternness than in the finished Hamlet. I will quote two passages by way of illustrating the Poet's different styles as seen in this play. The first is from the dialogue of Helena and the King, in Act ii, scene 1, where she persuades him to make trial of her remedy:

The great'st Grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the Sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

Here we have the special traits of Shakespeare's youthful style,—an air of artifice and studied finery, a certain self-conscious elaborateness and imitative rivalry,—which totally disappear in, for instance, the blessing the Countess gives her son as he is leaving for the Court:
Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!

I the rather quote this latter, because of its marked resemblance
to the advice Polonius gives his son in *Hamlet*. Mr. Grant
White justly observes that "either the latter is an expansion of
the former, or the former a reminiscence of the latter"; and I
fully concur with him that the second part of the alternative is
the more probable. For a broader and bulkier illustration of the
point in hand, the student probably cannot do better than by
comparing in full the dialogue from which the first of the fore-
cited passages is taken with the whole of the second scene in
Act i. These seem to me at least as apt and telling examples as
any, of the Poet's rawest and ripest styles so strangely mixed in
this play; and the difference is here so clearly pronounced, that
one must be dull indeed not to perceive it.

It has indeed been urged, and truly, that the play twice be-
speaks its present title; but both instances occur in just those
parts which relish most of the Poet's later style. And the line in
the epilogue—"*All is well ended, if this suit be won*"—may be
fairly understood as intimating some connection between the
two titles which the play is supposed to have borne.

The only known source from which the Poet could have bor-
rowed any part of this play is a story in Boccaccio, entitled *Giletta
di Nerbona*. In 1566 William Paynter published an English
version of this tale in his *Palace of Pleasure*. Here it was, no
doubt, that Shakespeare got his borrowed matter; and the fol-
lowing outline will show the nature and extent of his obligations.

Isnardo, Count of Rouillon, being sickly, kept in his house a
physician named Gerardo of Nerbona. The count had a son
named Beltramo, and the physician a daughter named Giletta,
who were brought up together. The Count dying, his son was left in the care of the King and sent to Paris. The physician also dying some while after, his daughter, who had loved the young Count so long that she knew not when her love began, sought occasion of going to Paris, that she might see him; but, being diligently looked to by her kinsfolk, because she was rich and had many suitors, she could not see her way clear. Now the King had a swelling on his breast, which through ill treatment was grown to a fistula; and, having tried all the best physicians and being only rendered worse by their efforts, he resolved to take no further counsel or help. Giletta, hearing of this, was very glad, as it suggested an apt reason for visiting Paris, and offered a chance of compassing her secret and cherished wish. Arming herself with such knowledge in the healing art as she had gathered from her father, she rode to Paris and repaired to the King, praying him to show her his disease. He, consenting, as soon as she saw it she told him that, if he pleased, she would within eight days make him whole. He asked how it was possible for her, being a young woman, to do that which the best physicians in the world could not; and, thanking her for her good-will, said he was resolved to try no more remedies. She begged him not to despise her knowledge because she was a young woman, assuring him that she ministered physic by the help of God, and with the cunning of Master Gerardo of Nerbona, who was her father. The King, hearing this, and thinking that peradventure she was sent of God, asked what might follow, if she caused him to break his resolution, and did not heal him. She said, "Let me be kept in what guard you list, and if I do not heal you let me be burnt; but, if I do, what recompense shall I have?" He answered that, since she was a maiden, he would bestow her in marriage upon a gentleman of right good worship and estimation. To this she agreed, on condition that she might have such a husband as herself should ask, without presumption to any member of his family; which he readily granted. This done, she set about her task, and before the eight days were passed he was entirely well; whereupon he told her she deserved such a husband as herself should choose, and she declared her choice of Beltramo, saying she had loved him
from her childhood. The King was very loth to grant him to her; but, because he would not break his promise, he had him called forth, and told him what had been done. The Count, thinking her stock unsuitable to his nobility, disdainfully said, "Will you, then, sir, give me a physician to wife?" The King pressing him to comply, he answered, "Sire, you may take from me all that I have, and give my person to whom you please, because I am your subject; but I assure you I shall never be contented with that marriage." To which he replied, "Well, you shall have her, for the maiden is fair and wise, and loveth you entirely; and verily you shall lead a more joyful life with her than with a lady of a greater House"; whereupon the Count held his peace. The marriage over, the Count asked leave to go home, having settled beforehand what he would do. Knowing that the Florentines and the Senois were at war, he was no sooner on horseback than he stole off to Tuscany, meaning to side with the Florentines; by whom being honourably received and made a captain, he continued a long time in their service.

His wife, hoping by her well-doing to win his heart, returned home, where, finding all things spoiled and disordered by reason of his absence, she like a sage lady carefully put them in order, making all his people very glad of her presence and loving to her person. Having done this, she sent word thereof to the Count by two knights, adding that, if she were the cause of his forsaking home, he had but to let her know it, and she, to do him pleasure, would depart thence. Now he had a ring which he greatly loved, and kept very carefully, and never took off his finger, for a certain virtue which he knew it had. When the knights came, he said to them churlishly, "Let her do what she list; for I purpose to dwell with her when she shall have this ring on her finger, and a son of mine in her arms." The knights, after trying in vain to change his purpose, returned to the lady, and told his answer; at which she was very sorrowful, and bethought herself a good while how she might accomplish those two things. She then called together the noblest of the country, and told them what she had done to win her husband's love; that she was loth he should dwell in perpetual exile on her account; and therefore would spend the rest of her life in pilgrimages and devotion;
praying them to let him know she had left, with a purpose never
to return. Then, taking with her a maid and one of her kinsmen,
she set out in the habit of a pilgrim, well furnished with silver and
jewels, told no one whither she was going, and rested not until
she came to Florence. She put up at the house of a poor widow;
and the next day, seeing her husband pass by on horseback, she
asked who he was. The widow told her this, and also that he
was marvellously in love with a neighbour of hers, a gentlewoman
who was poor, but of right honest life and report, and dwelt with
her mother, a wise and honest lady. After hearing this, she was
not long in deciding what to do. Going secretly to the house, and
getting a private interview with the mother, she told her
whole story, and how she hoped to thrive in her undertaking, if
the mother and daughter would lend their aid. In recompense
she proposed to give the daughter a handsome marriage-portion;
and the mother replied, "Madam, tell me wherein I may do you
service; if it be honest, I will gladly perform it; and, that being
done, do as it shall please you." So an arrangement was made,
that the daughter should encourage the Count, and signify her
readiness to grant his wish, provided he would first send her the
ring he prized so highly, as a token of his love. Proceeding with
great subtlety as she was instructed, the daughter soon got the
ring; and at the time fixed for the meeting the Countess supplied
her place; the result of which was, that she became the mother
of two fine boys, and so was prepared to claim her dues as a wife
upon the seemingly-impossible terms which the Count himself
had prescribed.

Meanwhile her husband, hearing of her departure, had returned
to his country. In due time the Countess also took her journey
homeward, and arrived at Montpellier, where, hearing that the
Count was about to have a great party at his house, she deter-
mined to go thither in her pilgrim's weeds. Just as they were
on the point of sitting down to the table, she came to the place
where her husband was, and fell at his feet weeping, and said,
"My lord, I am thy poor unfortunate wife, who, that thou
mightest return and dwell in thy house, have been a great while
begging about the world. Therefore I now beseech thee to ob-
serve the conditions which the two knights that I sent to thee
did command me to do; for behold, here in my arms, not only one son of thine, but twain, and likewise the ring: it is now time, if thou keep promise, that I should be received as thy wife." The Count knew the ring, and the children also, they were so like him, and desired her to rehearse in order how all these things came about. When she had told her story, he knew it to be true; and, perceiving her constant mind and good wit, and the two fair young boys, to keep his promise, and to please his people, and the ladies that made suit to him, he caused her to rise up, and embraced and kissed her, and from that day forth loved and honoured her as his wife.

From this sketch it will be seen that the Poet anglicized Cel-tramo into Bertram, changed Giletta to Helena, and closely followed Boccaccio in the main features of the plot so far as regards these persons and the widow and her daughter. Beyond this, the novel yields no hints towards the play, while the latter has several judicious departures from the matter of the former. Giletta is rich, and has a fine establishment of her own; which so far reduces the social inequality between her and the Count: Helena is poor and dependent, so that she has nothing to stand upon but her nobility of nature and merit. Baltramo, again, has no thought of going to Florence till after his compelled marriage; so that his going to the war is not from any free stirring of virtue in him, but purely to escape the presence of a wife that has been forced upon him. With Bertram, the unwelcome marriage comes in only as an additional spur to the execution of a purpose already formed.

But the crowning innovation upon the matter of the tale lies in the characters of Lafeu, the Countess, the Clown, and Parolles, and in the comic proceedings; all which, so far as is known, are entirely of the Poet's invention. And it is quite remarkable what an original cast is given to his development of the borrowed characters by the presence of these; and how in the light of their mutual interaction the conduct of all becomes, not indeed right or just, but consistent and clear.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING of France.                                  A Page.
DUKE of Florence.                                Countess of Rousillon, Mother to
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.                     Bertram.
LAFEU, an old Lord.                              HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected
PAROLLES, a Follower of Bertram.                 by the Countess.
Several young French Lords who                  A Widow of Florence.
      serve with Bertram in the Florentine War.  DIANA, her Daughter.
Steward, { Servants to the Countess            VIOLENTA, { Neighbors and Friends
      Clown, } of Rousillon.                     MARIANA, } to the Widow.

Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE. —Partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.


Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of Rousillon, HELENA,
and LAFEU, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second
husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's
death anew: but I must attend his Majesty's command, to
whom I am now in ward,¹ evermore in subjection.

¹ From the feudal ages down to a comparatively recent period, the heirs
of great estates were, both in England and in parts of France, under the
wardship of the Sovereign, who had the disposal of them even in marriage.
See vol. i., page 138, note 8.
Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted,\(^2\) rather than slack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted\(^3\) time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that had! how sad a passage\(^4\) 'tis!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, 'twould have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the King's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the King's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

\(^2\) That is, would awaken or call forth virtue where virtue was wanting, or had not yet appeared. Slack for slacken. Many verbs ending in -en are used by the Poet without that ending; such as to dark, to deaf, to length, to mad, to sharp, to short, &c.

\(^3\) Persecuted in its classical sense of pursue or follow up perseveringly.

\(^4\) Passage is occurrence, any thing that happens or passes.
Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her disposition she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplicity: she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena,—go to, no

Disposition here means native aptness or tendency; what we sometimes call moral temperament. Shakespeare has, I think, no other instance of the word used just so. Perhaps the text is corrupt. See Critical Notes.

They, that is, virtuous qualities, are traitors as well as virtues, because they adorn or “sugar o’er” the unclean mind, and thus give it power to tempt and betray.

Meaning, apparently, that in her the virtues or virtuous qualities are the better for being unmixed with any innate viciousness or what is here called “an unclean mind”; a good, though uncommon, use of simplicity.

Bacon has much the same thought in his thirteenth Essay: “Goodness I called the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination.” Shakespeare often uses honest for chaste, and honesty for chastity; and such may well be the meaning here. Perhaps, however, honesty here means a certain ingenerate rectitude or harmony of nature, which instinctively finds its joy in the right, and so is held to the right by the mere sweetness of it. Such a natural aptness does indeed beautify the virtues which make up goodness, and which have to be achieved, or, in Bacon’s sense, are matter of habit, not of nature. Wordsworth’s Ode to Duty has some lines which may be not unfitly quoted here:

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.

Season here means preserve or keep sweet.

Liveliness, or animation. So in Venus and Adonis: “With this, she seizes on his palm, the precedent of pith and livelihood.”
more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have it.

_Hel._ I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it too.  
_Laf._ Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

_Hel._ If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

_Laf._ How understand we that?  
_Ber._ [Kneeling.] Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

_Count._ Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father in manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head!—[To LAFEU.] Farewell, my lord: 'tis an Unseason'd courtier; good my lord, advise him.

_Laf._ He cannot want the best that shall attend His love.

_Count._ Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [Exit.  
_Ber._ [To HELENA.] The best wishes that can be forged

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11 Helena's sorrow seems or is taken to be for the loss of her father; in that sense it is affected; but it is really for the departure of Bertram.

12 Helena's speech is purposely equivocal and enigmatical; and the sagacious old lord at once perceives that her words mean something more than meets the ear. Mortal was used in two senses,—for deadly, or that which kills, and for perishable, or that which dies. Helena uses it in both senses at the same time; and her chief meaning seems to be, that the grief of her unrequited love for Bertram makes mortal, that is, kills the grief that she felt for her father's death.

13 That is, may fit thee out, or accomplish thee, with noble qualities. So in King Henry VIII., i. 2: "His training such, that he may furnish and instruct great teachers, and never seek aid out of himself."
in your thoughts be servants to you!\(^ {14}\) Be comfortable\(^ {15}\) to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

*Hel.* O, were that all! I think not on my father; And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him.\(^ {16}\) What was he like? I have forgot him: my imagination Carries no favour in it but Bertram's. I am undone: there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one, That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it, he is so above me: In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself: The hind that would be mated by the lion Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague, To see him every hour; to sit and draw His arch'd brows, his hawking eye, his curls, In our heart's table,\(^ {17}\)—heart too capable

\(^ {14}\) "May you be mistress of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect." One of the Poet's significant droppings: Bertram, without meaning it, prays for the success which Helena finally achieves in winning him to herself.

\(^ {15}\) Comfortable in the active sense of comforting or giving comfort. The Poet has it repeatedly so; also various other like words, as disputable for disputations, and medicable for medicinal. Bacon, in his essay *Of Deformity*, uses conceivable in the same way for deceptive: "It is good to consider of deformity, not as a sign which is more conceivable, but as a cause which seldom faileth of the effect."

\(^ {16}\) "These tears of mine, which others impute to sorrow for the death of my father, but which really spring from grief at the departure of Bertram, do more honour to the memory of my father than those I actually shed for him."

\(^ {17}\) Table for that on which a picture is painted. So in *King John*, i. 2: "I beheld myself drawn in the flattering table of her eye."
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour: 18
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?
One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward; 19
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, 20 when virtue's steely bones 21
Look bleak i' the wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly. 22

Enter Parolles.

Par. Save you, fair queen!
Hel. And you, monarch! 23
Par. No.
Hel. And no.
Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

18 Every line and trait, or peculiarity, of his countenance. So in King
John, i. 1: "He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's face." Also in King Lear,
iv. 6: "The trick of that voice I do well remember." — Capable is susceptible,
or apt to receive.

19 Altogether a coward, or an unmitigable coward.

20 Are invited or allowed to sit by the fire, or are received into a place
where comfort dwells. Evils is here used for vices.

21 Shakespeare seems to have been rather fond of the idea, that virtue
has so much support and comfort in itself, in the strength and toughness of
its bones, that it does not mind roughnesses of climate and usage, and even
delights in steeling or hardening itself against them. So in Cymbeline, iii. 6:
"Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever of hardiness is mother."
See Critical Notes.

22 Cold in the sense of chilled, and because comparatively naked or bare.
Also superfluous in the antithetic sense of overclothed. So in King Lear,
ii. 4: "Our basest beggars are in the poorest thing superfluous"; where the
context ascertains superfluous to mean overclothed. See Critical Notes.

23 Monarch is probably used here merely as a sportive rejoinder to
queen. See vol. iii., page 163, note 15. Some, however, take it as alluding to
a crazy roll of Italian bombast, much noted in London, who imagined him-
self to be "sole monarch of the universal Earth." See vol. ii., page 46,
note 9.
Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you: let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of Nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with't!

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as

24 Stain for tincture, colour, or, as we should say, smack.

25 Meaning, he that hangs himself is like a virgin, — like in this, that both are self-destroyers.

26 By an ancient law of the Church, suicides were in fact excluded from consecrated ground, and condemned to be buried in the highways. Of course this was with a view to prevent self-murder. It is said that the Roman women, in the good days of the Republic, were at one time so pos-
a desperate offendress against Nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: out with't! within one year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with't?

_Hel._ How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

_Par._ Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er likes it. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears,—it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet tis a wither'd pear: will you any thing with it?

sessed with an epidemic of suicide, that the Senate took the matter up, and passed an order that in case any woman killed herself, her body should be exposed, naked, in public. The alarming evil was stopped at once.

_27 Inhibited_ is the same as prohibited, forbidden.

_28_ There is an equivoque in "out with't," which is used in the two senses of _get rid of it_ and _put it out at interest._

_29_ Parolles plays on _liking:_ she would do ill to lose her virginity in liking him who _would destroy_ it, and so _likes_ it not.

_30_ A rather singular use of _wear_: but meaning "which are not worn now," or _not in fashion now_. I have often heard the phrase, "Such is not the wear now," used in the same sense.

_31_ A quibble on _date_, which meant both _age_ and a well-known _candied fruit_ then used in pies, as raisins are now.

_32_ To make it harmonize with what precedes, _yet_ must here be taken in the sense of _now_. And such is sometimes its meaning. Helen uses it, just after, in the ordinary sense. — This long strain of faultless and stupidity is undoubtedly an interpolation. Helen's next speech ought to follow directly
SCENE I. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

_Hel._ Not my virginity yet.—You're for the Court:
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mauther, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond-adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall: God send him well!
The Court's a learning-place; and he is one—

_Par._ What one, i'faith?
_Hel._—that I wish well. 'Tis pity—
_Par._ What's pity?

_Hel._—That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might wi' th' effects of them follow our friends,

after, "Are you meditating on virginity?" and the opening ought to be
"Not on virginity yet." See Critical Notes.

33 _Mauther_ is an old provincial word for a _young girl_ or _maid_; said to
be from the Danish _moer_. So, in Ben Jonson's play, _The Alchemist_, iv. 4,
Kastrill, speaking to Face, his sister, says, "Away! you talk like a foolish
_mauther." _ See Critical Notes.

34 That is, many fanciful and fondly-adopted appellations or _Christian
names_, to which _blind_ Cupid stands godfather. The verb to _gossip_ is
formed from _God_ and _sib_, and properly means _kindred in God_; hence
sponsors in baptism were termed _gossips_. See vol. i., page 147, note 22.—
_Christendom_ was often used for _christening_. So in Bishop Corbet's verses
to Lord Mordaunt:

One, were be well examin'd, and made looke
His name in his own parish and church booke,
Could hardly prove his _christendome_.

35 The Poet often has a double elision of _with_ and _the_, to make the two
coalesce into one syllable.
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.  [Exit.
Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I
will think of thee at Court.
Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable
star.
Par. Under Mars, I.
Hel. I especially think, under Mars.
Par. Why under Mars?
Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must
needs be born under Mars.
Par. When he was predominant.
Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.
Par. Why think you so?
Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.
Par. That's for advantage.
Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety:
but the composition, that your valour and fear make in you,
is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.
Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee
acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which my in-
struction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable
of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust
upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine
ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast lei-
sure, say thy prayers; when thou hast money, remember thy
friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee:
so, farewell.  [Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,

36 A term in falconry. "A bird of good wing" was a bird of swift and
strong flight.—"I like the wear well" is said with a dash of irony.
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune Nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things. Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath not been can't be. Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The King's disease,—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France with letters;
Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

37 That is, the decrees of Providence give us free scope. Fated for fateful or fating; the passive form with the active sense.

38 "The mightiest space in fortune" is used, rather boldly, for persons the farthest separated in fortune. So, in Cymbeline, i. 3, we have, "the diminution of space," meaning the seeming diminution caused by distance. Likes is used for equals, and "native things" for things of the same nativity or birth. So that the meaning of the whole seems to be, "Nature brings those who are farthest asunder in fortune to join like equals, and causes them to meet as things bred out of the same stock."

39 Extraordinary attempts seem impossible to those who weigh their labours in the scales of common sense, or who measure exceptional cases by ordinary experience.

1 The Siennese are called Senoys in the novel on which this play was partly founded. Sienna was the name of one of the small Italian States.

2 Braving is defiant, or using bravado.
King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your Majesty, may plead
For ampest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing<sup>3</sup> and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

1 Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank Nature, rather curious<sup>4</sup> than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was

<sup>3</sup> Breathing is exercise or action. So in ii. 3: "Thou wast created for
men to breathe themselves upon thee." See vol. iii., page 79, note 8.
<sup>4</sup> Curious for careful, exact, or pains-taking. See vol. ii., page 223, note 5.
Discipled of the bravest: 5 he lasted long;  
But on us both did haggish age steal on, 6 
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me 7 
To talk of your good father. In his youth  
He had the wit, which I can well observe  
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,  
Till their own scorn return to them unnotated,  
Ere they can hide their levity in humour  
So like a courtier: contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride, or sharpness; 8 if they were,  
His equal had awaked them; and his honour,  
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speak, and at this time  
His tongue obey'd his hand: 9 who were below him  
He used as creatures of a nobler place;  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud, as his nobility  
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man  
Might be a copy to these younger times;  
Which, follow'd well, would démonstrate them now  
But goers backward.  

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,  
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;  
So in approof 10 lives not his epitaph  
As in your royal speech.

5 Trained or instructed by the bravest.  
6 This doubling of the preposition, on — on, occurs repeatedly.  
7 Repairs is renovates or rejuvenates.  
8 The meaning is, neither contempt nor bitterness nor sharpness were in his pride. So arranged for metre's sake.  
9 "His hand," for its hand, its not being then an accepted word. The figure of a clock is kept up. The tongue of the clock speaks the hour to which the hand points on the dial.  
10 Approval for approval or approbation. A common usage. The meaning seems to be, "His worth is not so highly expressed in the record of his actions as in your royal praise."
King. Would I were with him! He would always say,—Methinks I hear him now; his plausible words He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them, To grow there, and to bear,—Let me not live,—Thus his good melancholy oft began, On the catastrophe and heel of pastime, When it was out,—Let me not live, quoth he, After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses All but new things disdain; whose judgments are Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies Expire before their fashions. This he wish'd: I, after him, do after him wish too, Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home, I quickly were dissolv'd from my hive, To give some labourer room.

2 Lord. You're lov'd, sir; They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. —How long is't, count, Since the physician at your father's died? He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out With several applications: nature and sickness Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count; My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majesty. [Exeunt. Flourish.

11 Plausible is evidently used here in a passive sense for approvable, or that which is or ought to be applauded. So in Hamlet i. 4: "Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens the form of plausible manners."

12 This, if it be the right text, must mean when the pastime was over or at an end. See Critical Notes.

13 "Who exercise their minds or faculties in nothing but devising new modes or styles of dress."

Enter the Countess, Steward, and Clown. ¹

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, ² I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours: for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? — Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd: but, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, ³ Isbel your woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

¹ The Clown in this play is an "allowed Fool," or jester of the same sort as Touchstone in As You Like It. In Shakespeare's time, and for ages before, such Fools were kept in great Houses, to promote merriment. They were privileged to crack jokes with and upon all ranks of persons.

² To even one's content is to equal his desires, or to do what will content him. So in Cymbeline: "We'll even all that good time will give us."

³ "Going to the world" is an old phrase for getting married, in contradistinction to adopting a religious life, or going to the Church, which implied a vow of celibacy. So in Much Ado, ii. 1: "Thus goes every one to the world but I; I may sit in a corner, and cry Heigh-ho for a husband."
Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the Devil drives.

Count. Is this all your Worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, — sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Chairbonne the Puritan and old Poisson the Papist, how-

4 Barns is a corruption, or another form, of the Scottish word bairns, children. The saying referred to probably grew from the passage in the 127th Psalm: "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them."

5 To ear is to plough or to till. Much used in the Poet's time, and occurring repeatedly in the English Bible; as in 1 Samuel, viii. 12: "And will set them to ear his grounds, and to reap his harvest."

6 Poisson and Chairbonne are French words here turned into proper
some'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:7

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.8

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face, quoth she, the cause
Why th' Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done,9 done fond, good sooth, it was,
Was this King Priam's joy.

names; the former meaning fasting or fish-eating; the latter, fast-denying or rich-feeding, from chair bonne or bonne chair. Shakespeare had in mind, no doubt, the old French proverb, "Young flesh and old fish are the daintiest." So that the Clown's meaning is, that all men, the best and the worst together, be their religion what it may, share the same fate; all are destined alike to have their heads trimmed with the ideal horns. See vol. ii., page 47, note 11.

7 "The next way" is the nearest way.—The Clown implies a quibble on his title of Fool; and, in calling himself a prophet, refers to the ancient belief that natural fools have something of prophetic inspiration in them, on which account they were held sacred.

8 Kind for nature, the old meaning of the word. See vol. iii., page 131, note 15.—The Clown here gives a new version of an old proverb. In Grange's Garden, 1577, it runs thus:

Contente yourselfe as well as I, let reason rule your minde;
As cuckoldes come by destinie, so cuckowes sing by kinde.

9 Fond for fondly, and in the sense of foolishly; as the word is commonly
With that she sigh'd as she stood,
With that she sigh'd as she stood,
And gave this sentence then:
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: one in ten, quoth 'a! an we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere 'a pluck one.

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

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do one's part; it will wear the surplice of humility over the

used by Shakespeare. — Good sooth is equivalent to good faith or in truth.
— The verb was is repeated in accordance with a usage very frequent in old ballads.— The Clown here recites, and probably corrupts, or alters, a fragment of a ballad on the fall of Troy, meaning, perhaps, to intimate that he has some inkling of the purposed conversation about Helena.

10 The lines which the Clown is charged with corrupting were conjectured by Warburton to have run something thus:

If one be bad amongst nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.

11 The meaning probably is, "Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will act as the Puritans do: it will comply with the law outwardly in token of its humility," &c. The allusion is to the controversy touching such things as kneeling at the Communion, the ring in marriage, and especially the use of the surplice as an official vestment in the public services of the Church. This controversy was running very high in the Poet's time; all were interested in it: so that the allusion would be generally understood. The Puritans
black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.

Count. Well, now.

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

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

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised,¹² without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence,¹³ in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

abominated the surplice as a rag of iniquity, and were great sticklers for the black gown, which was to them the symbol of Calvinism. Some of them, however, yielded so far as to wear the surplice over the gown, because their consciences would not suffer them to officiate without the latter, nor the law of the Church without the former.

¹² Meaning, of course, "to be surprised." The words to be were often left understood in such cases, whether in prose or verse. So in Greene's Penelope's Web, 1601, quoted by Dyce: "Least we should be spotted with the staine of ingratitude in suffering the princesse injury unreavenged." And in Drayton's Harmonie of the Church, 1591: "And suffer not their mouths shut up, oh Lord!" — "Diana's knights" was a common poetical appellation of virgins.

¹³ Sithence is the old unabridged form of since. It occurs continually in Hooker. Shakespeare has it again in Coriolanus, iii. 3.
Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to
yourself: many likelihooods inform'd me of this before, which
hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe
nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom;
and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you
further anon. —

[Exit Steward.

Even so it was with me when I was young:
If we are Nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born.
It is the show and seal of Nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were not faults, or then we thought them none.

Enter Helena.

Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

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

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother:

Why not a mother? When I said a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombèd mine: 'tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,

14 That is, such things as those referred to just before.— The Countess,
so benignantly recalling and revering the dreams of her youth, is a good
illustration of Wordsworth's well-known lines,

The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.
SCENE III.  ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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

    Hel.  That I am not.

    Count.  I say, I am your mother.

    Hel.  Pardon, madam;

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

    Count.  Nor I your mother?

    Hel.  You are my mother, madam; would you were—
So that my lord your son were not my brother—
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,¹⁵
I care no more for than I do for Heaven,
So I were not his sister.  Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

    Count.  Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
God shield, you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse.  What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head:¹⁶ now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,

¹⁵ "Both our mothers" for mother of us both.—"I care no more for than"
is purposely ambiguous; but she means "I care as much for as." — "Can't
no other" means is there, or can there be, no other way?
¹⁶ Head for spring, source, or cause.
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: 17 only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

_Hel._ Good madam, pardon me!
_Count._ Do you love my son?
_Hel._ Your pardon, noble mistress!
_Count._ Love you my son?
_Hel._ Do not you love him, madam?
_Count._ Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd. 18

_Hel._ Then I confess,
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son.
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is loved of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.

17 "In their kind" is in their way, their language, or as it is their nature to speak. See page 27, note 8.
18 Appeach'd is informed, accused, or given evidence. The verb to peach or appeach was used for what we call "turning State's evidence."
Scene III. All's Well That Ends Well.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love; O, then give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies!

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

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

19 Intenible for unretentive, unholding; another instance of the passive form with the active sense. See page 15, note 15.—Captious is explained by some as a shortened form of capacious, meaning receptive. Singer thinks, and rightly, I suspect, that it is used in the sense of the Latin captiosus for deceptive, fallacious. "The allusion," says he, "is to Bertram, upon whom Helen pours out the stream of her affections, and who certainly does not receive the love she bestows upon him." And he thinks the Poet had in his mind the story of the Danaïdes, which has been thus moralized: "These Virgins, who in the flower of their age pour water into pierced vessels which they can never fill, what is it but to be always bestowing our love on the ungrateful?"

20 That is, lack not a supply to lose still.

21 "A flame so true, that the Goddess of Chastity, whom you worshipped, and the Goddess of Love, were to you one and the same." A very noble thought; as, indeed, every thing in the mind and heart of this heroine is noble.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear. You know my father left me some prescriptions Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading And manifold experience had collected For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me In heedfull'est reservation to bestow them, As notes, whose faculties inclusive were More than they were in note: amongst the rest, There is a remedy, approved, set down, To cure the desperate languishings whereof The King is render'd lost.

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

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

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

22 The meaning probably is, that their included and actual virtues and efficacies were greater than they plainly expressed; so that an unpractised or an unlearned eye would not take note how much they contained. Of course there is something of verbal play in notes and note. But the Poet repeatedly uses note for knowledge. So in King Lear, iii. 1: "Sir, I do know you; and dare, upon the warrant of my note, commend a dear thing to you."

23 Is reported or represented to be lost. So in As You Like It, iv, iii: "And he did render him the most unnatural that lived 'mongst men."

24 "Embowell'd of their doctrine" is exhausted of their learning.
SCENE I.  "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

Hel.  There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By th' 25 luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your Honour
But give me leave to try success, 26 I'd venture
This well-lost life of mine on's Grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count.  Dost thou believe't?

Hel.  Ay, madam, knowingly.

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

ACT II.

SCENE I.  — Paris.  A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish.  Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking
leave for the Florentine war; Bertram, Parolles, and
Attendants.

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

1 Lord.  It is our hope, sir,

25 The Poet often thus elides the, so as to make it coalesce with the pre-
ceeding word. So we have for th', from th', to th', why th', and others.
26 That is, try the sequence, issue, or result. So the Poet often uses
success.
After well-enter'd soldiers,\(^1\) to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege.\(^2\) Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy—
Those 'bated\(^3\) that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your Majesty!

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

Both Lords. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[Exit, led out by Attendants.

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

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

\(^1\) That is, after being well initiated as soldiers.

\(^2\) The King means, apparently, that he is still heart-whole; that his spirits do not quail under the conviction that he must soon die. Ows for owns or has; as continually in these plays.

\(^3\) Abated or 'bated, if the text be right, is probably to be taken in the sense of cast down or humbled. The verb to abate was often used thus. So, in Coriolanus, iii. 3, we have, "most abated captives"; and in The Warres of Cyrus, 1594: "Those markes of pride shall be abated downe." So that the meaning of the passage seems to be, "Let upper Italy, where you are going to act, see that you come to gain honour; those being subdued that inherit but the ruins of their former State." The last monarchy probably refers to the Roman Empire.
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,—
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.
Par. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.
Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By Heaven, I'll steal away.
1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, count.
2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so, farewell.
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is as a tortured body.
1 Lord. Farewell, captain.
2 Lord. Sweet Monsieur Paroles!
Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good
sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: You shall find in
the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cica-
trice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was
this very sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and observe
his reports for me.
2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.
Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [Exeunt Lords.]
— What will ye do?
Ber. Stay; the King.

4 Coil is ado, bustle, or fuss. To be kept a coil with probably means to
be pestered with fussing care and attention. See vol. i., page 171, note 12.
6 The forehorse of a team was wont to be gaily tricked out with tufts and
ribands and bells. Bertram spurns the idea of being pranked up like such
a beast, to squire ladies at the Court.
6 In Shakespeare's time, gentlemen danced with swords at their side; and,
as the manly weapon of that ilk was apt to be in their way, fancy swords,
short and light, were made for the purpose.
7 Spurio is a Spanish word; and, taking it in its proper meaning, we shall
make Captain Spurio about the same as Captain Sham or Captain Humbug,
and so own brother to Captain Parolles. It appears that such bescarfed
and bespangled and betitled counterfeiters sometimes wore a velvet patch on
the face in order to hide the place where they had not been hurt, and thus
make a way for their braggardism.
Re-enter the King, led back to his chair by Attendants.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and, though the Devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.

Enter Lafeu.

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

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. [Rising.] Then here's a man stands that has bought his pardon.

Would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; And at my bidding you could so stand up.

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

Laf. Good faith, across. But, my good lord, 'tis thus: Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

8 "Wear themselves in the cap of the time," is a Parollian phrase for leading or setting the fashion; and it is part of the trade of such to invent new affectations in walking, eating, and speaking.


10 Mercy and pardon were often used thus as equivalents; and to ask mercy or cry mercy was a common phrase for begging pardon.

11 Across, as here used, is from the language of the tilt-yard, and was applied in reproach or derision when a tilter broke his lance across the body of his opponent, and not by a push of the point. Hence it came to be used figuratively, as here, for a miscarriage in a pass of wit.
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I’ve seen a medicine 12
That’s able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary 13
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to raise King Pepin, nay,
And give great Charlemain a pen in’s hand,
To write to her a love-line.14

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor She. My lord, there’s one arrived,
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: 15 will you see her,
For that is her demand,—and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

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

Laf. Nay, I’ll fit you,
And not be all day neither.  

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafeu, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

12 Medicine for mediciner, that is, a physician.
13 Canary was the name of a very lively dance. See vol. ii., page 34, note 4.
14 It is said that Charlemain late in life vainly attempted learning to write.
16 That is, "hath amazed me so much, that I dare not impute the amaze-
ment wholly to my weakness."
Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his Majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His Majesty seldom fears: I'm Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well.

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

Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father; one,
In what he did profess, well found.\(^{16}\)

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple\(^{17}\) eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear: I have so:
And, hearing your high Majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learnèd doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate;\(^{18}\) — I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,

\(^{16}\) Well-found is well-skilled or well-learned; the same as well-seen. See vol. ii., page 167, note 19.

\(^{17}\) Triple for third; an odd use of the word, but the Poet has it several times in that sense.

\(^{18}\) Estate for state; the two being used interchangeably.
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

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

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

_Hel._ What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown

---

19 Where the correlative _so_ and _as_ are rightly in place, the Poet, often in verse, and sometimes in prose, omits _as_. Here the full expression would be, "so stain our judgment, _as_ to prostitute." And again, a little after: "So dissever, _as_ to esteem."

20 The language is obscure, though the general meaning may not be so. Perhaps the words will come intelligible something thus: "I must not _so_ disjoin my great office, or my high-seated person, from the reputation of wisdom that rightly belongs to it, as to respect or put faith in an ignorant offer of help, when I hold my case to be beyond the reach of the most intelligent effort."

21 To set up one's rest was a common phrase for making up one's mind. See vol. iii., page 141, note 16.

22 Referring, perhaps, to St. Matthew, xi. 25: "I thank thee, O Father, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Staunton, however, thinks it probable that the particular allusion is to the four youths, Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah, who were appointed to be brought up for the King's service; as related in Daniel, i. 17 and 20: "As for these four children, God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom. And in all matters of wis-
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

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

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

King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hopest thou my cure?

Hel. The great'st Grace lending grace,
dom and understanding the King inquired of them; and he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm.”

23 Alluding, perhaps, to the smiting of the rock in Horeb by Moses.
24 This must refer, apparently, to the Israelites passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied by Pharaoh.
25 To proclaim one's self against the level of one's aim, is, I take it, to set up one's profit or self-interest against or above that which he professes to aim at; which is the right virtue of a quack or impostor. Level, here, is drift, course, or direction. Perhaps Heath's explanation is better: “The level of the impostor's aim must be supposed to be reward in case of success. Whenever, therefore, he vaunts his skill and ability, at the same time that he is conscious of his own deficiency in those respects, and that he must miscarry when they are put to the trial, he may be properly said to proclaim himself against the level of his aim.”
Ere twice the horses of the Sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What darest thou adventure?

Hel. Tax of impudence;
A strumpet's boldness, a divulgèd shame;
Traduced by odious ballads; my maid's name
Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse of worst extended, 26
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessèd spirit doth speak,
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility 27 would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate, 28 —
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all

26 "Worse of worst extended" is, I presume, exactly equivalent to the phrase in common use, "Let worse come to worst," or, "If worse come to worst." The proper order of the words would seem to be, "nay, worst of worse extended"; which gives the sense of worse driven or pushed on to worst. But perhaps the order in the text was meant to give the sense of that which is worst of all being strained up to something still worse. — Sear'd is scorched, or blasted.

27 Impossibility for incredibility. The Poet has impossible repeatedly in the same sense. So in Much Ado, ii. 1: "Only his gift is in devising impossible slanders." Also in Twelfth Night, iii. 2: "There is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness."

28 That is, "may be reckoned or estimated among the felicities that wait upon thee."
That happiness and prime 29 can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

_Hel._ If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserved: not helping, death’s my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

_King._ Make thy demand.

_Hel._ But will you make it even?

_King._ Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of Heaven.

_Hel._ Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of the state;
But such a one, thy vassal, who I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

_King._ Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,—
Though more to know could not be more to trust,—
From whence thou camest, how tended on: but rest
Unquestion’d welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

_[Flourish. Exeunt._

29 _Prime_ is youth, the _spring-time_ of life. _Prime_ was not unfrequently used for _Spring_. So in the Poet’s 97th Sonnet: “The teeming Autumn, big with rich increase, bearing the wanton burden of the _prime._”
Scene II.—Rousillon. A Room in the House of the Countess.

Enter the Countess and Clown.

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

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the Court.

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

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at Court: he that cannot make a leg,¹ put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

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

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks,—the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock,² or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney; as your French crown for your taffeta punk,³ as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger,⁴ as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris

¹ Making a leg is an old phrase for bending the knee, curtseying, or doing an obeisance.

² A pin-buttock is a pointed or sharp buttock. Quatch is flat or squat. Brawn is plump or protuberant: used especially of any muscular protuberance.

³ A French crown, as the words are here used, is a crown made bald by what was called the French disease. Taffeta is a rich silken fabric, with wavy lustre; sometimes called water-silk. Punk is a prostitute.

⁴ Tib and Tom were usually joined in familiar poetry, meaning much the same, apparently, as lass and lad. The rush-ring seems to have been a
for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun’s lip to the friar’s mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

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

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

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

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

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

Clo. O Lord, sir! There’s a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

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

Clo. O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.

kind of love-token for plighting troth among rustic lovers. Nares says it was used in jocular marriages, and quotes from Davenport’s Rivals: “I’ll crown thee with a garland of straw, then, and I’ll marry thee with a rush-ring.”

5 The morris was a May-day frolic, with dancing and a hobby-horse performance: originally called Morisco, and said to be derived from the Moors through Spain, where it is still popular under the name of fandango. I quote a part of Stubbes’ description in his Anatomy of Abuses, 1595: “They bedeck themselves with scarfs, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with gold rings, precious stones, and other jewels: this done, they tie about either leg twenty or forty bells; with rich handkerchiefs in their hands, and sometimes laid across over their shoulders and necks, borrowed for the most part from their pretty Mopsies and loving Bessies, for bussing them in the dark. Thus all things set in order, then have they their hobby-horses, their dragons, and other antics, together with their bawdy pipers and thundering drummers, to strike up the Devil’s Dance withal.”

6 A satire on this silly expletive, then much in vogue at Court and among the sprigs of aristocracy. Ben Jonson ridicules it to repletion in some of his plays.
Scene III. All's Well That Ends Well.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.
Clo. O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.
Count. You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.
Clo. O Lord, sir! Spare not me.
Count. Do you cry, O Lord, sir! at your whipping, and
Spare not me? Indeed, your O Lord, sir! is very sequent
to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whip-
ning, if you were but bound to't.
Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my O Lord, sir!
I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.
Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain't so merrily with a Fool.
Clo. O Lord, sir! Why, there't serves well again.
Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.
This is not much.
Clo. Not much commendation to them.
Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?
Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.
Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt severally.

Scene III. — Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Lafeu and Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philo-
osical persons, to make modern 1 and familiar, things super-
natural and causeless. 2 Hence is it that we make trifles of

1 Modern, here, is trite, commonplace, or ordinary. So the Poet often
uses modern. The usage was common.
2 Shakespeare, inspired, as might seem, with all knowledge, here uses
the word causeless in its strict philosophical sense; cause being truly pre-
dicable only of phenomena, that is, things natural, not of noumena, or things
supernatural. — Coleridge.
terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Par. And so 'tis.

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

Par. So I say.

Laf. — both of Galen and Paracelsus, of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. — that gave him out incurable,—

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

Laf. — not to be help'd,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

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

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

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

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

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

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

8 To ensconce is to secure as in a fort; a sconce being a fortress, or the chief part of one. — Into and in were often used indiscriminately.

4 That is, "should humble ourselves under a fear, the true grounds or reasons of which are unknown to us."

5 Authentic is allowed or approved; used, apparently, of those physicians whose science was authenticated by regular diploma.

6 Your is here indefinite: "a dolphin," is the meaning. The Poet has a great many instances of personal pronouns thus used indefinitely. So in Hamlet, iii. 7: "Your worm is your only emperor for diet."—"Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service." Also in v. 1: "And your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body." And in i. 5: "There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."
Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief
and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous spirit
that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of Heaven—

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. — and debile minister great power, great transcend-
ence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be
made than alone the recovery of the King; as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

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

Enter the King, Helena, and Attendants.

Laf. Lustic, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the
better whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to
lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

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

[Exit an Attendant.

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

Enter several Lords and Bertram.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel

7 It is hardly needful to remark that the humour of the foregoing dialogue
lies in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he is
quite innocent of. The penetrating old lord delights in tapping the bedizened
wind-bag, and letting out his emptiness.

8 Lustic, the Dutch lustigh anglicised, is lusty, healthful, vigorous.

9 Coranto was the name of a brisk, sprightly dance.
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign's power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou'st power to choose, and they none to forsake.

_Hel._ To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one!10

_Laf._ I'd give bay curtal11 and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

_King._ Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

_Hel._ Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restored the King to health.

_All._ We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

_Hel._ I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.—
Please it your Majesty, I've done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
*We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refused,*12
*Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;*
*We'll ne'er come there again.*

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

_Hel._ Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—[To _I Lord._] Sir, will you hear my suit?

_I Lord._ And grant it.

_Hel._ Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

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10 The exceptional *but*, as it is called; formed from *be out*, and bearing that sense. Helen *excepts* Bertram, as she wishes herself to him. — *Marry is indeed, truly.* See vol. i., page 103, note 3.

11 *Curtal* was a common term for a docked or *curtailed* horse.

12 *Be refused* here carries the sense of *if thou be refused.* — *The white death* means the *paleseness of death.*
Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.\textsuperscript{13}

Hel. [To 2 Lord.] The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

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

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

Hel. [To 3 Lord.] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I’ll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they’ll none of her:\textsuperscript{14} sure,
they are bastards to the English; the French ne’er got ’em.

Hel. [To 4 Lord.] You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There’s one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drunk wine.—But, if thou be’st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.\textsuperscript{15}

\textsuperscript{13} Ames-ace is both aces, the lowest throw upon the dice. So that throwing ames-ace was ill luck: but Lafeu contrasts it with the happy fortune of being Helen’s choice.

\textsuperscript{14} It is to be understood that, during this part of the scene, Lafeu and Parolles are standing apart and at some distance from the rest, so that they see what is done, but do not hear what is said: hence Lafeu speaks as if Helen were the refused, not the refuser.

\textsuperscript{15} Johnson’s explanation of this is perhaps right: “Old Lafeu having,
Hel. [To Bert.] I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power. — This is the man.

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

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

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

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

King. Thou knowest she has raised me from my sickly
bed.

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

King. ’Tis only title thou disdain’st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour’d all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous,— save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician’s daughter,— thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th’ doer’s deed:

upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as boys of ice, throwing his eyes on Bertram, who remains, cries out, ‘There is one yet, into whom his father put some good blood; — but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an ass.’” I suspect, however, that the latter part of the speech refers not to Bertram, but to Parolles.

Title must here be taken as equivalent to want of title. The Poet has repeated instances of such elliptical language.
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:  
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to Nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

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

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

**Hel.** That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the rest go.

**King.** My honour's at the stake; which to defend,
I must produce my power.—Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackles up

---

17 Here, as often, additions is titles, or titular honours. — Such contractions as that of swell's for swell us are quite frequent.

18 That is, vileness is also vile, whether it be named so or not.

19 Sire is here a dissyllable, in the same way as fire, hour, &c., often are. — The meaning of what precedes is, “Which proclaims itself as the offspring of honour.” To challenge is, in one of its senses, to assert, or to claim as a right.

20 Misprision is misprising, prising amiss; that is, undervaluing.
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right\(^{21}\)
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the cureless lapse
Of youth and ignorance;\(^{22}\) both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

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

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

_Ber._ I take her hand.

_King._ Good fortune and the favour of the Heavens
Smile upon this contráct! whose ceremony

\(^{21}\) _Obedient right_ means _right of obedience._ "Deal justly or rightly with your fortunes by submitting to them."

\(^{22}\) _Lapse is fall._ The King is warning Bertram to obey, else he will let him go his own headstrong way to irreparable ruin. The _staggers_ is the reeling and plunging course of one going to the dogs, like a drunken man. _Loosing_ is _letting loose._ _Without is out of or beyond_ "all terms of pity."
SCENE III. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Shall come expedient on the now-born brief, 23
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. 24 As thou lovest her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[Exeunt the King, Ber., Hel., Lords, and Attendants.
Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.
Par. Your pleasure, sir?
Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.
Par. Recantation! My lord! my master!
Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?
Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without
bloody succeeding. 25 My master!
Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?
Par. To any count, to all counts, to what is man.
Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another
style.
Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.
Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title
age cannot bring thee.
Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, 26 to be a pretty

23 Expedient here means quickly or expeditiously, and brief is used in the
sense of a short note. So that the meaning of the passage is, “The marriage
ceremony shall proceed immediately upon the troth now briefly plighted.”
24 That is, “the customary feast shall be put off to a future time, waiting
for absent friends.” The Poet often uses solemn thus in its classical sense
of regular, usual, or customary. See vol. ii., page 195, note 15. He also
has expect repeatedly in the old sense of to wait for. So in The Merchant,
v. i: “Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.” The same usage
is common in the Bible.
26 That is, during the time of two meals or dinners. So in Antony and
Cleopatra, ii. 2: “And for his ordinary pays his heart for what his eyes eat
only.”
wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it
might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did
manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too
great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee
again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking
up; 27 and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon
thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou
hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for
a hen! So, my good window of lattice, 28 fare thee well: thy
casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give
me thy hand.

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

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

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

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

Par. Well, I shall be wiser—

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a
smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf
and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy
bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with
thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in thy de-
fault, 29 he is a man I know.

27 I am not clear as to the meaning of take up here. The Poet uses it
several times, punningly, in the sense of taking goods or merchandise on
credit. And so Nares understands it here. He says also, "When Lafeu
adds, 'and that thou'rt scarce worth,' the intention is to play upon another
sense of the words, that of taking from the ground." But the phrase now
sometimes means, to contradict, or call to account; and such, I am apt to
think, may be the meaning of Lafeu.

28 A latticed window is a window not so thickly blinded but that it can
be seen through.

29 "In thy default" probably means in thy absence. Or it may mean in
case of thy being tried for a fault or a delinquency.
Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

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

[Exit.

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

Re-enter Lafeu.

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

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

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

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

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

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the heraldry of your birth and virtue

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30 Meaning "as I will pass by thee." A rather poor quibble on pass.

31 To exercise themselves upon. See page 22, note 3.
gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good; let it be conceal'd awhile.

Re-enter Bertram.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweet-heart?

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

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

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

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

Ber. There's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, That would 39 be known. To th' wars, my boy, to th' wars! He wears his honour in a box unseen, That hugs his kicky-wicky 33 here at home, Spending his manly marrow in her arms, Which should sustain the bound and high curvet Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions! France is a stable; we that dwell in't jades; Therefore, to th' wars!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house, Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, And wherefore I am fled; write to the King

32 Would for should. The Poet has a great many instances of could, should, and would, as also of shall and will, used indiscriminately. The usage was common.

33 Kicky-wicky, or kicky-wicky, says Nares, is "a ludicrous word, of no definite meaning, except, perhaps, to imply restlessness; from kick and twince, in allusion to a restive horse."
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?
Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard:
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore, away, and leave her; bravely go:
The King has done you wrong; but, hush, 'tis so. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. — The Same. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Helena and the Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

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

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

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

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in Heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in Earth, from whence God send her quickly!

84 The house made gloomy by discontent. Here, as often, to has the force of compared to, or in comparison with.
85 This jingling play on marred and married occurs in old Puttenham: " The maid that soon married is, soon marred is."
Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

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

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

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

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

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

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed. —
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;

1 Alluding, perhaps, to the old saying, "Better fed than taught." In ii.
2, the Clown says, "I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught."

2 Here to has the force of in submission to.— Compell'd for compelling; an instance of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms.
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbèd time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy, ¹
And pleasure drown the brim.

_Hel._ What's his will else?

_Par._ That you will take your instant leave o' the King,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need. ²

_Hel._ What more commands he?

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

_Hel._ In every thing I wait upon his will.

_Par._ I shall report it so.

_Hel._ I pray you. [Exit PAR.] — Come, sirrah.

['_Excunt._

_SCENE V._ — _Another Room in the Palace._

_Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM._

_Laf._ But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

_Ber._ Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof. ¹

_Laf._ You have it from his own deliverance.

_Ber._ And by other warranted testimony.

_Laf._ Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a
bunting. ²
Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

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

Enter Parolles.

Par. [To Bertram.] These things shall be done, sir.

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

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [Aside to Par.] Is she gone to the King?

Par. [Aside to Ber.] She is.

Ber. [Aside to Par.] Will she away to-night?

Par. [Aside to Ber.] As you'll have her.

Ber. [Aside to Par.] I've writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses; and to-night,

When I should take possession of the bride,

End ere I do begin.

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

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

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

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the custard; 3 and out of it

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3 At great civic festivals, when allowed Fools were in vogue, the Lord Mayor's or the Sheriff's Fool was wont to spring upon the table, and, after
you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

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

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have wit or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think not so.

Par. Why, do you know him?

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

_Enter Helena._

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

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepared I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you,

spouting some doggerel verses, leap boldly into a huge custard prepared for
the purpose. Ben Jonson, in _The Devil is an Ass_, i. x, has the following:
"He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner, skip with a rhyme o' the
table, from New-nothing, and take his Almain leap into a custard."

4 Idle, here, means trifling, foolish, or worthless.
5 Parting for departing; the two being used interchangeably.
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:

[Taking a letter.

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

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

_Ber._ Come, come, no more of that.

_Hel._ And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

_Ber._ Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

_Hel._ Pray, sir, your pardon.

_Ber._ Well, what would you say?

_Hel._ I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;\(^8\)
Nor dare I say 'tis mine,—and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

_Ber._ What would you have?

_Hel._ Something; and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord:—
Faith, yes:
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

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

_Hel._ I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

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6 In old English, to _muse_ commonly has the sense of to _wonder_.
7 _Respects_ for _reasons, considerations, or motives_. Often so.
8 _Owe_, again, as usual, for _own or possess_. See page 36, note 2.
SCENE I. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell: [Exit Helena.
Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
 Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
 Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio! [Exit.

ACT III.


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

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

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's party;¹ black and fearful
On the opposer's.

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

1 Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our State I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,²
That the great figure of a council frames

¹ Party for part. The Poet has it so elsewhere, as also part for party.
² "An outward man" is a man not in the secret of affairs. Shakespeare uses inward repeatedly in just the opposite sense.
By self-unable notion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess’d.

_Duke._ Be it his pleasure.

_2 Lord._ But I am sure the younger of our nation,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

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

_SCENE II._—_Rousillon._ A Room in the House of the Countess.

_Enter the Countess and Clown._

_Count._ It hath happen’d all as I would have had it, save
that he comes not along with her.

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

_Count._ By what observance, I pray you?

_Clo._ Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend
the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth,
and sing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy
sold a goodly manor for a song.

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

8 “That conceives the great scheme or policy of a State council with a
mind unequal of itself to so large a subject.” The Poet several times has
notion for mind, judgment, or conception. So in King Lear, i. 4: “Either
his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.”

1 The ruff is the ruffle of the boot; that is, the top of the boot, which
turned over and hung loosely; sometimes fringed with lace, ornamentally.
SCENE II. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit.

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

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

Re-enter the Clown.

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

Count. What is the matter?

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

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

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

2 The termination -ling is used here, I take it, just as in various other words, such as foundling, groundling, sapling, worldling, youngling, &c. See Critical Notes.
Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Save you, good madam.
Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.
2 Gent. Do not say so.
Count. Think upon patience. — Pray you, gentlemen, —
I've felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't: — where is my son, I pray you?
2 Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend again.

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

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

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter gentlemen?
1 Gent. Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

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

Count. And to be a soldier?
2 Gent. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,

8 Quirks, as the word is here used, are sudden turns, or paroxysms.
4 "That neither joy nor grief can, on the instant, move or affect me as a woman should be moved, or as women usually are."
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

    Count. Return you thither?

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

Hel. [Reads.] Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter.

    Count. Find you that there?

   Hel. Ay, madam.

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

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

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

    Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.

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

1 Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which hurts him much to have.

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

2 Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Count. Not so; but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near? [Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.
Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!—
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; pierce the still-moving air,6
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 'twere
I met the ravin7 lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. — No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,

5 Change for exchange, or interchange. The Gentleman having said,
"We serve you," the Countess replies, "Not otherwise than as we reciprocate your kind offices." So in Hamlet, i. 2: "Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you."

6 Still-moving is always-moving. So the poets very often use still. Lettsom illustrates the text by an apt passage from Cicero's De Natura Deorum:
"Post Anaxamines aera deum statuit, eumque gigni, esseque immensum et infinitum, et semper in motu."

7 Ravin for ravenous or ravening. So in Macbeth, iv. 1: "Maw and gulf of the ravin salt-sea shark."

8 Whence must here mean from the place where. A bold ellipsis.
SCENE III. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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


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

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

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

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

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

9 That is, filled or discharged all the offices. Offices was much used for the various branches of service or duty in a large domestic establishment.
Scene IV.—Rousillon. A Room in the House of the Countess.

Enter the Countess and Steward.

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

Stew. [Reads.]

I am Saint Jaques’ pilgrim,¹ thither gone:  
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,  
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.  
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war  
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:  
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far  
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:  
His taken labours bid him me forgive;  
I, his despiteful Juno,² sent him forth  
From courtly friends, with camping soes to live,  
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:  
He is too good and fair for death and me;  
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—Rinaldo, you did never lack advice ³ so much,  
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,  
I could have well diverted her intents,  
Which thus she hath prevented.

¹ At Orleans was a church dedicated to Saint Jaques, where a part of the "true cross" was believed to be preserved. Hence many pilgrimages were made to the shrine.

² Alluding to the tough trials which Juno's spite caused Hercules to undergo. She hated him as the son of her husband, Jupiter.

³ Advice for consideration or judgment. Often so.
SCENE V.  ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  

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

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

[Exeunt.  

SCENE V. — Without the Walls of Florence.  

Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA,  
and other Citizens.  

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

4 Lettsom remarks that “this is not borne out by Helen’s letter.”  
5 Whom for which, referring to prayers. The two were often used indiscriminately.  
6 “This husband unworthy of his wife” is the prose order.
Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

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

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

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

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions\(^1\) for the young earl. — Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are but the things they go under:\(^2\) many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession,\(^3\) but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so. — Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know

---

\(^1\) *Suggestions for temptations*: the more usual meaning of the word in Shakespeare. So in *The Tempest*, ii. 1: "For all the rest, they'll take *suggestion* as a cat laps milk." See, also, vol. i., page 195, note 1.

\(^2\) That is, the men's promises, &c., are only the pretexts and false colours under which they beguile and seduce their victims.

\(^3\) *Succession* in the sense of *a following after*; very much as *success* and *succeed* before. See page 35, note 26, and page 55, note 25. — *Limed*, in the next clause, is *ensnared* as with *bird-lime*, an old word that came to signify any sort of trap or snare.
SCENE V.  ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

she will lie at my house; thither they send one another: I'll question her.—

*Enter* HELENA, *in the dress of a Pilgrim.*

God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

_Hel._ To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers* lodge, I do beseech you?

_Wid._ At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

_Hel._ Is this the way?

_Wid._ Ay, marry, is't. — Hark you! they come this way.—

_[A march afar off._

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

_Hel._ Is it yourself?

_Wid._ If you shall please so, pilgrim.

_Hel._ I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

_Wid._ You came, I think, from France?

_Hel._ I did so.

_Wid._ Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.

_Hel._ His name, I pray you.

_Dia._ The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

_Hel._ But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.*

_Dia._ Whatsoe'er he is,

---

* Pilgrims were called *palmers*, from the staff or branch of *palm* which they were wont to carry as a kind of badge.

* Shall we say here that Shakespeare has unnecessarily made his loveliest character utter a lie? Or shall we dare think that, where to deceive was necessary, he thought a verbal verity a double crime, equally with the other a lie to the hearer, and at the same time an attempt to lie to one's own conscience? — Coleridge.
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,  
As 'tis reported, for the King had married him  
Against his liking: think you it is so?  
  Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.  
  Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count  
Reports but coarsely of her.  
  Hel. What's his name?  
  Dia. Monsieur Parolles.  
  Hel. O, I believe with him,  
In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated: all her deserving  
Is a reserved honesty, and that  
I have not heard examined.  
  Dia. Alas, poor lady!  
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.  
  Wid. Ay, right!—good creature, wheresoe'er she is,  
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her  
A shrewd turn, if she pleased.  
  Hel. How do you mean?  
May be the amorous count solicits her  
In the unlawful purpose.  
  Wid. He does indeed;

6 "Mere the truth" is the absolute truth. Shakespeare has many instances of both mere and merely used in this sense. So in Henry VIII., iii. 2: "To the mere undoing of all the kingdom." See, also, vol. iii., page 179, note 37.

7 This is merely a modest way of saying, "I have not heard it doubted or called in question." Here, as often, honesty for chastity.

8 Ay, right! refers, of course, to what Diana has just said.

9 Shrewd is, properly, sharp, biting, cutting, and is here used in a bad sense,—injurious or mischievous. So, in King Henry VIII., v. 3, the King, referring to Cranmer, quotes as a common saying, "Do my Lord of Canterbury a shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever." Here shrewd turn is an injury or wrong; and the King approves the saying as implying the highest commendation,—that of repaying personal enmity with kindness.
SCENE V. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

And brokes 10 with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honester defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come: —

Enter Bertram, Parolles, and the Florentine Army with
drum and colours.

That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow.
I would he loved his wife: if he were honester,
He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he's not honest: yond's that same
knave
That leads him to these pranks: were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melan-
choly?

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

Par. Lose our drum! well.

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

Wid. Marry, hang you!

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

[Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, &c.

10 To brokes is, properly, to act the pander, pimp, or go-between; here it
means to have dealings with such persons. The Poet often uses to brokes
and its cognates in this sense. See vol. i., page 168, note 4.
Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: 11 of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to Great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of 12 this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt.

Scene VI. — Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.

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

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, 1 hold me no more in your respect.

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

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge,
without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's

11 To host is to lodge; as a hostel or hotel is a lodging-place. See vol. i., page 85, note 2. — "Enjoin'd penitents" are persons enjoined or required to do penance, by making pilgrimages or otherwise.

12 The Poet, as I have before noted, often uses of where our present idiom requires on. The usage was common. See vol. iii., page 141, note 15.

1 Hilding was much used as a general term of contempt; but here its proper sense is highly intensified. The radical meaning of the word is thrall or slave; so applied to both sexes. A very learned writer in The Edinburgh Review, July, 1869, says that, "when applied to men, it usually emphasizes the sordid characteristics and degrading associations connected with the servile state." See vol. ii., page 173, note 1.
a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

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

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

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

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

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

2 Leaguer was an outlandish word for camp. So in Sir John Smythe's Discourses, 1590: "They will not vouchsafe in their speaches or writings to use our ancient termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a campe by the Dutch name of Legar."

8 Ore is evidently used here in a sense very different from the one it now bears: probably for gold. So in Hamlet, iv. 1: "O'er whom his very madness, like fine ore among a mineral of metals base, shows itself pure." Bullokar and Blount, also, both define "o' or ore, gold; of a golden colour." His lordship means, no doubt, that this lump of sham gold will turn out lead or something worse.

4 This was a proverbial phrase for some such practical joking as is now
1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.5

Enter Parolles.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

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

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

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

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

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or hic jacet.6

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of

called drumming out. Master Drum had various names, Tom, Jack, and John. Holinshed thus describes the thing: "Tom Drum his entertainment, which is to hale a man by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders." There is also an old play entitled Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601, in which the hero passes through a series of inverted exploits not unlike this of Parolles.

5 In or at any hand was a phrase for at any rate, or at all events. See vol. ii., page 170, note 24.

6 Epitaphs commonly began with Hic jacet. The poltroon means that he will either get back the drum or die in the attempt.
it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

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

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas,7 encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

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

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

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.

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

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

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

1 Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable8 lies: but we have almost emboss'd him,9 — you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

7 By dilemmas he means the difficulties of the undertaking, and his plans for overcoming them; the strategic alternatives he will make use of.

8 Probable for specious or plausible. See page 61, note 4.

9 That is, almost run him down. An emboss'd stag was one so hard chased as to foam at the mouth.
2 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him.\textsuperscript{10} He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs:\textsuperscript{11} he shall be caught.
Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.
1 Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. \textit{[Exit.}
Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you The lass I spoke of.

2 Lord. But you say she's honest.
Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,\textsuperscript{12} Tokens and letters which she did re-send; And this is all I've done. She's a fair creature: Will you go see her?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord. \textit{[Exeunt.}

---

\textbf{Scene VII. — Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.}

\textit{Enter Helena and the Widow.}

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.\textsuperscript{1}

\textsuperscript{10} To \textit{case} is a hunting-term for to \textit{skin}. Here it means \textit{strip} or \textit{unmask}. — To \textit{smoke} a fox is to \textit{oust} him from his hole, so that the hunters may get him in chase. This was done by filling the hole with smoke.

\textsuperscript{11} To \textit{look} is repeatedly used by the Poet with a transitive force. In scene 5, of this Act, we have "they are limed with the \textit{twigs} that threaten them." To \textit{lime} is to \textit{catch} or \textit{ensnare}, and \textit{twigs} was a common term for any kind of trap or snare, whether made with twigs or \textit{thoughts}.

\textsuperscript{12} To \textit{have in the wind} is another term of the chase. Thus explained by Colgrave, in its transferred and proverbial sense: "To get the wind, advantage, upper hand of; to have a man under his lee."

\textsuperscript{1} She would lose this ground, if she should discover herself to Bertram or Parolles, or call them in to identify her. — "\textit{But I shall lose}" is equiva-
SCENE VII.  ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Wid.  Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel.  Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the county is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid.  I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune.

Hel.  Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again,
When I have found it.  The county wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her: let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his House
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid.  Now I see

lent to *without losing*.  A frequent usage.  So in *Hamlet*, i. 3: "Do not sleep but let me hear from you."  That is, *without letting*.

2 Your sworn counsel is your *plighted secrecy*, or pledge of concealment.
The Poet has counsel repeatedly so.

The bottom of your purpose.

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

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

_Hel._ Why, then to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a wicked act;[^4]
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it.

[Exeunt.]

[^4] Helen's intent was lawful, for it was to meet her husband; but her act is spoken of as wicked, inasmuch as she was to deceive her husband by pretending to act a crime.
ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter 1 French Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

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

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

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

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

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

1 Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment.¹ Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs'² language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes,—to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

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

¹ Some band of foreign troops in the enemy's pay.
² The chough is a bird of the jackdaw kind.
be a very plausible\(^3\) invention that carries it: they begin to
smoke me; and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at
my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart
hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring
the reports of my tongue.

\textit{1 Lord. [Aside.]} This is the first truth that e'er thine
own tongue was guilty of.

\textit{Par.} What the Devil should move me to undertake the
recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility,
and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself
some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones
will not carry it; they will say, \textit{Came you off with so little?} and
great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance?\(^4\)
Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and
buy myself another of Bajazet's mute,\(^5\) if you prattle me into
these perils.

\textit{1 Lord. [Aside.]} Is it possible he should know what he
is, and be that he is?

\textit{Par.} I would the cutting of my garments would serve the
turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword;—

\textit{1 Lord. [Aside.]} We cannot afford you so.

\textit{Par.} — or the baring of my beard;\(^6\) and to say it was in
stratagem;—

\textit{1 Lord. [Aside.]} 'Twould not do.

\textit{Par.} — or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripp'd;—

\(^3\) \textit{Plausible} here must mean \textit{plausible or specious}; the only instance, I
think, of the word so used in Shakespeare. See page 24, note xi.

\(^4\) That is, "what \textit{proof} shall I produce?" or, "in what shall I \textit{instance}, to
bear out my pretence?" The Poet has \textit{instance} repeatedly so. See vol. i.,
page 82, note 9.

\(^5\) The matter of this allusion, for such it seems to be, has not been traced.
Eastern monarchs were well known to have attendants so called.

\(^6\) \textit{To bare the beard} was to \textit{shave}. So in \textit{Measure for Measure}, iv. 2:
"\textit{Shave} the head, and trim the beard; and say it was the desire of the peni-
tent to be so \textit{bared} before his death."
SCENE I.  ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

1 Lord.  [Aside.]  Hardly serve.
Par. — though I swore I leap’d from the window of the citadel, —
1 Lord.  [Aside.]  How deep?
Par. — thirty fathom.
1 Lord.  [Aside.]  Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.
Par.  I would I had any drum of the enemy’s: I would swear I recover’d it.
1 Lord.  [Aside.]  You shall hear one anon.

[Alarum within.
Par.  A drum now of the enemy’s!.
1 Lord.  Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.
All.  Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.
Par.  O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.

[They seize and blindfold him.
1 Sold.  Boskos thromuldo boskos.
Par.  I know you are the Muskos’ regiment;
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
French, or Italian, let him speak to me;
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.
1 Sold.  Boskos vauvado: —
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue: —
Kerebybonto: — sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.
Par.  O!
1 Sold.  O, pray, pray, pray! —
Manka revania dulche.
1 Lord.  Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.
1 Sold.  The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hoodwink’d as thou art, will lead thee on.
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

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

1 Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
1 Sold. Acorda linta: —
Come on; thou art granted space.

[Exit, with Parolles guarded. A
short alarum within.

1 Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

2 Sold. Captain, I will.
1 Lord. 'A will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform 'em that.

2 Sold. So I will, sir.
1 Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
SCENE II.  ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.
   Dia.  She then was honest.
   Ber.  So should\(^1\) you be.
   Dia.  No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
   Ber.  No more o' that;
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:\(^2\)
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By Love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
   Dia.  Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but, when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
   Ber.  How have I sworn!
   Dia.  'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by God's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill?\(^3\) this has no holding,\(^4\)

---

\(^1\) Should for would, as, before, would for should. See page 58, note 32.

\(^2\) Meaning the vows he has made not to treat Helen as his wife.

\(^3\) Bertram has been swearing love to Diana; and he wants her, in the strength of that oath, to do that which would ruin her. This she justly calls loving her ill, because it is a love that would injure her. And her argument is, that oaths in such a suit are but an adding of perjury to lust. The Poet's 152d Sonnet yields an apt comment on the passage:
   But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
   When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
   For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
   And all my honest faith in thee is lost.

\(^4\) That is, this has no consistency, will not hold together. — In what fol-
'To swear by Him, when I protest to love
That I will work against. Therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, best unseal'd,⁵ —
At least in my opinion.

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

_Dia._ I see that men make ropes in such a snare,
That we'll forsake ourselves.⁶ Give me that ring.

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

_Dia._ Will you not, my lord?

_Ber._ It is an honour 'longing to our House,
Bequeathèd down from many ancestors;

⁵ To _seal_ an oath or condition is to give it the finishing stroke; that is, to _ratify_ it, and, poetically, to put it in execution. Diana means that Bertram's oaths are sworn for a criminal purpose, and therefore are best kept by being left _unexecuted._

⁶ As before noted, _in_ and _into_ were often used indiscriminately; and Shakespeare has many instances of _in_ where present usage requires _into_. See vol. ii., page 95, note 50. Such is probably the case here. Perhaps there is also some reference implied to what the Poet elsewhere calls _ropery_ and _rope-tricks_, that is, _rogueries_. See vol. ii., page 166, note 14. Nares says that “sometimes a person guilty of such tricks is called a _roper._” See, also, _Romeo and Juliet_, ii. 4, note on “full of his _ropery._” So that Diana's meaning appears to be, “I see that men _frame_ or _weave_ ropes, or _rope-tricks_, so artfully, or _into_ such a snare, as to make us forsake our proper selves, and yield up our maiden honour to them.” She then proceeds, accordingly, to _feign_ compliance with Bertram's solicitations, as if she were really _ensnared_ and caught by them. See Critical Notes.
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

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

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

_Dia._ When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band⁷ of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet-maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

_Ber._ A Heaven on Earth I've won by wooing thee.

[Exit.

_Dia._ For which live long to thank both Heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart; she says all men
Have the like oaths: he has sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him

⁷ _Band_ is the same as _bond_; that which _bounds_ or _obliges._
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid, 8
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit.

SCENE III. — The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two French Lords and two or three Soldiers.

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?
2 Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is some-
thing in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he
changed almost into another man.

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

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting dis-
pleasure of the King, who had even tuned his bounty to sing
happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it
dwell darkly with you.

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

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

1 Lord. Now, God delay 1 our rebellion! as we are our-
selves, what things are we!

8 It has been amply shown that braid was sometimes used for crafty,
deceitful. Nares derives it from the Saxon bred, cunning; and Hearne, in
his Glossary, sets down deceit, guile, among its meanings. Greene, also, in
his Never too Late, uses it as a substantive for deceits:
Dian rose with all her maids,
Blushing thus at Love his braids.

1 Delay, if it be the right word, is here used for assuage, mitigate, or allay.
The meaning is clearly the same as in Henry VIII., i. i: "If with the sap
2 Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as, in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhor'd ends; so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 Lord. Is it not most damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not, then, have his company to-night?

2 Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

of reason you would quench, or but *allel, the fire of passion.* Shakespeare nowhere else has delay in this sense; but Spenser has it repeatedly thus. So in *The Fairie Queene,* ii. 6, 40: "The hasty heat of his avow'd revenge delay'd." And in iii. 12, 42: "Those dreadful flames she also found delay'd and quenched quite." Also in his 30th Sonnet: "That my excessing heat is not delay'd by her hart-frosen cold."

2 Here, as often, merely is altogether, entirely, or absolutely. So in *Hamlet,* i. 2: "Things rank and gross in nature possess it merely." See, also, page 76, note 6.

3 Abhor'd ends is ignominious punishments; the horrible ends to which their treason brings them. With ere instead of till, the sense would be, "let out their own secrets before they have accomplished their wicked purpose."

4 That is, blabs out his own secrets; and does this merely from his native incontinence of tongue, or of character.

5 Counterfeit, besides its usual meaning, also meant picture; and the word set shows it to be used in both senses here. — In what precedes, company is put for companion, a sense not peculiar to this place. See vol. iii., page 16, note 26. — Anatomised is thoroughly exposed or shown up. See vol. ii., page 45, note 6.
2 Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath; and now she sings in Heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stranger part of it by her own letters, which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say was come, is faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2 Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now! where's your master?
Serv. He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King. [Exit.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness. Here's his lordship now.—

Enter Bertram.

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have cong'd with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit model: has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 Lord. Bring him forth: [Execunt Soldiers.] —'has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

2 Lord. I have told your lordship already,—the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar,

6 That is, this counterfeit representation or image of a soldier.
from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confess'd?

_Ber._ Nothing of me, has 'a?

_2 Lord._ His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

_Re-enter Soldiers, with Parolles muffled._

_Ber._ A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me.

_1 Lord._ Hush, hush! Hoodman⁷ comes!—Porto tarta-rossa.

_1 Sold._ He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

_Par._ I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

_1 Sold._ Bosko chimurcho.

_1 Lord._ Boblibindo chicurmurco.

_1 Sold._ You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

_Par._ And truly, as I hope to live.

_1 Sold._ [Reads.] First demand of him how many Horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

_Par._ Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

_1 Sold._ Shall I set down your answer so?

_Par._ Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

_Ber._ All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

⁷ Alluding to the play of blind-man's buff, formerly called hoodman-blind, because the blinded player had his hood turned round over his eyes.
Scene III. All's Well That Ends Well.

1 Lord. You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoretic of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape⁸ of his dagger.

Ber. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand Horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.⁹

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir.

1 Lord. A truth's a truth,—the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 Sold. [Reads.] Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to die this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Julian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumont, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

⁸ The chape is the metallic part of the sheath, covering the point of the sword or dagger. See vol. ii., page 193, note 3.

⁹ That is, no thanks for telling the truth, considering the purpose for which he does it. To con thanks is to be obliged, or to acknowledge an obligation, or, simply, to give thanks.
I Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. — Demand of him my condition,¹⁰ and what credit I have with the Duke.

I Sold. Well, that's set down. — [Reads.] You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gations: demand them singly.

I Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: 'a was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the shrieve's fool¹¹ with child, — a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[1 Lord lifts up his hand in anger.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.¹²

I Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

I Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

I Sold. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

I Sold. Marry, we'll search.

¹⁰ Condition, here, is character: generally, in Shakespeare, it means disposition or temper, which is not far from the same.
¹¹ A natural fool, or idiot, probably committed to the Sheriff's care.
¹² In Whitney's Emblems a story is told of three women who threw dice to ascertain which of them was to die first. She who lost affected to laugh at the result, when a tile suddenly falling killed her.
Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the Duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

1 Sold. [Reads.] Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,—

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very rutlish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue!

1 Sold. [Reads.]

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;

And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiss:

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

Parolles.

---

13 "In good sadness" is in good earnest. So the Poet often uses sad.

14 Advertisement for information or warning.

15 Alluding, perhaps, to the story of Andromeda, in old prints, where the monster is often represented as a whale.

16 To mell is to meddle, mix, or have to do with.
Ber. He shall be whipp'd through the army, with this rhyme in's forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: 17 for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: 18 he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunken; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, 19 and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

17 Perhaps meaning, as Johnson says, "He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy." Staunton thinks that, "if an egg be not a misprint, it may have been used metaphorically for a young girl." And he aptly notes that Macduff's little boy is called egg and young fry by the murderer, in Macbeth, iv. 2.

18 The Centaur killed by Hercules for his attempt on Mrs. Hercules.

19 That is, temper or disposition. See note 10.
Scene III. All's Well That Ends Well.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

1 Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, 'has led the drum before the English tragedians,20 — to belie him, I will not, — and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end,21 to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.23

1 Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a cardecu23 he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation,24 the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

1 Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed

20 In Shakespeare's time, bands of players often went about the country preceded by a drum, to give notice of their arrival at any town where they wished to perform. See vol. ii., page 144, note 18.

21 Mile-end was the spot where the Londoners commonly held their martial sports and exercises.

22 Meaning "He is all cat, and never can be any thing else."

23 A French coin, quart d'ecu, the fourth part of the smaller French crown, and equal to about sixteen cents of our money.

24 Fee-simple is an old legal term for possession in absolute and unqualified right; the strongest tenure known in English law. What follows in the speech seems to be little more than legal surplusage, added for the purpose of emphasis, or, perhaps, as suited to the character Monsieur Words.
one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his Horse, Count Rousillon.

1 Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [Aside.] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitorously discover'd the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. — Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1 Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unmuffling him.

So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you: but fare you well. [Exeunt Bertram and Lords.

1 Sold. You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

1 Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an
impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. 

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. 

[Exit.

SCENE IV. — Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Helena, the Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desirèd office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His Grace is at Marseilles;¹ to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposèd dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

¹ Here, as, I think, always in Shakespeare, Marseilles is a trisyllable. — Convenient convoy is fitting or suitable attendance or escort.
All's Well That Ends Well

 Wid. Gentle madam,
 You never had a servant to whose trust
 Your business was more welcome.

 Hel. Nor you, mistress,
 Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
 To recompense your love: doubt not but Heaven
 Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,²
 As it hath fated her to be my motive
 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
 When saucy³ trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
 Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
 With what it loathes, for that which is away:
 But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
 Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
 Something in my behalf.

 Dia. Let death and honesty
 Go with your impositions,⁴ I am yours
 Upon your will to suffer.

 Hel. Yet I pay you
 But with the word:⁵ the time will bring on Summer,
 When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
 And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
 Our wagon is prepared, and time invites us:

---

² Dower for dowderer, as, in the next line, motive for mover. So the Poet has fis for fisfer, revoltis for revolters, wrongs for wrongers, &c.

³ Saucy, here, is wanton, prurient, or voluptuous. So in Measure for Measure, ii. 4: "Their saucy sweetness that do coin Heaven's image in stamps that are forbid." Sometimes, however, the word means impudent, defiant, or over-bold; and such, I think, may well be the meaning here.

⁴ Impositions for things imposed or enjoined.

⁵ Here, again, yet is used, apparently, in the sense of now, still, or as yet: "As yet I am paying you merely with the word of promise; but the time is soon coming for another sort of payment." This explanation is, in substance, Staunton's. See page 18, note 32.
SCENE V. — ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;⁶ Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. — Rousillon. A Room in the House of the Countess.

Enter the Countess, LAFEU, and the Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:¹ your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the King than by that red-tail'd humble-bee² I speak of.

Count. I would he had not know him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever Nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.³

⁶ Fine is here used in its proper classical sense, for end; as in the old proverbial saying, “Finis coronat opus.”

¹ It appears that in the Poet's time saffron was used for colouring pastry. The phrase “unbaked and doughy youth” shows that this custom is alluded to here. Reference is also had to the coxcombical finery, “the scarfs and the bannerets,” which this strutting vacancy cuts his dashes in. Yellow was the prevailing colour in the dress of such as Parolles. So Sir Philip Sidney speaks of “a saffron-coloured coat,” and Jonson, of “ribands, bells, and saffron’d lynnen.”

² This seems to identify red as the colour of the dressy braggart’s hose; but perhaps the reference is to his scarfs. — It scarce need be said that humble-bee is what we call humble-bee; humble being the adjective of hum.

³ Nose-herbs are herbs to be smell of, not herbs to be eaten. The Clown’s herb of grace is rue.
Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.⁴

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself,—a knave or a Fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman’s service, and a knave at a man’s.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble,⁵ sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and Fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no,

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who’s that? a Frenchmen?

Clo. Faith, sir, ’a has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France⁶ than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The Black Prince, sir; alias, the Prince of Darkness; alias, the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there’s my purse: I give thee not this to suggest⁷ thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a

⁴ This pun looks as if grace and grass were sounded alike.
⁵ The Fool’s bauble was a stick, with the figure of a fool’s head at the end, or sometimes with a doll or puppet. An inflated bladder, also, was often attached to it; probably that the owner might strike without hurting.
⁶ The allusion is obviously double; and the presence of Edward the Black Prince was indeed rather hot in France.—Such double comparatives as more hotter were common in Shakespeare’s time. Also the use of ’a as a colloquial substitute for he or she.
⁷ Suggest for tempt, as usual. See page 74, note 1.
great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, since he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

_Laf._ Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

_Clo._ If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of Nature.

[Exit.

_Laf._ A shrewd knave and an unhappy.  

_Count._ So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no place, but runs where he will.

_Laf._ I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the King my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his Highness hath promised me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

_Count._ With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

_Laf._ His Highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty: he will be here to-morrow,

---

8 Unhappy for mischievous, or causer of ill hap. Repeatedly so. See vol. i., page 132, note 9.
or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter the Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, 9 but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face. 10

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man.

[Exeunt.

---

9 Referring to the pile of the velvet patch. *Pile* was used of velvet very much as it is now of carpets; *three-pile* being the richest. See vol. ii., page 92, note 41.

10 *Carbonado'd* is *slashed with stripes* or *scotched* like a piece of meat for the gridiron.
ACT V.

SCENE I. — Marseilles. A Street.

Enter HELENA, the Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But, since you've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold 1 you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. — In happy time;

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. — God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the Court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fall'n
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues; for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the King;
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

Gent. The King's not here.

---

1 Be bold, here, is be confident, be assured.
Hel. Not here, sir!

Gent. Not, indeed:

He hence removed last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,

Though time seem so adverse and means unkit.

I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;

Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,

Since you are like to see the King before me,

Commend the paper to his gracious hand;

Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,

But rather make you thank your pains for it.

I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again:—

Go, go, provide.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. —Rousillon. The inner Court of the House

of the Countess.

Enter the Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu this
letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when
I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now,
sir, mudded in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong
of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell

2 A quibble between mood and mud, which appear to have been sounded
much alike. One sense of mood is caprice.
so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, pr'ythee, stand away: a paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.—

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat, but not a musk-cat, that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddled withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

[Exit.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a cardecu for you: let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your Honour to hear me one single word.

8 Is "Monsieur Lavache" playing upon the first syllable of Parolles' name, as if it were spelt Purrolles? Hardly, I think. Yet, otherwise, I do not well see how to take his pur. As Nares remarks, "the pur of a cat is well known; but how Parolles could be a pur, it is not easy to say, or what is a pur of fortune." See Critical Notes.
Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.
Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.
Laf. You beg more than one word, then. Cox' my passion! give me your hand: how does your drum?
Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!
Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.
Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.
Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the Devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [Trumpets sound.] The King's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.
Par. I praise God for you. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — The Same. A Room in the House of the Countess.

Flourish. Enter the King, Countess, Lafeu, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;

4 The literal meaning of parolles is words, plural or "more than one." The quibble is obvious enough.
1 Our esteem here means, apparently, "the sum of what we hold estimable." In losing Helen, the King has lost much of this, because she formed a large portion of it.
2 To know a thing home is to know it thoroughly, to appreciate it. So the Poet has many such phrases as "trusted home," "revenged home," and "pay him home."
And I beseech your Majesty to make it ³
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbear it, and burn on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high-bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord
Did to his Majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes;⁴ whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;
We're reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

1 Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit.

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?
Laf. All that he is hath reference to your Highness.⁵
King. Then shall we have a match. I've letters sent me

³ Make it for hold or consider it. To make was used in many ways that are now out of date altogether.
⁴ "Richest eyes" are eyes most enriched with the treasures of observation.
⁵ That is, "he refers himself entirely to your Majesty's disposal."
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram, with 1 Gentleman.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,⁶
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;⁷
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came
That she whom all men praised, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

⁶ "A day of season" here means a seasonable day; and the King is not that, insomuch as he is a mixture of sunshine and hail.
⁷ There were various kinds of perspective glasses; and one kind distorted the object, and expressed it, that is, made it look, altogether different from its proper self. See note on perspectives in King Richard II., ii. 2.
King. Well excused:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sore offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone. Our rasher faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our old love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.8
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear Heaven,
bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!9

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my House's name
Must be digested,10 give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—[Bertram gives a ring to Lafeu.

By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,

8 The meaning seems to be, "Our former love, awaking to the worth of
   its lost treasure, weeps too late; the time of remedy having been wasted in
   shameful hate."

9 Cesse is an old form of cease; used here for the rhyme.

10 Digested here probably means arranged, ordered, or set forth. The
   Poet has it repeatedly in that sense. So in the Prologue to Troilus and
   Cressida: "To what may be digested in a play." And in Hamlet, ii. 2:
   "An excellent play; well digested in the scenes." Also in Antony and Cleo-
   patra, ii. 2: "We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested."
The last eve, ere she took her leave at Court,  
I saw upon her finger.  
  Ber.  
    Hers it was not.  
  King.  Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't. —  
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,  
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessitated to help, that by this token  
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave her  
Of what should stead her most?  
  Ber.  
    My gracious sovereign,  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was never hers.  
  Count.  
    Son, on my life,  
I've seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it  
At her life's rate.  
  Laf.  
    I'm sure I saw her wear it.  
  Ber.  You are deceived, my lord; she never saw it:  
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,  
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought  
I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed  
To mine own fortune,¹¹ and inform'd her fully  
I could not answer in that course of honour  
As she had made the overture, she ceased  
In heavy satisfaction,¹² and would never  
Receive the ring again.  
  King.  
    Plutus himself,

¹¹ Subscribed in the sense of submitted; "had signed my consent to what fortune had written down for me"; referring to his marriage with Helen.—In the preceding clause, "I stood engaged," the meaning seems to be, "She thought I stood engaged to her, because she had made proposals to me, and had mistaken my silence for consent: but when," &c.

¹² That is, heavy or depressed, because she was satisfied or fully assured that he could not marry her. How the man lies!
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,\textsuperscript{13}
Hath not in Nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,—
Where you have never come,—or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

\textit{Ber.} She never saw it.

\textit{King.} Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman, — 'twill not prove so; —
And yet I know not: — thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. — Take him away.—

\textit{[Guards seize Bertram.}]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.\textsuperscript{14} — Away with him! —
We'll sift this matter further.

\textit{Ber.} If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy

\textsuperscript{13} \textit{Tinct} for \textit{tincture}, and used here as an alchemical term, meaning "the grand elixir" or "philosopher's stone," which, by its touch, was expected to work such marvels in nature; also called "multiplying medicine," because it was thought able to \textit{multiply} the stock of gold by transmutation from lead and other base metals. Of course Plutus, the god of wealth, knew the whole secret of the thing perfectly.

\textsuperscript{14} "The proofs I have already had are enough to acquit my fears of being vain and irrational: I have unreasonably feared too little"
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.                      \[Exit, guarded.\]

    \textit{King.} I'm wrapp'd in dismal thoughts.

\textit{Enter a Gentleman.}

    \textit{Gent.} Gracious sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who had for four or five removes\(^{15}\) come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highness with herself.

    \textit{King.} [Reads.] \textit{Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: grant it me, O King! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.} \textit{Diana Capulet.}

    \textit{Laf.} I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him:\(^{16}\) for this, I'll none of him.

    \textit{King.} The Heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go speedily and bring again the count.—

    \[Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants.\]

\(^{15}\) Removes for stages; a stage being the space of a day's travel. She had not been able to overtake the King on the road.

\(^{16}\) This is well explained by Dr. Percy, as quoted by Dyce: "I'll buy me a son-in-law as they buy a horse in a fair; toll him, that is, enter him on the toll or toll-book, to prove I came honestly by him, and ascertain my title to him."
SCENE III.    ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was fowly snatch'd.

  Count. Now, justice on the doers!

  Re-enter Bertram, guarded.

  King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,17
Yet you desire to marry. —

  Re-enter the Gentleman, with the Widow and Diana.

    What woman's that?

  Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

  Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring;
And both shall cease,18 without your remedy.

  King. Come hither, county: do you know these women?
  Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me further?
  Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?
  Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.
  Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me, —
Either both or none.

17 Lordship, here, is possession or ownership. This is sworn in the act of
marriage: "With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and
with all my worldly goods I thee endow: In the Name of the Father," &c. —
In the text, as is equivalent to as soon as.

18 Cease for decease, die. — Your remedy is your power of remedy.
Laf. [To Bertram.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature, Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highness Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord, Ask him upon his oath, if he does think He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord, And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so, He might have bought me at a common price: Do not believe him: O, behold this ring, Whose high respect and rich validity Did lack a parallel: yet, for all that, He gave it to a commoner o' the camp, If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his: Of six preceding ancestors, that gem, Conferr'd by testament to th' sequent issue, Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife; That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said You saw one here in Court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

19 Validity for value. The Poet has it elsewhere in the same sense.

20 If Diana has said this to the King, Shakespeare has failed to report it.
Scene III. All's Well That Ends Well.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[Exit an Attendant.

What of him?

Ber. He's quoted²¹ for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd²² and debauch'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is I liked her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy;²³ and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modest grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which an inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:

You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me.²⁴ I pray you yet,—
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,—
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

²¹ Quoted is marked or noted. Repeatedly so.
²² Tax'd is accused, charged, or censured. So the substantive in ii. 1, of this play: "Tax of impudence." Also in As You Like It, ii. 7: "Why, who cries out on pride, that can therein tax any private party?"
²³ Fancy for love; often so. — Motive, as before, for mover or moving-power. See page 104, note 2.
²⁴ That is, compel me to fast from the comforts due to a wife.
Dia. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story, then, goes false, you threw it him

Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you. —

Enter Parolles, with an Attendant.

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, — but, sirrah, tell me true, I charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,

Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off, —

By him and by 25 this woman here what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath been an

honourable gentlemen: tricks he hath had in him, which

gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to th' purpose: did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. — What an

equivocal companion 26 is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

25 By was often thus used where we should use of. See vol. iii., page

160, note 2.

26 Companion and fellow were used interchangeably.
Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her, — for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside. —

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave't him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.—

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

27 Too fine here is too artful, too full of finesse.
King. Take her away.
Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.
King. I think thee now some common customer.
Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.28
King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while?
Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[Pointing to Lafeu.

King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir:

[Exit Widow.

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But, for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit29 him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my 'riddle,—one that's dead is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter the Widow, with Heléna.

King. Is there no exorcist 30
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?
Hel. No, my good lord;

28 This is probably addressed to Lafeu; in accordance with the close of her next speech.
29 Quit for acquit. Often so. See vol. iii., page 205, note 45.
30 Exorcist was sometimes used, like conjurer, for one who calls up spirits. Its proper meaning is one who expels them, or drives them away.
"Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both: O, pardon!

Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter: this it says:
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child,—And this is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O my dear mother, do I see you living?

Lafi. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:—
[To PAROLLES.] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher:
so, I thank thee: wait on me home, I'll make sport with
thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—
[To DIANA.] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncroppèd flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kepst'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly 31 more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.—

[FLOURISH.]

The King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,

31 Resolve and its derivatives were often used in the sense of to assure or
to satisfy. So in Measure for Measure, iii. 1: "I am going to resolve him."
And again in iv. 2: "This shall absolutely resolve you."
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day: 33
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts; 33
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.  [Exeunt.

32 "Day exceeding day" is more and more every day.
33 Our parts is our abilities, mental parts.—"Your hands lend us" is
"give us your applause"; by clapping hands, of course.
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ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 12. Whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than slack it where there is such abundance.—So Warburton and Theobald. The original has slack instead of supply. Possibly a fitting sense may be wrung from lack, but hardly. See foot-note 2.

P. 12. Had it stretch'd so far, 'twould have made nature immortal. —The original has would instead of 'twould, thus leaving the verb without a subject.

P. 13. Her disposition she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer. —The old text has "her dispositions, — which makes." Corrected by Rowe. Staunton notes upon the text as follows: "There is scarcely a passage of importance in the earlier scenes of this comedy, the meaning of which is not destroyed or impaired by some scandalous textual error. In the present instance some expression implying chaste or pure, before dispositions, appears to have been omitted. Perhaps we should read 'the honesty of her dispositions she inherits'; — honesty being understood in the sense of chastity, as in the last clause of the passage, 'she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.'" See foot-notes 5 and 8.

P. 14. Lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have it. — Instead of if after have, the original sets a long dash, as if the sentence were broken off. But it is evident that no broken sentence was intended. Probably, as Dyce remarks, the Poet's manuscript was "here slightly imperfect or illegible." — It would seem that to ought either to be inserted before affect or omitted before have. But such changes of construction are not uncommon in the old writers. So in Bacon's Advancement of Learning: "The punishment was, that they should be put out of commons, and not to be admitted to the table of the gods." And in As You Like It, iii. 2: "Heaven would that she
these gifts should have, and I to live and die her slave." Also in the Poet's 58th Sonnet: "That God forbid, I should in thought control your times of pleasure, or at your hand 'th account of hours to crave."

P. 14. Hel. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.
Laf. How understand we that?
Ber. [Kneeling.] Madam, I desire your holy wishes.
Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, &c. — In the old copies, the first of these speeches is assigned to the Countess, and the order of the next two speeches is transposed. Tieck thought that the first belonged to Helena, and is followed by Staunton and Dyce. Lettsom informs us that Walker was for transposing the other two; and I do not well see how the propriety of doing so can be questioned.

P. 15. My imagination
Carries no favour in it but Bertram's.—The original reads "no favour in't but"; and Walker thinks the "line is quite complete as it stands, Bertram's being here a trisyllable." But I do not see it so: the name is nowhere else used as a trisyllable; while the Poet sometimes varies the accent in names, as well as in words, to suit his verse. Collier's second folio reads "Carries no favour in't but only Bertram's"; which I am apt to think may be right.

P. 16. Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.—The epithet steely of course means made of steel, or of something like steel in hardness and toughness. Hence both Dr. Badham, in Cambridge Essays for 1856, and Mr. Williams, in The Parthenon, Sept. 6, 1862, would substitute seely, which is an old form of silly, and formerly meant simple, guileless, innocent. Mr. Williams observes, "Helena, speaking in pitying terms of the exposure of virtue's bones to the cold wind, would hardly characterize them as endowed with the very qualities best fitting them to endure the infliction." This is at least plausible; and I was at one time minded to adopt the change; but Mr. Joseph Crosby made out so strong an argument for the old reading, that I felt constrained to keep it. See foot-note 21. — In the third line, the old text has "Look bleak i' the cold wind." Here it is to be noted that cold
defeats the metre, and also makes an ugly repetition with "Cold wis-
dom." Walker says, "one of the colds must be wrong"; and he at
the same time asks, "what can be made of withal?" He would strike
the word out, and print "Look bleak in the cold wind: full oft we
see," as Pope reads. He also thinks the second cold ought to be re-
placed by some word signifying hungry or half-starved, as he takes
superfluous to mean over-fed or full to excess. But that word, I think,
may just as well be taken in the sense of overclothed. See foot-note 22.
For my part, I have little doubt that the two lines ought to stand
thus:

Look bleak in the cold wind: full oft we see
Bare wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

P. 17. Loss of virginity is rational increase.—Hanmer printed
"national increase," as Theobald also once proposed. Rightly, I have
very little doubt.

P. 18. Out with't! within one year it will make itself two, which
is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse.—
The original has "within ten yeare it will make itselfe two"; which
has puzzled the editors a good deal. Various changes have been made
or proposed; but all the rest, I think, ought to be ruled off at once by
that in the text, which leaves nothing to be desired. White is the
author of it.

P. 18. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er likes it.—The original
reads "that ne'er it likes"; which, it seems to me, gives a wrong
sense. Corrected by Walker.

P. 18. Marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear: will you any thing with it?
Hel. Not my virginity yet.—You're for the Court:

There shall your master have, &c.—The original text of this
play is so shockingly mangled and mutilated, as to try an editor's
patience and judgment to the uttermost. Here, as all admit, we have
a bad gap in the text; and the editors are not agreed as to how it
should be filled: some of them indeed leave it unfilled. The words,
You're for the Court, were supplied by Hanmer; and something of the
sort is plainly necessary to the sense. Staunton thinks, "the deficiency
is more probably in Parolles' speech, where the words, we are for the
Court, may have been omitted by the compositor." But why is this
more probable? I cannot see it so. The words added by Hanmer.
make the connection in Helena’s speech at least full as apt and clear; — this too without leaving the first line of it incomplete. — Dr. Badham thinks that the preceding dialogue, after Parolles’ question, “Are you meditating on virginity?” formed no part of the play as written by Shakespeare, and that it was foisted in by some other hand. “I do not hesitate,” says he, “to declare my belief that the preceding speeches of Parolles are the mere ribaldry of the players. Not only is the wit utterly unworthy of Shakespeare, but there is nothing of Parolles about it, — none of the extravagant attempts at euphuism in which that red-tailed humble-bee delights. Helena’s reverie naturally prompts Parolles to ask if she is meditating on life in a convent; to which Helena answers that she is not thinking of such a state for herself at present.” I fully concur in this judgment, and would gladly be rid of the whole passage in question, which has long seemed to me a foul blot in the play, and a scandalous wrong done to the heroine; but, unfortunately, there it is, and there, for aught I see, it must stand. Observe how much more apt and natural the connection would be without that passage:

_Por._ Are you meditating on virginity?

_Hel._ Not on virginity yet. — You’re for the Court: &c.

P. 19. _There shall your master have a thousand loves,_

A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, &c. — Instead of _mauther_, the old text has _mother_, which seems strangely out of place. For _A mother_ Rowe substituted _Another_; but that does not fit the place any better. _Mauther_ is an old word used by Jonson and other writers of the time, and signifying _girl_ or _maid_. Nares says “the word is still used in Norfolk and Suffolk.” It was sometimes written _nodder_, and, in one instance at least, it appears to have been corrupted into _mother_; as Brome has it, with an evident quibble: “Where maids are _mothers_, and _mothers_ are maids.”

P. 19. _His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,_

His faith, his sweet disaster. — Hanmer printed “His faithless sweet disaster”; which I more than suspect to be right.

P. 20. _When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast money, remember thy friends._ — The old text reads “when thou hast _none_, remember thy friends.” Here _none_ must be understood as referring to _leisure_; but why should Parolles tell Helena to remember
CRITICAL NOTES.

her friends when she has no leisure? The reading, "when thou hast money," was proposed by Mr. W. W. Williams in The Parthenon, Nov. 1, 1862. It gives at least an intelligible and fitting sense to the passage. And monie, as the word was often spelt, might easily get misprinted none.

P. 21. Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath not been can't be.—So Hanmer and Walker. The original reads "What hath beene, cannot be"; which evidently expresses just the reverse of the speaker's thought.

ACT 1., SCENE 2.

P. 23. But they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in humour
So like a courtier.—The old text has "hide their levitie in honour." In order to make any fitting sense out of that reading, honour has to be taken in a sense very different from the one it bears in the third line below. On the other hand, a genial and pleasant humour may be aptly said to hide the jests of the speaker, inasmuch as it takes the sting and venom out of them. Dyce suggests the correction. We have many instances of humour and honour confounded. If honour be the right word, the meaning probably is, "Ere they can cause their levity to be overlooked or lost sight of in their nobleness of character, or the honour in which they are held."

P. 23. Who were below him
He used as creatures of a nobler place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud, as his nobility
In their poor praise he humbled.—The original reads "creatures of another place," and "proud of his humility." Hanmer changed another place into a brother race; which I quote merely as showing that he saw the unfitness of another. "A nobler place" was proposed by Williams in The Parthenon, Nov. 1, 1862. How easily a nobler might be misprinted another, is obvious enough.—As to the last two lines of the passage, I can make no sense at all out of them as they stand in the old text. How could the men be said to be proud of his humility? Warburton changes "proud of his" to "proud, and his"; and so Williams would read; who also proposes to make the
last line "In their poor praise the humbler." This gives the sense of "making his humility the humbler in the praise of those below him, or poorer than he." But why "make his humility the humbler"? Surely, the sense is not enough bettered to pay for the changes of he to the, and of humbled to humbler. I have no doubt that of got misprinted for as. How apt s, when written long, was to be mistaken for f, Walker has abundantly shown; and no one familiar with the old copies needs to be told that a and o were very often confounded. As for nobility, I must leave it to stand on its own fitness of sense; merely remarking that the occurrence of hum just beneath nob might account for the error, supposing it to be an error.

P. 24. Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out. — In the first of these lines, the old text has This instead of Thus. An obvious error,—corrected by Pope. In the third line, Staunton plausibly proposes to substitute wit for it. See foot-note 12.

P. 24. To give some labourer room. — In the old copies, labourers. Corrected by Warburton and Walker.

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 25. If I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isbel your woman and I will do as we may. — The original has "Isbell the woman and w." The change of the to your is Dr. Badham's, who justly supposed the old contraction of your to have been mistaken for that of the. The other correction was made in the second folio.

P. 26. You're shallow, madam; e'en great friends. — The old text has in instead of e'en. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 26. For young Chairbonne the Puritan and old Poisson the Papist. — The old text has the names Charbon and Poysam. The correction is from a correspondent of Notes and Queries, August, 1863, who writes as follows: "The characters being French, it was long ago acutely surmised by Malone that Poysam was a misprint for Poisson,— i and long s having been taken for y:— but, unfortunately, his further supposition, that Charbon was meant to indicate the fiery zeal of the Puritans, was unsatisfactory, and gave no support to the previous con-
jecture. As, however, Poisson is significant of the fasting and self-denying Papist, so I think Charbon, Chairbon, or Chairborne, was given authentically to the fast-denying or sleek Puritan as derivable from chair bonne or bonne chair. The antithesis and the appropriateness of the allusions prove the truth of these emendations and interpretations." See foot-note 6.

P. 27. Was this fair face, quoth she, the cause
Why th' Grecians sack'd Troy?
Fond done, done fond, good sooth, it was,
Was this King Priam's joy.—So Collier's second folio.
The old texts inverts the last half of the first line, thus, "Was this fair face the cause, quoth she," and in the third lacks "good sooth, it was" altogether. The gap thus left in the verse was filled by Warburton with the words, for Paris he. It seems not unlikely that, as White suggests, the old ballad, from which the Clown is quoting, was known to the author of those corrections. At all events, the words supplied by him are much better than those of Warburton. The original has the song worse printed even than the generality of the play.

P. 28. An we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star.—Instead of for the old text has ore. The correction was made by Mr. Harness. Staunton changes ore to 'fore, which may be equally fitting; but, if 'fore then why not ere?

P. 28. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do one's part; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—Instead of "do one's part," the original has "do no hurt." With this reading, the passage is impenetrably obscure, if indeed any sense whatever can be made of it. The usual remedy has been to read "Though honesty be a Puritan," &c. Mr. Samuel Bailey thus proposes to substitute a for no, and then to read "yet it will do its part"; but Shakespeare is so chary of using the word its, that I should be slow to adopt that reading. I suspect, with Mr. Bailey, that no hurt slipped in by mistake from the preceding line. See foot-note 11.

P. 29. Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level.—So the original, except that it has "would not extend his might onelie, where qualities," &c. The natural sense of
the text is obviously just the reverse of what the occasion requires. This sense would come either by omitting not or by inserting save or some equivalent word: "would not extend his might save only where," &c. It would be strictly in the Poet's usual manner to have written "would but extend his might only where," &c.; and the misprinting of but and not for each other is very frequent. But, as a fitting sense may be got from the passage by supposing it elliptical, I leave it unchanged.

P. 29. Diana no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised. — The words, Diana no, wanting in the old copies, were supplied by Theobald, and have been universally received. See footnote 12.

P. 30. If we are Nature's these are ours. — The original has "If ever we are nature's"; where ever just spoils the metre to no purpose. Probably, as Lettsom thinks, it was derived from even in the line above.

P. 30. By our remembrances of days foregone, Such were not faults, or then we thought them none. — The old text has "Such were our faults." This reading can nowise be made to cohere, either logically or in sentiment, with the context; one of the many old readings which only a kind of blare-eyed ingenuity can explain; for this will explain you any thing. Hanmer substituted though for or, and has been followed by several editors. This, to be sure, makes the two parts of the line logically coherent; but then it sets the whole line quite at odds with what precedes: for the whole drift of the three preceding couplets is, that the Countess does not regard the things in question as faults at all. The substitution of not for our gives to the whole eight lines a sense entirely fitting and harmonious. And the change merely supposes our to have been repeated by mistake from the line above. Misprints so originating are very frequent. And, surely, the word none points out not as the right correction.

P. 34. Such as his reading And manifold experience had collected. — So Walker and Collier's second folio. The old copies have manifest instead of manifold.

P. 35. There's something hints, More than my father's skill, &c. — Instead of hints, the original has in't. Corrected by Warburton.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 35. 
I'd venture
This well-lost life of mine on's Grace's cure. — So Hanmer and Walker. The original has The instead of This.

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 35. Farewell, young lord; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you: — and you, my lord, farewell. — Instead of lord, the original has Lords here in both places; but the use of both in what follows shows that lord is probably right. Hanmer made the correction.

P. 37. I grow to you, and our parting is as a tortured body. — The original omits as in this speech. Walker supplies it, in order to make verse; it seems to me quite as needful in order to make sense.

P. 37. You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek. — The original reads "one Captaine Spurio his sicatrice, with an Embleme of warre," &c. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 38. Laf. [Kneeling.] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.
King. I'll see thee to stand up.
Laf. [Rising.] Then here's a man stands that has bought his pardon.
Would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy;
And at my bidding you could so stand up. — The original has, in the second of these lines, see instead of fee, and, in the third, brought instead of bought. The corrections are Theobald's. In the fourth line, also, the old text reads "I would you had kneel'd"; and, in the fifth, "And that at my bidding," &c. In these cases I and that serve no purpose but to defeat the rhythm of the lines.

P. 39. Whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
And give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,
To write to her a love-line. — So Capell, and, as it seems to me, with evident propriety. The old copies transpose And and To at the beginning of the last two lines.
P. 40. Gerard de Narbon was my father; one,
    In what he did profess, well found.—So Walker. One is lacking in the old copies.

P. 42. And oft it hits
    Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.—So Theobald and Collier's second folio. The old copies have shifts instead of fits.

P. 43. Traduced by odious ballads;—my maid's name
    Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse of worst extended,
    With vilest torture let my life be ended.—In the first of these lines, the original has "my maidens name." Corrected by Walker; who justly observes that "the extra syllable in the body of the line is out of place in rhyme." — In the second line, the original has "ne worse of worst extended." White and Dyce read "the worst of worst extended." I agree with Singer that nay is the better substitute for the unmeaning ne, as it naturally gives emphasis to what follows. See foot-note 26.

P. 43. Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
    That happiness and prime can happy call.—So Theobald and Warburton. The old text lacks virtue. As the whole speech is in rhyme, an octo-syllabic line is decidedly out of place here.

P. 44. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of Heaven.—The original has helpe. Corrected by Thirlby.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 45. Clo. I know my business is but to the Court.
    Coun. But to the Court! why, what place make you special, when you put that off with such contempt?—So Theobald, and rightly, beyond question. The original omits But at the beginning of the second speech.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 48. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.
    Par. And so it is.—What is here given as the closing part of Lafeu's first speech, the old copies assign to Parolles; and what is here assigned to Parolles, they assign to Bertram, who evidently ought
not to appear on the stage till the other lords come in, when the King sends to summon "all the lords in Court." In this, I follow the order and arrangement of Walker, not being able to see how it can well be bettered.

P. 48. *Why,* your dolphin is not lustier. — In the old copies of Shakespeare, *Dauphin* is everywhere, I think, printed *Dolphin.* Hence some think, Walker among them, that it ought to be *Dauphin* here. But it seems nowise likely that an old courtier like Lafeu would have spoken thus of the King's oldest son. On the other hand, the dolphin, being a sportive, lively fish, was an apt and natural object for the comparison.

P. 50. O'er whom both sovereign's power and father's voice I have to use. — So Collier's second folio. The original has "both sovereign power."

P. 51. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her. — The original reads "they'll none have her." The correction is Rowe's, and a right happy one it is too; though most of recent editors reject it.

P. 52. From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed. — The old copies have *whence* instead of *when.* Hardly worth noting, perhaps.

P. 53. My honour's at the stake; which to defend,
I must produce my power. — So Theobald and Collier's second folio. The original has *defeat* instead of *defend."

P. 54. Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance. — Instead of *careless,* the old text has *careless,* probably caught from *care* in the line before. Walker suggested *careless,* which is strongly approved by Williams, and adopted by Dyce. So in *The Merchant,* iv. 1: "Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall to careless ruin."

P. 54. Good fortune and the favour of the Heavens
Smile upon this contract! whose ceremony
Shall come expedient on this now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night. — In the first of these lines, the
original has King instead of Heavens. Yet the speaker evidently means an invocation or benediction on the match he has just made. Walker, in his long list of "Substituted Words," notes King as a probable instance. In the preceding scene we have an unquestioned error of helpe for Heaven. — In the third line, again, the old text reads "Shall seem expedient." The Poet sometimes uses to seem in a manner that is rather strange to us; but I think he nowhere else uses it in a sense at all suitable to this place.

P. 55. Lai. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?
Par. To any count, — to all counts, — to what is man.
Lai. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style. — I am very much in the dark as to the meaning or the fitness of master here. Parolles is claiming to be Bertram's companion, not his master; and Lafeu has just spoken of Bertram as Parolles's master. The only fitting explanation I can start of "count's master" is, that it may mean a man whom a count would address by the title of Master; which title was then applied to gentlemen, not to servants. I suspect some textual corruption in master; the explanation seeming too far-fetched.

P. 56. That I may say, in thy default, he is a man I know. — The old text has "in the default." Johnson explains this "At a need," — a sense that has no apparent kindred with the words. The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel's.

P. 57. Scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord. — Dyce notes the second scurvy as "an accidental repetition." Perhaps so; but more likely, I think, a misprint for mangy or lousy; for Parolles is piling up scurrilous terms that have no fitness but to vent his impotent vexation.

P. 57. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. — So Hanmer. In the original heraldry and commission change places with each other.

P. 59. War is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife. — "Detected wife" in the old copies. Corrected by Rowe.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 62.  
And to-night,  
When I should take possession of the bride,  
End ere I do begin.—The original has And instead of End.  
Corrected in Collier’s second folio and in Lord Ellesmere’s first folio.

P. 63. I have spoken better of you than you have wit or will to deserve.—So Singer. The old text lacks wit; but the language shows that some word must have dropped out after have. Malone would insert qualities; Lettsom, power.

P. 63. Par. An idle lord, I swear.  
Ber. I think not so.  
Par. Why, do you know him?—So Walker and Singer.  
The original omits not in Bertram’s speech, and inserts it the second speech of Parolles, “Why do you not know him?” The context shows both the omission and the insertion to be wrong.

P. 64.  
This drives me to entreat you,  
That presently you take your way for home,  
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you.—Walker says,  
“Read ‘why I dismiss you,’ or an equivalent word.”

P. 64. Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.  
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.  
Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell:  
[Exit HELENA.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come, &c.—Here the original makes the first line of Bertram’s second speech a part of Helena’s speech;—an arrangement clearly at odds with the situation, as none of Helena’s attendants are on the stage in the original. The arrangement given in the text is Theobald’s, who makes the following just remarks upon it: “What other men is Helen here inquiring after? Or who is she supposed to ask for them? The old Countess, ’tis certain, did not send her to the Court without some attendants; but neither the Clown nor any of her retinue are now upon the stage. Bertram, observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a show of haste, asks Parolles for his servants, and then gives his wife an abrupt dismissal.”
ACT III., SCENE 1.

P. 65. I Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's party; black and fearful
On the opposer's. — The original has part instead of party, and opposer instead of opposer's. The latter error almost corrects itself: in regard to the former, Walker says, "Read party, with the same meaning, ut saxe." See foot-note 1. — This speech evidently belongs to the same person as the second one after; yet the latter has, in the original, the prefix French E.; as also the speech here assigned to the second Lord there has the prefix French G. There is indeed great confusion of prefixes in other scenes where the French Lords take part. Malone thought, and with good reason, that E. and G. stood for the names of the actors who performed the parts in question. In the list of actors prefixed to the first folio we have the names William Ecclestone, Samuel Gilburne, and Robert Goughe. And, in point of fact, the old copies have a great many instances of actors' names printed as prefixes; doubtless by transfer from the prompter's books.

P. 65. That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable notion. — So Warburton and Capell. The old text has "self-unable motion," out of which I can make no sense at all. See foot-note 3.

P. 66. But I am sure the younger of our nation. — The old text has nature. Corrected by Rowe.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 66. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song. — The original has know instead of knew, and hold instead of sold. The latter error was corrected in the third folio.

P. 67. Our oldlings and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your oldlings and your Isbels o' the Court. — Here the original has the strange reading, "Our old Lings and our Isbels a'th Country are nothing like your old Ling and your Isbels a'th Court." This is commonly printed "our old ling — your old ling." But what in the world can ling mean here? I can get no meaning out of it. Walker "suspects that old ling is a corruption of some other word or words." No wonder. But we all know what the words oldling, youngling, hireling,
stripling, underling, &c., mean. — Oldlings, in the text, is probably to be taken as an indirect allusion to the Countess under the notion of old country-folks in general: "Our old folks and our sweethearts of the country are nothing like your old folks and your sweethearts of the Court." I must add Lettsom's query: "Is not old ling, in the second place, a corruption for youngling?" — Since writing the above, I have received the following note from Mr. Joseph Crosby:

In the North of England, County of Westmoreland, the peasantry have a very common word to coddle; not a slang word, but a regular provincialism in daily use, and having been so for years. This word exactly corresponds with our American term to spark, and implies to hug, to kiss, to court. If John is paying his attentions to — courting — Isbel, he is said to coddle, or to be coddling, her. And this word coddling means both the action and the object of it. John is coddling Isbel, that is, sparking her; and Isbel is John's coddling, that is, his doxy or sweetheart. Now this term would exactly fit the Clown's tongue: "Our country coddlings or sparkings are nothing like your coddling at Court: my Isbel down here is a greenhorn at the business compared with the Isbels I found up there; whose more seductive manners, city style, and closer embraces have knocked the brains out of my country Cupid; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach." This would do first-rate, if we were only certain that Shakespeare was familiar with this provincialism. The word does not occur in his works, except once, and then has a totally different meaning, namely, a young, immature apple. (Twelfth Night, i. 5.)

P. 67. E'en that you have there. — Here, again, the original has In instead of E'en. See note on "'en great friends," page 132.

P. 68. If thou engrossest all the griefs as thine,
    Thou robb'st me of a moiety. — The original has "all the griefs are thine." Corrected by Rowe and in Collier's second folio.

P. 69. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, which, haply,
    His heart was not consenting to. — So Dyce. The old text reads "his hand haply, which."

P. 69. The fellow has a deal of that too much,
    Which hurts him much to have. — The original reads "Which holds him much to have." Hanmer printed "Which 'hoves him not much to have"; and Collier's second folio has "Which 'hoves him much to leave." My thought at one time was, that we ought to read "Which 'hoves him much to have," on the ground that it behoved Parolles to have a good deal of impudence, insmuch he had nothing else. But this is probably drawing it too fine. On the other hand, hurts might easily get misprinted holds, and I can make no sense with the
latter here. The correction was proposed by Keightley, but occurred to me independently.

P. 70. O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; pierce the still-moving air,
That sings with piercing. — The original reads "move the still-
peering aire," and the second folio changes peering to piercing. The more common reading is "move the still-piercing air." The reading in the text is Hanmer's, repeated by Capell. I much prefer it to any other that has been offered. See foot-note 6.

ACT III. SCENE 5.

P. 74. Their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these en-
gines of lust, are but the things they go under. — So Hanmer. The original reads "are not the things." This makes the pronoun they refer to promises, &c.; and the meaning is, that those promises, &c., are not the things they pretend to be, or would pass for. Rather tame, I think. With the reading in the text, they refers to the same ante-
cedent as their, that is, the persons whom Mariana is speaking of. Hanmer's correction has the high approval of Heath; and perhaps no two words are oftener confounded than but and not. See foot-note 2.

P. 76. Ay, right! — good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly. — The original reads "I write good creature," &c. The second folio changes write to right. The affirm-
tive particle ay is commonly printed I; and the present is doubtless one of the many instances where the wrong word got into the text from sameness or similarity of sound. The reading here given is Capell's, and is quite satisfactory, I think. Of course the words Ay, right! are spoken in assent to what Diana has just said.

P. 77. 'Tis pity he's not honest: yond's that same knave
That leads him to these pranks. — Instead of pranks the old text has places. As nothing has been said of any places, Theobald substituted paces, meaning irregular steps or courses. Lettsom pro-
posed passes, which Dyce adopts. Heath proposed pranks, which, I think, gives a fitter sense, and is certainly better for the verse.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT III., SCENE 6.

P. 79. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch off his drum. — So Collier’s second folio. The original is without off. See second speech before.

P. 79. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in’t, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted. — The original has “of this success,” and ours instead of ore. Corrected, the first by Rowe, the other by Theobald.

P. 80. Hinder not the humour of his design. — So Theobald. The old text has honor instead of humour. I suspect we ought to read “the humour of this design,” as Lettsom proposes.

P. 81. And for a week escape a great deal of discovery. — The old text has discoveries; at which Walker asks, as he well may, “Is this good English?”

P. 81. But when you find him once, you have him ever after. — The old text has out instead of once. The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel’s.

ACT III., SCENE 7.

P. 83. First, give me trust, the county is my husband. — Here the original has “the Count he is.” Also, in the second speech after, “The Count he woos.” Yet in the same speech the original has “A ring the County wears.” Walker says, “Read ‘the County is,’ &c., the County wooes,’ &c.”

P. 83. Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,

Resolved to carry her. — Instead of Resolved, the first folio has Resolve, which is changed to Resolves in the second.

P. 84. Herself most chastely absent: after this,

To marry her, &c. — The original lacks this, which was added in the second folio.

P. 84. With music of all sorts. — The original has Musickes.
P. 84. *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,*
       *And lawful meaning in a wicked act.* — So Warburton. Instead of the second *wicked,* the original repeats *lawful;* which Walker pronounces "certainly wrong"; and Lettsom says, "Read wicked with Warburton." See foot-note 4.

**ACT IV., SCENE 1.**

P. 86. *Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mute.* — The original has *Bajazeths Mule.* Corrected by Warburton.

P. 87. *If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,*
       *French, or Italian, let him speak to me.* — The original reads "*Italian, or French.*" Transposed for the metre.

P. 88. *Inform 'em that.* — The old text is "Inform on that." Corrected by Rowe.

**ACT IV., SCENE 2.**

P. 89. *If I should swear by God's great attributes, &c.* — The original has *Joves* instead of *God's;* doubtless, as the Cambridge Editors note, "in obedience to the statute against profanity."

P. 90. *This has no holding,*
       *To swear by Him, when I protest to love*
       *That I will work against. Therefore, &c.* — This passage has been a standing puzzle to the editors, and has called forth a great deal of comment. The original reads "To sweare by him *whom* I protest to love"; and upon this the difficulty has mainly turned. Out of that reading I do not see how any consistent or intelligible meaning can be drawn. Dyce, following Johnson, prints "To swear *to him whom* I protest to love"; but this, it seems to me, does not help the matter at all. The reading *when* is Singer's; and it is the only one that I have been able to find my way in. The original also has *him after against;* which not only hurts the metre, but seems to me to upset the whole sense of the passage. Probably the transcriber or compositor did not understand the meaning of *That* here, and so sophisticated the language into disorder, substituting *whom* for *when,* and inserting *him,* as the objects of *to love* and of *against.* See foot-notes 3 and 4.
CRITICAL NOTES. 145

P. 90. Therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, best unseal'd,—
At least in my opinion.—Here, again, we are indebted to Mr. Williams for what seems to me a very valuable correction. The old text has but instead of best. See foot-note 5.

P. 90. Be not so holy-cruel: my love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with.—The original lacks my in the first of these lines. Staunton suggests that it ought to be inserted; and I think the occurrence of my in the next line shows it to be necessary.

P. 90. I see that men make ropes in such a snare,
That we'll forsake ourselves.—This is commonly regarded as one of the most troublesome passages in Shakespeare. The original reads "I see that men make rope's in such a scarre." All the modern editors, so far as I know, from Rowe downwards, have given up ropes, or rope's, as an unquestionable corruption; and most of them have substituted hopes. Rowe reads "make hopes, in such affairs;"; Malone, "hopes, in such a scene;"; Collier's second folio, "hopes, in such a suit;"; Staunton, "hopes, in such a snare;"; Dyce, "hopes, in such a case;"; and Singer, "hopes, in such a scarre;" explaining that "a scarre here signifies any surprise or alarm; what we should now write a scare"; which, I must say, appears to me well-nigh absurd. White rejects all the forecited changes, and prints just as in the original; but without offering any explanation. Perhaps I ought to add, that Lettson would read "hopes, in such a scape;" while Mr. Williams proposed "I see that men may cope's in such a sort;" and supported this bold reading with great ingenuity and fertility of argument. Nevertheless I have scarce any doubt that ropes is the right lection. And if we understand make in the sense of to frame or to weave, and in as having the force of into, I suspect much of the difficulty will vanish. That in and into were often used indiscriminately, is well known to all students of our older literature. Dyce points out many examples of in for into in Shakespeare. I will add two more. In King Henry VIII., i. 2: "I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham is run in your displeasure." And in Coriolanus, i. 2: "So, your opinion is, Aufidius, that they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels." It may not be amiss to add, that the words in question are spoken by Diana in pursuance of
an arrangement made beforehand with Helen, for the purpose of entrapping Bertram into a meeting with the latter as his wife. By that arrangement, Diana, after enough of resistance to blind the eyes of her wooer, is to make believe that she accepts his vows. And those words are intended, apparently, as her first step in the process of seeming to yield. She means to have Bertram think that his art and ardour have prevailed. This sense is plainly defeated by hopes. With ropes, whether taken in the sense of cords or of tricks, or of both, the last clause of the speech depends on such, as, I think, it should. See foot-note 6. — In regard to the other word, for which, following Staunton, I have substituted snare, it appears that both scarrre and scar are elsewhere misprinted for scorse, an old word much used in the Poet's time, and meaning equivalent, offset, exchange, barter, or bargain. So, in Troilus and Cressida, i. 1, the folio has “Let Paris bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorne, Paris is gor'd with Menelaus horne.” Also in Cymbeline, v. 5: “This man hath more of thee merited, then a Band of Clotens had ever scarre for.” The folio has scar or scarre some twenty-five times, but in much the larger number of cases the word is printed scarre, and this too when it has the sense of cicatrice. In the two passages just quoted, for scar and scarre we want some word meaning equivalent or offset. Mr. A. E. Brae holds it “preposterous” to substitute scorce in those places, though he admits that the sense of this word is there required: he would retain the old letters, and explain them to that sense,—a sense which they do not bear in any other writer, and which they would not have conveyed to any readers or hearers at that time. This seems to me the extreme dotage of literal tenacity; and I hold it preposterous to suppose that Shakespeare would have thus coined a new word, when he had one at hand, already well known, and precisely suited to his use; a new word, too, that would have been taken in a sense altogether different from that which he evidently meant to convey. Mr. Brae, however, has done good service in calling attention to the old word scorce. He points out several apt instances of it. It occurs in Drayton’s Ideas, 52: “Let us scorce, And for a piece of thine my whole heart take.” Also in The Faerie Queene, ii. 9, 55: “And recompenseth them with a better scorce.” And in Harrington’s Orlando Furioso, xx. 78: “This done, she makes the stately dame to light, And with the aged woman clothes to scorce.” In the passage of Shakespeare before us, Mr. Brae thinks Diana’s meaning to be, “Men expect that in such a bargain we’ll throw ourselves away without equivalent.” In this, however, he supposes “make hopes” to
be the true reading. Mr. H. H. Furness, in a letter to me, thinks that *ropes* coheres with *scarre*, in the sense explained above, just as well as *hopes*: "Men play tricks in such a bargain, to make us lose sight of our own interest." But I do not quite see it so: I rather agree with Mr. Joseph Crosby, who writes me that, "if we accept Mr. Brae's interpretation of *scarre*, we shall be compelled to adopt *hopes*, the common reading." Such being, or at least seeming to be, the case, I confess I am something in doubt whether to give up *ropes* or *scorse*; and heartily wish I could see the way clear for retaining them both.

**Act IV., Scene 3.**

P. 93. *Is it not most damnable in us, to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents?* — So Hanmer. The original reads "Is it not meant damnable." Walker says, "most, of course."

P. 93. *That he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.* — The old text has *judgements.* The instances of singulars there misprinted plurals are almost endless.

P. 94. *Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence a pilgrimage, &c.* — The original reads "her pretence is a pilgrimage."

P. 94. *The stranger part of it by her own letters.* — So Collier's second folio. The original has "The stronger part."

P. 94. *Her death itself, which could not be her office to say was come, is faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.* — In the original, *was* and *is* change places with each other. Lettsom proposed the transposition.


P. 96. *Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!* — So Capell. In the original the first clause of this speech concludes the preceding. A very palpable error.
P. 97. Ber. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; &c.—The original assigns this speech to "Cap. E.", which is there the prefix to the speeches of the second Lord. It belongs to Bertram, surely, as Walker suggests. The second Lord has not trusted Parolles.

P. 97. I Lord. A truth's a truth,—the rogues are marvellous poor.—This is given to Parolles in the old text. Walker observes that "the words belong to one of the Lords: so, just before, the first Lord says, 'He's very near the truth in this.'"

P. 97. By my troth, sir, if I were to die this present hour, I will tell true.—The original has live instead of die. Corrected by Walker. A little further on in the same speech, Julian is Walker's correction for Guiltian.

P. 99. Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiss.—So Theobald. The old text has not instead of but.

P. 100. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, &c.—The original has your instead of our. Corrected by Capell.

ACT iv., SCENE 4.

P. 104. Yet I pay you

But with the word: the time will bring on Summer, &c.—The original reads "Yet I pray you: But with the word," &c. The passage has long been a theme of controversy. Blackstone proposed "Yet I fray you But with the word"; which has been adopted by some editors. That reading seems to me entirely at fault, however "elegant" it may be. The reading in the text was proposed by Staunton. See foot-note 5.

P. 104. Our wagon is prepared, and time invites us.—The original has "time revives us," Hamner changed revives to reviles, which is also found in Collier's second folio. Invites is Johnson's correction; and, as White remarks, is supported by what Polonius says to his son, in Hamlet, i. 3: "The time invites you; go, your servants tend." Lettsom thinks that revives is right, and that the fault is in time, which may have got repeated from the third line above, and displaced some other word, perhaps hope. That may indeed be.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 105. I would he had not known him.—Instead of he, the original repeats I; which is clearly wrong. Corrected by Hanmer as proposed by Theobald.

P. 105. They are not salad-herbs, you knave.—The original lacks salad, which was inserted by Rowe. The context fully approves the insertion. Collier's second folio has pot-herbs.

P. 107. But, since he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's Court.—The old text has sure instead of since. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 107. Indeed, he has no place, but runs where he will.—So Hanmer. The original reads "no pace."

P. 108. Count. A scar nobly got, &c.—So the second folio. The first has the prefix Laf. to this speech. As, in this scene, the original has Lady, Lad., and La., prefixed to the speeches of the Countess, such a misprint might easily occur. And Dyce agrees with Malone, that the Countess would be more likely than Lafeu to speak thus of Bertram.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 109. Enter a Gentleman.—The original has "Enter a gentle Astringer"; which means nobody can tell exactly what. In the third scene, the same person appears again, and is there called simply "a Gentleman."

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 111. Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat.—Mason thought we ought to read "a puss of Fortune's." I have hardly any doubt that he was right. See foot-note 3.

P. 111. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort.—The original has "smiles of comfort." Corrected by Warburton. Walker says, "Of course, similes."
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT v., Scene 3.

P. 113. Natural rebellion, done 'tis the blaze of youth.—So Warburton and Collier's second folio; also proposed by Theobald. The original has "the blade of youth."

P. 115. To the great snder turns a sore offence,

Crying, That's good that's gone. Our rash faults

Make trivial price of serious things we have.—In the first of these lines, the original has sour instead of sore, which is from Collier's second folio; and, in the second line, "Our rash faults." The latter correction is Lettsom's.

P. 115. Our old love waking cries to see what's done.—So Mason and Collier's second folio. The original has owne instead of old.

P. 115. Count. Which better than the first, &c.—The original prints this line and the next as part of the King's preceding speech.

P. 116. Such a ring as this,

The last eve, ere she took her leave at Court,

I saw upon her finger.—The original reads "The last that ere I took her leave." The correction of I to she is found in Rowe and Hanmer, and in Collier's second folio. The latter also substitutes time for that, as Hanmer also does. The correction of that to eve is Lettsom's; who remarks upon the passage as follows: "That is certainly an intruder; the word occurs three times a little above; but time does not seem a fit substitute. I has in the like manner crept in from the line below, no doubt, displacing she. I would therefore read, 'The last eve, ere she took her leave at Court,' that is, the last eve that we met, just before she, &c. The last evening on which Lafeu and Helen could have seen each other, was the evening on which Helen was married, had her final audience of the King, and departed from the Court."

P. 118. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him: for this, I'll none of him.—So the second folio. The first has "I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toule for this. Ile none of him." See foot-note 16.

P. 119. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you.—Instead of sith, the original repeats sir; a very easy misprint. Corrected by Dyce.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 120. He blushes, and 'tis his. — The original has "and 'tis hit."
Pope's correction.

P. 121. Her infinite cunning, with her modest grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which an inferior might
At market-price have bought. — The original has "Her inquisite
coming"; which was a great puzzle to the editors, till Walker pro-
posed "Her infinite cunning." A first-class correction. — The old
text has modern also instead of modest, which was proposed by Mr.
Williams in The Parthenon, Nov. 1, 1862. Modern was indeed often
used for common, ordinary, or trite, and so it has occurred in this play.
See page 47, note 1. But Mr. Williams justly urges that such a mean-
ing is quite unsuited to the occasion and to the speaker's evident pur-
pose. He writes as follows: "Could Bertram wish it to be believed
that he had been betrayed by a woman of but commonplace attrac-
tions? — a fact which would increase, rather than diminish, his culpa-
bility in the eyes of the King. Nor does he speak of beauty; for
Diana is present to give more pertinent evidence in that particular.
It was to her plausible and hypocritical demeanor that Bertram would
pretend that he fell a victim." — The old text also has "which any in-
ferior." Walker says, "I believe we should read an, or perhaps my,
for any."

P. 121. You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife. — The original
reads "that have turn'd off."

P. 122. Tell me, — but, sirrah, tell me true, I charge you. — The
original reads "Tell me sirrah, but tell me true." Corrected by
Walker.

P. 125. And are by me with child, — And this is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won? — The old text
reads "And is by me with childe, &c. This is done." The correction
of is to are was made by Rowe. The other correction is Mr. P. A.
Daniel's. The two lines being a rhyming couplet, there should evi-
dently be no halting in the metre.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ENTERED at the Stationers' in August, 1600, and published in quarto the same year, with the words, "As it hath been sundry times publicly acted," in the title-page; which would naturally infer the piece to have been written in 1599. All the internal marks of style bear in favour of the same date; the play being in this respect hardly distinguishable from As You Like It. After the one quarto of 1600, the play is not met with again till it reappeared in the folio of 1623. As the text of the folio differs but in a very few slight particulars from that of the quarto, the probability is that the later was reprinted from the earlier copy. And perhaps none of the Poet's plays has reached us in a more satisfactory state; the printing being such as to leave little room for doubt as to the true text.

As with many of the author's plays, the plot and story of Much Ado About Nothing were partly borrowed. But the same matter had been so often borrowed before, and run into so many variations, that we cannot affirm with certainty from what source the Poet directly drew. So much of the story as relates to Hero, Claudio, and Don John, bears a strong resemblance to the tale of Ariodante and Ginevra in the fifth and sixth books of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso. Still there is little if any likelihood that the Poet took his borrowed matter from that source. A connection between the play and one of Bandello's novels is much more distinctly traceable from the similarity of names and incidents. In the novel, Fenicia, the daughter of Lionato, a gentleman of Messina, is betrothed to Timbroe de Cardona, a friend of Piero d'Arragona. Girondo, a disappointed lover of the lady, goes to work to prevent the marriage. He insinuates to Timbroe that she is disloyal, and then to make good the charge arranges to have his own hired servant in the dress of a gentleman ascend by
a ladder of ropes and enter the house of Lionato at night, Timbreo being placed so as to witness the proceeding. The next morning Timbreo accuses the lady to her father, and rejects the alliance. Fenicia sinks down in a swoon; a dangerous illness follows; and, to prevent the shame of her alleged trespass, Lionato has it given out that she is dead, and a public funeral is held in confirmation of that report. Thereupon Girondo becomes so harrowed with remorse, that he confesses his villany to Timbreo, and they both throw themselves on the mercy of the lady's family. Timbreo is easily forgiven, and the reconciliation is soon followed by the discovery that the lady is still alive, and by the marriage of the parties.

This brief statement marks the nature and extent of Shakespeare's obligation to Bandello. The parts of Benedick and Beatrice, of Dogberry and Verges, and of several other persons, are altogether original with him; at least no traces of them have been found in any other book or writing: so that he stands responsible for all the wit and humour, and for nearly all the character, of the play. As no translation of Bandello has been discovered of so early a date as the play, it does not well appear how the Poet could have become acquainted with the novel except in the original. But the Italian was then the most generally studied language in Europe; educated Englishmen were probably quite as apt to be familiar with it as they are with the French in our day; Shakespeare, at the time of writing this play, was thirty-five years old; and we have other indications of his having known enough of Italian to be able to read such a story as Bandello's in that language. Dyce, however, whose judgment is apt to be right in such cases, remarks on the subject as follows: "There is a French version of Bandello's tale in the third volume of Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques, &c.: but some English translation of it, which is no longer to be found, was in all probability what Shakespeare used."
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.
JOHN, his bastard Brother.
CLAUDIO, a young Lord of Florence.
BENEDICK, a young Gentleman of Padua.
LEONATO, Governor of Messina.
ANTONIO, his Brother.
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Don Pedro.
BORACHIO, } Followers of John.
CONRADE, } Two Officers.

VERGES, FRANCIS, a Friar.
A Sexton.
A Boy.
HERO, Daughter to Leonato.
BEATRICE, Niece to Leonato.
MARGARET, } Gentlewomen attending on Hero.
URSULA, } Scene, Messina.

MESSANGERS, Watchmen, and Attendants.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before the House of Leonato.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.
Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd\(^1\) expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.\(^2\)

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto\(^3\) return'd from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.\(^4\)

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills\(^5\) here in Messina, and challenged

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\(^1\) The Poet repeatedly uses to better thus in the sense of to surpass. So in *The Winter’s Tale*, iv. 3: “What you do still betters what is done.”

\(^2\) An idea which the Poet introduces more than once. So in *Macbeth*, i. 4: “My plenteous joys, wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves in drops of sorrow.”

\(^3\) Montanto is an old term of the fencing-school, humorously or sarcastically applied here in the sense of a bravado.

\(^4\) Sort for rank. So in *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, iii. 2: “None of nobler sort would so offend a virgin;” and in *Measure for Measure*, iv. 4: “Give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.”

\(^5\) This phrase was in common use for affixing a printed or written notice in some public place, long before Shakespeare’s time, and long after.
Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's Fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady: but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man: but for the stuffing, — well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that! In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to

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6 The *flight* was a long, slender, sharp arrow, such as Cupid shot with; so called because used for *flying* long distances, and to distinguish it from the *bird-bolt*, a short, thick, blunt arrow, used in a lower kind of archery, and permitted to fools. "A fool's bolt is soon shot," is an old proverb.

7 He'll be *even* with you; or, as we should say, he'll be *up with you*.

8 Mede, in his *Discourses on Scripture*, speaking of Adam, says, "He whom God had *stuffed* with so many excellent qualities." Beatrice starts an idea at the words *stuffed man*, and prudently checks herself in the pursuit of it, as leading to an indelicate allusion.

9 In Shakespeare's time, the *five wits* was used to denote both the five senses, and the intellectual powers, which were thought to correspond with the senses in number. Here it means the latter.
keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference \(^{10}\) between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. — Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

**Mess.** Is’t possible?

**Beat.** Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.\(^{11}\)

**Mess.** I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.\(^ {12}\)

**Beat.** No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer\(^ {13}\) now that will make a voyage with him to the Devil?

**Mess.** He is most in the company of the right-noble Claudio.

**Beat.** O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

**Mess.** I will hold friends with you, lady.

**Beat.** Do, good friend.

**Leon.** You will never run mad, niece.

**Beat.** No, not till a hot January.

**Mess.** Don Pedro is approach’d.

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\(^{10}\) An heraldic term. So, in *Hamlet*, iv. 2, Ophelia says, "O, you must wear your rue with a difference." *Difference is distinction*, in these cases. See, also, vol. ii., page 182, note ii.

\(^{11}\) The mould on which a hat is formed. Here *shape* or *fashion*.

\(^{12}\) A phrase from the custom of servants and retainers being entered in the books of those to whom they were attached. To be *in one's books* was to be *in favour*. That this was the sense of the phrase appears from Florio: "*Casso.* Cashier'd, crossed, cancelled, or put out of booke and cheque roule."\(^ {14}\)

\(^{13}\) That is *quarreller*. To *square* was to take a posture of defiance or of resistance. See vol. iii., page 24, note 6.
Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, Benedick, and Balthazar.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for, trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then you were a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. — Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed on as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

14 This phrase is said to be common in Dorsetshire: "Jack fathers himself;" that is, points out or identifies his father by his resemblance to him.
Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick:¹⁵ I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the Prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[Exeunt all but BENEDECK and CLAUDIO.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

¹⁵ Jade was used of an unrellable or balky horse. See vol. ii., page 171, note 25.
SCENE I. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Bene. I noted her not; but I look’d on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i’faith, methinks she’s too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her,—that, were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and, being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think’st I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I look’d on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there’s her cousin, an she were not possess’d with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is’t come to this, in faith? Hath not the world

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16 A play upon note, which was used, as it still is, of musical sounds.
17 "With a sad brow" means with a serious purpose, or in earnest.
18 "Do you scoff and mock in telling us that blind Cupid has the sight of a greyhound, and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a good carpenter?"
19 To join you, go along with you, in singing.
one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion?20 Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays.21 Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, — mark you this, on my allegiance. — He is in love. With whom? now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is; — With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

D. Pedro. If this were so, so were it utter'd.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: It is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.22

20 Subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy.
21 Alluding to the manner in which the Puritans usually spent Sunday, with sighs and groanings, and other emphatic marks of devotion.
22 This is the burden of an old tale, related by Mr. Blakeway, as follows: Mr. Fox, a bachelor, made it his business to decoy or force young women to his house, that he might have their skeletons to adorn his chambers with. Near by dwelt a family, the lady Mary and her two brothers, whom Mr. Fox often visited. One day, the lady thought to amuse herself by calling upon Mr. Fox, as he had often invited her to do. Knocking some time, but finding no one at home, she at length opened and went in. Over the portal was written, Be bold, be bold, but not too bold. Going forward, she saw the same over the stairway, and again over the door of the chamber at the head of the stairs. Opening this door, she saw at once what sort of work was carried on there. Retreating hastily, she saw out of the window Mr. Fox coming, holding a sword in one hand, and with the other dragging a young lady by the hair. She had just time to hide herself under the stairs before he entered. As he was going up stairs the young lady caught hold of the banister with her hand, whereon was a rich bracelet; he then cut off her hand, and it fell, bracelet and all, into Mary's lap, who took it, and, as soon as she
Scene I. Much Ado About Nothing.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.23

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recceat winded in my forehead, or hang my could, hastened home. A few days after, Mr. Fox came to dine with her and her brothers. As they were entertaining each other with stories, she said she would tell them a strange dream she had lately had. She said, I dreamed, Mr. Fox, that as you had often invited me to your house, I went there one morning. When I came, I knocked, but no one answered; when I opened the door, over the hall was written, Be bold, be bold, but not too bold. But, said she, turning to Mr. Fox and smiling, It is not so, nor it was not so. Then she went on with the story, repeating this at every turn, till she came to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, saying, It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so; which he kept repeating at every turn of the story, till she came to his cutting off the lady’s hand; then, upon his saying the same words, she replied, But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to show, at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap; whereupon the men drew their swords, and killed Mr. Fox.

23 Alluding to the definition of a heretic in the schools.
bugle in an invisible baldric;\textsuperscript{24} all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine\textsuperscript{25} is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

\textit{D. Pedro.} I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

\textit{Bene.} With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

\textit{D. Pedro.} Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.\textsuperscript{26}

\textit{Bene.} If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me;\textsuperscript{27} and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.\textsuperscript{28}

\textit{D. Pedro.} Well, as time shall try:

\textit{In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.}\textsuperscript{29}

\textit{Bene.} The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, \textit{Here is good horse to hire}, let them sig-

\textsuperscript{24} Quibblings, rather swift and subtle, between the different senses of horn; the speaker meaning that he would not render himself liable to have such an ornament in his forehead. A \textit{recheat} was a peculiar sound of the \textit{bugle-horn}, whereby the hounds were called back from the chase. Baldrick is the belt whereby the huntsman's horn is slung. It is here called invisible, in reference to the old \textit{ideal} horn, which, though never seen, is sometimes felt. See vol. ii., page 47, note xi.

\textsuperscript{25} The \textit{fine} is the \textit{conclusion}.—"Go the finer" means, probably, have the more money to spend in dress or in finery.

\textsuperscript{26} A \textit{capital theme} for satire and jest.

\textsuperscript{27} It seems to have been one of the cruel sports of the time to enclose a cat in a wooden tub or bottle suspended aloft to be shot at.

\textsuperscript{28} Alluding to Adam Bell, "a passing good archer," who, with Clym of the Clough and William of Cloudesly, were outlaws as famous in the North of England as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties.

\textsuperscript{29} This line is from Kyd's \textit{Spanish Tragedy}, 1599.
nify under my sign, _Here you may see Benedick the married man._

_Claud._ If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

_D. Pedro._ Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

_Bene._ I look for an earthquake too, then.

_D. Pedro._ Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

_Bene._ I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you —

_Claud._ To the tuition of God: From my house (if I had it) —

_D. Pedro._ The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

_Bene._ Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you.

_[Exit._

_Claud._ My liege, your Highness now may do me good.

_D. Pedro._ My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

_Claud._ Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

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30 Venice bore much the same character in Shakespeare's time as Paris does in ours; being celebrated as the great metropolis of profligate intrigue and pleasure.

31 _Guards_ is trimmings of the dress, or _facings_. See vol. iii., page 143, note 27.—_Sometime_ and _sometimes_ were used indifferently. See vol. iii., page 24, note 7.

32 _Old ends_ probably means the formal or ordinary conclusions of letters, which were often couched in the quaint language used a little before.
D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir. Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, 
1 look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, That liked, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love: But, now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the hearer with a book of words. If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it; And I will break with her \(^{33}\) and with her father, And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end That thou begann'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love, That know love's grief by his complexion! But, lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have salved it with a longer treatise.\(^{34}\)

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood? The fairest grant is to necessity. Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once,\(^{35}\) thou lovest;

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\(^{33}\) In old language, to break with any one is to open or broach a matter to him. The phrase now means to fall out, quarrel, or break friendship, with any one. See vol. i., page 174, note 3.

\(^{34}\) Treatise for talk, tale, or discourse.—To salue a thing is to temper, to assuage, to mitigate, or palliate it. Repeatedly so.

\(^{35}\) This use of once has been something of a puzzle to the editors. It is pretty clear that the word was occasionally used in the sense of enough; and such is the aptest meaning here. The Poet has it thus repeatedly. See vol. i., page 107, note 15.
SCENE II. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

And I will fit thee with the remedy. I know we shall have revelling to-night: I will assume thy part in some disguise, And tell fair Hero I am Claudio; And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart, And take her hearing prisoner with the force And strong encounter of my amorous tale: Then, after, to her father will I break; And the conclusion is, she shall be thine. In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter, severally, LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The Prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, 1 were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The Prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

1 Pleached is the same as pleated or plaited; that is, folded or interwoven. — Orchard was used for garden; from hort-yard.
Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear\(^2\) itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. — [Exit Antonio. — Several persons cross the stage.] Cousin,\(^3\) you know what you have to do. — O, I cry you mercy,\(^4\) friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. — Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [Exeunt.

Scene III. — Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good-year,\(^1\) my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou

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\(^{2}\) *Appear* is used repeatedly by the Poet as a transitive verb, and in the sense of to show, to manifest, to make apparent. So in *Cymbeline*, iv. 2: "This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had good ancestors." Also in *Coriolanus*, iv. 3, in the passive voice: "Your favour is well appeared by your tongue." And in *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3: "Appear it to your mind that, through the sight I bear in things to come," &c. — This use of the word was pointed out to me by Mr. Joseph Crosby.

\(^{3}\) Leonato sees his brother's son crossing the stage among the other persons, and stops him. *Cousin* was constantly used for nephew, niece, or, more generally still, for kinsman.

\(^{4}\) "I cry you mercy" is I ask your pardon. Used constantly so by the Poet. See vol. iii., page 46, note 14.

\(^{1}\) *Good-year* is best explained as a corruption of the French *goufier*, the old name of what was known far and wide as the *morbis Gallicus*. If that explanation be right, which some doubt, it presents a strange instance of the transmogrification of words into the reverse of their original senses.
art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to fashion a carraige to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

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2 In old astrological language, to be "born under Saturn" was to have a "Saturnine complexion," as it was called; that is, to be of a moping, melancholy, or misanthropic temper.

8 An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure and too sullen to receive it, often endeavours to hide its malignity from the world, and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty or the dignity of haughty independence.

4 To claw, in the sense of to scratch, and to ease by scratching, was sometimes used for to soothe, flatter, or curry favour. See vol. ii., page 52, note 11.

6 This use of grace in the sense of favour was very common.

The meaning is, "I would rather be a wild dog-rose in a hedge than a garden rose of his cherishing." Richardson says that in Devonshire the dog-rose is called canker-rose.
D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. — Who comes here? —

Enter Borachio.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother’s right hand.

D. John. Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the Prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtain’d her, give her to Count Claudio.

7 I use nothing else; have no other counsellor.

8 Model is here used in an unusual sense; but Bullokar explains it, "Model, the platforme, or form of any thing."

9 A presumptuous or aspiring youngster; thinking to marry much above his rank. Claudio is regarded as a pushing upstart.

10 Such a perfuming of rooms was often resorted to as a substitute for cleanliness. So in Burton’s Anatomy of Melancholy: “The smoke of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford, to sweeten our chambers.”

11 Sad, again, for serious, earnest, grave. See page 161, note 17.

12 Arras were the tapestries with which rooms were lined before plastering grew into use; so named from a town in France where they were made,
SCENE I.  MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  171

D. John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.  [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?
Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good-will.

Sure is still used sometimes in the sense of to be relied upon.
Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, God sends a curst cow short horns; but to a cow too curst He sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if He send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at Him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.¹

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward,² and lead his apes into Hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into Hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the Devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, 
Get you to Heaven, Beatrice, get you to Heaven; here's no place for you maids: so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the Heavens,³ he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

¹ Probably meaning, lie between the blankets, without sheets. Beatrice is thinking, apparently, that a beard would make kissing rather uncomfortable. Wearing woollen next the skin was sometimes imposed as a penance. See vol. ii., page 104, note 71.

² Bear-ward is, properly, a keeper of a bear or bears: here it seems to stand for a showman of strange beasts in general, and of monkeys in particular. Beatrice is alluding to certain odd old notions about the future destiny of those who die old maids. See vol. ii., page 174, note 2.

³ "For the Heavens" is probably intended here as a petty oath.
Ant. [To Hero.] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy, and say, Father, as it please you:—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy, and say, Father, as it please me.

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink apace into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.


5 A measure, in old language, besides its ordinary meaning, signified also a grave, solemn dance with slow and measured steps like the minuet; and therefore is described as "full of state and ancientry."

6 The cinque-pace was a dance, the measures whereof were regulated by the number five.
Leon. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.

Don Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

Don Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Don Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case! 7

Don Pedro. My visor is Philemon’s roof; within the house is Jove. 8

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch’d.

Don Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [Takes her aside.

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk. 9

7 “God forbid that your face should be like your mask.”

8 Alluding to the fable of Baucis and Philemon in Ovid, who describes the old couple as living in a thatched cottage: Stepushis et canis tecta palustris; which Golding renders “The roof of thereof was thatched all with straw and fennish reede.”

9 The clerk here meant is the clerk of the parish, a part of whose duty was to lead the responses of the congregation in the religious service.
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Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.
Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.
Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.
Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were
the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are
he, you are he.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by
your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you
are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.
Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?
Bene. No, you shall pardon me.
Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?
Bene. Not now.
Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit
out of the Hundred Merry Tales. Well, this was Signior
Benedick that said so.
Bene. What's he?
Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.
Bene. Not I, believe me.
Beat. Did he never make you laugh?
Bene. I pray you, what is he?
Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jester: a very dull Fool;
only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but

10 This phrase seems to mean exactly or precisely. See vol. i., page 184, note 4.
11 This was the term for a jest-book in Shakespeare's time, from a popular
collection of that name, about which the commentators were much puzzled,
until a large fragment was discovered in 1815, by the Rev. J. Conybeare,
Professor of Poetry in Oxford. It was printed by Rastell, and therefore
must have been published previous to 1533.
12 Shakespeare has impossible repeatedly in the exact sense of incredible.
Also, once at least, impossibility for incredibility. See page 43, note 27.—
"Only his gift" means his only gift.
libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.13

_Bene._ When I know the gentlemap, I'll tell him what you say.

_Beat._ Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the Fool will eat no supper that night. [Music within.] We must follow the leaders.

_Bene._ In every good thing.

_Beat._ Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [Dance. Then exequit all but Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.

_D. John._ Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

_Bora._ And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

_D. John._ Are not you Signior Benedick?

_Claud._ You know me well; I am he.

_D. John._ Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

_Claud._ How know you he loves her?

_D. John._ I heard him swear his affection.

_Bora._ So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

13 To board sometimes meant to address or to accost. But the word fleet shows that Beatrice has an eye to the meaning of board as a naval term. And I suppose we all know what it is to board an enemy's ship in a sea-fight. See vol. ii., page 165, note 13.
D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt Don John and Borachio.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so; the Prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.\(^{15}\)
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, then, Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business,
count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about
your neck, like an usurer's chain?\(^{16}\) or under your arm, like
a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the
Prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they
sell bullocks. But did you think the Prince would have served
you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

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\(^{14}\) Let, which occurs in the next line, is understood here.

\(^{15}\) Blood was very often put for passion or impulse.

\(^{16}\) Chains of gold were in Shakespeare's time worn by wealthy citizens
and others, in the same manner as they are now on public occasions by the
aldermen of London. Usury was then a common topic of invective.
Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Clau. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The Prince's Fool! Ha! it may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong.—I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your Grace had got the good-will of his young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipp'd.

D. Pedro. To be whipp'd! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being

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17 *Though*, if the text be right, would seem to be used here in the sense of *because* or *since*. And so the Poet has it repeatedly; and sometimes it renders his meaning very obscure to us. See vol. ii., page 31, note 22.

18 That is, fathers her own thoughts upon the world, and then quotes the world as her authority for them. A common trick of petty spite.

19 A most expressive image of dismal loneliness. A *warren* was a place for keeping wild animals, and secured by royal grant against all intruders, for the owner's exclusive sport: so that the special duty of the keeper of it was to maintain an utter solitude about himself and his *lodging*.

20 A garland of willow was the common badge, at least in poetry, of forsaken lovers. So in poor Barbara's song, *Othello*, iv. 3: "Sing all a green willow must be my garland." See, also, vol. iii., page 210, note 3.
overjoyed with finding a bird's-nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

_D. Pedro._ Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The trangression is in the stealer.

_Bene._ Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's-nest.

_D. Pedro._ I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

_Bene._ If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

_D. Pedro._ The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wrong'd by you.

_Bene._ O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me — not thinking I had been myself — that I was the Prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible\(^{21}\) conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Até in her good apparel.\(^{22}\) I

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\(^{21}\) _Impossible, again, as before explained._ See page 175, note \(_{12}\)._ — _Conveyance_ has the sense, here, of _swifness_ or _dexterity_. The word was used technically in reference to feats of jugglery and legerdemain.

\(^{22}\) Até was the daughter of Jupiter, and the goddess of mischief and dis-
would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in Hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Re-enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot;.fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies; rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [Exit.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it,—a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

cord. The words good apparel look as if the Poet might have been thinking of her as one of the Furies, whom the ancient poets and painters were wont to represent in rags. For turn'd spit, see vol. i., page 87, note 9.

23 How difficult this had been, may be guessed from Butler's account of that distinguished John:

While like the mighty Prester John,
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserved in close disguise
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes.

24 Use in the mercantile sense, interest. See vol. iii., page 129, note 7.
D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, — civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. — Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good-will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. — Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

26 A quibble, probably. At that time, England, it seems, had her oranges chiefly from Seville, in Spain; and this name was pronounced the same as civil. Yellow is, time out of mind, the colour of jealousy. Staunton, however, thinks the allusion is to the sour or bitter taste, and not to the yellow colour, of the orange. Not likely, I think.

26 Conceit, as usual, for conception, idea, or thought. The word and its cognates always had a good sense. See vol. iii., page 117, note 21.
D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry Heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

27 The meaning seems to be, "Good Lord, how many alliances are forming!" or, "How matrimony prospers!"

28 As a nun entering a cloister was said to give up the world, or to forsake the world, so, on the other hand, going to the world, and tying one's self to the world, were common expressions for entering upon the cares and duties of married life. The phrase in the text is used repeatedly by Shakespeare in that sense. See page 25, note 3.

29 Upon this passage, the Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his New Illustrations of Shakespeare, makes a very learned and elaborate comment. It appears that "to be sunburned," "to be in the sun," and "to be in the warm sun," were phrases in common use for being without a home, in the full English sense of the term; that is, without the shelter and protection of household kindred and domestic ties; left alone in the world, and so exposed to its social inclemencies. And the phrases seem to have grown into use from a passage in the 121st Psalm, which, in the old translation, as we have it in the Psalter, reads thus: "The Lord himself is thy keeper; the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand; so that the Sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the Moon by night." The authorized version gives it as follows: "The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand: the Sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the Moon by night." This Psalm, in the older version, formed part of the "Office for the Churging of women," and thus its benedictions became familiarly associated with the occasions of honourable motherhood. So that, as Mr. Hunter says, "the matron, surrounded by her husband and children, was one who had received the benediction that the sun should not burn her; while the unmarried woman, who had received no such benediction, was spoken of as one 'still left exposed to the burning of the sun.'" Perhaps I should add, that the phrases came to have a much wider application. So, in King Lear, ii. 2, when the old King has been turned off by one of his daughters, and is seeking refuge with the other, Kent says to himself, "Good King, that must approve the common saw, Thou out of Heaven's benediction comest to the warm sun." And so Wither,
Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your Grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. — Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. — By your Grace's pardon.

[Exit.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

in his Abuses Stript and Whipt, after speaking of having left the home of his childhood in Hampshire and gone alone to London, adds,

What do I mean, to run
Out of God's blessing thus into the sun!
What comfort or what goodness here can I
Expect among these Anthropophagi?

^30 Not ever here means not always. So in Henry VIII., v. 1: "And not ever the justice and the truth o' the question carries the due o' the verdict with it."

^31 Unhappiness here is mischief. So unhappy was often used for mischievous. See page 107, note 8. Also vol. ii., page 76, note 2.
D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad!

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him. He is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in

82 Old language for "just a seven-night." So in The Merchant, iv. 1: "Nor cut thou less nor more but just a pound of flesh: if thou takest more or less than a just pound," &c.—A seven-night is a week.

83 Strain is stock, lineage, or descent; often used thus by the Poet. So in Henry V., ii. 1: "And he is bred out of that bloody strain that haunted us in our familiar paths." The word is from the Anglo-Saxon stryn, and is sometimes spelt stren.
love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

(Scene II. Another Room in Leonato's House.)

Enter Don John and Borachio.

_D. John._ It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

_Bora._ Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

_D. John._ Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

_Bora._ Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

_D. John._ Show me briefly how.

_Bora._ I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

_D. John._ I remember.

_Bora._ I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

_D. John._ What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

_Bora._ The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the Prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath

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1 _Medicinable_ for _medicinal_; the passive form with the active sense; according to the usage so frequent in several classes of words in Shakespeare's time. See page 15, note 15.
wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio
(whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contami-
nated stale, such a one as Hero.

_D. John._ What proof shall I make of that?

_Bora._ Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to vex Claudio,
to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other
issue?

_D. John._ Only to despite them, I will endeavour any
thing.

_Bora._ Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro
and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that
Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince
and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour, who hath
made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like
to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,—that you have
discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without
trial; offer them instances; which shall bear no less likeli-
hood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call
Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and
bring them to see this the very night before the intended
wedding: for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter
that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seem-
ing truth of her disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assur-
ance, and all the preparation overthrown.

_D. John._ Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put
it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee
is a thousand ducats.

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2 *Intend* for *pretend*; the two words being used interchangeably in the
Poet's time. So in *Richard III.* i. i. 5: "Tremble and start at wagging of a

3 Here we are to understand, no doubt, that Borachio intends to have a
prearrangement with Margaret, whereby they are to conduct their interview
under the names of Claudio and Hero, though, of course, Margaret is to be
kept ignorant of the purpose thereof. See Critical Notes.
SCENE III. 

**Much Ado About Nothing.**

_Bora._ Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

_D. John._ I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

_[Exeunt._

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**SCENE III. — Leonato's Garden.**

_Elenter Benedick and a Boy._

**Bene.** Boy,—

**Boy.** Signior?

**Bene.** In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

**Boy.** I am here already, sir.

**Bene.** I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. _[Exit Boy._] — I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now he is turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, — just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, — yet I am well; another is wise, — yet I am well; another virtuous, — yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.
Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; 1 fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. 2 Ha, the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[Withdraws into the arbour.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato, followed by Balthazar and Musicians.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,

We'll fit the hid fox with a pennyworth.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency

To put a strange face on his own perfection.

I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;

Since many a wooer doth commence his suit

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1 This seems to us a strange use of cheapen; but it is in strict accordance with the old sense of the word, which was to bargain for or purchase. And it appears that the usage was not entirely extinct in Johnson's time; for we have the following instance in a letter published in the Rambler: "She that has once demanded a settlement has allowed the importance of fortune; and when she cannot show pecuniary merit, why should she think her cheapener obliged to purchase?"

2 Disguises of false hair and of dyed hair were quite common, especially among the ladies, in Shakespeare's time; scarce any of them being so richly dowered with other gifts as to be content with the hair which it had pleased Nature to bestow. The Poet has several passages going to show that this custom was not much in favour with him.
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos,
Yet will he swear he loves.

_D. Pedro._ Nay, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

_Balth._ Note this before my notes,—
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

_D. Pedro._ Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note notes, forsooth, and nothing ¹³

_Bene._ [Aside.] Now, _Divine air_! now is his soul ravished!
Is it not strange that sheep's-guts ⁴ should hale souls out of
men's bodies? ⁵ Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

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BALTHAZAR SINGS.

_Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,_
_Men were deceivers ever;_
_One foot in sea, and one on shore;_
_To one thing constant never:_
_Then sigh not so,_
_But let them go,_
_And be you blithe and bonny;_
_Converting all your sounds of woe_
_Into Hey nonny, nonny._

_Sing no more ditties, sing no mo_ ⁶
_Of dumps so dull and heavy;_
_The fraud of men was ever so,_
_Since Summer first was leavy._
_Then sigh not so, &c._

_D. Pedro._ By my troth, a good song.

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¹³ It would seem, from this, that _nothing_ was sounded like _noting._
⁴ An odd, perhaps intended as a characteristic, expression for _catgut._
⁵ So, in _Twelfth Night_, ii. 3, music is humorously described as able to
"draw three souls out of one weaver."
Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [Aside.] An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven,⁶ come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exeunt Balthazar and Musicians.] — Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. [Aside to Don Pedro.] O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits;⁷ — [Aloud.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. [Aside.] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think

⁶ The terms night-raven and night-crow were used as synonymous by the old poets, and both were applied to the night-heron, whose singing was thought ill-omened. So in 3 Henry VI., v. 6: “The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time.” And Milton, in L'Allegro: “And the night-raven sings.”

⁷ An allusion to the stalking-horse, whereby the Fowler anciently screened himself from the sight of the game. It is thus described in John Gee's New Shreds of the Old Snare: “Methinks I behold the cunning Fowler, such as I have known in the fen-countries and elsewhere, that do shoot at woodcocks, snipes, and wild fowl, by sneaking behind a painted cloth which they carry before them, having pictured on it the shape of a horse; which while the silly fowl gazeth on, it is knocked down with hail-shot, and so put into the Fowler's budget.”
of it: but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. [Aside.] Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [Aside.] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. [Aside.] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: Shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper. My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?
Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: I measure him, says she, by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, cries, O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overcome her, that my daughter is sometime afeared she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms-deed to hang him. She's an excellent-sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

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8 The silver halfpence then in use were very minute pieces.
9 Daff is another form of doff, meaning do off, or put aside.
10 Respect for consideration or regard. Commonly so in Shakespeare.
Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not; and she will die, ere she make her love known; and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, ’tis very possible he’ll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. ’Fore God, and, in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, ’a must necessarily keep the peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that’s impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could

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11 Contemptible for contemptuous. Another instance of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms. See page 185, note 1.

12 Here, as usual in Shakespeare, proper is handsome or fine-appearing. See vol. iii., page 124, note 16.
wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. [Aside.] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. [Aside.] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.

Benedick advances from the arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: the conference was sadly\(^\text{13}\) borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, 'if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their distractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair, — 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous, — 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me, — by my troth, it is no addition to her wit,\(^\text{14}\) — nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit.

\(^{13}\) Sadly for seriously or in earnest; just as sad twice before.

\(^{14}\) A good instance of wisdom and wit used synonymously. So too a little before, when Claudio says Benedick is "very wise," and Don Pedro replies, "He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit." — "Cannot reprove" is cannot refute or disprove. So in 2 Henry VI., iii. i: "Reprove my allegation, if you can."
broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and not choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior? fare you well. [Exit.

Bene. Ha! Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner: there's a double meaning in that. I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me: that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [Exit.

15 "Take pity on her," we should say. See page 78, note 12.
ACT III.

Scene I. — Leonato's Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the Prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleasèd bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; — like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: — there will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office:
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[Exit.

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick

1 Proposing is talking or conversing; from the French propos. A little after, we have the noun, "to listen our propose," in the same sense.—This scene, as also the preceding, takes place in "Leonato's garden"; yet here, as before, it is said, in the text, to be in the orchard. Which shows that orchard and garden were synonymous. The Poet often has orchard so.
SCENE I. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter Beatrice, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couchèd in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false-sweet bait that we lay for it.

[They advance to the bower.

No, truly, Ursula, she's too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards\(^2\) of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the Prince and my new-trothèd lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve

\(^2\) The haggard is a wild hawk. Latham, in his Book of Falconry, says,
"Such is the greatness of her spirit, she will not admit of any society until
such a time as nature worketh."
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

_Urs_.
Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

_Hero_. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely-featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a soul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block movèd with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

_Urs_. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

_Hero_. No, nor to be so odd, and from all fashions,

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8 That is, _misinterpret_ him. An allusion to the practice of witches in uttering prayers. In like sort, we often say of a man who refuses to take things in their plain natural meaning, as if he were on the lookout for some cheat, "He reads every thing backwards."

4 A _black_ man here means a man with a dark or thick beard, which is the _blot_ in nature's drawing. The _antic_ was the fool or buffoon of the old farces.

5 An _agate_ is often used metaphorically for a very diminutive person, in allusion to the figures cut in agate for rings. Queen Mab is described "in shape no bigger than an _agate stone_ on the forefinger of an alderman."
SCENE I. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death 6 with wit!
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling. 7

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!
She cannot be so much without true judgment
(Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, 8 and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent-good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?

---

6 The allusion is to an ancient punishment inflicted on those who refused to plead to an indictment. If they continued silent, they were pressed to death by heavy weights laid on their stomach.

7 This word is intended to be pronounced as a trisyllable; it was sometimes written tickeling.

8 Argument, here, seems to mean discourse or conversation.
Hero. Why, every day to-morrow.\(^9\) Come, go in:
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. [Aside.] She's limed,\(^10\) I warrant you: we've caught
her, madam.

Hero. [Aside.] If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[Exeunt Hero and Ursula.

Beatrice advances.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears?\(^11\) Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand: \(^19\)
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say, thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

[Exit.

\(^9\) The best explanation of this is Staunton's, that Hero plays upon the
form of the question, meaning that she is a married woman to-morrow, and
every day after that.

\(^10\) *Limed* is *ensnared* or *caught*, as with *bird-lime*, which was at first a
sticky substance spread where birds were apt to light; but the word came
to be used of any trap or snare. See page 82, note 11.

\(^11\) Alluding to the proverbial saying, which is as old as Pliny's time,
"That when our *ears do glow and tingle*, some there be that in our absence
do talke of us."

\(^12\) This image is taken from falconry. She has been charged with being
as wild as *haggards of the rock*; she therefore says that, wild as her heart
is, she will *tame it to the hand*. 
SCENE II. — A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummated, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman ¹ dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, — for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.²

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.³

¹ Hangman is executioner; here meaning the slayer of hearts.
² This is well illustrated by a passage in Fletcher's False One, ii. 3:

O, this sounds mangily,
Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth!
You had best be troubled with the tooth-ache too,
For lovers ever are, and let your nose drop,
That your celestial beauty may befriend you.

³ Alluding, apparently, to the old custom of drawing and quartering criminals after hanging them.
D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?
Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm?  
Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.
Claud. Yet say I he is in love.
D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doubt. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.
Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings: what should that bode?
D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?
Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.
Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.
D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?
Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.
D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

4 The ulcer at the root of a diseased tooth was thought to be a worm, which it sometimes resembles.
5 A play upon the word fancy, which Shakespeare uses for love, as well as for humour, caprice, or affectation.
6 Large, loose breeches or trousers. Hence a slop-seller for one who furnishes seamen, &c., with clothes. Our word slop-shop is no doubt a relic of the same usage. See vol. ii., page 58, note 5.
7 Civet is the old name of the perfume, musk, derived from an animal called civet-cat. So, in As You Like It, Touchstone calls perfume "the flux of a cat."
Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string,\(^8\) and new-govern'd by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions;\(^9\) and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. — Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses\(^{10}\) must not hear. [Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you

D. Pedro. Good den,\(^{11}\) brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

\(^8\) Love-songs, in Shakespeare's time, were sung to the lute. So in 1 Henry IV.: "As melancholy as an old lion, or a lover's lute." —The stops of a lute or guitar are the ridges across the finger-board where the strings are pressed down. Hamlet calls them frets. There is a quibble on stops.

\(^9\) Condition was continually used for temper or disposition.

\(^{10}\) Hobby-horse was sometimes used for a silly fellow.

\(^{11}\) A colloquial abridgment of good even; also used for good day.
D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. [To Claudio.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage,—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a-talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal!

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not

12 To aim is to guess; often so used. See vol. i., page 207, note 2.

13 Holp or holpen is the old preterite of help; occurring often in the Psalter.
that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and, when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

**Claud.** If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

**D. Pedro.** And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

**D. John.** I will disparage her no further till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

**D. Pedro.** O day untowardly turned!

**Claud.** O mischief strangely thwarting!

**D. John.** O plague right well prevented!

So will you say when you have seen the sequel. [Exeunt.

**Scene III. — A Street.**

*Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.*

**Dog.** Are you good men and true?

**Verg.** Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

**Dog.** Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince’s watch.

**Verg.** Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

**Dog.** First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable?

**1 Watch.** Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

**Dog.** Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath bless’d you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.
2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince’s name.

2 Watch. How if ’a will not stand?

Dog. Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince’s subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince’s subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills\(^1\) be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue

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\(^1\) A sort of halberd, or hatchet with a hooked point, used by watchmen.
of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

1 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: You, constable, are to present the Prince's own person: if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r Lady, that I think 'a cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the Prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r Lady, I think it be so.

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2 A true man is an honest man: the humour of the passage turns partly on that sense of true.

8 By'r Lady is a contraction of "by our Lady," an ancient form of swearing; referring, of course, to the Virgin Mother.
Dog. Ha, ah-ha!—Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night.—Come, neighbour.

1 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for, the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil⁴ to-night. Adieu: be vigilant, I beseech you. [Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade!—

1 Watch. [Aside.] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!—

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass,⁵ and my elbow itch'd; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.⁶

1 Watch. [Aside.] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

⁴ Coil is stir, bustle, tumult. See vol. i., page 105, note 8.
⁵ "By the Mass" was a very common oath; Mass being the old name of the Lord's Supper.
⁶ A rather curious note of Shakespeare's acquaintance with Italian. Borachio does not mean that he is himself either drunk or a drunkard; he merely refers to the significance of his own name,—a glutton or a wine-bibber. Thus in Florio's Italian Dictionary: "Boraccia, a boracho or bottle made of goat's skin, such as they use in Spain. Boracchiare, to gluttonize." Of course there is an implied reference to the proverb, in vino veritas.
Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?
Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villain should be so rich; for, when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.
Con. I wonder at it.
Bora. That shows thou art unconfirm'd. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.
Con. Yes, it is apparel.
Bora. I mean, the fashion.
Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.
Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?
I Watch. [Aside.] I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thief this seven year; 'a goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.
Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?
Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.
Bora. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?
Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out

7 Unpractised in the ways of the world.
8 Reechy is discoloured with smoke. Reeking is still used in a similar sense.
9 Soiled, sullied. Probably only another form of smutched. The word is used repeatedly by Shakespeare, and is met with in Smollett. Not found elsewhere, I think. — Here, again, sometime for sometimes, the two being then used interchangeably. — Scripture stories, also classical fables and legends were wont to be pictured, by embroidery or otherwise, on the tapestries or hangings with which rooms were lined; and the Poet has many allusions to the custom. See page 170, note 12.
more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

_Bora._ Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good-night, — I tell this tale vilely: — I should first tell thee how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

_Con._ And thought they Margaret was Hero?

_Bora._ Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

_1 Watch._ We charge you, in the Prince's name, stand!

_2 Watch._ Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

_1 Watch._ And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; 'a wears a lock.¹⁰

_Con._ Masters, masters,—

_2 Watch._ You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

¹⁰ A lock of hair, called "a love-lock," was often worn by the gay young gallants of Shakespeare's time. This ornament and invitation to love was cherished with great care by the owners, being brought before and tied with a riband. Prynne, the great Puritan hero, spit some of his bile against this fashion, in a book on _The Unloveliness of Love-locks._
Con. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to
go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being
taken up of these men's bills.  

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. — Come,
we'll obey you. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire
her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [Exit.

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, 's not so good; and I warrant your
cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear
none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair

11 We have the same conceit in 2 Henry VI., iv. 7: "My lord, when shall
we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?" The Poet
has several like quibbles upon bills. See vol. ii., page 220, note 16.

12 Question refers to the examination or trial that the speaker expects to
undergo, now that he is caught.

1 The rabato was a kind of ruff or collar for the neck, such as were
much worn in the Poet's time, and are often seen in the portraits of Queen
Elizabeth. Dekker calls them "your stiff-necked rebatoes." The word is
from the French rebatir, to beat back; and the thing is said to be so called
because put back towards the shoulders. Shakespeare uses rebate, from the
same source, and with a similar meaning.

2 Tire is head-dress. So in The Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 3: "Thou
hast the right arched beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the
were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, I'faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

**Hero.** O, that exceeds, they say.

**Marg.** By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth-o'-gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

**Hero.** God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

**Marg.** 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

**Hero.** Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

**Marg.** Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence, a husband: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

**Enter Beatrice.**

**Hero.** Good morrow, coz.

tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance." — "A thought browner" is a shade browner.

3 In respect of is here exactly equivalent to in comparison with. Commonly so in the old writers. And so in the 39th Psalm of the Psalter: "Thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee."

4 That is, with pearls set along down the sleeves. Side sleeves" are long, full sleeves. Side is from the Anglo-Saxon sid, long, ample. Peele, in his Old Wives' Tale, has "side slops," for long trousers. Our word side, in its ordinary use, has reference to the length of the thing to which it is applied. — Round is equivalent to roundabout.

5 Quaint is ingenious or elegant; probably from the Latin comptus.
SCENE IV. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into Light o' Love;\(^6\) that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, Light o' Love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.\(^7\)

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready.—By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For\(^8\) the letter that begins them all, H.\(^9\)

Marg. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk,\(^10\) there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?\(^11\)

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

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\(^6\) Light o' Love is the title of a popular song often mentioned by old writers. The words of it are supposed to be lost. The reason given for "clapping into" it here is, that it "goes without a burden"; there being no one present to sing a burden. And the words, "Do you sing it, and I'll dance it," infer that Light o' Love was, strictly, a ballet, to be sung and danced. The air or tune was found by Sir John Hawkins in "an ancient manuscript."—The matter of this note is from Chappell's Popular Music, &c.

\(^7\) A quibble between barns, repositories for corn, and bairns, children, formerly pronounced barns. So in The Winter's Tale, iii. 3: "Mercy on us, a barn! a very pretty barn!"

\(^8\) Here for has the sense of because of; but there is a quibble involved between that sense and the sense it bears in the preceding speech. Because and because of are both among the old senses of for, in frequent use.

\(^9\) That is, for an ache, or a pain, formerly pronounced like the letter H. So in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 7: "I had a wound here that was like a T, but now 'tis made an H." The word occurs just so again in The Tempest.

\(^10\) To turn Turk is an old phrase for proving treacherous or unfaithful.

\(^11\) So in The Merry Wives: "Who's there, trow?" In both places, the phrase is equivalent to I wonder; though it commonly meant think.
HERO. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

BEAT. I am stuff'd, cousin; I cannot smell.

MARG. A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

BEAT. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension? 12

MARG. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

BEAT. It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

MARG. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, 13 and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

HERO. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

BEAT. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral 14 in this Benedictus.

MARG. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by'r Lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or

12 Apprehension was sometimes used for sarcasm, or for the faculty of saying sarcastic things. So, in 1 Henry VI., ii. 4, Richard Plantagenet, on being taunted by Somerset as "a yeoman," replies, "I'll note you in my book of memory, to scourge you for this apprehension." And so the verb in ii. 1, of this play: "Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdy."

13 Carduus Benedictus, or the blessed thistle, was one of the ancient herbs medicinal, like those which in our day a much-experienced motherhood has often applied successfully to the "ills that flesh is heir to." Thus in Cogan's Haven of Health, 1595: "This herb, for the singular virtue it hath, is worthily named Benedictus, or Omnimorbia, that is, a salve for every sore, not known to the physicians of old time, but lately revealed by the special providence of Almighty God."

14 Some hidden meaning, like the moral of a fable. So in Lucrece: "Nor could she moralize his wanton sight." And in The Taming of the Shrew: "To expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens."
that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?
Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the Prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.

[Exeunt.

Scene V.—Another Room in Leonato’s House.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?
Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decrees you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir,—
Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.
Leon. What is it, my good friends?
Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

Grudging in the sense of grumbling, murmuring, or repining.
Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your Worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your Worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha!

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the city; and, though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your Worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, 'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one

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1 How this Spanish word came into our language is uncertain. It seems to have been current for a time, even among the vulgar, and was probably introduced by sailors, as well as the corrupted form, palaver. We have it again in the mouth of Sly the Tinker: “Therefore, paucas pallabris; let the world slide: Sessa.”

2 This stroke of pleasantry, arising from the transposition of the epithet poor, occurs in Measure for Measure. Elbow says, “If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's constable.”

3 Of and on were used indifferently in such cases.

4 This was a common apostrophe of admiration, equivalent to it is wonderful, or it is admirable. Baret in his Alvearie, 1580, explains “It is a world to heare” by “It is a thing worthie the hearing, audire est opera pretium.” In Cavendish's Life of Wolsey we have “Is it not a world to consider?”

5 This appears to have been a sort of proverbial saying. So in the old Moral-play of Lusty Juventus: “He wyl say that God is a good man.”
must ride behind.—An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth, he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipp'd: all men are not alike,—alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: Our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your Worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[Execut LEONATO and Messenger.

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inktorn to the jail: we are now to examination those men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [Touching his forehead.] shall drive some of them to a noncome: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail.

[Execut.

Also in A Hundred Merry Tylts, 1526: "In the dole tyme there came one which sayde that god was a good man." And in Burton's Anatomie of Melancholy: "God is a good man, and will doe no harme."

6 A characteristic blunder for non com., the old abbreviation for non compos mentis. Probably a further blunder was intended; honest Dogberry having confounded non com. and nonplus. To nonplus a man is to stagger or puzzle him, to put him to a stand.
ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, and Attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

F. Fran. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar: you come to marry her.

F. Fran. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

F. Fran. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

F. Fran. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer,—none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, Ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. — Father, by your leave: Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?
Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.
Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?
D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.
Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.—
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
Leon. What do you mean, my lord?
Claud. Not to be married, not to knit my soul
To an approved wanton.
Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—
Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You'll say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.
Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:
You seem'd to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

_Hero._ Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
_Claud._ Sweet Prince, why speak not you?
_D. Pedro._ What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

_Leon._ Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?
_D. John._ Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
_Bene._ This looks not like a nuptial.

_Hero._ True!—O God! ¹

_Claud._ Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the Prince? is this the Prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

_Leon._ All this is so: but what of this, my lord?
_Claud._ Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly ² power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

_Leon._ I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

_Hero._ O, God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechising call you this?

_Claud._ To make you answer truly to your name.

_Hero._ Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

_Claud._ Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

¹ Hero's words are in reply to the speech of Don John.
² Shakespeare has _kind_ repeatedly in its primitive meaning, _nature_, and here _kindly_ for _natural_. So in the first scene of this play: "A kind overflow of kindness;" where, of course, a play on the word is intended. See, also, vol. ii., page 143, note 15. And so in _The Faerie Queene_, i. 3. 28:
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall dearth,
Than I leave you, my life, yborne of heavenly birth.
SCENE I. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. 221

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

_Hero._ I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

_D. Pedro._ Why, then are you no maiden. — Leonato,
I'm sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal¹ villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

_D. John._ Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. — Thus, pretty lady,
I'm sorry for thy much misgovernment.

_Claud._ O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

_Leon._ Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[Hero swoons.

_Beat._ Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

_D. John._ Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,

¹ _Liberal_ here, as in many places of these plays, means _licentious, free beyond honour, or decency_. So in _Othello_, ii. 1: "Is he not a most profane and liberal censurer?"
Smother her spirits up. [Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, and Attendants.

_Bene._ How doth the lady?

_Beat._ Dead, I think: — help, uncle: —

_Hero! why, Hero! — uncle! — Signior Benedick! — friar!

_Leon._ O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!

Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

_Beat._

_Hero._ How now, cousin Hero!

_F. Fran._ Have comfort, lady.

_Leon._ Dost thou look up?

_F. Fran._ Yea, wherefore should she not?

_Leon._ Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal Nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirch’d thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said, No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,

---

4 The story which her blushes discovered to be true.

5 The rearward here means simply the rear. To strike on the rearward of a thing is to follow the thing with a blow.
Valuing of her; why, she — O, she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

_Bene._
Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

_Beat._ O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

_Bene._ Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

_Beat._ No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

_Leon._ Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two Princes lie? and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

_F. Fran._ Hear me a little;
For I have only silent been so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observation,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my books; trust not my age,
My reverend calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here

*Experimental seal is the pledge, proof, or verification of experience.*
Under some blighting error

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.

Thou see'st that all the grace that she hath left
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

F. Fran. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

F. Fran. There is some strange misprision in the

Princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lies in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a cause,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,

7 Misprision is mistake or misapprehension. Much used in the Poet's
time. Misprize occurs repeatedly also in the same sense; as "I am alto-
gether misprised," in As You Like It.
Ability in means and choice of friends,  
To quit me of them throughly.8

_F. Fran._    Pause awhile,  
And let my counsel sway you in this case.  
Your daughter here the Princes left for dead:  
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,  
And publish it that she is dead indeed;  
Maintain a mourning ostentation,9

And on your family's old monument  
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites  
That appertain unto a burial.

_Leon._ What shall become10 of this? what will this do?

_F. Fran._ Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf  
Change slander to remorse;11 that is some good:  
But not for that dream I on this strange course,  
But on this travail look for greater birth.  
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
Upon the instant that she was accused,  
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused  
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,  
That what we have we prize not to the worth  
While we enjoy it; but, being lack'd and lost,  
Why, then we rack12 the value, then we find  
The virtue that possession would not show us  
While it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:

---

8 _To quit_ was in common use for _requite_: the Poet has it repeatedly so.  
--- _Throughly_ and _thoroughly_ are but different forms of the same word; also  
_through_ and _thorough_: as to be _thorough_ in a thing is to go _through_ it.  
Shakespeare uses either form indifferently, to suit the occasions of his verse.

9 _Ostentation_ is _show, appearance, or display_. The Poet has _ostent_ in the  
same sense. See vol. iii., page 145, note 34.

10 A rather singular use of _become_. Of course it has the sense of _come to  
be_, or, simply, _come_.

11 _Remorse_ was continually used for _pity_, the _relentings_ of compassion.

12 Strain it up to the highest pitch. So in the common phrase, _rack-rent_.

---
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver,\(^{13}\))
And wish he had not so accusèd her,—
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success\(^{14}\)
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But, if all aim at this\(^{15}\) be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort\(^{16}\) not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness\(^{17}\) and love
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this

\(^{13}\) The liver was formerly thought to be the seat of the passions.

\(^{14}\) Success in the sense of sequel, issue, or result. See page 55, note 25.

\(^{15}\) This evidently refers to what precedes; and the meaning of the passage appears to be, "But if all expectation of, or all planning for, this result be falsely, that is, wrongly, directed." To level is still used for to take aim.

\(^{16}\) To sort was frequently used in the sense of to fall out, happen, or result. The Poet has it repeatedly thus. So again in v. 4, of this play: "I am glad that all things sort so well."

\(^{17}\) Inwardness is here used for intimacy. The Poet has inward, both as noun and adjective, in a similar sense. See vol. ii., page 74, note 8.
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.  \(^{18}\)

F. Fran. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure. —
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

[Exeunt Friar Francis, Hero, and Leonato.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yea, and I will weep awhile longer.
Bene. I will not desire that.
Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.
Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that
would right her!
Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?
Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.
Bene. May a man do it?
Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.
Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is
not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as
possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but
believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I
deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.
Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.
Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will
make him eat it that says I love not you.

\(^{18}\) This is one of Shakespeare's subtle observations upon life. Men, over-
powered with distress, eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with
every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confi-
dence in himself is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake
to guide him. — JOHNSON.
Beat. Will you not eat your word?
Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then God forgive me!
Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?
Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.
Bene. And do it with all thy heart.
Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.
Beat. Kill Claudio.
Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.
Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.
Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.
Beat. I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—
Beat. In faith, I will go.
Bene. We'll be friends first.
Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?
Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—
Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! a proper saying!

19 "Though my person stay with you, my heart is gone from you."
20 A common phrase of the time, signifying to take, lead, carry along, as an expectant or friend. See vol. ii., page 210, note 3.
Scene I.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero! she is wrong'd, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! 21 Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Confect; 22 a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim 23 ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell.

[Exeunt.

21 Countie was the ancient term for a count or earl.

22 That is, an image of a man, cast in sugar; such a nobleman as confectioners sell, "a sweet gallant": of course spoken in contempt.

23 Trim seems here to signify apt, fair-spoken. Tongue used in the singular, and trim ones in the plural, is a mode of construction not uncommon in Shakespeare.


Scene II. — A Prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?
Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.
Sex. Which be the malefactors?
Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.
Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.¹

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before Master Constable.
Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. — What is your name, friend?
Bora. Borachio.
Dog. Pray, write down Borachio. — Yours, sirrah?
Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.
Dog. Write down master gentleman Conrade. — Masters, do you serve God?

Con.  
Bora.  

Dog. Write down that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! — Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.— Come you hither, sirrah: a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

¹ This is a blunder of the constable's, for "examination to exhibit." In the last scene of the third act, Leonato says, "Take their examination yourself and bring it me."
SCENE II. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none!

Dog. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down that they are none?

Sex. Master Constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the Prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the Prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down Prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother, villain.

Bora. Master Constable,—


Sex. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the Mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

2 "They are both in a tale" means they both make the same answer, or their answers tally; that is, correspond or agree together. In the Poet's time, accounts were often kept by cutting notches in a stick. The stick was then split in two, so as to give the notches in duplicate, one set for each of the parties. These were called tally-sticks; and when both were in a tale, this certified the accuracy of the account.

8 The quickest or the handiest way.
Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. — Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination. 

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.
Verg. Let them be in the hands —
Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer, coxcomb. — Come, bind them. — Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? — O that he were here to write me down an ass! but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. — No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. — Bring him away. — O that I had been writ down an ass! [Exit.

4 It may seem strange that Dogberry should thus boast of his losses; but the man's pride probably fastens on the point of his still being rich notwithstanding his losses. It has been suggested, however, that losses may be a characteristic blunder for lawsuits.
ACT V.

SCENE I. — Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve: give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine. Bring me a father that so loved his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak to me of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, And let it answer every strain for strain, As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form: If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard, Bid sorrow wag, cry hem when he should groan, Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk With candle-wasters,¹ — bring him yet to me,

¹ It appears that to stroke the beard and cry hem was often represented as a common gesture preparatory to the utterance of a wise saying, or to a display of profound book-learning. So in Troilus and Cressida, i. 3: "Now play me Nestor; hem and stroke thy beard." Also in Chapman's May-Day, ii. i: "Thou shalt now see me stroke my beard, and speak sententiously." So that candle-wasters here evidently means those who "burn the midnight oil" in study. Jonson has it thus in his Cynthia's Revels: "Heart, was there ever so prosperous an invention thus unluckily perverted and spoiled by a
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.²

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push³ at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the Prince,

whoreson book-worm, a candle-waster?" And so in The Hospitall of Incurable Fooles, 1600: "I which have known you better and more inwardly than a thousand of these candle-wasting book-worms." The general idea in the text is that of curing grief by sage counsel, as men often lose the sense of pain or misfortune in a drunken sleep.

² Advertisement, even as now used, might easily pass over into the kindred sense of admonition or instruction.

³ Push is an old exclamation, equivalent to pish. So in Timon of Athens, iii. 6: "Push! did you see my cap?" spoken by one of the Lords when old Timon hurls stones at them, and drives them out from the sham banquet to which he had invited them.
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you, my lords, —
D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.
Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord: —

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,

Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Who!

Marry, thou wrong'st me; thou dissembler, thou.
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done, being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lives buried with her ancestors,
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villainy!

__Claud. My villainy!__

__Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.__

__D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.__

__Leon. My lord, my lord, I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice, his May of youth and bloom of lusthhood.__

__Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.__

__Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.__

__Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first; —
Win me and wear me, —let him answer me. —
Come, follow, boy; come, sir boy, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;__

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.__

__Leon. Brother, —__

__Ant. Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed__
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue;
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milk-sops! —

__Leon. Brother Antony, —__

__Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple, —__

4 Practice here means exercise, or well-practised skill, in the use of the sword. — Nice fence has much the same meaning, — exactness in the art of defence, or of fencing.

5 Foining is an old word for thrusting. — Fence is sword-practice, a teacher of which is still called a fencing-master.

6 Indeed here goes with man, not with answer; a real man, or one who is indeed a man; as in Hamlet's "A combination and a form indeed."
Scambling,\textsuperscript{7} out-facing, fashion-mongering boys,
That lie, and cog,\textsuperscript{8} and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go anticly, show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.

\textit{Leon.} But, brother Antony, —
\textit{Ant.} Come, 'tis no matter:
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.
\textit{D. Pedro.} Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.\textsuperscript{9}

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

\textit{Leon.} My lord, my lord; —
\textit{D. Pedro.} I will not hear you.
\textit{Leon.} No? —

Come, brother, away. — I will be heard.

\textit{Ant.} And shall,
Or some of us will smart for't. [\textit{Exeunt Leonato and Antonio}.
\textit{D. Pedro.} See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

\textit{Enter Benedick.}

\textit{Claud.} Now, signior, what news?

\textsuperscript{7} \textit{Scambling} appears to have been much the same as \textit{scrambling}, shifting, or shuffling. "Griffe graffe," says Cotgrave, "by hook or by crook, squimble-squamble, scamblingly, catch that catch may."

\textsuperscript{8} To \textit{cog} is to \textit{cheat}, to \textit{cajole}, to \textit{play sly tricks}. See vol. ii., page 85, note 24. — To go \textit{anticly} is to go fantastically or apishly, like a buffoon. See page 198, note 4. — "Show outward hideousness" is well explained in \textit{As You Like It.}, i. 3: "We'll have a swashing and a martial outside; as many other mannish cowards have that do outface it with their semblances."

\textsuperscript{9} That is, "rouse, stir up, convert your patience into anger." An image of sleep is implied in regard to \textit{patience}. Patience is, properly, \textit{repose of mind}; and to \textit{wake} one's patience is to \textit{disturb} it, to put it from itself. We have a like use of \textit{wake} in \textit{Richard II.}, i. 3: "To \textit{wake} our \textit{peace}, which in our country's cradle draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep."
Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapp’d off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think’st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. —I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. —Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff: this last was broke cross.
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D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.13

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. [Aside to Claud.] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. — Shall I not find a woodcock14 too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: True, says she, a fine little one. No, said I, a great wit: Right, says she, a great gross one. Nay, said I, a good wit: Just, said she, it hurts nobody. Nay, said I, the gentleman is wise: Cer-

13 So Sir Ralph Winwood in a letter to Cecil: “I said, what I spake was not to make him angry. He replied, If I were angry, I might turn the buckle of my girdle behind me.” The phrase came from the practice of wrestlers, and is thus explained by Holt White: “Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind was therefore a challenge.”

14 A woodcock was a common term for a foolish fellow; that savoury bird being supposed to have no brains. Claudio alludes to the stratagem whereby Benedick has been made to fall in love. So Sir William Cecil, in a letter to Secretary Maitland, referring to an attempted escape of some French hostages: “I went to lay some lime-twigs for certain woodcocks, which I have taken.”
tain, said she, a wise gentleman.\textsuperscript{15} Nay, said I, he hath the tongues: That I believe, said she, for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues. Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells Benedick, the married man?

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and till then peace be with him. [Exit.

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

\textsuperscript{15} Wise gentleman was probably used ironically for a silly fellow; as we still say a wiseacre.
D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you! let me pluck up my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled?

*Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.*

Dog. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now! two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine answer:

---

16 Meaning, apparently, "Let me rouse up my spirits, and be ready for serious business." This play has *sad* repeatedly in the same sense. See page 170, note 11.

17 That is, *one meaning put into many different dresses*; the Prince having asked the same question in four modes of speech.
do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

_D. Pedro._ Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

_Claud._ I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

_D. Pedro._ But did my brother set thee on to this?

_Bora._ Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

_D. Pedro._ He is composed and framed of treachery;
And fled he is upon this villainy.

_Claud._ Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

_Dog._ Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reform'd Signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

_Verg._ Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

_Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton._

_Leon._ Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

_Bora._ If you would know your wronger, look on me.

_Leon._ Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?
Scene I.  

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  

Bora.  
Yea, even I alone.  

Leon.  No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:  
Here stand a pair of honourable men,  
A third is fled, that had a hand in it. —  
I thank you, Princes, for my daughter’s death:  
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;  
’Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.  

Claud.  I known not how to pray your patience;  
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;  
Impose me to what penance your invention  
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn’d I not  
But in mistaking.  

D. Pedro.  By my soul, nor I:  
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,  
I would bend under any heavy weight  
That he’ll enjoin me to.  

Leon.  I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,—  
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,  
Possess the people in Messina here  
How innocent she died; and, if your love  
Can labour aught in sad invention,  
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,  
And sing it to her bones,—sing it to-night:  
To-morrow morning come you to my house;  
And, since you could not be my son-in-law,  
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,  
Almost the copy of my child that’s dead,  
And she alone is heir to both of us:  

18 To possess signified to inform, to make acquainted with. So in The Merchant, iv. 1: “I have possess’d your grace of what I purpose.”  
19 It was the custom to attach, upon or near the tombs of celebrated persons, a written inscription, either in prose or verse, generally in praise of the deceased.  
20 It would seem that Antonio’s son, mentioned in i. 2, must have died since the play began.
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

_Claud._ O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

_Leon._ To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

_Bora._ No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous
In any thing that I do know by her.

_Dog._ Moreover, sir, (which indeed is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remember'd in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name,—the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

_Leon._ I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

_21_ To be _packed_ is to be one of a _pack_, set, or gang; that is, an accomplice or confederate.

_22_ It was one of the fantastic fashions of Shakespeare's time to wear a long hanging _lock of hair_ dangling by the ear: it is often mentioned by contemporary writers, and may be observed in some ancient portraits. The humour of this passage is in Dogberry's supposing the _lock_ to have a _key_ to it.

_23_ _Used_ in the sense of _practised_, or _been used to do_. The Poet has the verb to _use_ repeatedly in the same way. So, in _The Merchant_, i. 3, Shylock says, "Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow upon advantage," and Antonio replies, "I do never _use_ it."
Dog. Your Worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.
Leon. There's for thy pains.
Dog. God save the foundation! 24
Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.
Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your Worship; which I beseech your Worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your Worship! I wish your Worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and, if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it! — Come, neighbour.
[Execunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.
Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.
Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.
D. Pedro. We will not fail.
Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.
[Execunt Don Pedro and Claudio.
Leon. Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd 25 fellow.
[Execunt.

SCENE II. — LEONATO'S GARDEN.

Enter, severally, Benedick and Margaret.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.
Marg. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

24 A phrase used by those who received alms at the gates of religious and charitable houses. Dogberry probably means, "God save the founder."
25 Here lewd has not the common meaning; but rather means knavish, wicked, depraved; like the Latin pravus. Repeatedly so.
Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living
shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deserv-
est it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! why, shall I
always keep men below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound’s mouth; it
catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer’s foils, which hit,
but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a
woman: and so I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the
bucklers.\footnote{1}

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the
pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for
maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath
legs.

Bene. And therefore will come.—                     \[Exit Margaret.

\[Sings.\] \textit{The god of love, that sits above,}
\textit{And knows me, and knows me,}
\textit{How pitiful I deserve,—}

I mean in singing; but, in loving, Leander the good swim-
mer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book-
full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run
smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, — why, they were
never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love.
Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find
out no rhyme to \textit{lady} but \textit{baby}, — an innocent rhyme; for
\textit{scorn, horn}, — a hard rhyme; for \textit{school, fool}, — a babbling

\footnote{1 To give the bucklers was to yield the victory; whereby the victor got
his adversary’s shield and kept his own.}
rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms. —

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I call'd thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then is spoken; fare you well now. And yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for; which is, with knowing what hath pass'd between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love,—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think: alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

2 Festival terms is choice language. So mine Host in The Merry Wives says of Fenton, "he speaks holiday." And Hotspur, in 1 Henry IV., "With many holiday and lady terms he question'd me."

8 Is under challenge, or now stands challenged, by me.
Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question! — why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the Prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

---

4 When men were not envious, but every one gave others their due.

5 This means, apparently, "You ask a question indeed!" — In what follows, "an hour in clamour" refers, no doubt, to the continuous ringing of the bell; and rheum is tears, — the tears which "the widow weeps"; that word being used indifferently for the secretions of the eyes, mouth, and nose. "A quarter," I presume, may either mean either a quarter of a year or a quarter of an hour: probably the former, though the latter seems more germane to the speaker's satirical humour or mood.

6 Old coil is huge bustle or stir. Coil has occurred before in this play.

7 Abused is deceived, cheated, or imposed upon. A very frequent usage.
Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?
Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?
Attan. It is, my lord.
Claud. [Reads from a scroll.]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [Fixing up the scroll.
Praising her when I am dumb.—
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight; ²

¹ This phrase occurs frequently in writers of Shakespeare's time: it appears to be derived from the French phrase, faire mourir.
² Knight was a common poetical appellation of virgins in Shakespeare's time; probably in allusion to their being the votarists of Diana, whose chosen pastime was in knightly sports. So in The Two Noble Kinsmen, v. i:

O, sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-sann'd snow, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe.
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!—
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy East with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe!

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. — A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Margaret,
Ursula, Friar Francis, and Hero.

F. Fran. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio, who accused her

8 We are indebted to Sidney Walker for the best explanation of this obscure passage: "With regard to the words, 'graves yawn,' &c., I know not why we should consider them as any thing more than an invocation, — after the usual manner of funeral dirges in that age, in which mourners of some description or other are summoned to the funeral, — a call, I say, upon the surrounding dead to come forth from their graves, as auditors or sharers in the solemn lamentation. Uttered, expressed, commemorated in song."
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.¹

_Ant._ Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
_Bene._ And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
_Leon._ Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The Prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me.—You know your office, brother: [_Exeunt Ladies._
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

_Ant._ Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
_Bene._ Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
_F. Fran._ To do what, signior?
_Bene._ To bind me, or undo me; one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
_Leon._ That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.
_Bene._ And I do with an eye of love requite her.
_Leon._ The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the Prince: but what's your will?
_Bene._ Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good-will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I' the state of honourable marriage:—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
_Leon._ My heart is with your liking.
_F. Fran._ And my help.

¹ _Question_ is used by Shakespeare in a great variety of senses. Here it
means, apparently, _investigation_ or _inquiry_, one of its Latin senses. See
vol. iii., page 197, note 25.
Here come the Prince and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, Prince; — good morrow, Claudio: We here attend you. Are you yet determined To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready.

[Exit Antonio.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.—
Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.—

Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies masked.

Which is the lady I must seize upon? 2

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine.—Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

2 Seize upon is here a technical term in the law, and means take possession of. The Poet has it repeatedly so.
Scene IV. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar: I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife:

[Unmasking.

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer:

One Hero died defiled; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

F. Fran. All this amazement can I qualify:

When, after that the holy rites are ended, I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

Meantime let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. [Unmasking.] I answer to that name. What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the Prince, and Claudio Have been deceivèd; for they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

8 Of course Hero means that she was defiled in the same sense that she died. She was believed to be defiled, and she was believed to be dead, and she was, in reality, just as much the one as the other, and no more. The word is used just so again in King Lear, iii. 6: "When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee," &c. But, indeed, loss of good name and of social sweetness through evil report or false imputation is a sort of death to a soul like Hero's, or rather something worse than death; and a perfect recovery from such a loss is, to her, like a coming to life again. See Critical Notes.

4 The meaning probably is, "Let that which seems wonderful be treated as a common or ordinary event"; that is, act as if there were nothing strange about it.
Troth, no; no more than reason.

Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

They swore that you were almost sick for me.

They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts.
Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I
yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for
I was told you were in a consumption.

Peace! I will stop your mouth. [Kissing her.

How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

I'll tell thee what, Prince; a college of wit-crackers
cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care
for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten
with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In
brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to
any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore
never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man
is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part,
Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou

\[5\] In that was much used for inasmuch as or because.
art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

_Claud._ I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

_Bene._ Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

_Leon._ We'll have dancing afterward.

_Bene._ First, of my word; therefore play, music!—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.6

_Enter a Messenger._

_Mess._ My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with arméd men back to Messina.

_Bene._ Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. — Strike up, pipers! [Dance.
[Exeunt.

6 Alluding, no doubt, to the walking-sticks or staves of elderly persons, which were often tipped or headed with horn, sometimes crosswise, in imitation of the crutched sticks or potences of the friars. Chaucer's _Somnpour_ describes one of his friars as having a "scrippe and tipped staff"; and he adds that "His felaw had a staf tipped with horn."—Benedick's sportive quibble upon horn is, I presume, obvious enough. See, however, vol. ii., page 47, note IX.
CRITICAL NOTES.

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ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 155. Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger. — The old copies have "Enter Leonato, Governour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Niece, with a messenger." Again, at the beginning of the second Act, the wife is introduced among the other persons. But, as "Innogen his wife" does not utter a word throughout the play, and as there are divers places where she could hardly be a mere dummy were she present, the name is rightly omitted in modern stage-directions. Theobald may be right in the conjecture, that "the Poet had in his first plan designed such a character, which, on a survey of it, he found would be superfluous, and therefore he left it out."

P. 155. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour, &c. — Here, and also in the first speech of the play, the old editions have Peter instead of Pedro.

P. 159. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed on as Signior Benedick? — The old text has is instead of on. It is evident that the word should be either her or on.

P. 160. Scratching could not make it worse, an'twere such a face as yours. — So Collier's second folio. The old text reads "such a face as yours were." Here were is manifestly a good deal worse than superfluous.

P. 162. D. Pedro. If it were so, so were it utter'd. — In the old copies, this speech is assigned to Claudio. I can see no fitness, or even meaning, in the speech, as coming from him; whereas the Prince might very naturally say, "If Claudio were really in love with Hero, he
would declare it.” And Benedick’s next speech, I think, fairly infers this to be spoken by the Prince. Of course it is a word of encouragement to Claudio.

P. 165. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn, &c.—The first teach sounds hardly right, and the word may have been repeated in advance by mistake. Walker suggests changing it to use; but I think the word learn, at the end of the next line, speaks something in favour of the old reading.

P. 166. The fairest grant is to necessity.—The original text is “the necessity”; which may be strained to sense, but hardly. The slight change of the to to was proposed by Hayley.

**ACT I., SCENE 2.**

P. 168. Cousin, you know what you have to do.—The old copies have the plural, cousins, here. But the use of cousin a little after in this speech, and also in the first speech of the scene, —“Where is my cousin, your son?”—shows that the singular is required. See footnote 3.

**ACT I., SCENE 3.**

P. 168. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it.—Here it, plainly needful to the sense, is wanting in the old copies.

P. 169. You have of late stood out against your brother.—Collier’s second folio reads “You have till of late.” Singer prints until, which he says is supplied in his corrected folio. The insertion is highly plausible, to say the least.

**ACT II., SCENE 1.**

P. 173. Falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink apace into his grave.—The old copies read “till he sink into his grave.” The reading in the text was conjectured by Capell, and is found in Collier’s second folio. As the Cambridge Editors note, the reading is supported by a passage in Marston’s Insatiate Countess. One of the persons says, “Thinke of me as of the man whose dancing dayes you see are not yet done”; and another replies, “Yet you sinke a pace, Sir.”
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 174. Balth. Well, I would you did like me.—This and Bal-thazar's next two speeches are assigned to Benedick in the old copies. The needful correction was made by Theobald, and is generally received; Dyce remarking that "two prefixes, each beginning with the same letter, are frequently confounded by transcribers and printers: so, in Love's Labours Lost, ii. i, six speeches in succession which belong to Biron are assigned in the folio to Boyet."

P. 177. This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, then, Hero!—So Collier's second folio and several modern editions. The old copies have therefore instead of then.

P. 178. I told him that your Grace had got the good-will of his young lady.—The old text reads "of this young lady." There being nothing for this to refer to, Walker proposed the change. His and this were very often misprinted each for the other.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 186. Hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio.—As Borachio is to act the man in this interview, Theobald substituted that name here for Claudio, and has been followed by several editors. But it appears to be a part of the arrangement that, as Borachio is to address Margaret by the name of Hero, so Margaret is to receive him under the name of Claudio. So much is fairly implied in the expression "hear Margaret term me." As Claudio was to witness the encounter, he would of course know that he was not himself the person talking with the supposed Hero; and both he and the Prince might well be persuaded that Hero received a clandestine lover, whom she called Claudio, in order to deceive her attendants, should any be within hearing; and this they would naturally deem an aggra-vation of her offence.

P. 186. Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth of her disloyalty.—The old copies read "of Heroes disloyaltie," thus repeating the name. Capell made the correction.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 187. And now he is turn'd orthographer.—Instead of orthogra-pher, the old copies have ortography and orthography. Hardly worth the notice.
P. 188. *We'll fit the hid fox with a pennyworth.* — The old copies read “fit the *kid-foxe*”; which has been explained in different ways, but hardly to any sense that fits the occasion. The correction is Warburton’s.

P. 192. *Weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, cries,* O sweet Benedick! — The old copies read “prays, curses, O sweet Benedick.” I cannot imagine what *curses* should have to do there. The change is from Collier’s second folio.

P. 192. *An he should, it were an alms-deed to hang him.* — So Collier’s second folio; the old copies, “an *alms* to hang him.” *Alms* does not give the right sense; and *alms-deed* was a current phrase, which the Poet elsewhere uses, to express much the same meaning which is required here; as in *3 Henry VI.*, v. 5, Margaret says to Gloster, “murder is thy *alms-deed*.”

P. 193. *If he do fear God, 'a must necessarily keep the peace: if he break the peace,* &c. — The old copies read “keep peace,” omitting the article: but, as they have it in the next clause, it should evidently be supplied. Corrected by Dyce.

P. 195. *Just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and not chose a daw withal.* — So Collier’s second folio; the old copies omit *not*.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 203. *Which is now crept into a lute-string, and new-govern'd by stops.* — The old copies read “*and now govern'd*.” The correction is Walker’s, who points out many like instances of *now* and *new* confounded.

P. 203. *She shall be buried with her face upwards.* — Theobald printed “with her *heels* upwards,” which defeats the sense and humour of the passage. Don Pedro, playing on the word *dies*, which has just been used, means that the lady shall be buried in her lover’s arms. So, in *The Winter’s Tale*, iv. 3, Perdita says to Florizell, “Not like a *corse*; or if,—not to be buried, but quick, and in mine arms.”
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 204. Claud. Who, Hero?

D. John. Even she, Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.—Lettosom, in a private letter to Dyce, observed that "some very necessary words seem to have been omitted here"; and he queries whether Claudio's speech ought not to stand thus: "Who, Hero? my Hero? Leonato's Hero?" I cannot help thinking the query well-placed.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 209. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villain should be so rich; for when rich villains, &c.—So Warburton, with manifest propriety; the old copies, "if any villanie should be so rich."

P. 211. I Watch. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.—Absurdly assigned to Conrade in the old copies. Corrected by Theobald.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 219. Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:

You seem'd to me as Dian in her orb.—Here, in the second line, the old copies have "on thee seeming," and, in the third, "You seem to me." Errors that almost correct themselves. The first was corrected by Pope, the other by Hanmer.

P. 220. Claud. Sweet Prince, why speak you not?—Assigned to Leonato in the old copies. Claudio naturally calls on the Prince to confirm the charges he has just made. Tieck, I believe, was the first to propose giving the speech to Claudio; and Dyce remarks, "To Claudio, as I saw long ago, it assuredly belongs."

P. 221. About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart.—The old copies have "About thy thoughts"; thy having doubtless got repeated by mistake. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 222. Chid I for that at frugal Nature's frame?—Hanmer printed "Nature's hand," and Collier's second folio has "Nature's frown." But frame is probably right, meaning the framing, disposing, or ordering of Providence. A like use of frame occurs later in this scene: "Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies."
P. 223. *For I have only silent been so long.* — The old copies transpose silent and been, to the spoiling of the metre. Corrected by White.

P. 223. *Trust not my reading nor my observation,*
   *Which with experimental seal doth warrant*
   *The tenour of my books; trust not my age,*
   *My reverend calling, nor divinity,*
   *If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here*
   *Under some blighting error.* — Here the old copies have, in the first line, observations, in the third, book, in the fourth, "reverence, calling," and in the last, biting. Heath proposed books, and "reverend calling" and blighting are from Collier's second folio. Hanmer reads observation.

P. 224. *The practice of it lies in John the bastard.* — The old copies have lives instead of lies. The correction is Walker's, who cites divers instances of lie and live misprinted each for the other.

P. 224. *But they shall find, awaked in such a cause,*
   *Both strength of limb and policy of mind.* — So Collier's second folio, and Walker. The old copies have kind instead of cause. Kind is clearly wrong in sense, and makes, besides, a most ill-placed rhyme with mind; which, occurring thus in the midst of blank-verse, Walker pronounces "inadmissible, to say nothing of the sense."

P. 226. *But, if all aim at this be levell'd false.* — The old copies read "all aim but this." I can only understand this as referring to what precedes, and but is incompatible with such reference. See footnote 15.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 232. Dog. *Come, let them be opinion'd.*
   Verg. *Let them be in the hands—*
   Con. Off, *coxcomb!* — So modern editions generally, following Malone. In the old copies, the last two speeches are run together, thus: "Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe." It seems not unlikely that something may be lost; but the common arrangement is the best that can be done with the text as it stands. That Conrade uses the term coxcomb, is evident from Dogberry's next speech: "God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer, coxcomb."
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT. V., SCENE I.

P. 233. And bid him speak to me of patience.—So Hanmer, Ritson, Walker, Collier's second folio, and Dyce. The old text omits to me.

P. 233. If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,  
Bid sorrow wag, cry hem when he should groan,  
Patch grief with proverbs, &c.—The old copies read "And sor-  
rowe wagge, crie hem," &c., out of which it is hardly possible to make  
any sense. Various changes of the text have been printed and offered.  
The one here adopted is Capell's, which Dyce pronounces "incom-  
parably the best yet proposed." —Of course wag means be gone.

P. 235. Claud.  
Leon.  
Who wrongs him?  
Who!

Marry, thou wrong'st me; thou dissembler, thou.—The exclam-  
ative Who! in Leonato's speech is wanting in the old copies. Supplied  
by Walker, and justified on grounds both of sense and of metre. The  
old copies also have "thou dost wrong me," instead of "thou wrong'st  
me."

P. 236. Come, follow, boy; come, sir boy, follow me.—The old text  
gives this line thus: "Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow  
me." Yet the whole speech is printed there as verse, and was evi-  
dently meant to be such.

P. 237. Go anticly, show outward hideousness.—The old copies  
have "and show," to the spoiling of the metre. The context has so  
many ands, that the word might easily get repeated once too often.  
The correction is Speeding's.

P. 237. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.—Hanmer  
changed wake to rack; and Dyce pronounces wake "a most suspicious  
lection, though defended by several commentators." Nevertheless wake  
is most probably right. An image of sleep is implied, and aptly im-  
plicated, in regard to patience. See foot-note 9.

P. 241. But, soft you! let me pluck up my heart, and be sad.—Here  
the original text has a very strange reading, "let me be, plucke up my  
heart," &c. This has commonly been changed to "let be: pluck up,  
my heart." Dyce and White print "let me be: pluck up, my heart."
The reading here given was proposed by Malone. It clears the passage of obscurity at least, and, I think, reduces it to tolerable English. See foot-note 16.

P. 241. Secondarily, they are slanderers.—So Walker; the old copies, slanders. Possibly slanders may have been intended as a blunder of Dogberry’s; but I think not, as this would be rather overloading the speech in that kind; and Walker cites various examples of similar errors.

ACT v., SCENE 2.

P. 246. To have no man come over me! Why, shall I always keep men below stairs?—The old copies read “shall I always keep below stairs?” omitting men. This seems to defeat the passage of all suitable meaning. Steevens proposed to insert men. Singer proposes them.

P. 247. Let me go with that I came for.—For, which is necessary to the sense, is wanting in the old copies. Supplied by Pope.

P. 249. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes.—Collier says, “The Rev. Mr. Barry suggests to me, that the words heart and eyes have in some way changed places in the old copies.”

ACT v., SCENE 3.

P. 250. Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered
Heavily, heavily.—So the quarto: the folio reads “Heavenly, heavenly,” though it has “Heavily, heavily” three lines before. Hereby hangs a long tale of critical discussion. Knight, Verplanck, Staunton, and White follow the folio; Dyce and various others, the quarto. Upon the folio reading Walker puts something very like an extinguisher, thus: “The folio and Knight read Heavenly, heavenly; a most absurd error, generated (ut sape) by the corruption of an uncommon word to a common one. So in Hamlet, ii, 2,—‘It goes so heavily with my disposition,’ — the folio has heavenly; as Dyce has also noticed. My note, however, was suggested by the sense of the passage. — The explanation of uttered, as signifying ousted, is one of the many unfortunate exhibitions of half-learning to which our Poet has given occasion.” See foot-note 3.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 250. Claud. *Now, unto thy bones good night!*—

*Yearly will I do this rite.* — In the old copies these two lines are assigned to *Lord.* Corrected by Rowe.

P. 250. *And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's.* — The old text has *speeds.* *Speed's* is a contraction of *speed us,* designed to rhyme with *weeds,* in the second line before. The Poet has many such contractions, and some even bolder than this. Thirlby makes the following apt note upon the passage: "Claudio could not know, without being a prophet, that this new proposed match should have any luckier event than that designed with Hero. Certainly, therefore, this should be a wish in Claudio; and, to this end, the Poet might have wrote *speed's,* that is, *speed us:* and so it becomes a prayer to Hymen."

ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 252. Ant. *This same is she, and I do give you her.* — So Theobald. The old editions assign this speech to Leonato; which is clearly wrong, as it contravenes the arrangement expressly made before.

P. 253. *One Hero died defiled; but I do live,*

*And, surely as I live, I am a maid.* — So the quarto. The folio omits *defiled,* and leaves a gap in the verse; perhaps because the Editors judged that word to be unsuiting, and did not see what to substitute. Collier has proposed to read "One Hero died *reviled*"; and urges it on the ground that Hero had, in truth, been reviled, but had not really been defiled, and that she would naturally shrink from applying that word to herself. But, as she represents herself to be "another Hero," and is supposing the reputed defilement and death of the first Hero to have been real, I doubt whether this objection will hold. See foot-note 3.

P. 253. *Why, then your uncle, and the Prince, and Claudio*  

*Have been deceived; for they swore you did.* — The word *for* is wanting here in the old copies. Perhaps we ought to read, as in the third speech after, "Are much *deceived; for they did swear you did.*" The reading in the text is Capell's.

P. 255. Bene. *Peace! I will stop your mouth.* — In the old editions, this speech is absurdly assigned to Leonato. Corrected by Theobald.
Press-work by Rockwell & Churchill.