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As You Like It.
A NEW VARIORUM EDITION

OF

莎士比亚

EDITED BY

霍拉齐·霍华德·弗内斯

VOL. VIII

As You Like It

费城

J. B. 利平科特公司

1891
IN MEMORIAM
PREFACE

All needful information in regard to the scope and design of this Edition may be found on p. 439 of the Appendix.

The Text is that of the First Folio, as accurately reproduced as a comparison almost letter by letter can make it.

There are many passages in Shakespeare whereon it is desirable to have notes demanding no profundity of antiquarian research or archaeological knowledge on the part of the annotator, but requiring solely keenness of intellect with clearness of thought or of expression. On such passages there cannot be, speaking for myself, too many notes nor too much discussion, provided only that we are fortunate enough to conjure into the circle such minds as Dr Johnson's, or Coleridge's, Hazlitt's, Campbell's, Christopher North's, Mrs Jameson's, or Charles Lamb's; or can summon to our aid the traditions of Garrick, or of Kean, or of Mrs Siddons; or listen to Mrs Kemble or to Lady Martin. Indeed, the professions of 'love' and 'admiration' for Shakespeare from those who can turn aside from such nights and feasts of the gods are of doubtful sincerity.

At the same time, to be perfectly fair, it must be confessed that we read our Shakespeare in varying moods. Hours there are, and they come to all of us, when we want no voice, charm it never so wisely, to break in upon Shakespeare's own words. If there be obscurity, we rather like it; if the meaning be veiled, we prefer it veiled. Let the words flow on in their own sweet cadence, lulling our senses, charming our ears, and let all sharp quillets cease. When Amiens's gentle voice sings of the winter wind that its 'tooth is not so keen because it is not seen,' who of us ever dreams, until wearisome commentators gather mumbling around, that there is in the line the faintest flaw in 'logical sequence'? But this idle, receptive mood does not last for ever. The time comes when we would fain catch every ray of light
flashing from these immortal plays, and pluck the heart out of every
mystery there; then, then, we listen respectfully and gratefully to
every suggestion, every passing thought, which obscure passages
have stirred and awakened in minds far finer than our own. Then it
is that we welcome every aid which notes can supply, and find, too,
a zest in tracing the history of Shakespearian Comment from the
condescending, patronising tone of the early critics toward the 'old
bard,' with Warburton's cries of 'rank nonsense,' to the reverential
tone of the present day.

It has been a source of entertainment, in this present play of As
You Like It, to note what I think has been but seldom noted, the
varied interpretations which the character of Jaques has received.
With the sole exception of Hamlet, I can recall no character in
Shakespeare of whom the judgements are as diverse as of this
'old gentleman' as Audrey calls him. Were he really possessed
of all the qualities attributed to him by his critics, we should behold
a man both misanthropic and genial, sensual and refined, depraved
and elevated, cynical and liberal, selfish and generous, and finally, as
though to make him still more like Hamlet, we should see in him
the clearly marked symptoms of incipient insanity. Indeed, so mys-
terious and so attractive is this character that, outside of England at
least, Jaques has often received a larger share of attention than even
Rosalind. So completely did he fascinate George Sand that in her
version of the play for the French stage Jaques is the guiding spirit
of the whole drama, and is represented, by her, as so madly in love
with Celio that in a fit of jealousy he is only with difficulty restrained
from fighting a duel with Orlando, and the curtain falls on the pret-
tiest of ring-times between him and his adoration.

If all degrees of surprise had not been, for me, long ago exhausted
concerning Shakespeare, not alone at the poet himself, but at every
circumstance howsoever connected with him, I should be inclined to
wonder that the students of Anthropology, instead of adopting various
standards, such as Facial Angles, Craniological Measurements, and the
like, had not incontinently adopted one of Shakespeare's comedies
as the supreme and final test in determining nationality, at least as
between the Gallic, the Teutonic, and the Anglosaxon races. I sug-
gest a comedy as the test rather than a tragedy, because in what is
tragic the whole world thinks pretty much alike; a fount of tears is
in every human breast, and the cry of pain is sure to follow a wound.
We are all of us like BARMAM's Catherine of Cleves, who

'— didn't mind death, but she couldn't stand pinching,'

it makes no difference whether the unshunnable outcry is in French, or German, or English, the key-note is the same in all. But in Comedy it is far different. We may all cry, but we do not all laugh; and when we laugh, we are by no means all tickled by the same straw. And it is just here wherein the difference of nationality or race consists. Théophile Gautier, in the short but good Preface to his translation of Munchhausen, has admirably explained the cause of this difference: 'Le génie des peuples,' he says, 'se révèle surtout dans la plaisanterie. Comme les œuvres sérieuses chez toutes les nations ont pour but la recherche du beau qui est un de sa nature, elles se ressemblent nécessairement davantage, et portent moins nettement imprimé le cachet de l'individualité ethnographique. Le comique, au contraire, consistant dans une déviation plus ou moins accentuée du modèle idéal, offre une multiplicité singulière de ressources; car il y a mille façons de ne pas se conformer à l'archétype.'

The 'beaded bubbles winking at the brim' of English wit may, therefore, be to German eyes merely insipid froth to be lightly blown aside.

Hence it is that such a sparkling comedy as this of As You Like It may be made to yield the test I have spoken of. It is through and through an English comedy, on English soil, in English air, beneath English oaks; and it will be loved and admired, cherished and appreciated, by English men as long as an English word is uttered by an English tongue. Nowhere else on the habitable globe could its scene have been laid but in England, nowhere else but in Sherwood Forest has the golden age, in popular belief, revisited the earth, and there alone of all the earth a merry band could, and did, fleet the time carelessly. England is the home of As You Like It, with all its visions of the Forest of Arden and heavenly ROSALIND; but let it remain there; never let it cross 'the narrow seas.' No Forest of Arden, 'rocking on its towery top, all throats that gurgle sweet,' is to be found in the length and breadth of Germany or France, and without a Forest of Arden there can be no ROSALIND. No glimpses of a golden age do German legends afford, and time, of old in Germany, was fleeted carelessly only by 'bands of gypsies.' Such a life as ROSALIND led in the Forest, which all English-speaking folk accept without a
thought of incongruity, is to the German mind wellnigh incomprehensible, and refuge is taken, by some of the most eminent Germans, in explanations of the 'Pastoral drama,' with its 'sentimental unrealties' and 'contrasts,' or of Shakespeare's intentional 'disregard of dramatic use and wont,' &c. &c. Rosalind ceases to be the one central figure of the play, her wit and jests lose all prosperity in German ears, and Germans consequently turn to Jaques and to Touchstone as the final causes of the comedy and as the leading characters of the play. The consequence is that this almost flawless chrysolite of a comedy, glittering with Rosalind's brightness and reflecting sermons from stones and glowing with the good in everything, becomes, as seen through some German eyes, the almost sombre background for Shakespeare's display of folly; nay, one distinguished German critic goes so far as to consider the professional Fool as the most rational character of all the Dramatis Personae. Indeed, it is to be feared that of some of the German criticisms on this comedy it may be truthfully said, that were the names of the characters omitted to which these critics refer, it would be almost impossible to discover or to recognise which one of all Shakespeare's plays is just then subjected to analysis; so difficult is it for an alien mind to appreciate this comedy of As You Like It.

Stress has been laid in these later days on the Chronological Order in which Shakespeare wrote his plays, and attempts have been made to connect their tragic or their comic tone with the outward circumstances of Shakespeare's own life; it has been assumed that, in general, he wrote tragedies when clouds and darkness overshadowed him, and comedies when his outer life was full of sunshine.

For my part, I believe that Shakespeare wrote his plays, like the conscientious playwright that he was, to fill the theatre and make money for his fellow-actors and for himself; and I confess to absolute scepticism in reference to the belief that in these dramas Shakespeare's self can be discovered (except on the broadest lines), or that either his outer or his inner life is to any discoverable degree reflected in his plays: it is because Shakespeare is not there that the characters are so perfect,—the smallest dash of the author's self would mar to that extent the truth of the character, and make of it a mask.

But assuming, for the nonce, that this belief of recent days is well grounded, and that from the tone of his dramas we may infer the experiences of his life, I cannot but think that it is an error to infer
from his tragedies that his life was certainly sad, or that because his life was sad we have his tragedies. Surely, it was not then, when his daily life was overcast with gloom, and he was 'troubling deaf Heaven with his bootless cries,' that he would turn from real to write fictitious tragedies. Do we assuage real tears with feigned ones? From an outer world of bitter sorrow SHAKESPEARE would surely retreat to an inner, unreal world of his own creation where all was fair and serene; behind that veil the stormy misery of life could be transmuted into joyous calm. If, therefore, this belief of recent days be true, it was, possibly, from a life over which sorrow and depression brooded that there sprang this jocund comedy of As You Like It.

The extracts from KREVSSIG, who, of all German commentators, seems to have best caught the spirit of this play, have been translated for me by my Father, the Rev. Dr Furness, to whom it is again my high privilege and unspeakable pleasure to record my deep and abiding thanks.

H. H. F.

February, 1890.
Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Burgundy.
Frederick, Brother to the Duke, and Usurper of his Dukedom.

Amiens, Lords attending upon the Duke in his Banishment.

Jaques.

Dramatis Personæ] First given by Rowe (ed. i) and substantially followed by all Editors. In Rowe (ed. ii), after the names Corin and Sylvius, there is added 'A Clown, in love with Audrey,' and 'William, another Clown, in love with Audrey.' Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton followed Rowe (ed. ii). Capell added 'a Person presenting Hymen.'

5. Jaques] The pronunciation of this name has never been decisively determined. A discussion in regard to it arose in the pages of The Athenaeum for the 31st of July, the 14th and 21st of August, and the 4th of September, 1850; by some of the participants it was held to be a monosyllable, and by the others a disyllable. The discussion ended, as literary journalistic discussions generally end, in leaving the disputants, as far as the public can judge, more firmly convinced than ever of the soundness of the views with which they started. For the monosyllabic pronunciation no authority was cited, merely personal preference was alleged. For the disyllabic pronunciation the requirements of metre were urged when the occurrence of the name in the middle of a verse shows that pronunciation to be indispensable, as in II, i, 29: 'The mel ancho Ja ques grieves at that,' and possibly in V, iv, 199: 'Stay, Ja ques, stay.' I have discussed in a note on II, i, 29, all the instances where the name occurs metrically in Shakespeare, and beg to refer the student to that note, which supplements the present. In The Athenaeum for the 20th of May, 1852, H. Barton Baker gives of this disyllabic pronunciation four examples from Greene's Friar Bacon, five from his James IV, one from Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, another from his Solomon and Porroda, and two from Beaumont and Fletcher's Noble Gentleman. The value of this list, for our present purpose, is impaired by the fact that none of these characters is supposed to be English, and in each case, therefore, 'Jaques' may possibly have received a foreign pronunciation.

On the other hand, H. Halliwell says 'the name of this character was pronounced jakes.' And French (p. 317) tells us that 'the name of the melancholy Lord Jaques belongs to Warwickshire, where it is pronounced as one syllable; "Thomas Jakes of Wonersh," was on the List of Gentry of the Shire, 12 Henry VI, 1433. At the surrender of the Abbey of Kenilworth, 26 Henry VIII, 1535, the Abbot was Simon Jakes, who had the large pension of 100l per annum granted to him. There are still some respectable families of the name in the neighborhood of Stratford; John Jaques and Joseph Jaques reside at Alderminster; Mrs Sarah Jaques at Newbold-on-Stour; and families of the name are living at Pillerton and Eastington (1867).'
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Le Beu, A Courtier attending on Frederick.

Oliver, Eldest Son to Sir Rowland de Boys, who
had formerly been a Servant of the Duke.

Jaques, Orlando, Younger Brothers to Oliver.

Evidence which French adduces is sufficient, I think, to show that the name as a
monosyllabic was well known in Shakespeare's day. If more be needed in proof
of this monosyllabic pronunciation it is settled beyond a peradventure by the coarse,
unsavoury anecdote with which Harington begins his Metamorphosis of Ajax, 1596
(p. 17 of Singer's Reprint), which need not be repeated here; Halliwell's word and
mine may be taken for the fact. Assuming, then, this monosyllabic pronunciation, I
think it is not impossible to reconcile it with the passages where the metre demands
two syllables by supposing that, like many other words, such as commandment (see 11,
vii, 115 post), England, children and the like, there can be, when needed, the sub-
audition of an extra syllable. The fact that Jaques was an old Warwickshire name
takes it out of the rule which applies to foreign names, like Parolles. To me the evidence
is conclusive that it was in general pronounced as a monosyllabic, Jaques, and,
when metre required it, there was, I believe, the suggestion of a faint, unemphatic
second syllable.

Having thus discerned the right, let us be human and the wrong pursue. The
name Jaques is so harsh, and so indissolubly associated with the old time 'Bowery
boys,' that surely the fervent hope may be pardoned that the name Jaques will never
be pronounced other than Jégues.—Ed.

6. Le Beu] This is the uniform spelling in the Folio, except in the Stage direc-
tion, I, ii, 88, which reads Enter le Beau.

7. Rowland de Boys] French (p. 316): It is very probable that Shakespeare
took the name of his knight from an old but extinct family of great note in Leices-
tershire and Warwickshire, whose memory was long preserved in the latter county, Sir
Ermal or Arnold de Boys, Arnold being easily transposed to Roland, and thence
we have Orlando. The manor of Weston-in-Arden was held by Sir Ermal de Boys,
temp. Edw. I, paying yearly to the Earl of Leicester 'one hound called a Brache,
and seven pence in money for all services.' There were four generations in succe-
sion of the lords of the manor of Weston-in-Arden, each of whom is called Sir Ermal
de Bosco, or de Boys.

9. Jaques] To avoid confusion with the 'melancholy Jaques,' Wieland changed
this to Jakob. Le Tournier adopted James in his Dramatis Personæ, but by the
time the Fifth Act was reached he had forgotten the substitution, and Jaques, not
James, enters on the scene. It was Wieland, I am afraid, who started the custom in
Germany, which has survived, I am sorry to say, even to the present hour, of trans-
lating, and of changing at will, the names of Shakespeare's characters. The infec-
tion spread even to that most admirable translator, François-Victor Hugo. Scarcely
a play of Shakespeare's can be read in German wherein names with which we are all
familiar from our childhood are not distorted and disguised beyond recognition, and
however often they may occur in reading it is always an effort to recall the original.
Who of us, however at home he may be in German, can recognize at first sight Frau
Hurtig or Schaal and Stille, or those two associates lost to everlasting redemption
under the disguise of Holsauffel and Schlerwein? Perhaps it may be urged that these
Dramatis Personae

Adam, an old Servant of Sir Rowland de Boys, now following the Fortunes of Orlando.
Dennis, Servant to Oliver.
Charles, A Wrecker, and Servant to the Usurping Duke Frederick.
Touchstone, a Clown attending on Celia and Rosalind.
Corin, } Shepherds.
Sylvius, }  
William, a Clown, in Love with Audrey.
Sir Oliver Mar-text, a Country Curate.

names, in that they have a meaning, ought to be translated, and there might be some justice in the plea if that meaning were always a key to the character. But it is rarely so. The names are simply those of the lower orders, and to bear, originally, a meaning is characteristic of all such names; the meaning, however, had long before ceased to have any special connection with the present owner of the name. In the play before us, in the translation of Dr Alexander Schmidt and in that of Herwegh, the two most recent translators and among the very best, mention is made of Hannchen Freundlich; who would recognise under this disguise Touchstone's Jane Smile? Touchstone himself figures as Prokstein, and Audrey is Käthchen; and they come near to be married by Ehren Olivarius Textreher. Perhaps we should be grateful that we are not called upon to read the tragedy of 'Dürfchen, Prince of Denmark.' Would our German brothers relish the retaliation which should speak with delight of Glüther's 'Song of the Bell,' or of the tragedy of 'Faust and Pegge,' or, better still, 'Fist and Peg'? If this be well-nigh sacrilege, let them be gently reminded that our Shakespeare names have become a part of the language of our hearths and homes, and can be no more translated or changed than can the meaning at this late day be extracted from the Aztec name, America, and our country be referred to as The Hills.

—Ed.

17. Sir Oliver] Johnson: He that has taken his first degree at the University is in the academical style called Dominus, and in common language was heretofore termed Sir. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates assumed it in their own writings; so Trevisa, the historian, writes himself Sir John de Trevisa.

Critical Review (Dec. 1765, p. 409) : Had Mr Johnson been more of an antiquarian, he would have been a much better editor of Shakespeare. He would then have known that this is no academical, but a pontifical style. The popes, not to be behindhand with our kings before the Reformation, arrogated to themselves a power of knighthood, both in England and Scotland; and the honour was sold by their legates or agents to churchmen who could pay for it, which great numbers did in both kingdoms. Stevens: We find the same title bestowed on many divines in our old comedies. Nichols: A clergyman, who hath not been educated at the universities, is still distinguished in some parts of North Wales by the appellation of Sir. Hence the Sir Hugh Evans in the Merry Wives is not a Welsh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welsh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the universities. Wright: The corresponding Latin 'Dominus' still exists in the Cambridge Tripos lists in its abbreviated form D.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Rosalind, Daughter to the Duke. 18
Celia, Daughter to Frederick.
Phoebe, a Shepherdess. 20
Audrey, a Country Wench.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes, with Pages,
Foresters, and other Attendants.

The Scene lieth first near Oliver's House, and afterwards partly in the Duke's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

17. [Mar-text] Neil (p. 45): Martext was perhaps employed during the Marprelate controversy as a satirical designation for one who could not be expected to give such expositions of Scripture as more learned vicars were able to do, with a soupsçon of puritanical reference to 'blind leaders of the blind.'

18. Rosalind] Fletcher (p. 200): Few readers may now be aware that Rosalinda is, in truth, a Spanish name,—the adjective lindo or linda having no complete synonym in English, but expressing beauty in the most exalted, combined with the ordinary sense,—meaning, in short, exquisitely graceful, beautiful, and sweet. The analogy will at once be seen which the image of the graceful rose bears to the exquisite spirit of Rosalind, no less than to her buoyant figure in all its blooming charms.

21. Audrey] Halliwell: 'Audry, Sax., it seemeth to be the same with Etheldred, for the first foundress of Ely church is so called in Latin histories, but by the people of those parts, S. Audry.'—Camden's Remaines, ed. 1629, p. 77. The name was occasionally used in Warwickshire in the time of Shakespeare. 'Anno 1603, the ix.th of May, Thomas Poole, and Audrey Gibbes, were married.'—Parish Register of Aston Cantlowe. Awdrey Turfe is one of the characters in Jonson's Tale of a Tub.
As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

So I remember Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and

Scena] Scena F F 4-
Cap. fashion. He Mal. Var. Coll. ii,
Kily. fashion;} Wh. fashion,—
Dyce i, Sta. fashion,—he Dyce iii,
Huds.
4. me by] me. By Johns. me: By
Steev.
poore a] a poore F 4 a poor F F 4
Hal.
5. Crownes] Crowns F 4 F 4-
Enter Orlando and Adam.

reply carelessly to such a question as "How shall we entitle it?" asked by men who are skimming the time after the fashion of the golden world. "Laud it as you like it," it seems to say, or "as you like it allow it," and this is the tenor of the epilogue of Rosalind, "I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of the play as pleases you," and so with little more strenuousness of exhortation it is left to its fate, that could not be other than a kind one." In the 'Epistle Dedicatiorie To the Gentlemen Readers,' Lodge, referring to his Novel, says: 'If you like it, so.' This phrase Halliwell surmises may have suggested to Shakespeare the title to the play; and Wright thinks 'it can scarcely be doubted' that it is so. Even if we have to yield assent, as I suppose we must, surely a little fretting and fuming may be pardoned over this fitching, as it were, from Shakespeare of the originality of this title. At any rate, the words were changed in the transfer, and *As You Like It* has a charm which to *If You Like It* is denied—a charm which Shakespeare infused into all the titles of his plays, affording therein a notable contrast to all his contemporaries.

Furthermore, Halliwell says: 'Braithwait, however, in his *Barnabys Journal* speaks of *as you like it* as a proverbial motto, and this seems more likely to imply the true explanation of the title of Shakespeare's play. The title of the comedy may, on this supposition, be exactly paralleled with that of *Much Ado about Nothing*. The proverbial title of the play implies that freedom of thought and indifference to censure which characterizes the sayings and doings of most of the actors in this comedy of human nature in a forest.' It is well to remember that *Barnabys Journal* was not printed until 1648-50; in it 'drunken Barnaby' finds the shop where 'Officina juncta Baccho Juveniemi fere tobacco 'Ut libet,' tunc signata, Quae impresso nunc mutata,' 'Ut fiet,' nota certa Quae delineatur charta.' Which is thus translated: 'A shop neighboring near Iacco, Where Young vends his old tobacco: "As you Like it," sometime sealed, Which impression's since repealed: "As you make it," he will have it, And in chart and font engrave it.'—p. 57, ed. 1805.—Ed.

3. The abruptness of this opening sentence, and the need of a nominative to be understood before 'charged' have occasioned some discussion, and several emendations. Warburton pronounces the whole sentence as it stands 'confused and obscure.' But the 'very small alteration in the reading and pointing' which he is about to give will 'set all right.' It is this:—'As I remember, Adam, it was upon this my father bequeathed me,' &c. 'The grammar,' continues Warburton, 'is now rectified and the sense also; which is this: Orlando and Adam were discoursing together on the cause why the younger brother had but a thousand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and Orlando opens the scene in this manner—"As I remember, it was upon this, i. e. for the reason we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thousand crowns; however, to make amends for this scanty provision, he charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well."' This emendation Capeell adopted with unwonted alacrity, and asserted (Notes, i. 54) that there never was one more certain; seeing that 'it is pointed out and confirmed by the context in so plain a manner as to need no enforcing: The words "upon this" relate (probably) to some over-spirited action of Orlando's first youth, that displeas'd his father, and occasion'd the bequest that is spoken of, and the injunction concerning his breeding: a hint of it was proper; more than a hint had been injudicious, as being foreign to the business in hand.' 'There is,' says Johnson, 'nothing but a point misplaced and an omission of a word which every hearer can supply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes. I read thus: "As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion bequeathed
[this fashion bequeathed . . . charged]

me. By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well." What is there in this difficult or obscure? The nominative my father is certainly left out, but so left out that the auditor inserts it, in spite of himself. Sir William Blackstone pronounced Dr Johnson's reading 'awkward English,' and preferred to read thus: 'As I remember, Adam, it was in this fashion.—'He bequeathed me by will,' &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midst of a conversation on this topic; and Orlando is correcting some misapprehension of the other. As I remember, says he, it was thus. He left me a thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother,' &c. This same reading of Blackstone was also proposed by Ritson (p. 57) with, however, a different punctuation—it was on this fashion he bequeathed me by will,' &c. 'From the near resemblance,' says Heath, p. 143, 'between "fashion" and father, it seems extremely probable that this last word was the word omitted, which led in consequence to the omission also of the possessive my. Read, therefore, "As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion; my father bequeathed me," &c.' Caldecott is satisfied with what he terms 'the following easy and natural interpretation: "It was upon this fashion bequeathed me by [my father in his] will, &c., and, as thou sayest [it was, or he there] charged my brother,"' &c. But it is not a question of interpretation; on that score the passage is perfectly plain, it is simply a question of grammatical construction; as Lettsom says (sp. Dyce, ed. iii) from the use of 'it was' before 'bequeathed' and 'charged,' it is impossible to say whether these two words are absists or past participles; if they are past participles we have no antecedent for the 'his' in 'his blessing'; if they are absists a nominative is lacking to either the one or the other. Dyce (ed. iii) says that as 'fashion' is the last word of the line, he has little doubt that 'he' was omitted by a mistake of the compositor, wherein the present editor agrees with him, especially when it is remembered how easy would have been the omission if 'he' were expressed, as it often is, by the single letter, 'a.' At the same time, it is not to be forgotten that the nominative is sometimes omitted where it can be readily supplied from the context, as here.—See Ham. II, ii, 67; Mer. of Ven. I, i, 102, or Abbott, § 399.—Ed.

4. poore a] Caldecott (and Dyce, ed. ii, cites the passage presumably with approval): A is one, a number. Suppose then the bequest had been two or five or ten, you see how insufferable would be this expression, 'ten poore thousand crowns.' But further—a thousand crowns ' are words of the Will, which the speaker quotes; and thereby makes them, as 'were, a substantive to his adjective 'poor.' Cf. Ant. & Cleepe, V, ii, 236: 'What poor an instrument May do a noble deed.' [There is, however, no necessity for explaining the construction as a quotation from the Will. Wordsworth (p. 12) points out a similar use in the Bible of the indefinite article prefixed to plural substantives. Thus in] Luke ix, 28, we read, 'It came to pass about an eight days after these sayings,' where the expression 'an eight days' has been retained from Tyndale's trans. in 1534. In like manner, in the Apocryphal Book, 1 Macc. iv, 15: 'There were slain of them upon a three thousand men.' Wright and Rolfe apparently regard 'poor' as a simple adjective, and the present case as an instance of the common transposition of the article, and refer to Abbott, § 422; but Abbott himself refers this passage to § 85, and considers 'poor' as used adverbially; which is perhaps a little strained. To me the simplest explanation would be to consider it as a transposition not of the article but of the adjective, for the sake of greater emphasis; which is, after all, practically the same as Wright's and Rolfe's explanation.—Ed.
there begins my sadness: My brother Iaques he keepes at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes him rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) staves me here at home vnkeep'd: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders dearly hire'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing under

7. Iaques] Apart from the fact that in the introduction of this character here and at the close of the story Shakespeare merely follows Lodge, there may be found, I think, an additional reason for it in the dramatic needs of the Fifth Act. In that Act it is needful that we should at once see how the changed fortune of the Senior Duke affects also the fortunes of Oliver and Orlando; and this connection in fortune is instantly suggested to us by seeing in Jaques, the messenger of good tidings, a brother of the two men in whom we are most interested. That the name Jaques was not only given to this character, but retained after the introduction of another and more prominent Jaques, is a proof either of haste (as Wright ingenuously suggests, and wherein I agree) or of careless indifference. But the character itself, a third brother, whatsoever his name, was retained, I believe, to meet the requirements of the close of the drama. Perhaps, too, it was to meet those same requirements that, in the tender treatment of a younger brother by Oliver, and in the latter's capacity to discern the fine traits in Orlando's character, we are to detect the elements of a better nature in Oliver, a soul of goodness in things evil, which will need but the refining influence of Celia's love to work a satisfactory reformation of his character, and thus go far to oblitrate, or at least to soften, in this charming play 'the one smirch' therein, which Swinburne finds in the marriage of Celia and Oliver.—ED.

10. staves] WARBURTON, whose cacoethes meliorandi was, of a truth, insanabili, here proposed to substitute sties, and, with more assurance than logic, asserts that the emendation is confirmed by the subsequent allusion to 'stalling of an ox.' Even Dr JOHNSON was overborne, and pronounced sties not only better, but more likely to be Shakespeare's word. MASON (p. 80) cogently observes that 'if sties had been the original reading the subsequent comparison would have been taken from hogs, not from oxen.' DYCÉ in his first edition pronounced Warburton's emendation 'very probable,' and asserted that there was 'not the slightest force in the objection urged against it by Mason,'—a note which Dyce withdrew in his third edition. There is no emphasis here, I think, on the word 'stays'; any emphasis on this word would in fact impair the antithesis between 'keep' and 'unkept,' which is meant to be of the strongest.—ED.

14. mannage] This good English translation (whereof see many examples in Schmidt s. v.) is now, I think, quite lost, and we have returned to its French original, manige.—ED.
him but growth, for the which his Animals on his
dunghills are as much bound to him as I: besides this no-
thing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that
nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from
me: hee lets mee seeede with his Hindes, barres mee the

Han.

19. countenance] Warburton reads discomfiture; Johnson pronounces the
change needless, 'a countenance is either good or bad;' and here it means, says
Capell, 'an evil countenance.' Caldecott interprets it, 'the mode of his carriage
towards me,' which Dyce cites with approval. Wright gives its meaning as 'favour,
regard, patronage,' and Schmidt as 'appearance, deportment.' It is not difficult to
paraphrase it on these lines, so as to meet the requirements of an expression which
we all of us almost instinctively understand at once. And yet I cannot but think
that Walker has here detected a refinement of meaning which has been hitherto
unobserved. He asks (Crit. iii, 59): 'Does not "his countenance" here mean
his entertainment of me, the style of living which he allows me?' Selden's Table
Talk, art. Fines: "The old law was, that when a man was fined he was to be fined
salo contemnens, so as his countenance might be safe, taking countenance in the
same sense as your countryman does, when he says, If you will come unto my
house I will show you the best countenance I can; that is, not the best face, but
the best entertainment. The meaning of the law was, that so much should be taken
from a man, such a goutet sliced off, that yet notwithstanding he might live in the
same rank and condition he lived in before; but now they fine men ten times more
than they are worth." Such, I think, is the meaning of the word in Chaucer, Perso-
nes Tale, Remedium Luxuria: "This maner of women, that observen chastitie,
must be cleene in herte as well as in body and in thought, and mesureable in clothing
and in countenance, abstinent in eit and in drinking, in speking and in deede," &c.
Spenser, Shepheard's Calender, Else. v [I. 81, ed. Grosart]: "But shepheardes (as
Altheid used to say) Mought not live ylike, as men of the lay: With them it fits
to care for their heire, Easuer theer heritage doe imaire; They must provide for
meanes of maintenence, And to continue their wont countenances." So understand,
Faerie Queene, Bk. v, cant. ix [I. 239, ed. Grosart]: "Then was there brought as
prisoner to the barre, A Ladie of great countenance and place, But that she it with foul
abuse did marre," &c. Walker also cites an example from Ford, but it is not per-
factly clear to me that in this case the meaning is the same: Dog, a Familiar devil,
in The Witch of Edmonton, says to Cuddy Banks (p. 263, ed. Dyce): 'Nor will I
serve for such a silly soul: I am for greatness now, corrupted greatness; There I'll
shug in, and get a noble countenance,' &c.—Ed.

19. seemes] Capell thinks that we have here another example of that singular
usage of the common verb "seem" which is so conspicuous in Mach. I. ii, 46: 'so
should he look That seems to speak things strange, and All, I. v, 27: 'Which fate
and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crown'd withal;' in both of which it
comprehends the idea of desire or intention; so here "seems to take from me" means
—seems as if it wished to take from me.' I think this is slightly over-refined. Give
to 'seem' its common meaning of appear, and is not then the wish or the will
implied?—Ed.
place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my
gentility with my education. This is it Adam that
grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I think
is within me, begins to mutinie against this servitude.
I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wife
remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orlan. Goe a-part Adam, and thou shalt heare how
he will shake me vp.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then Sir?

Orl. Marry Sir, I am helping you to mar that which
God made; a poore vnworthy brother of yours with
idlenesse.

Oliver. Marry Sir be better employed, and be naught
a while.

27. Scene II. Pope +. Enter... ] After line 30. Coll. et seq. 31. here f] heare } F, F
here } F, 32. a-part } apart F.
33. 34. mar } marr } F, F.
30. Adam retires. Dyce, Coll. ii. 37. be naught } do naught } Han. 38. be

20. Hindes] Skeat (Dict. s. v.): A peasant. The d is excrecent. Anglosaxon
hina, a domestic; but the word is unauthenticated as a nom. sing., and is rather to be
considered a gen. pl.; so that hina really stands for hina man—a man of the domestics.
[have heard an Irish farmer in this country constantly use the word when
referring to farm-labourers.—Ed.]

20. barres] Abbott, § 198: Verbs of ablation, such as bar, banish, forbid, often
omit the preposition before the place or inanimate object. Thus, 'We'll bar thee
from succession.'—Wint. T. IV, iv, 440, or 'Of succession'—Cymb. III, iii, 102,
becomes 'Bars me the place,' [in the present instance], and also in Merc. of Ven.
II, i, 20.


Caldecott: We find the same play upon the word between the King and Costard
in Love's Lab. L. IV, iii, 190.

34. Marry] Wright: An exclamation from the name of the Virgin Mary, used as
an oath. Here it keeps up a poor pun upon 'mar.'

37, 38. be naught a while] Warburton, after a snig at Theobald, says that this is
a North-country proverbial curse equivalent to a mischief on you. So, Skelton [Agamemnon
A Comely Cynstroune, L. 52] 'Correct first thy self; walk, and be naught!' Deme
what thou lust, thou knowyst not my thought.' 'Or rather,' says Capell, 'Be hang'd
to you! for that is now the phrase with the vulgar.' Steevens pronounced Warbur-
Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion haue I fpent, that I shoule come to fuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

Orl. O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom sir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I

44. whom] home F
45. I, better] As, better Rowe.
45. then] than F

ton's explanation 'far-fetched,' and said that the words meant 'no more than this: "Be content to be a cypher, till I shall think fit to elevate you in consequence."' It was certainly a proverbial saying, and is found in The Storie of King Darius, 1565: 'Come away, and be nought awhile, Or surely I will you both defyle.' 'JOHNSON, until he had learned the meaning from Warburton, supposed the phrase to mean: 'It is better to do mischief than to do nothing.' WHITER affirms that the meaning is manifestly: 'Retire,—begone, or as we now say in a kind of quaint, colloquial language, make yourself scarce,—vanish,—vote yourself an evanescent quantity.' GIFFORD, in a note on Jonson's Bartholomew Fair (p. 421, where the phrase 'be curt awhile' occurs), lashes, of course, Steevens and Malone ('from Mr Whiter,' he sighs, 'better things might be expected'), and then states that 'the explanation of Warburton is as correct as it is obvious,' and may be proved 'by witnesses more than my pack will hold.' It will be sufficient to call two or three: "Peace and be naught! I think the woman be phrensic."—Tale of a Tub [II, i, p. 160]; "If I stir a foot, hang me; you shall come together yourselves, and be naught"—Green's Tu Quoque [p. 206, ed. Hazlitt]. It is too much, perhaps, he continues, 'to say that the words "an hour," "awhile," are pure expletives, but it is sufficiently apparent that they have no perceptible influence on the exclamations to which they are subjoined. To conclude, be naught, hanged, curt, &c. with, or without an hour, a while, wherever found, bear invariably one and the same meaning; they are, in short, petty and familiar malapropisms, and cannot be better rendered than in the words of Warburton—a plague, or a mischief on you!' DYCER (Remarks, p. 60): Since the origin of verbal criticism, nothing more satisfactory has been written than the copious note of Gifford. . . .

The first part of Warburton's note is wrong; the expression was certainly not confined to the 'North country.'

40. prodigall portion] This may be a case of prolepsis; that is, 'what portion have I prodigally spent;' thus also 'the gentle condition of blood' in line 45, 'the condition of gentle blood,' or as in 'two weak evils, age and hunger,' II, vii, 138, and elsewhere. Schmidt's Lexicon (p. 1420) gives many instances. Or, since the allusion is so clear to the Parable, it might be possibly the genitive of apposition, and equivalent to 'what prodigal's portion have I spent;' in this case the two words should be joined by a hyphen.—Ed.

45. him] For other examples of where 'him' is put for he, by attraction to whom understood, see Abbott, § 208. Here the 'whom' precedes so closely that it might be almost termed a case of attraction through proximity.

45, &c. The emphasis here is, I think: 'I know you are my eldest brother, &c.,
know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me; the courteous of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first borne; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.


Orli. Come, come elder brother, you are too young in

and you should so know me.

"So" is here, says Allen, 'equivalent to accordingly, in pursuance of the same obligation: if I am to know you as a brother (the eldest), you are bound to know me as a brother (the youngest).’ According to Wordsworth (p. 36), 'know' is used here in the biblical sense of acknowledge.

Warburton: That is, The reverence due to my father is, in some degree, derived to you as the first-born. But I am persuaded that Orlando did not here mean to compliment his brother or condemn himself: something of both which there is in that sense. I rather think he intended a satirical reflection on his brother, who by letting him feed with his hinds treated him as one not so nearly related to old Sir Robert [sic] as himself was. I imagine, therefore, Shakespeare might write: Albeit your coming before me is nearer his revenue, i.e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned, indeed, you are nearer in estate. Capell highly approved of this emendation, and added that 'Oliver's taking fire as he does, which gives occasion to his brother to collar him, was caused by something in the tail of this speech that gave him offence; and this he could not find in the substantive word "reverence."' Whiter: Orlando uses the word in an ironical sense, and means to say that his 'brother by coming before him is nearer to a respectable and venerable elder of a family.' The phrase His reverence is still thus ironically applied, though with somewhat of a different meaning, and we frequently use the expression your worship, both with a grave and ludicrous signification nearly in the same manner. This sense will account for the anger of Oliver, and for the words which they mutually retort upon each other respecting their age in the next two lines. It is extremely curious that Shakespeare has caught many words, and even turns of expression, belonging to the novel from which the play is taken; though he has applied them in a mode generally different and often very remote from the original. This has certainly taken place in the present instance, and the passage which contains it will likewise supply us with another example. Rosader or Orlando is introduced making his reflections on the indignities which he had suffered from his brother Saladin or Oliver. 'As he was thus ruminating his melancholy passions, in came Saladin with his men, and seeing his brother in a brown study and to forget his wanted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps.' Orlando says in
ACT I, SC. I.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the yongeft fonne of Sir Rowland de Boys, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that faies such a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pul'd out thy tonge for saying so, thou haft ral'd on thy selfe.

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I say.

Orl. I will not till I plesse: you shall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to give me good educatiion: you haue train'd me like a pezanet, obscuring and

60. pul'd F F F
61. fo] fo; F F so. (shaking him)
62. Adam.] Adam (coming forward)
Coll. Dyce, Sta.
67. me] me up F F F, Rowe++.
peasant] peasant F F.
Coll. ii.

Shakespeare: 'Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear he will shake me up.' [It is evidently the irony in the tone, whatever the word, which inflames Oliver; as Whiter shows, that word may well be 'reverence.'—Ed.]

53. Boy] COLERIDGE (p. 7): There is a beauty here. The word 'boy' naturally provokes and awakens in Orlando the sense of his manly powers; and with the retort of 'elder brother,' he grasps him with firm hands and makes him feel he is no boy.

54. STAUNTON: The obscenity in this line is at once cleared up by a passage in the original story: 'Though I am eldest by birth, yet, never having attempted any deeds of arms, I am youngest to perform any martial exploits.' Stung by the sarcastic allusion to his reverence, Oliver attempts to strike his brother, who seizes him, observing at the same time, 'You are too young at this game of manly prowess; in this, I am the elder.' NEIL: This play upon words has more in it than meets the ear. 'Elder' not only means 'one born before another,' but also the name of the plant Sambucus, the elder-tree or elder-tree, the pitch of which is large, light, and little worth. Hence the Host calls Dr Caius contemptuously 'my heart of elder'—Merry Wives, II, iii, 3—as equal to 'faint-hearted one.' There was also a tradition 'Judas was hanged on an elder'—Lovat's Lab. E., V, ii, 610), and from this it became suggestive of treachery and deceit. The phrase therefore signifies, 'My faint-hearted, deceitful first-born brother, you are too young (you give me a title betokening rather fewer years than I have attained to) in this epithet 'boy'! ' [The action here is so distinctly set forth that stage directions, and some editors have inserted them, are wholly superfluous, if not intrusive.—Ed.]

55. villaine] JOHNSON: This word is used by Oliver in its present meaning for a worthless, wicked, or bloody man; by Orlando in its original significatum, for a fellow of base extraction.

67, 68. obscuring . . . qualities] ALLEN (MS): 'Qualities is equivalent to qual-
hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercices as may become a gentleman, or give mee the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will, I pray you leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I haue loft my teeth in your seruice: God be with my olde maister, he would not haue spoke such a word. Ex. Orl. Ad.

Oli. Is it even so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will

68. from me? me from Pope, Han. iii.
74. do I beg? do—beg f.—Dyce iii.
79. good.] good. (releasing him) Coll. 83. Scene III. Pope +.
84. so?] so? Rowe.

Annotations. Perhaps: obscuring (ōsIND(ōv)) [in me] my own gentlemanlike qualities, and hiding from me those, which I might see and imitate, from without (i.e. in the persons of others). Cf. i Hen. VI: V, i, 22, 'You have suborn'd this man Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.' Hen. V: I, i, 63, 'And so the Prince obscured his contemplation Under the veil of wildness.'

74, 75. thou . . . you.] Throughout this quarrel between the brothers, and throughout the subsequent conference between Oliver and Charles, it is worth while to observe, and to appreciate if we can, the use of 'thou' and 'you,' which appears, at first sight, to be almost indiscriminate. Skeat's admirable and general rule, given in his Preface to William of Palerne, p. xlii, and cited in this edition at Oth. II, ii, 275, and at Men. of Ven. I, ii, 35, should be borne in mind: 'Thou is the language of a lord to a servant, of an equal to an equal, and expresses also companionship, love, permission, defiance, scorn, threatening; whilst ye is the language of a servant to a lord, and of compliment, and further expresses honour, submission, entreaty.' Abbott, § 235, says that in almost all cases some change of thought or some influence of euphony may be detected which will prove sufficient to account for a change of pronoun; and furthermore (§ 232), when the appellative 'sir' is used even in anger, thou generally gives place to you. It is well worth while to ponder the varying shades of emotion thus indicated here.—Ed.

76. will?] Is there not a contemptuous emphasis on this word, which may bear a double meaning, in its reference to their father's Will which Orlando had invoked? In a modern text, I think, it might well be printed with quotation-marks.—Ed.

84. grow] Collier (ed. i): This is probably right, in reference to the 'rankness' mentioned in the next line; but it has been suggested to me, that possibly Shakespeare
physicke your ranckenesse, and yet glue no thousand crownes neyther: holla Dennis.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles the Dukes Wrestler here to speake with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the doore, and importunes acceuze to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wrastling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Mounfier Charles: what's the new newes at the new Court?

89. Wrestler] Wrestler F. Wrestler

Rowe.

85. ranckenesse] Wright: Luxuriant growth, exuberance; hence, insolence.

89. Wrestler] The pronunciation, as indicated by this spelling, is still general among the common people in this country, as will at once occur to all who have read—and who has not?—Bret Harte's 'Luck of Roaring Camp.'—Ed.

97. Good] In one of Walker's excellent articles, which he rather infelicitously names 'Omission by Absorption,' it is suggested (Crit. ii, 263) that the text here should be 'Good morrow, monsieur Charles,' &c. I think there can be no doubt of it. The morrow, however, was not 'absorbed,' but omitted altogether; the compositor's eye was misled by the 'morrow' directly above in the preceding line.—Ed.

97. Charles:] Capell (Notes, 55) says that the true punctuation here is a note of admiration, and then 'the force of the speech, duly pronounced, will be: 'Ah, good monsieur Charles! are you here?—Well, what's the,' &c.'

98. new Court] I mistrust this 'new.' If Oliver was aware that there was a 'new' court, Charles's information that the old duke had been banished (which fact had created the 'new court') would have been quite superfluous, and he would scarcely have referred to this banishment as 'old news.' Moreover, in repeating a question he who is questioned naturally repeats the very words. Charles's failure, in the text, to do this when he repeats Oliver's question, not only casts an additional
Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing Lords haue put themselfes into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he giues them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cozen fo loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that she would haue followed her exile, or haue died to styay behind her; she is at the Court, and no leffe beloved of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladys loued as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They say hee is already in the Forrest of Arden,

102. into] into a F, F4, Rowe.
109. hee] he F, F2, F4 et seq.
Coll. iii. her] their F2, F4, Rowe.

suspicion on 'new,' as I think, but also suggested to Lettsom (ap. Dyce, ed. iii) to ask: 'Ought we not to read, There's no new news, &c.'—Ed.

105, 107. Dukes] Hamner's emendation (see Text. Notes), which is also found in Collier's (MS), met with Johnson's approval as 'necessary to the perspicuity of the dialogue,' and Dyce also considered it 'highly probable that Shakespeare so wrote.' But in Malone's opinion the change is 'unnecessary; the ambiguous use of the word "duke" in these passages is much in Shakespeare's manner.' Heath, also, disapproved of the change, 'which could proceed only from an itch of emendation. The words which follow, "her cousin," sufficiently distinguish the person intended.' Unquestionably, Hamner's emendation makes the passage clearer, but, I think, any editor now-a-days would be 'temerarious' who should adopt it.—Ed.

109, 110. to stay] That is, in staying behind her. See II, vii, 182; III, v, 66; V, ii, 103; also, for this indefinite use of the infinitive, Abbott, § 356, and Shakespeare passim.

114. Forrest of Arden] MALONE: Ardenne is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuse and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenser in his Astrophel [1596, line 93, ed. Grosart]: 'Into a forest wide, and waste he came Where store he heard to be of saluage pray. So wide a forest and so waste as this, Nor famous Arden, nor fowle Arlo is.' But our author was furnished with the scene of his play by Lodge's Novel. [The foregoing passage from Spenser, Malone cited as from Colin Clouts Came home againe. The citations by the earlier editors have to be so frequently corrected that I never think it worth while to call attention to the trifling and venial misprints, which nevertheless do seem
to have a mission when, as in the present case, they mislead subsequent editors, who, having conveyed without acknowledgment the learning of their predecessors, stand betrayed by the adoption of errors. In the present instance there is abundant excuse for Malone. The running title of Astrophel is, as Grosart has pointed out, through a printer’s error, Colin Clout’s Come home again.—ED.] Knight: Nothing can more truly show how immeasurably superior was the art of Shakespeare to the art of other poets than the comparison of Lodge’s description [see Appendix] with the incidental scene-painting of his forest of Arden. It has been truly and beautifully said (Edin. Rev. vol. xxviii) of Shakespeare: ‘All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together, and, instead of interfering, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth.’ But there are critics of another cast, who object to Shakespeare’s forest of Arden, situated, as they hold, ‘between the rivers Meuse and Moselle.’ They maintain that its geographical position ought to have been known by Shakespeare, and that he is consequently most vehemently to be reprehended for imagining that a palm-tree could flourish, and a lioness be starving, in French Flanders. We most heartily wish that the critics would allow poetry to have its own geography. We do not want to know that Bohemia has no sea-board; we do not wish to have the island of Sycorax defined on the map; we do not require that our forest of Arden should be the Ardennes Sylvae of Caesar and Tacitus, and that its rocks should be ‘clay-slate, grauwacke-slate, grauwacke, conglomerate, quartz-rock and quartzose sandstone.’ We are quite sure that Ariosto was thinking nothing of French Flanders when he described how ‘two fountains grew, Like in the tast, but in effects unlike, Place’d in Ardena, each in other’s view: Who tastes the one, love’s dart his heart doth strike; Contrary of the other doth ensue, Who drinks thereof, their lovers shall mistake’ [i, s. 78, ed. 1634]. We are equally sure that Shakespeare meant to take his forest out of the region of the literal when he assigned it a palm-tree and a lioness. Lady Morgan tells us, ‘The forest of Ardennes smells of early English poetry. It has all the Greenwood freshness of Shakespeare’s scenes; and it is scarcely possible to feel the truth and beauty of his exquisite As You Like It without having loitered, as I have done, amidst its tangled glens and magnificent depths.’ We must venture to think it was not necessary for Shakespeare to visit Ardennes to have described ‘An old oak, whose boughs were moss’d with age, And high top bald with dry antiquity,’ and that, although his own Warwickshire Arden is now populous, and we no longer meet there ‘a desert inaccessible,’ there are fifty places in England where, with the As You Like It in hand, one might linger ‘from noon to dewy eve,’ and say, ‘Ay, now am I in Arden.’ FRANÇOIS-VICTOR HUGO (p. 54): Apercevez-vous au bout de cette clairière cette forêt profonde dont l’automne dore les cimes mélancoliques? C’est la forêt des Ardennes! Mais ne vous y trompez pas, ce n’est pas la forêt historique à travers laquelle la Meuse conduit à la dèrive le touriste charmé. Vous ne trouverez dans ces hailliers ni le manoir d’Herbeumont, ni le château-fort de Bouillon, ni la grotte de Saint-Rémy. La forêt où nous transporte le poète n’a pas d’itinéraire connu; aucune carte routière n’en fait mention, aucun géographe ne l’a défrichée.—C’est la forêt vierge de la Muse. Elle rassemble dans sa pépinière unique toutes les végétations connues: le sapin du Nord s’y croise avec le pin du Midi, le chêne y coude le cèdre, le houx s’y acclimat à l’ombre du palmier. Dans ses taillis antédiluviens l’Arche a vécu toute sa ménagerie; le serpent de l’Inde rampe dans les hautes herbes qu’effloure le daim.
AS YOU LIKE IT

[ACT I, SC. i.

[114. Forrest of Arden]

effaré; le rugissement de la lionne y fait envoyer un essaim de cerfs.—La guerre et la vanité humaines n'ont jamais été admises à bâtir leurs demeures: là, ni palais ni forteresses. Tout au plus, sur la lisière du bois, quelque humble toit de chaume.

[Halliwell notes Drayton's reference, in his Fifty-third Idea, to 'Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing, Amidst the dainty dew-pearled flowers,' and to "the rough woodlands" of Arden described in Poly-Olbion.' But this description in Poly-Olbion seems to me far more noteworthy than is the bare mention of the name as it occurs in the Idea; the mere name Arden is to be found in other Ideas as well as in the Fifty-third. The first hundred and fifty lines, more or less, of the Thirteenth Song of Poly-Olbion are devoted to a description of the Forest of Arden in Warwickshire, and on this description Drayton dwells with especial affection, apostrophising Warwickshire as his own 'native country which so brave spirits hast bred.' Is this a gentle nod of recognition to Shakespeare? The Song then goes on to say that of all the forests in Britain, this is the greatest, and that 'We equally partake with wood-land as with plain, Alike with hill and dale; and every day maintain The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious wastes That men for profit breed, as well as those of chase.' Here all birds are to be found, the 'throstel, with shrill sharps,' the 'nightingale hard by,' the woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;' and here also are 'both sorts of season'd deer;' Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there: 'The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rascals strew'd, As sometimes gallant spirits amongst the multitude.' A hunt is then described, horns are sounded and the hunters cheer, and 'being then imbus, the noble stately deer When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast arrear) Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil,' until at last, 'o'ppest by force, He who the mourner is to his own dying corse, Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall.' But this is not all, everything which sorts with solitude is to be found here. The hermit here 'leads a sweet retired life,' 'From the loathsome airs of smoky-cited towns.' 'Suppose twixt noon and night, the sun his halfway wrought,' 'the hermit comes out of his homely cell,' 'Who in the strength of youth, a man at arms hath been; Or one who of this world, the wileness having seen, Retires him from it quite; and with a constant mind Man's beastliness so loaths, that, flying human kind, The black and darksome nights, the bright and gladsome days, Indifferent are to him.' 'This man, that is alone a king in his desire, By no proud ignorant lord is basly over-aw'd;' 'nor of a pin he weighs What fools, abused kings, and humorous ladies raise.' 'Nor stirs it him to think on the imposter vile, Who seeming what he's not, doth sensually beguile The scottish purblind world; but, absolutely free, His happy time he spends the works of God to see.' I have given these extracts from Drayton, to which I am not aware that attention has ever been called, not only to show the deep impression on him which his friend Shakespeare's As You Like It had made, so that we seem to hear the very echo of the words of Jaques and of the Duke, but to show that to Drayton as well as to every listener at the play the 'Forest of Arden' was no forest in far-away France, but was the enchanted ground of their own home. That Shakespeare intended it to be so regarded, and meant to keep his audience at home, no matter in what foreign country soever the scene be laid, may be detected, I think, in the allusion to 'Robin Hood,' a name around which clustered all the romance of forest life. Let that name be once uttered as a key-note, and every charm of a life under the greenwood tree, be it in the forest of Sherwood or of Arden, is summoned up and the spell of the mighty magician begins.—Ed.]
and a many merry men with him; and there they liue
like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many yong
Gentlemen flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time
carelessly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new
Duke.

Cha. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you
with a matter: I am giuen sir secretly to vnderstand, that
your yonger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come
in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I
wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without
some broken limbe, shall acquite him well: your brother
is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee
loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee

115. a many] For many other instances of the insertion of a before numeral
adjectives, see Abbott, § 87.

115. 116. and there ... England] Schmidt, in his admirable revision of
Schlegel's translation, thus translates this sentence: 'und da leben sie wie Zigeuner-
volk.' Few examples could better illustrate than this how emphatically, how in-
eradicably, Shakespeare belongs to England, and how impossible it is to transplant
him to any foreign soil. Surely never a foreigner lived who better mastered the lan-
guage of Shakespeare than he to whom we all owe gratitude for the Shakespeare-
Lexicon, and yet on his ears the name Robin Hood falls with a dull, unmeaning
sound; and all that band of merry men, who 'in summer-time when leaves grow
green, And flowers are fresh and gay,' with Will Scarlet and Little John fleet the
time carelessly,—all this band, the gods of every English-speaking boy's idolatry and
summed up in the one name Robin Hood, is to the learned German merely 'a band
of gypsies.'—Ed.

117. fleet] Wright notes this as 'an instance of Shakespeare's habit of forming
verbs from adjectives,' and Rolfe says that it is only here used transitively by Shakes-
peare, though as 'an intransitive verb it occurs often.' [Way (Prompt. Parv. s. v.
Fletyn) cites Harrison, who in his Description of England, says 'the Lime water . . .
which commeth . . . from the hills, fletyn upon rockie soil, . . . so falleth into the
sea.'—Holinsh. Chron. i, 58. Halliwell says that a vessel is said to fleet when the
tide flows sufficiently to enable her to move. Is it too fanciful to suppose that in
the use of this word in this particular passage, where a gay, careless, happy life flows
on from hour to hour without a ripple of annoyance, there was in Shakespeare's
mind a dim association between this word to fleet, and the meaning to float, to
flow?—Ed.]

122. a matter] For other instances where 'a' is used for 'a certain' see Abbott,
§ 81.

126. shall] Abbott, § 315: That is, must, will have to. Wright refers to V, i,
14. [See also II, iv, 92.]
come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou shalt I will most kindly require: I had my selue notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and have by vnder-hand meane laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. Ile tell thee Charles, it is the stubborn-neft yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every mans good parts, a secret & villainous contriver against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse thy discretion, I had as liefe thou didst brake his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any flight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightlie grace himselfe on thee, hee will practis against thee by poynon, entrap thee by some treacherous deceit, and never leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect means or other: for I assure thee, and almoft with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day living. I speake but brotherly of him,

130. withall] Abbott, § 196: Sometimes this is understood after 'withal;' so that it means with all this, and is used adverbially: 'So glad of this as they, I cannot be, Who are surprised withal.'—Temp. III, i, 93, i.e. surprised with, or at, this. Here, however, perhaps, and elsewhere certainly, with means in addition to, and 'with-all (this)' means besides: as in, 'I must have liberty withal,' II, vii, 51 [of this present play, and also in 'Marry, do, to make sport withal,' in I, ii, 26.] But [in the present line] there is no meaning of besides and 'withal' means therewith, with it.

138. & it is] The use of this impersonal phrase may be as various as the mood of man. Here, as Wright points out, its import is contemptuous. In 'It is a pretty youth,' III, v, 118, there is a touch of coquetish familiarity.—ED.

141. naturall] Halliwell: This term did not formerly, as now, imply illegitimacy. 'Filius naturalis, a natural or lawfully-begotten son.'—Nomenclator, 1585.

142. breakes his necke] See the Tale of Gamelyn, in Appendix.

143. thou wert best] See Abbott, § 230, for this and other 'ungrammatical remnants of ancient usage.'

145. practiswe] Dyce: To use arts or stratagems, to plot.
but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must
blush, and weep, and thou must looke pale and
wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee
come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee
goe alone againe, Ile neuer wraffle for prize more: and
so God keepe your worship.

Farewell good Charles. Now will I stirre this Game-
ster: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet
I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's
gentle, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble

151. anathomise] anatomize F,F4
152. Farewell] Oli. Farewell YI et seq.
153. wonder] MacDONALD (p. 126): If any one wishes to see what variety of
the same kind of thoughts Shakespeare could produce, let him examine the treatment
of the same business in different plays; as, for instance, the way in which the insti-
tigation to a crime is managed in Macbeth, where Macbeth tempts the two murderers
to kill Banquo; in King John, where the King tempts Hubert to kill Arthur; in The
Tempest, where Antonio tempts Sebastian to kill Alonso; [the present passage cited]
and in Hamlet, where Claudius urges Laertes to the murder of Hamlet.
158 et seq. ColERIDGE (p. 107): This has always seemed to me one of the most
un-Shakespearian speeches in all the genuine works of our poet; yet I should be
nothing surprised, and greatly pleased, to find it hereafter a fresh beauty, as has so
often happened to me with other supposed defects of great men.—1818.

It is too venturous to charge a passage in Shakespeare with want of truth to Nature;
yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths which it seems almost
impossible that any mind should so distinctly, so livelily, and so voluntarily have
presented to itself, in connection with feelings and intentions so malignant, and so con-
trary to those which the qualities expressed would naturally have called forth. But I
dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilful-
ness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a
gloomy self-gratification in making the absolutions of the will (sit pro ratione volun-
tatis) evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array
against it.—1818.

158. Gamester] STEEVES: In the present instance and in some others, this does
not mean a man viciously addicted to games of chance, but a frolicsome person. [The
meaning is probably more specific here, and Caldecott is nearer right in defining it as
'disposed to try his fortune at this game.' In the story of Faustina the Empress in
Painter's Palace of Pleasure, gladiators are said to be 'a certaine sort of gambsters in
Rome, which we terme to bee maisters of defence,' ii, p. 104, ed. Haslewood.—ED.]
159. then he] See ABBOTT, § 206 et seq. for other instances of 'he' used for
him; 'she' for her; 'thee' for thou, &c. And also I, ii, 17, 266.
161. gentle] Cf. 'gentle condition of blood,' supra.
161, 162. noble deuise] WRIGHT: That is, of noble conceptions and aims. In
deuise, of all forts enchantingly beloved, and indeed
so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my
owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether
misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrafter shall
cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy
thither, which now Ie goe about.  

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.

Cel. I pray thee Rosalind, sweet my Coz, be merry.

a copy of F, which formerly belonged to Steevens, he has marked these lines as
descriptive of Shakespeare himself.

162. sorts] Ritson: In this place it means ranks and degrees of men.

162. enchantingly] Caldecott: That is, to a degree that could only be the
supposed effect of a spell or incantation. Walker (Crit. ii, 88) compares for the
thought: ‘such a holy witch That he enchanteth societies unto him; Half all men’s
hearts are his.’ Cymb. I, vi, 166.

165. misprised] Wright: Cotgrave gives ‘Mespriser. To disesteem, contemne
disdain, despise, neglect, make light of, set nought by.’

Nares: To inflame, and thence to incite, to stimulate; that is, to inflame the mind.

1. Rosalind] Mrs Jameson (ii, 143): It is easy to seize on the prominent features
in the mind of Beatrice, but extremely difficult to catch and fix the more fanciful
graces of Rosalind. She is like a compound of essences, so volatile in their nature,
and so exquisitely blended, that on any attempt to analyze them, they seem to escape
us. To what else shall we compare her, all-enchanting as she is?—to the silvery
summer clouds, which, even while we gaze on them, shift their hues and forms, dis-
solving into air, and light, and rainbow showers?—to the May-morning, flush with
opening blossoms and the roseate dews, and ‘charm of earliest birds’?—to some wild
and beautiful melody, such as some shepherd-boy might pipe to ‘Amarillis in the
shade’?—to a mountain streamlet, now smooth as a mirror, in which the skies may
glass themselves, and anon leaping and sparkling in the sunshine—or rather to the
very sunshine itself? for so her genial spirit touches into life and beauty whatever it
shines on! Blackwood’s Magazine (April, 1833, p. 547. Qu. Thomas Camp-
bell?): But lo! One more delightful, more alluring, more fascinating, more enchant-
ing, more captivating than Beatrice! In pure nature and sweet simplicity, more
delightful is Rosalind; in courteous coquetry and quaint disguise, more alluring is
Rosalind; in feeling, playing with fancy, and in fancy by feeling tempered, (ah! shall
ACT I, SC. ii.]  AS YOU LIKE IT  23

Ros. Deere Celia; I shew more mirth then I am mistresse of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Heerein I see thou loueft mee not with the full weight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst bene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth

4. were] I were Rowe ii et seq.  6. any] my F3 F4 Rowe i.

we call her serpent?) more fascinating is Rosalind; in sinless spells and gracious glamoury, (what a witch!) more enchanting is Rosalind; and when to 'still musicke' 'enters Hymen, leading her in woman's cloathes' and singing 'Then is there mirth in Heaven, When earthly things made even Atone together,' feelest thou not that more captivating is Rosalind—a snow-white lily with a wimple of dew, in bride-like joyance flowering in the forest! LADY MARTIN (p. 409): What the courtly Le Beau had so plainly seen to be the state of the Duke's mind was not likely to have escaped Rosalind's quick, sensitive nature. She feels the cloud of her uncle's displeasure hanging over her and ready to burst at any moment. She will not pain Celia with her forebodings, who is so far from surmising the truth that these first lines she speaks are a gentle reproach to Rosalind for her want of gayety.... It is obvious that Celia has no idea that Rosalind has fallen out of favour with the usurping Duke.... Rosalind will hide from Celia the trouble she sees looming for herself in the not far distance.

4. and would you yet were merrier] JOURDAIN (Philol. Soc. Trans. 1860–1, p. 143) proposes to allot these words to Celia, with an interrogation-mark after them. Although we can thus retain the text of the Folio and reject Rowe's emendation of 'I were,' yet it is at the cost of an even greater change, without any corresponding improvement of the sense, as far as I can see. COLLIER suggests that the original text might be intelligible if we suppose Rosalind to express a wish that Celia were yet even merrier than she appeared to be, an explanation which HALLIWELL says obscures the chief point of Rosalind's speech. ALLEN thus paraphrases the text with Rowe's emendation: 'the mirth which I already shew is more than I really feel; and do you still (nevertheless) insist I shall be merrier?' Cf. for the transposition of "yet" line 165 post: "I come but in" for "I but come in."' Rowe's emendation seems absolutely necessary.—ED.

6. learner] This use of 'learn' for teach (see Abbott, § 291) is still common throughout New England. WORDSWORTH calls attention to its use in the Prayer-Book version of Ps. xcv, 2: 'Lead me forth in thy truth, and learn me.'

10. 80] ABBOTT, § 133: So is used with the future, and the subjunctive to denote provided that. The full construction is 'be it (if it be) so that.' 'Be it' is inserted in 'Be it so (that) she will not,' Mid. N. D. I, i, 39.

12. so wouldst thou] ALLEN (MS): That is, 'so wouldst thou [have taught thy love to take my father for thine].' We should now be obliged to write the vice versa out in full.
of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine
is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate,
to reioyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor
none is like to haue; and truely when he dies, thou shalt
be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy fa-
ther perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by
mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee
turne monstcr:therefore my sweet Rosé, my deare Rosé,
be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports:
let me see, what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but
loue no man in good earneft, nor no further in sport ney-
ther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in ho-
nor come off againe.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let vs fit and mocke the good houswife For-

17. but I] but me Han. 19. heire;] heire ? Fl.

13. so . . . as] For other examples of so before as, which are not very common in
Shakespeare, see Abbott, § 275.
17. but I] See I, i, 160; and line 266 post.
17, 18. nor none] For double negatives, see Abbott, § 406, and Shakespeare passim.
25. See Lodge's Rosalynde, Appendix.
28. pure blush] Wright: A blush that has no shame in it. Allen paraphrases:
thou may'st come off in (the possession of thy) honor, having saved (preserved) a
pure blush.
31. mocke . . . wheele] Johnson: The wheel of Fortune is not the wheel of a
houwriue. Shakespeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncer-
tainty and vicissitude, with the Destiny that spins the thread of life, though not indeed
with a wheel. [This is one of Dr Johnson's unhappiest notes which must be offset by
a hundred happy ones. There was no confusion in Shakespeare's mind here nor any-
where else; he knew the symbolism in the wheel of Fortune quite as well as Dr
Johnson. Fluellen in Henry V: III, vi, 35 (as Wright points out) explains to Pistol
that 'Fortune is painted with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that
she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation.' Harness, whose orig-
inal notes though few are good, well says: 'Good huswriue seems applied to For-
tune merely as a jesting appellation, without any reference to the wheel on which she
stood. The wheel of Fortune was an emblem of her mutability, from which Celia
and Rosalind proposed to drive her by their wit, that she might ever after cease to be
inconstant.'—Ed.]
tune from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee
bestowed equally.

Ros. I would wee could doe so : for her benefits are
mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman
doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, the scarce
makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes
very illfavouredly.

Ros. Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Na-
tures : Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the
lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clowne.

Cel. No ; when Nature hath made a faire creature,
may the not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Rof. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes naturals naturall, the cutter off of nature witte.

Cel. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesse, hath sent this Naturall for

48. there is fortune] Fortune is there Kdly, Rife, Dyce iii.
F,F4, Rowe i, Sing. then is Fortune 53. hath] and hath Mal. Dyce i, Cam.
Dyce iii, Huds.
52. perceiueth] perceiving F,f, Rowe +, Wh. ii.

43. Clowne] DOUCE (i, 309): Touchstone is the domestic fool of Frederick, the Duke's brother, and belongs to the class of witty or allowed fools. He is threatened with the whip, a mode of chastisement which was often inflicted on this motley personage. His dress should be a party-coloured garment. He should occasionally carry a bauble in his hand, and wear ass's ears to his hood, which is probably the head-dress intended by Shakespeare, there being no allusion whatever to a cock's head or comb. The three-cornered hat which Touchstone is made to wear on the modern stage is an innovation, and totally unconnected with the genuine costume of the domestic fool. [See Appendix, p. 309, 'Source of the Plot.]

44. No.] It is not easy to reject Hanmer's interrogation-point, which, indeed, has been generally adopted. MOBERLY gives this good paraphrase of the whole speech: 'True that Fortune does not make fair features; but she can mar them by some accident. So Nature makes us able to philosophize, chance spoils our grave philosophy by sending us a fool.'

52, 53. perceiueth . . . hath sent] MALONE suggested, and reads, 'and hath sent.' CALDECOTT, who never deserts his Folio, says that 'perceiveth' is equivalent to 'who, inasmuch as the perceiveth.' DYCE in his first edition adopted Malone's emendation, because, as he said, 'it is more probable that and was omitted by the original compositor than that "perceiveth" should be a misprint for perceiving;' and of Caldecott's defence he remarks that 'the general style of the dialogue is opposed to the idea of Shakespeare's having intended such an ellipsis here.' But in his last edition he adopts perceiving with the quiet remark that it is a correction of the Second Folio. Dyce's vacillation, a quality in which he excels, is a proof not of thoughtlessness, but of extreme thoughtfulness; it is to be regretted that with it was not joined a little more openness in confessing it, and a good deal less acrimony in criticising others. The choice here is so evenly balanced between perceiving of F, and the and of Malone that we can debate a long while over a very trifling matter. In the end, I think, however, that the gray authority of the Second Folio should prevail.—Ed.

53. reason of] That is, talk, discuss concerning. For the use of 'of,' as equivalent to about, concerning, see also V, iv, 59; or Mer. of Ven. I, iii, 54: 'I am debating of my present store,' or Abbott, § 174. See also Mer. of Ven. II, viii, 30: 'I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,' that is, talked.
our whetstone. for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole, is
the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether
wander you?

Clow. Mistresse, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you

Rof. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that sware by his Honour
they were good Pan-cakes, and sware by his Honor the
Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes
were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was
not the Knight forsworne.

55. the wits] his wits Var. '03, Var. '13,
Var. '21.
Witte] Om. Rowe, Pope, Han.

53. Naturall] DOUCE (i, 293): Touchstone is here called a ‘natural’ [i.e. an
diot] merely for the sake of alliteration and a punning jingle of words; for he is
undoubtedly an artificial fool. [Cf. Touchstone’s own use of the word in his conver-
sation with Corin, III, ii, 31, whom he calls ‘a natural philosopher.’—ED.]

55. whetstone] WHALLEY (p. 36): This is a proverbial term, denoting an excite-
ment to lying, or a subject that gave a man the opportunity of breaking a jest upon
another. And Jonson, alluding to the same when he draws the character of Amor-
phus, says: ‘He will lie cheaper than any Beggar, and louder than most clocks; for
which he is right properly accommodated to the Whetstone, his page’ [Cynthia’s
Revels, II, i, p. 265, ed. Gifford. I think Whalley is far afield when he traces any
connection between the present passage and the whetstone which was given at Fairs
as a prize to that clown who told the most impossible and enormous lies. Why a
whetstone should have been selected as this prize has never yet been discovered.
It is clear that Celia refers to the ordinary uses of the ordinary stone. WRIGHT ap-
solutely cites the title of Robert Recorde’s Arithmetie, 1557: ‘The Whetstone of Witte’
—ED.]

55. the wits] In the Variorum of 1803 this was changed to ‘his wits.’ As no
reason was given for the change, nor even a reference to it, I am inclined to think
that it is a mere typographical oversight, precisely such a substitution of words as
WALKER (Crit. i, 309) conceived to have taken place in the second word ‘wits,’
which he suggested should be wir, an emendation also proposed by SPEDDING;
DYCE (ed. iii), however, thinks the emendation doubtful, ‘because it seems to be at
variance with what Celia says just before, “who, perceiving our natural wir too dull,”
&c.; wherein, I think, all will agree.—ED.

55, 56. How ... you?] STAUNTON: The beginning, probably, of some ancient
ballad. WRIGHT: ‘Wit, whither wilt,’ was a proverbial expression. See IV, i, 160.
65. forsworn] BOSWELL: The same joke ['such as it is']—Wright] is found in the
old play of Damon and Pithias: ‘I have taken a wise oath on him, have I not, trow
ye? To trust such a false knave upon his honesty? As he is an honest man (quoth
you?) he may bewray all to the king, And break his oath for this never a whit.’ [ed.
Cel. How prove you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Rof. I marry, now vnmuze your wisedome.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue.

Cel. By our beards(if we had them)thou art.

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forworn: no more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or if he had, he had sweorne it away, before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old Fredericke your Father loues.
[old Fredericke your Father]

junior" [see II, i, 1], giving no proper name to either of them, except in this place, and in [line 228 of this scene, and in V, iv, 158]: his original makes them both kings, and kings of France; calling the elder, Gerismond; the younger, and the usurping king, Toriamond; these names the Poet chose to discard (perhaps, for that he thought them too antiquated), putting "Frederick" instead of the latter; but not instantly hitting upon another that pleas'd him, when he had occasion to mention the former, he put down "Frederick" there too, with intention to alter it afterwards. There is a name in the Novel, which might (possibly) be that intended for Gerismond; and this the reason why it was taken away from it's owner, Orlando's second brother; and "Jaques" bestow'd upon him for "Fernandine," his name in the novel; however that may be, it can be no very great licence to put "Fernandine" [into the present line] or Ferdinand rather; and get rid of a name by that means, which will be for ever a stumbling-block to all those who read with attention. MALONE was evidently impressed with Capell's emendation, but he did not venture to adopt it (Collier was the only editor temerarious enough to do that). 'I suppose,' says Malone, 'some abbreviation was used in the MS for the name of the rightful, or old, duke, as he is called (perhaps Fer. for Ferdinand), which the transcriber or printer converted into Frederick.' He disapproves of giving the next speech to Celia instead of Rosalind, because 'there is too much filial warmth in it for Celia; besides, why should her father be called old Frederick? It appears from the last scene of the play that this was the name of the younger brother.' Whereunto STEEVENS replies: 'Mr Malone's remark may be just; and yet I think the speech which I have still left in the mouth of Celia exhibits as much tenderness for the fool as respect for her own father. She stops Touchstone, who might otherwise have proceeded to say what she could not hear without inflicting punishment on the speaker. "Old" is an unmeaning term of familiarity. It is still in use, and has no reference to age. This last observation in regard to 'old' DYCE (Remarks, p. 64) pronounced 'just.' CALDECOTT will neither renounce Frederick, nor affirm Celia, nor turn his halycon beak for one instant away from the First Folio. 'The Clown,' he urges, 'might turn towards Rosalind, though addressed by Celia; or might speak inaccurately; neither would it be out of character to make him do so. The answer of Rosalind, at the same time, seems to shew that it was her truly respectable father that was meant.' COLIER (ed. i.) made a bold suggestion that 'perhaps the name of the knight was Frederick, and the clown's answer ought to run "One old Frederick, that your father loves," which only changes the place of "that."' This suggestion was not repeated in his next edition, where he upholds and adopts Capell's Ferdinand on the score that it 'makes the whole dialogue natural and consistent, and it does no violence to the poet's language merely to introduce a change of name—a reason which applies with equal force to the change of 'Ros.' to 'Cel.' In Collier's third and last edition Theobald's change is adopted in the text with the following note: 'In the old copies this speech is by mistake given to Rosalind. Theobald was the first to detect the error, which has not been repeated—an oversight for which Collier's venerable age is an ample excuse. DYCCK quotes Caldecott's remark that the clown 'might speak inaccurately,' and affixes two exclamation-marks. NEIL follows the Folio, and, supposing that Touchstone gives 'a jocular answer addressed first to Celia and then explainatorily to Rosalind,' thus prints line 78: '[To Celia] One that old Frederick [to Rosalind], your father, loves.' [The many examples collected by Walker of speeches wrongly assigned in the Folio seem to me amply sufficient to justify Theobald's change here. The error may be due, how-
Rof. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not speake wife-ly, what Wifemen do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wife men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Monsieur the Beau.

Enter le Beau.

Rof. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he vville put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

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ever, to Shakespeare himself, and be but another proof of that haste in composition which Wright finds in the play.—Ed.

79. honor him enough.] This punctuation, which has been followed by a majority of the Editors, Collier asserts to be 'in Shakespeare's characteristic manner,' and adds, I think with truth, that Hanmer's punctuation, as well as Malone's, 'sacrifices the point of the reply.'

80. whipt] Douce: This was the discipline usually inflicted on Fools. [See Lear, I, iv, 105, where Lear says to the Fool: 'Take heed, sirrah; the whip.]

80. taxation] Malone: That is, censure or satire. See II, vii, 74 and 89.

83, 86. Wisemen... wise men] These two forms should be, I think, retained in a modern text. See V, i, 34.—Ed.

84. since... was silenced] For other instances of the simple past for the complete present with 'since,' see Abbott, § 347.

85. silenced] Johnson: Shakespeare probably alludes to the use of Fools or Jesters, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated. Wright: Perhaps referring to some recent inhibition of the players. See Ham. II, ii, 346. Fleay (Life and Work of Sh., p. 208) thinks that this 'alludes probably to the burning of satirical books by public authority 1st June, 1599,' and holds this allusion to be an important indication of the date of the play.

90. put on vs] I doubt the need of analysing here the exact meaning of 'put,' or of citing other passages where it is to be found. Its special meaning is plainly, almost too plainly, conveyed by Celia's simile, which is distended to its fullest extent by the
ACT I, SC. ii.]  

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Rof. Then shal we be newes-cram'd.  

Ciel. All the better: we shalbe the more Marketable.  

Boon-jour, Monsieur le Beau, what's the newes?  

Le Beau. Faire Princefie,  

you haue loft much good sport.  

Ciel. Sport: of what colour?  

Le Beau. What colour Madame? How shal I aun-
swer you?  

Rof. As wit and fortune will.  

Clo. Or as the definies decrees.  

Ciel. Well saied, that was laid on with a trowell.  

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94. Boon-jour, Monsieur] Boon-jour  
Monsieur Fl.  
what's the] what the F_v what  
F_r Rowe-v.  

96. much good] much F_r F_v Rowe,  
Pope, Han.  

101. decrees] Fl, Rowe, Cam. decree  
Pope et cet.  

suggestion that they 'shall be more marketable,' because the heavier by the operation.  
—Ed.  

96. good sport] COLLIER (ed. ii): From what follows this observation we learn that Le Beau pronounced 'sport' affectedly spot, and Celia retorts it upon him in his own way, 'Spot' of what colour? The old corrector of F_r made this change in order to render a point clear which has hitherto been missed by all Editors. [This emendation is so specious that apparently it staggered Collier's opponents. Of course they do not adopt it, but they do not exclaim against it. MOBERLY and NEIL are, I think, the only avowed converts; nay, Moerly amplifies it, and suggests that 'with a finicking pronunciation, the next line would end with "answer ye," rhyming to "decrees."' The best answer to Collier is given indirectly by WRIGHT, who shows that 'colour' is 'used for kind, nature, in Lear, II, ii, 145: "This is a fellow of the self-same colour Our sister speaks of:" where the Quartos actually read "nature."' Apposite as this citation seems and satisfactory as it may appear to us, I am afraid that Celia's use of the word was neither so satisfactory nor so clear to Le Beau. He is evidently gravelled by it, and at a loss for a reply. His answer would have been prompt enough had he at once thus understood the word 'colour.'—Ed.]  

101. destinies decrees] Another of the many instances where a final s is inter-
polated; see I, iii, 60. WRIGHT: It is by no means to be regarded as an example of the old Northern plural in 's,' which, so far as Shakespeare is concerned, is a figment of the grammarians.  

102. trowell] GREY (i, 163): A proverbial expression for a great lie. See Ray's Proverbs [p. 49, ed. 1817]. The first ed. of Ray is dated 1670; it is useless therefore as an unsupported authority for any phrase of Shakespeare's like this.—Ed.]. JOHNSON: I suppose the meaning is, that there is too heavy a mass of big words laid upon a light subject. RITSON: It means a good round hit, thrown in without judgment or design. M. MASON: To do anything strongly and without delicacy. MOBERLY: Well rounded off into a jingle; the lines being pronounced 'As wit and fortune will. Or as ] The destinies decree.' [I doubt if this last interpretation will gain many converts.
AS YOU LIKE IT

CLO. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

ROF. Thou looest thy old smell.

LE BEU. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wraftling, which you haue loft the sight of.

ROF. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wraftling.

LE BEU. I wil tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may fee the end, for the beat is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

CCL. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

LE BEU. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

103. ranke.] rank—Rowe et seq.
113. fons.] sons,—Theob. et seq.
104. looest.] looest F.

The phrase carries its own explanation to every man, woman, or child who has ever watched a mason at work. Tieck (p. 309), premising that the phrase, 'be it proverbial or not, is incomprehensible,' wonders if there be not herein 'a malicious allusion to Ben Jonson, who, as all the world knew, had been, in his youth, a mason.' It is to be feared that Gifford would have emptied the printer's case of exclamation-marks after this suggestion of Tieck's, had he ever seen it.—Ed.

103. ranke] CALDECOTT: 'Rank' is quality or place. The unsavoury perversion of Rosalind's is obvious. So also in Cym. II, i, 17. COWDEN-CLARKE: Touchstone as the professional jester, uses this word 'rank' to express 'rate of talking,' 'way of following up one joke with another;' while Rosalind puns upon it in the sense of 'rancid,' 'offensively scented.'

104. old smell] NEIL: Holinshed says: 'The making of new gentlemen bred great strife sometimes among the Romas, I mean when those which were Novi homines were more allowed of for their virtues newlie scene and shewed, than the old smell of ancient race latelie defaced;' &c.—Description of England, chap v. [p. 162, ed. 1574]. Rosalind banters Touchstone by taking 'rank,' meaning own place, to signify true station in one sense, and strong-scented in another, and so employs this equivocal.

105. amaze] JOHNSON: This is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex, to confuse, so as to put out of the intended narrative. WRIGHT: The word 'amazement' was originally applied to denote the confusion of mind produced by any strong emotion, as in Mark xiv, 33: 'And they began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy.'

110. to doe] ABBOTT, § 359: The infinitive active is often found where we use the passive, as in 'such a storm As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,' Lov. Com. 102. This is especially common in 'what's to do' (Twel. N. III, i, 18) for 'what's to be done.' So in 'Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust.'—Sonn. 129, that is, not to be trusted.

113. There comes] ABBOTT, § 335: When the subject is as yet future, and, as it were, unsettled, the third person singular might be regarded as the normal inflection. Such passages are very common, particularly in the case of 'There is.' See Oth. I, i, 188: 'Is there not charma.' See also V, ii, 76 of the present play.
I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and presence.

With bills on their neckes: Be it knowne unto all men by these presents.

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CALDECOTT: That is, of good figure and proportion.

WARBURTON supposes that Rosalind and Touchstone are playing 'at a kind of cross purposes,' and to serve out Rosalind for catching him up in line 104, Touchstone now, 'to be quits with her, puts in—'Know all men by these presents.' She spoke of an instrument of war, and he turns it to an instrument of law of the same name, beginning with these words: So that they must be given to him.' FARMER says, 'With bills on their necks' should be the conclusion of Le Beau's speech.' [Thus between Warburton and Farmer no word of the speech is left to Rosalind at all.] FARMER continues: 'Mr Edwards ridicules Dr Warburton, 'As if people carried such instruments of war as bills and guns on their necks, not on their shoulders.' But unluckily the ridiculous falls upon himself. Lassels, in his Voyage of Italy, says of tutors, 'Some persuade their pupils that it is fine carrying a gun upon their necks.' But what is more, the expression is taken immediately [from Lodge's novel.] See Appendix, p. 352]. JOHNSON: Where meaning is so very thin as in this vein of jocularity it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot see why Rosalind should suppose that competitors in a wrestling match carried bills on their shoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor resemblance of presence and presents. CAPELL: The humour of Rosalind's speech, such as it is, took it's rise from Le Beau's word 'presence.' 'Bills' are—labels. STEEVENS added others to Farmer's proof from Lodge's novel, of the practice of wearing bills on the neck; in Sidney's Arcadia [book i, p. 68, ed. 1598] 'Damestus... with a sword by his side, a Forrest bill on his neck.' Again in Rowley's When You See Me You Know Me, a stage direction conveys almost the same idea: 'Enter King and Compton with bills on their backs' [p. 28, ed. Elze]. M. MASON (p. 81) believed that neither an instrument of war, nor one of law, was meant by 'bill,' but merely a label or advertisement, as we say a play-bill, a hand-bill. CALDECOTT: From the [foregoing] instances it is highly probable that an allusion is here made to the undoubted usage of 'bills, forest-bills, and bates' being carried on the neck; although the leading idea holden out is manifestly that of 'scrolls or labels,' with an inscription running in a legal form, and for the purpose of a conceit between 'presence' and 'presents.' 'The watchman's weapon,' says DOUCE (ii, 51), was the bill; but STOWE (Annal. p. 1040, ed. 1631) informs us 'that when prentises and journey-men attended upon their masters and mistresses in the night, they went before them carrying a lanthorne and candle in their hands and a great long club on their necks.' COLIER (ed. i) is inclined to accept Farmer's distribution of the speeches. 'Lodge calls the father 'a lustie Franklin of the country' with 'two tall men that were his sonnes,' and they would properly be furnished 'with bills on their necks.'” DYCE adopted Farmer's emendation in his first edition, and remained constant to it in his
Le Beau. The eldest of the three, wrastled with Charles 120
the Duke Wrastler, which Charles in a moment threw
him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little
hope of life in him: So he seru’d the second, and fo the
third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father,
making such pittifull dole over them, that all the behol-
ders take his part with weeping.

Rof. Alas.

Clo. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies
haue loft?

Le Beau. Why this that I speake of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the
first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport
for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Rof. But is there any else longs to see this broken

129. this] this is F, Rowe i. 135. fett Johna. conj. Walker, Dyce iii, Huds.
130. may] Om. Rowe, Pope, Han. 137. heard a] heard of F, Rowe i.
131. heard] heard of F, Rowe i.

subsequent editions, pronouncing it undoubtedly right; "for if they [i.e. the words
"with bills on their necks"] are spoken by Rosalind, the whole humour of the pas-
sage evaporates." [Thia, I think, is somewhat too strongly expressed. And yet
Farmer's suggestion is so ingenious that I am inclined to say 'Ditto to Dr Johnson,'
and confess that 'I know not well what to determine.'—ED.]

120. which Charles] Abbott, § 269: Which being an adjective frequently
accompanies the repeated antecedent, where definiteness is desired or where care
must be taken to select the right antecedent. This repetition is, perhaps, more com-
mon with the definite 'the which.' See post II, i, 36; II, vii, 125.

121. that] For the frequent omission of so before that, see Abbott, § 283.

126. Alas] Cowden-Clarke: It is often by such apparently slight touches as
these that Shakespeare depicts the moral perfection of his characters and gives them
their crowning charm. By this single word he shows us Rosalind passing in the full
career of her sportive word-bandying, struck with pity for the poor old father's grief.
His women are always true women; not mere heedless, heartless wits, but witty from
the very depths of their sweet and sensitive natures.

134-136. But . . . Cosin] In the Cambridge Edition there is recorded an Anony-
mous conjecture whereby this speech is given to Touchstone as far as 'rib-breaking.'
To Rosalind is given the rest: 'Shall we see this wrestling, Cosin?'

134. any else longs] For the omission of the relative in this very elliptical phrase
('any one else who longs'), see Abbott, § 244, where many parallel instances are
given.

134. see this broken Musicke] Warburton asserts that the pleasantry of Ros-
lind's repartee must consist in the allusion she makes to composing in music. 'It
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Muscik in his sides? Is there yet another doates upon
rib-breaking? Shall we see this wraftling Cosin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay here, for here is the
place appointed for the wraftling, and they are ready to
performe it.

138. for the] for Ef, Rowe.

necessarily follows, therefore,' so he says, 'that the poet wrote—set this broken music.'
This emendation received CAPELL'S approval. HEATH (p. 145): Possibly it might
be 'get this broken music.' JOHNSON: If any change were necessary, I should write
'feel this broken music.' But 'see' is the colloquial term for perception or experi-
ment. So we say every day: see if the water be hot; I will see which is the best time;
she has tried, and see that she cannot lift it. In this sense 'see' may be here used.
CALDECOTT paraphrases: witness the crash made by his broken bones; get so rough
a handling. WALKER (Crit. ii, 299); Feele, surely; and so Johnson conjectures,
although he doubts whether any change is required. DYCE (ed. iii) adopted this
emendation, remarking that the error 'see' was evidently derived from the close of
the speech, 'Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?' It may be as Dyce says, but I
always mistrust these 'errors of anticipation.' What has once passed through a com-
positor's mind, and under his fingers, may, it is conceivable, readily recur. But the
case is altered when the error is in the future. Why is it not simpler to take Walker's
explanation that the error arose from the confusion, a confusion very, very common,
of the long i and f? Rosalind repeats her question with a variation; since the second
time she refers to the wrestler, and not to a spectator, it seems but natural that she
should have referred in the first question also to the wrestler—an additional reason
for adopting Dr Johnson's emendation.—Ed.]

134, 135. broken Musick.] WRIGHT: This was first explained by Mr Chappell
(Popular Music, &c. p. 246) as the music of a string band. But he has since altered
his opinion, and has kindly favoured me with the following explanation: Some
instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, &c., were formerly made in sets of four,
which when played together formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments
of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result is no
longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music.' The expression occurs in Hem. V: V, ii, 263,
'Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken.'
And Bacon, Essay xxxvii. p. 156: 'I understand it, that the Song be in Quire, placed
aloft, and accompanied with some broken musick.'

136. Shall ... Cosin] COWDEN-CLARKE suggests that this should be uttered in
tone to indicate the purpose not to see it. BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (April, 1839,
p. 549, qu. Campbell?): Ought Rosalind to have remained to see the wrestling after
having been told by Le Beau that Charles had thrown the three sons of the old man,
and left them lying on the ground with broken ribs and little hope of life? On hear-
ing of the rib-breaking Rosalind only said, 'Alas!' Probably she would not have
gone to see the wrestling, for she asks Celia's advice; but Celia replies, 'Yonder, sure,
they are coming; let us now stay and see it.' And there is Orlando. 'Is yonder the
man?' asks Rosalind; and would you have had her to leave him, who, 'alas! is too
young, but looks successfully,' in the hold of the Duke's wrestler, without sending
strength to all his sinews from the sympathy shining in her troubled eyes? As for
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Cel. Yonder sure they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated His owne peril on his forwardnese.

Ros. Is yonder the man?
Le Beau. Euen he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks susscessfully

Du. How now daughter, and Cousin:

Are you crept hither to see the wraffling?

Ros. I my Liege, so please you give vs leaue.

Du. You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such oddes in the man: In pitie of the challe-

the vulgarity of wrestling, 'tis a pretty pastime; and then Orlando could do nothing vulgar.

145. ALLEN (MS): Instead of 'his forwardness is at his own peril,' it is to be understood as 'his danger is based upon his own forwardness.'

150. Are you crept?] For instances of some few intransitive verbs, mostly of motion, with which he and have are used, see ABBOTT, § 295.

153. oddes in the man] CAFELL pronounced Hanmer's change 'palpably necessary.' CALDECOTT evidently refers 'man' to Orlando; and paraphrases: 'the challenger is so little of a match.' COLLIER, in his first edition, agrees with Caldecott, in his second and third he was overborne by his 'old Corrector.' BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (Aug. 1853, p. 197): We take leave to say that Hanmer was not right in altering 'man' to men. What is meant to be said is, 'there is such superiority (of strength) in the men;' and 'oddes' formerly signified superiority, as may be learnt from the following sentence of Hobbes: 'The passion of laughter,' says Hobbes, 'proceedeth from the sudden imagination of our own oddes and eminency.' DYE defends Hanmer's change: 'If Shakespeare had here written “man” (meaning Orlando), he surely would not immediately after have written “in pity of the challenger's youth,” &c., but “in pity of his youth,” &c. Nor, on carefully considering the passage, can I think more favourably of the old reading, because a critic in Blackwood's Magazine confidently maintains [as above]. A little above [line 146] “man” is applied to Orlando, and a little below [line 168] to Charles: here the two men, Charles and Orlando, are spoken of. [Caldecott is the only editor, I think, who refers 'man' to Orlando. Clearly it refers to Charles. WRIGHT agrees substantially
gers youth, I would faine diswade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, fee if you can mooue him.

_Cel._ Call him hether good Monsieur Le Beu.

_Duke._ Do so: Ile not be by.

_Le Beu._ Monsieur the Challenger, the Princeffe calls for you.

_Orl._ I attend them with all respect and dutie.

_Rof._ Young man, haue you challeng’d Charles the Wraftler?

_Orl._ No faire Princeffe: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

157. hither] hither F.

Monsieur] Mousieur F.

158. Duke goes apart. Theob.

159. Princeffe calls] Princeffe calls F.

F. princeffe calls F. Princeesse call Han.

with Blackwood, and for ‘odds,’ in the sense of advantage or superiority, cites Love's Lab. L. I, ii, 183: ‘Cupid’s butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules’ club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard’s rapier.’—_Ed._

159, 161. the Princeffe calls . . . them] WHITER: It is Celia only who calls for him; and the answer of Orlando, ‘I will attend them,’ as Celia is accompanied by Rosalind, does not invalidate the ancient reading. [See Theobald’s change in Text. Notes.] CALDECOTT interprets ‘them’ as ‘those of the princess’s party, or the princesses.’ KNIGHT observes: ‘When Orlando answers, “I attend them,” he looks towards Celia and Rosalind;’ and COLLIER and WHITE to the same effect. WALKER (Crit. i, 263) gives this among his many instances where s has been interpolated or omitted, and adds ‘certainly “the princesses call for you,” as some editions have it.’ In his Vers. 248, he again cites the passage, and asks ‘Is there an erratum in both these words, or merely in calls? I think the former.’ DYCE: I prefer ‘the princess’ call for you.’ the plural form ‘princess’ occurs in Temp. I, ii, 173, while princess is not once found throughout the whole of Shakespeare’s works. Still, whether we read ‘the princess calls,’ &c. or ‘the princess call,’ &c., an inconsistency will remain. Mr Leismer not improbably conjectures that the speech now given to Celia, ‘Call him hither,’ &c., should have the double prefix _Cel. and Ros.:_ ‘this notion,’ he adds, ‘is in some degree supported by the Duke’s immediately preceding words, “Speak to him, ladies;” as well as by the fact that Rosalind is the first to address Orlando, which is not altogether consistent with Celia only requesting Le Beau to call him. At any rate, it seems quite impossible, if ‘princess’ is a singular, to explain “I attend them,” though Caldecott, Knight, and Collier have made the attempt.’ WRIGHT: It is Celia who gives the order, and it may be that Orlando in his reply is thinking of Rosalind, and is made to say ‘them’ designedly. [I agree with Dyce that the error lies in the interpolated s in ‘calls.’ There was the sound of a plural in ‘Princesse’ which sufficed for Shakespeare’s ear, but did not apparently appeal to the composi-


_Cit._ Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you haue feene cruell prooffe of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew your selfe with your judgment, the feare of your aduenture would couneel you to a more equall enterprize. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your owne saftie, and glie ouer this attempt.

_Rof._ Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprifed: we wil make it our sute to the Duke, that the wraithling might not go forward.

_Enc._ I befeech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts, where I confesse me much guiltie to deny

169, 170. your eies...your judgment\]
our eyes...our judgment Han. Warb. 178. wherein] Therein Johns. con.
Cap. Coll. (MS), ii, iii, Dyce iii, Huds. herein Cap. conj. Dyce iii. Om. Sped-
your own eies...your own judgment ding (sp. Cam. Ed.) Huds.

Go to next page.

167 170 175 178
fo faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil’d, there is but one sham’d that vvas neuer gracious: if kil’d, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me: the world no injurie, for in it I haue nothing: onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I haue made it emptie.

Rof. The little strength that I haue, I would it vvere with you.

Cel. And mine to ekeke out hers.

Rof. Fare you well: praiie heauen I be deceu’d in you.

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.


stands at the head of another period, only two lines below; which might be the occasion of its getting in here. [This conjecture of Capell’s has been generally credited to Mason, who also proposed it, probably independently. The latter observes]: As the word ‘wherein’ must always refer to something preceding, I have no doubt but there is an error in this passage, and that we ought to read herein, instead of wherein. The hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehensions expressed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wrestler. He beseeches that they will not punish him with them. MALONE: The meaning, I think, is, Punish me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); which, however, I confess, I deserve to incur, for denying such fair ladies any request. [Staunton quotes this; and Caldecott’s paraphrase is substantially the same.] KNIGHT: Mason says ‘the hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehensions expressed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wrestler.’ Hard thoughts! The tender interest which the ladies take in his safety to be called ‘hard thoughts’—to be complained of? Surely the meaning is, Punish me not with your hard thoughts, because I confess me much guilty to deny what you ask. ‘Wherein’ is decidedly used in the sense of in that. WALKER (Crit. i, 309) suspects ‘wherein,’ and DYCK (ed. iii) adds that it is ‘justly’ suspected. WRIGHT: The construction is loose, and we must supply as antecedent some such expression as ‘in this business,’ or, as Malone suggests, ‘of my abilities.’ Knight’s interpretation would make very good sense, but [because or in that] is not the meaning of wherein. Mr Spedding would omit ‘wherein’ altogether.

178. me] For instances of ‘me’ used for myself, see Abbott, § 223.

182. gracious] SINGER: Anciently used in the sense of the Italian gratiato, i.e. graced, favoured, countenanced; as well as for graceful, comely, well-favoured, in which sense Shakespeare uses it in other places.

185. onely] This transposition is common in Shakespeare; we have another instance in ‘the onely prologues’ in V, iii, 12. Compare ‘Which touching but my gentle vessel’s side,’ Mer. of Ven. I, i, 37, or line 50 in the same scene, ‘Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.’ Abbott, §§ 420, 421, gives other examples.

—Ed.
Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so
defirous to lie with his mother earth?
Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modeft
working.
Duk. You shall trie but one fall.
Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat
him to a fecond, that haue fo mightilie perfwaded him
from a firft.
Orl. You meane to mocke me after : you should not
haue mockt me before : but come your waies.
Rof. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.
Cel. I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fel-
low by the legge.
Rof. Oh excellent yong man.
Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who
should downe.
Duk. No more, no more.
Orl. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well
breath'd.

Duk. How do'ft thou Charles?

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200. You meane] THEOBALD (Lit. Illust. ii, 329): Should not this be 'Am' you
mean,' &c.? MASON (p. 82): I believe we should read, 'If you mean,' &c. CAM-
BRIDGE EDITORS (to whom Theobald's conj. had occurred independently) remark
(Note v): And for an is a more probable reading than if, as it may have been omitted
by the printer, who mistook it for part of the stage direction—Orl. and ' for 'Orland.'
204. Wrafle] In a notice (Sh. Jahrbuch, ii, 274) of certain performances of
Shakespeare's plays in Munich, Bodenstedt mentions that, on one occasion, this
wrestling-match was so arranged behind barriers that only the upper halves of the
wrestlers' bodies were visible to the audience. Whether or not this arrangement is
novel, or has been adopted elsewhere, I do not know, but it seems to be highly com-
 mendable, as far as it goes. It is questionable if the barriers might not be made much
higher to advantage. Wrestling is a sport so unusual at this day and in this country,
and our stage Orlandos and Charleses are generally such feeble adepts in it, that this
match, as it is usually seen, is far from thrilling, and we are amazed not so much at
Orlando's prowess as at Charles's accommodating mortality.—ED.
204, 207. Note the imperative mood of these stage-directions, indicating a stage
copy.—ED.
207. downe] For the omission of verbs of motion before certain adverbs, see
Abbott, §§ 30, 41, &c.
210. breath'd] SCHMIDT: That is, in the full display of my strength. Equivalent
to mis en haleine.
ACT I, SC. ii.]  

AS YOU LIKE IT

Le Beau. He cannot speake my Lord.
Duk. Beare him awai e:
What is thy name yong man?
Orl. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Ro-
land de Boys.
Duk. I would thou hadst beene son to some man else,
The world eftfeem'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him still mine enemie:
Thou should'st haue better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another hous e:
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou hadst told me of another Father.

Exit Duke.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?
Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Roland sonne,
His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heire to Fredricke.

Ros. My Father lou'd Sir Roland as his foule,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde,
Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
I shou'd haue given him teares vnto entreaties,
Ere he shou'd thus haue ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cofen,

213, 214. Prose, Pope et seq.  
215, 216. Roland de Boys] Rowland  
de Boys's Ff.  
224. Exit...] Exit...with his train.  
224, 227. sonne,] son.—Cap.

220. should'at] An instance of the peculiar use of should, to which attention was
called in Mer. of Ven. III, ii, 289. It is not the past tense of shall, nor does it sug-
gest compulsion or 'bounden duty' (see Abbott, § 322). Of course, at the present
time we should use would.—Ed.
227. yongest sonne] Malone suggests that some such phrase as 'than to be
descended from any other house, however high,' is to be understood. It is almost
superfuous to remark that Capell's punctuation has been adopted since his day,
whereby the sentence is shown to be incomplete; 'such things,' says Capell, 'have
their beauty in a free dialogue.'
227. calling] Steevens: That is, appellation; a very unusual, if not unprece-
dented, sense of the word. 'It is the only instance given by Schmidt with this mean-
ing, who says that, in the sense of vocation, profession, 'it is always used of the eccle-
siastical profession, except in Per. IV, ii, 43,' where Pandar says, 'Neither is our
profession any trade; it's no calling; ' it is just possible that even in Pericles there
is no exception to the general usage.—Ed.]
Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deferu'd,
If you doe keepe your promisfes in loue;
But iuftly as you haue exceeded all promise,
Your Misftris shall be happie.

Ro. Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune

237. Sticks] Stichrs F.
238. loue;] love, Ff. love Cap.
239. iustly;] justly, Cap.

237. at heart] This is, I think, an instance of the absorption of the definite article in the dental termination of 'at.' This absorption, originally adopted for the sake of ease in pronunciation, led gradually to the omission of the article in other cases, as in 'milk comes frozen home in Joel,' or in 'spectacles on nose and pouch on side.'—Ed.
239. justly] Knight: In the degree that you have gone beyond all expectation: but as justly. Wright: That is, exactly. Compare the use of 'righteously,' line 13.

239. exceeded] Walker (Crít. i, 288): Read, metri gratia, excell'd. I think, too, 'as y' have her excell'd, &c. as an antitheton to 'in love.'

239. all promisfes] WHITE (ed. i, referring to 'in promise' of the Ff): But Orlando had not exceeded all in promise; he, or his performances, exceeded all promise.

242. Weare this] Theobald (ed. i): There is nothing in the sequel of this scene expressing what it is that Rosalind here gives to Orlando. Afterwards, in the third Act, when Rosalind has found a copy of verses in the woods writ on herself, and Celia asks her whether she knows who has done this, Rosalind replies, by way of question, 'Is it a man?' To which Celia again replies, 'Ay, and a Chaim that you once wore about his neck.' Lady Martin (p. 410): Rosalind needs not the prompting of her cousin to 'go thank him and encourage him;' but while Celia finds ready words, Rosalind's deeper emotion suggests to her a stronger token of the admiration he has roused. She has taken a chain from her neck, and stealthily kissing it—at least I always used to do so—she gives it to Orlando, saying (II. 242, 243). Here she passes, naturally expecting some acknowledgement from Orlando; but finding none come, and not knowing how to break off an interview that has kindled a strange emotion within her, she adds, 'Shall we go, cos?' Celia, heart-whole as she is, has no such difficulty. 'Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman,' she says, and turns away.

242. suites] Johnson: This seems an allusion to cards, where he has no more cards to play of a particular sort, is out of suit. Steevens: It means, I believe, turned out of her service, and stripped of her livery. Malone: So afterwards Celia says, 'but turning those fiets out of service, let us talk in good earnest.' Caldecott: Its import seems equivalent to 'out of her books or graces.' Halliwell records the conjecture of 'an anonymous critic,' 'out of sorts,' that is, discontented with the blind goddess; and another suggests the explanation 'out of her favour,' and not obtaining
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we goe Coze?

Cel. I : fare you well faire Gentleman.

Ord. Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp
Is but a quintine, a meere slieefull blankke.

The suit, the petitions, she addressed other.' Wright also suggests 'one to whose
entreaties Fortune grants no favours, with a play upon the other meaning of the word,'
namely livery. [See Whiter's note on II, vii, 47.]

243. could give more] Caldecott: That is, who could find in her heart to give
more, were her ability greater. Wright refers to what Anthony says of Fulvia,
'She's good, being gone; The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on,' Ant.
& Ccep. I, ii, 131.

246. better parts] Caldecott: Compare 'it hath cow'd my better part of man,'
Macb. V, viii, 18; that is, his spirit. We may therefore conclude that by these terms
spirit and sense were meant here.

248. quintine] Warburton, to whom, despite his arrogant and offensive style,
we must concede ingenuity, thus interprets this allusion, which he pronounces 'beautiful': A quintain was a post or butt set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against
which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. 'I am,' says Orlando, 'only
a quintain, a lifeless block, on which love only exercises his arms in jest, the great
disparity in condition between Rosalind and me, not suffering me to hope that love
will ever make a serious matter of it.' Whereupon, Guthrie (Crit. Review, 1765,
vol. xx, p. 407) called Warburton to task, and denied that the 'quintaine' was the
object of darts and arms, in fact, 'it was a stake driven into a field, upon which were
hung a shield and other trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode, with a
lance. When the shield and the trophies were all thrown down, the 'quintaine'
remained. Without this information how could the reader understand the allusion of
"my better parts are all thrown down"? &c.' As there seems to be here a difference
of opinion as to the exact nature of a 'quintain,' all the archaeological resources of the
commentators were summoned to the field 'to fight for a spot,' as Steevens says, quoting
Hamlet, 'whereon the numbers cannot try the cause;' and the consequence is that we
have page upon page of explanations, and quotations from Latin, French, Italian,
and English sources, accompanied by many wood-cuts and engravings, all of which
are extremely valuable as an archaeological contribution to the subject, but throw little
light on Orlando's allusion other than is revealed in the definition of a quintain as
given by Strutt and quoted below. For ample researches those who list may consult:
Grey, vol. i, pp. 171-173; Whiter, pp. 9-13; Variorum of '21, pp. 514-519; Calde-
cott, Appendix, p. 4; Knight, Illustrations, p. 220; Brand, Pop. Antiq. i, 177; ii, 163
(Bohn's ed.; several other authorities are there cited, some whereof are quoted by
Wright): Theobald (Nichols's Lit. Illus. ii, 329), who cites Stow's Survey; and
Halliwell ad loc. The extract from Strutt (p. 112, ed. Hone, 1841) is as follows:
'Tilting or combating at the quintain is certainly a military exercise of high antiquity,
AS YOU LIKE IT

Act I, Sc. ii.

Refr. He calls vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
Ile aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you have wraught well, and ouerthrown
More then your enemies.

249. fortunes. F., F. fortune. F. 

and antecedent, I doubt not, to the justs and tournaments. The quintain, originally,
was nothing more than the trunk of a tree or post set up for the practice of the tyros
in chivalry. Afterward a staff or spear was fixed in the earth, and a shield, being
hung upon it, was the mark to strike at; the dexterity of the performer consisted in
smiting the shield in such a manner as to break the ligatures and bear it to the ground.
In process of time this diversion was improved, and instead of the staff and the shield,
the resemblance of a human figure carved in wood was introduced. To render the
appearance of this figure more formidable, it was generally made in the likeness of a
Turk or Saracen, armed at all points, bearing a shield upon his left arm, and brandishing
a club or sabre with his right. Hence this exercise was called by the Italians
"running at the armed man, or at the Saracen." The quintain thus fashioned was
placed upon a pivot, and so contrived as to move round with great facility. In running
at this figure it was necessary for the horseman to direct his lance with great adroitness,
and make his stroke upon the forehead between the eyes or upon the nose; for if he
struck wide of these parts, especially upon the shield, the quintain turned about with
much velocity, and, in case he was not exceedingly careful, would give him a severe
blow upon the back with the wooden sabre held in the right hand, which was con-
considered as highly disgraceful to the performer, while it excited the laughter and ridi-
cule of the spectators. "There were other kinds of quintains," adds Dyck, "but the
words of Orlando, "a quintain, a mere lifeless block," seem to show that Shakespeare
alludes to the kind above described." The simile itself was suggested, as Whiter
says in substance, not only by the feats of activity which were then going forward, but
by the assault upon his own heart which he had just experienced; the phrases
"thrown down" and "stands up" were impressed on Shakespeare's mind by the
subject of wrestling which had just occupied his attention; it is Whiter's endeavour,
be it remembered, in his thoughtful book, to explain various passages on the principle
of Locke's doctrine of the Association of Ideas.—Ed.

250-252. BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (April, 1853, p. 550, 4v. Campbell?): Giving
him a chain from her neck! How much worther of a woman such frankness, not
unaccompanied with reserve, than the pride that sat in the eyes of high-born beauty,
as with half-averted face she let drop glove or scarf to her kneeling knight, with silent
permission to dye it for her sake in his heart's blood! Not for all the world would
Rosalind have sent her wrestler to the wars. But, believe us, she said aside to Celia,
and in an undertone, though looking on Orlando, 'Sir, you have wrestled well, and
overthrown More than your enemies.' She felt it was so, and could not help saying
it, but she intended not that Orlando should hear the words, nor did he. All he heard
was, 'Did you call, sir?' So far 'she urged conference,' and no farther; and 'twas
the guileless hypocrisy of an unsuspecting heart! For our own parts, we see no
reason in nature, had circumstances allowed it, why they should not have been
married on the spot.

252. LADY MARTIN (p. 411): This 'more than your enemies' is very significant
and speaks plainly enough, though spoken as it would be, with great reserve of
ACT I, SC. ii.] 

AS YOU LIKE IT

Cel. Will you goe Coze?

Ros. Haue with you: fare you well. [Exit.

Orl. What passion hangs these waights vpØ my toong? I cannot speake to her, yet the vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poore Orlando! thou art ouerthrowne
Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counfaile you Te leave this place; Albeit you haue deuer'd High commendation, true applause, and loue;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he misconfers all that you haue done:

257. Enter...] Re-enter... (after line 261. Tt] F,
259). Dyce.
264. mis/confers] misconstrues Pope.

manner, of the favorable impression which the young wrestler has made upon her. We may be sure that, but for his modest demeanour, Rosalind would not have allowed herself to confess so much.

253. LADY MARTIN (p. 411): Celia, amused, and disposed to rally her cousin about what looks to her rather more than 'falling in love in sport,' accosts Rosalind mockingly in the phrase she has used but a few minutes before, 'Will you go, coz?' 'Have with you,' Rosalind rejoins, quite understanding the roguish sparkle in her cousin's eyes, but not deterred by it from giving to Orlando as she goes an earnest 'Fare you well.' But she is still slow to leave, hoping and longing for some words from his lips addressed to herself. When Celia takes her hand and is leading her away, Celia bows slightly to Orlando; but Rosalind in a royal and gentle manner curseys to him, wishing to show her respect for the memory of his father, the dearest friend of her father, and also her sympathy with his misfortunes. These she can give him, if nothing else. This scene, you will agree, needs most delicate touching in the actress. Rosalind has not much to say, but she has to make her audience feel by subtle indications the revolution that is going on in her own heart from the moment her eyes fall upon her future lover, down to the parting glance with which her farewell is accompanied. It is Juliet in the ball-room, but under conditions that demand a far greater variety of expression. There is no avowal of love; but when she lingeringly leaves the stage, the audience must have been made to feel that in her case, as in Juliet's, her heart has made its choice, and that a change has come over her skin to that which has come over Orlando. OXON (p. 49): When Celia sees that Rosalind has fallen in love with Orlando, she checks her desire to return and speak to him once more, because she sees that her cousin's effusiveness is carrying her a little too far; and she utters 'Will you go, coz?' in a jam satis tone.

259. Or...or] ABBOTT, §136: There is perhaps a disposition to revert to the old idiom: other...other. The contraction of other into 'or' is illustrated by whether for whether in Old English and the Elizabethan dramatists.

263. condition] JOHNSON: It here means character, temper, disposition. So Anthonio, in the Mer. of Ven. is called by his friend 'the best condition'd man.'
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede

264. misconster] This form, says Dyce (Remarks, p. 54), is common in our early writers. It represents the early pronunciation, which was probably in a transitional state when the Folio was printing. We find this same form in 1 Hen. VI: II, iii, 73 (p. 103, a, F.): 'Be not dismayd, faire Lady, nor misconstr The minde of Talbot;' and also in Rich. III: III, v, 61 (p. 190, b, F.): 'Misconster vs in him and wayle his death,' and again, 'I be misconsterd in the place I go,' Mer. of Ven. II, ii, 184; but in the only other passages where the word occurs we have the spelling misconstrue: 'Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything,' Jul. Cæs. V, iii, 84 (p. 129, a, F.); and 'So much misconstrued in his Wantonness.' 1 Hen. IV: V, ii, 69 (p. 70, b, F.). See also conster in Oth. IV, i, 118, and note in this edition, where all the instances are given of the occurrence of that word in the Folio; from which list it appears that it was spelled conster three times and construe eight times; in R. of L. and in Pass. Pil., it is spelled conster; so that the proportion stands five to eight, and shows, I think, that the pronunciation was in a state of transition. See also Greene's James the Fourth, p. 106, ed. Dyce; and Peele's The Arraignment of Paris, p. 24, ed. Dyce, where Dyce cites a passage from Marston in which conster rhymes with monster.—Ed.

265. humorous] This is defined as capricious by Caldecott, Knight, Dyce, Staunton, Wright, and Rolfe; Dyce adds perverse, and Staunton to perverse adds contrarious. Halliwell's first definition is capricious, but he continues, 'it is sometimes used in the sense of fantastic, the meaning given to the word by Minshew, or, perhaps, peevish, wayward, as Coles has it, translating it by morose.' Cotgrave has, 'Aversi- mesure, moodie, humorous;' and again, 'Avoir le cerveau un peu gaillard, to be humorous, toyish, fantastical, new-fangled.' Despite this general agreement, I doubt if 'humorous' is here exactly defined by capricious, or if capricious exactly defines the Duke. The Duke's predominant trait seems to be suspicion, bred of the treachery to his brother. This suspicion blazes forth at times, as in such inconstant starts as the banishment of Rosalind, but it is persistent and consistent, which can scarcely be affirmed of a temperament that is capricious. Moreover, it would never do to call the Duke's conversion and reconciliation to the Church, in the Fifth Act, a caprice. Yet this humourousness, whatever it be, is emphasized as a characteristic of the Duke. He is twice called 'humorous;' here by Le Beau, and again by old Adam. The only other instance where 'humorous' is used in this play is where Jaques thus characterizes his melancholy; and surely if any melancholy were ever ingrained and persistent, and less liable to freaks or caprices, it is Jaques's; he himself says expressly that it is not 'fantastic.' It behooves us, then, I think, to find a meaning for 'humorous' somewhat nicer than merely capricious. Ben Jonson, in the Induction to Every Man Out of his Humour, gives a definition of 'humour,' which, contemporaneous as it is, is more likely to be exact than any modern attempt to define it; from 'humour' the meaning may be presumably extended to 'humorous.' Asper says to Mitia, 'When some one peculiar quality Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw All his affects, his spirits, and his powers, In their confusions, all to run one way, This may be truly said to be a humour.' Such a dominant trait, then, as this, would be hardly correct to term a caprice, or a man thus dominated, capricious. A man thus 'humorous' may be headstrong, wayward, and his 'humour' may assume an odd, extraordinary turn, but it would be steady, persistent, and by no means capricious; it might manifest itself unexpectedly, but all the 'humorous' man's affects would run one way.' Wherefore, I think, and I speak with diffidence,
More suites you to conceive, then I to speake of.

Ozd. I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wraftling?

Le Boe. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
But yet indeed the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banifh’d Duke,
And here detain’d by her vfurping Vncle
To kepe his daughter companie, whose loues
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sistres:

266. [I] me Rowe, Cap. Mal. Steev.
268. the] these Rowe.
269. war] were Han. Cap. Dyce iii.
271. taller] Fl, Cam. shorter Rowe
Rowe. Wh. i, Dyce i, Clke, Rlfe, lower Sta. less
taller Ktly. lesser Spedding, Wr. Wh. ii.

‘humorous’ in the present play is more nearly defined by wayward, headstrong, obstinate, than by capricious.—Ed.

266. then I] See line 17 supra, and I, i, 160. ABBOTT, § 216: After a conjunction and before an infinitive we often find I, thou, &c., where in Latin we should have ‘me,’ ‘te,’ &c. The conjunction seems to be regarded as introducing a new sentence, instead of connecting one clause with another. Hence the pronoun is put in the nominative, and a verb is perhaps to be supplied from the context. Thus here, ‘More suites you to conceive than I (find it suitable) to speak of,’ i.e. ‘than that I should speak of it.’ [See also Hunter’s plea (i, 344) for retaining archaic forms, urged at a time when there was need of it; nor is it altogether needless now-a-days, when we find as good a scholar as Keightley changing ‘I’ to me.—Ed.]

271. taller] See Text. Notes. MALONE: Some change is absolutely necessary; for Rosalind, in a subsequent scene, expressly says that she is ‘more than common tall,’ and assigns that as a reason for her assuming the dress of a man, while her cousin Celia retained her female apparel. Again, in IV, iii, Celia is described by these words, ‘the woman low, and browner than her brother;’ i.e. Rosalind. [As between shorter and smaller, Malone urges that the latter is much ‘nearer to the corrupted reading.’] STEEVENS: Shakespeare sometimes speaks of little women, but I do not recollect that he, or any other writer, has mentioned small ones. MALONE: Small is used to express lowness of stature in Greene’s James the Fourth [Act IV, ad fin.]: ‘But my small son made prettie hansomse shift To save the queene his mistresse by his speed.’ KNIGHT: Shakespeare uses short with reference to a woman—Leonato’s short daughter, Much Ado, I, i, 216. [This is one of the very rare omissions in Mrs Cowden-Clarke’s Concordance, s. v. short.] COLIER, in his First Edition, approves of Malone’s smaller, and adds that ‘shorter and “daughter” read dissonantly;’ but in his second edition, influenced by his Old Corrector, he adopts the ‘dissonant’ shorter. WALKER (Crit. iii, 60): I suspect this is a slip of Shakespeare’s pen. The word he had in his thoughts was probably shorter, not smaller, which in this sense belongs to later English.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,
Grounded vpon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her vertues,
And pittie her, for her good Fathers fake;
And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I shall deire more loxe and knowledge of you.

Orl. I reft much bounden to you: fare you well.
Thus muft I from the smoake into the smother,
From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.
But heauenly 

Exit. 288

vertues] vertues F*.

283. better world] STEEVENS: So in Cor. III, iii, 135: 'There is a world else where.' WRIGHT: That is, in a better age or state of things. [Wordsworth (p 300) interprets this as an expression of faith and hope, and as an allusion to the world beyond the grave. To me Wright's interpretation is decidedly the true one; Wordsworth's interpretation (which is undoubtedly a mere oversight on the part of the gentle and reverend author), would be singularly inappropriate under the circumstances.—Ed.]

286. smother] WRIGHT: Out of the frying-pan into the fire. 'Smother' is the thick, stifling smoke of a smouldering fire. Bacon uses 'to pass in smother,' for to be stifled, in Essay xxvii, p. 112; and 'to keep in smother' for to stifle, in Essay xxxi, p. 134.

288. MONTAGU: These words are said and prolonged with a burst of enthusiasm which sweeps away all his gloomy reflections.
Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

_Cel._ Why Cofen, why _Rosaline_ : _Cupid_ haue mercie, Not a word?

_Rof._ Not one to throw at a dog.

_Cel._ No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame mee with reafons.

_Rof._ Then there were two _Cofen_ laid vp, when the one shoule be lam'd with reafons, and the other mad without any.

_Cel._ But is all this for your Father?

_Rof._ No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day world.

2. _Cofen_] _Cofen_ F, _Rofaline_] _Rofaline_ F, _thy_] _my_ F, F, _precious_] _precious_ F, _some_] _some_ F, F


Dyce, Coll. (MS) ii, Cike, Kily, Huds.

Coll. iii, Wh. ii.

13. day world] _day-world_ F, F

1. 2. Rosaline_ This spelling, and where it again occurs in this scene, lines 93 and 101, Walker (Crit. ii, 66) attributes to the frequent confusion in the Folio of the final _d_ and _e_. It may be so; but the frequency with which it occurs (for these are not the only instances) indicates that, as was natural, in common pronunciation the final _d_ was somewhat slurred. That the name was Rosalind is made sure by Orlando's verses and Touchstone's doggerel in the Third Act.—Ed.

9. mad] Is this word quite above suspicion? Is it not somewhat early for Rosalind to confess herself _madly_ in love? Or is it that she is mad, thus to love without reason?—Ed.

11. Father_ Morebly: The reason which Rosalind had given for her sadness in Scene ii. Imagine the ironical accent on this word.

12. my childe Father_ Theobald: That is, 'some of it is for my Sweetheart, whom I hope to marry and have children by.' Coleridge (p. 108): Who can doubt that this is a mistake for 'my father's child,' meaning herself? According to Theobald's note, a most indecent anticipation is put into the mouth of Rosalind without reason; and besides, what a strange thought and how out of place and unintelligible! [I do not care to discuss this passage. It is enough to give, as above, the two most eminent advocates on the opposing sides. Further discussion cannot but emphasise the thought, whereof the purity or impurity will depend on the bias of the reader; 'the worm, look you, will bite after its kind.' It is well, however, in this case, and
Cel. They are but burs, Cofen, throwne vpon thee in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths our very petty-coates will catch them.

Rof. I could shake them off my coate, these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Rof. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.  

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

Rof. O they take the part of a better wrastler then my selfe.

Cel. O, a good wish vpon you: you will trie in time in difpight of a fall: but turning these iefts out of seruice, let vs talke in good earneft: Is it possiible on such a so- daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Roulants yongeft sonne?

27. strong] strange F,R Rowe.  

in all similar cases (which will, hereafter, in this play receive, in the Commentary, no notice at my hands), to bear in mind that modes of thought and of speech, as well as of manners, shift and change from age to age as widely as do the costumes, and that every age must be measured by its own standard. Moerly says, 'Shakespeare would have smiled' at Rowe's emendation. Mrs Jameson says wisely: 'If the freedom of some of the expressions used by Rosalind or Beatrice be objected to, let it be remembered that this was not the fault of Shakespeare or the women, but generally of the age. Portia, Beatrice, Rosalind, and the rest, lived in times when more importance was attached to things than to words; now we think more of words than of things; and happy are we in these later days of super-refinement, if we are to be saved by our verbal morality.'—Ed.

20. cry hem, and haue him] According to Warburton, this is a proverbial expression signifying 'having for asking'; Walker also (Crit. ii, 168) thinks that 'it must be a proverbial expression,' and adds, 'though I cannot find it in Ray,' wherein the present editor also has looked for it in vain. Moerly surmises that it is 'a game like hunt-the-slipper.' Is it, however, necessary, after all, to find any deeper meaning than the merest play on words in 'hem' and 'him' ?—Ed.

24. a good wish upon you] Used where 'my blessing on you' would be too strong.—Ed.

25. The page in the Folio, which begins with this line, is wrongly numbered 187, it should be 189.—Ed.

26, 27. such a sodaine] Wright: Shakespeare uses 'on a sudden,' 'of a sudden,' and 'on the sudden,' elsewhere, but not 'on such a sudden.'

27. strong] As far as I know, Walker (Crit. iii, 23) is the only critic who approves of strange of F,R, for which, I think, much could be urged here, apart from the fact that confusion has elsewhere arisen between these two words (cf. 'O strong and fasten'd villain' of Q, in Lear II, i, 77). Rosalind, by pleading the old mutual love of their parents, gives merely a reason for loving Orlando at all, and why
Rej. The Duke my Father lou’d his Father deerelie.  
Sel. Doth it therefore enfue that you should louse his  
Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chafe, I should hate  
him, for my father hated his father deereely; yet I hate  
not Orlando.  
Rej. No faith, hate him not for my fake.  
Sel. Why should I not? doth he not dererue well?

34. nor F, 35. he nor F, F, R, R, Rowe i.  

that love should not be strange, but she would scarcely urge this parental love in the  
past as a reason for vehemently loving him now.—ED.

29. Moerly: A line of much resource for a good actress; capable of being  
shaded from the purely sentimental into the convincingly logical.

31. chase] Johnson: That is, by this way of following the argument. Whiter  
(p. 93): Can the reader doubt that Shakespeare fell into this expression by a combi-  
nation arising from the similar sounds of ‘dear’ and ‘deer?’ That our ancient writers  
have sometimes quibbled on these words may be urged as an argument to convince  
the reader how easy and natural it is for our Author to be led into such an asso-  
ciation; although, in the present instance, not the most distant allusion to this equivocal  
meaning was intended by the Poet. [To the unconscious association of ideas sug-  
gested by Whiter, I think there may be fairly added the association arising from the  
word ‘ensue,’ to which Allen calls attention in a brief marginal note: ‘ensue = pur-  
sue (“seek peace and ensue it”). Therefore Celia adds: “by this kind of chase” =  
following = following (= logical sequence, inference.)’—Ed.]

32. deereely] Cf. ‘my dearest foe,’ Ham. I, ii, 182, and notes in this edition,  
where Clarendon’s concise statement is given: ‘dear’ is used of whatever touches  
us nearly, either in love or hate, joy or sorrow.’

35. should I not] Theobald (Nichols, Lit. Illust. ii, 330): Either the negative  
should be expunged, or it would be clearer to read, ‘Why should I hate.’ [This  
remark, which was in a private letter to Warburton, was not subsequently repeated in  
Theobald’s edition. Capell’s omission of the negative was therefore original with  
him.] Malone: Celia answers Rosalind (who had desired her ‘not to hate Orlando,  
for her sake’) as if she had said ‘love him, for my sake!’ to which the former replies,  
‘Why should I not [i.e. love him]?’ So, in the following passage, in Hen. VIII.:  
‘Which of the peers have unconstant gone by him, or at least Strangely neglected?  
Unconstant’d must be understood as if the author had written not constant’d; other-  
wise the subsequent words would convey a meaning directly contrary to what the  
speaker intends. [It is to be feared that Malone’s ingenuity is misplaced.] Caldecott:  
Meaning to be understood by reference to that which had preceded, i.e. upon  
a principle stated by yourself, ‘because my father hated his father, does he not well  
approve by me to be hated?’ while Rosalind, taking the words simply, and without  
any reference, replies, ‘I let me love him for that,’ i.e. for that he well deserves. Dyce  
(ed. iii) followed Capell in omitting the negative ‘as a manifest error, in consequence  
of “not” occurring just before and just after.’ The explanation given by White  
(ed. i), that ‘doth he not deserve well?’ means doth he not deserve well to be hated,  
Dyce pronounces utterly inconsistent with the declaration in Celia’s preceding speech,
Enter Duke with Lords.

Ros. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him
Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Duk. Mitris, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me VnCLE.

Duk. You Cofen,
Within thofe ten daies if that thou beeft found
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I doe beseech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
If with my felse I hold intelligence,

36. Scene IX. Pope +.
37. me... you] These are the emphatic words.
38. In line 38, Coll.
40. safest] SINGER suggests that this is probably a misprint for swiftest. COLLIER: The Duke means by this epithet to refer to the danger which would attend Rosalind if she delayed. The (MS) has fastest, but change seems undesirable. BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (1853, Aug., p. 197): 'Fastest haste'—that is, most convenient despatch—is much more probable than 'fastest haste,' inasmuch as the lady to whom the words were addressed is allowed ten days to take herself off in. WHITE: In 'fastest haste' there is an unconscious anticipation by the Duke of his subsequent threat. Besides, Shakespeare would not needlessly write 'fastest haste.' KIGHTLEY: Safe is sure, certain, a sense which it retains in the Midland counties. MOBERLY: That is, the haste which is your best safety.
41. VnCLE] Abbott, § 465, scans this line by 'dropping or softening' the le final in this word, thus: And get | you from | our court. | Me, uncle? | You, cousin. Unquestionably this dropping or softening of syllables containing a liquid, final or otherwise, in certain words, frequently takes place. But I do not think that we are to expect to find it in broken lines.—ED.
42. Cofen] SKEAT (Dict. s. v.): A near relative. Formerly applied to a kinsman generally, not in the modern restricted way. Low Latin cosinus, a contraction of Lat. consubrinus, the child of a mother's sister, a cousin, relation.
43. if that] For other instances of that as a conjunctival affix see post, line 122; II, vii, 76; III, v, 99; IV, iii, 121; or Abbott, § 287, or Mer. of Ven. III, iii, 35; or Shakespeare passion.
ACT I, SC. iii.]  AS YOU LIKE IT  53

Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires,
If that I doe not dreame, or be not frantick,
(As I doe truft I am not) then deere Vncle,
Neuer fo much as in a thought vnborne,
Did I offend your highnesse.

Duk.  Thus doe all Traitors,
If their purgation did confift in words,
They are as innocent as grace it felle;
Let it suffice thee that I truft thee not.

Ros.  Yet your miftruft cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelhoods depends?

Duk.  Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ros.  So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,
So was I when your highneffe banifieft him;
Treafeon is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did deriue it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then goe my Leige, mihaftake me not fo much,

50.  mine] my Rowe+.  60.  likelhood] likelhood Fi, Rowe+,

56. purgation] A technical use of a legal term which seems to have escaped
RUSHTON, LORD CAMPBELL, and HEARD. Vulgar purgation, as distinguished from
canonical purgation, demanded not alone oaths, but ordeals by fire, or water, or com-
batt.—Ed.

60. likelhoods] See 'destinies decrees,' I, ii, 101. WALKER (Crit. i, 234): The
interpolation of an s at the end of a word, generally, but not always, a noun substan-
tive, is remarkably frequent in the Folio. Those who are conversant with the MSS
of the Elizabethan age may perhaps be able to explain its origin. Were it not for the
different degrees of frequency with which it occurs in different parts of the Folio,
being comparatively rare in the Comedies (except perhaps in The Wint. Tale),
appearing more frequently in the Histories, and becoming quite common in the
Tragedies, I should be inclined to think it originated in some peculiarity of Shakes-
peare's handwriting. [See II, i, 54; or Mer. of Ven. II, ix, 35 and Oth. I, i, 31,
where several instances are given which had escaped Walker.—Ed.] ALLEN para-
phrases: 'Tell me on what depends your belief that I am likely to be a traitor.'

66. no Traitor] LADY MARTIN (p. 413): In speaking this I could never help
laying a slight emphasis on these last words. For what but a traitor had the Duke
himself been? The sarcasm strikes home. MOBERLY: Rosalind's brave spirit will
not allow her to defend herself at her father's expense or to separate her curse from
his. There are few passages in Shakespeare more instinctively true and noble than
this. She had not offended her uncle, even in thought, though every one else was
doing so. But the least suggestion that her father is a traitor rouses her in arms to
defend him.
To thinke my pouertie is treacherous.

_Cel._ Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.

_Duk._ I Celia, we staid her for your sake,
Elfe had the with her Father rang'd along.

_Cel._ I did not then intreat to haue her stay,
It was your pleasure. and your owne remorfe,
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I: we still haue slept together,
Rofe at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And wherefoere we went, like _Juno_ Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseperable.

70. _we staid_ we but staid Pope+.

73. Om. Rowe i.

67, 68. so much, To thinke] See II, iii, 8; also _Mer. of Ven._ 'so fond To come abroad,' or Abbott, § 281, for instances of a similar omission of _as._

73. remorse] STEVENS: That is, compassion. DYCE: Tenderness of heart.

74. that time] See Abbott, § 202, for instances of the omission of the preposition in adverbial expressions of time, manner, &c. Thus also 'all points' in line 123, post.

75. still] That is, constantly, always; thus in Shakespeare _passim._

77. an instant] For instances where _a_ is used for _one_, see Abbott, § 81.

78. _Juno Swans_] WRIGHT: No commentator appears to have made any remark upon this, but it may be questioned whether _Juno_ we ought not to read _Venus_, to whom, and not to Juno, the swan is sacred. In Ovid's _Metam._ 5, 708, 717, 718, the same book which contains the story of Atalanta, who is mentioned in this play, and of Adonis, Venus is represented in a chariot drawn by swans. [That this oversight should have escaped Shakespeare's notice is strange, but nothing so strange as that during all these many years it lurked undetected, full in the blaze of the fierce light that beats on every line of these plays. That it is a mistake there can be no doubt, and most probably Shakespeare's own. As Shakespeare's knowledge of mythology was, in all likelihood, mainly derived from Golding's translation of Ovid, my hopes were high that somewhere or other the slip of referring to 'Juno's swans' might be found in that volume. Dyce once, half mournfully, half apologetically, referred to the 'hours he had wasted' over old, half-forgotten books. Be his sigh re-echoed here. The expression 'Juno's swans' is not in the Fifteen Books of Golding's Translation of Ovid.—Ed.]

79. inseperable] COLLIER (ed. ii): There is no reason for changing this to _inseparate_, beyond the fact that in the (MS) _inseparate_ is inserted and 'inseparable' struck out. Perhaps _inseparate_ is a little more in Shakespeare's manner, but he also has 'inseparable' in _King John_, III, iv, 66. WHITE (ed. i): The _F_ has 'inseparate;' a reading so consonant with Shakespeare's phraseology, and so rhythmically advantageous to the line, that it would be acceptable without question, were not authority against it. [An oversight. White was thinking of Collier's (MS). _F_ and the rest have inseparable.—Ed.]
ACT I, SC. iii.]

AS YOU LIKE IT

Duk. She is too subtile for thee, and her smoothness; Her verie silence, and per patience, Speake to the people, and they pittie her: Thou art a foole, the robs thee of thy name, And thou wilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous When she is gone: then open not thy lips Firme, and irreuocable is my doombe, Which I haue past upon her, she is banishe'd.

Ces. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige, I cannot liue out of her companie.

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice prouide your selfe, If you out-flay the time, vpon mine honor, And in the greatnesse of my word you die.

Exit Duke, &c.

Ces. O my poore Rosaline, whether wilt thou goe? Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine: I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

Rof. I haue more cause.

Ces. Thou haft not Cofen,

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79. Mrs Jameson (p. 153): Celia is more quiet and retired; but she rather yields to Rosalind than is eclipsed by her. She is as full of sweetness, kindness, and intelligence, quite as susceptible, and almost as witty, though she makes less display of wit. She is described as less fair and less gifted; yet the attempt to excite in her mind a jealousy of her lovelier friend by placing them in comparison [as in lines 80-86] fails to awaken in the generous heart of Celia any other feeling than an increased tenderness and sympathy for her cousin. To Celia, Shakespeare has given some of the most striking and animated parts of the dialogue; and in particular that exquisite description of the friendship between her and Rosalind [lines 75-79]. The feeling of interest and admiration thus excited for Celia at the first, follows her through the whole play. We listen to her as to one who has made herself worthy of our love; and her silence expresses more than eloquence.

84. seem] Warburton: Doubtless the poet wrote shine, i. e. her virtues would appear more splendid when the lustre of her cousin's was away. Johnson: When she was seen alone she would be more noted.

84. virtuous] Capell (57, 8): This means gifted, not with virtue, but virtues, virtuous and good qualities of all sorts.

94. whether] Undoubtedly contracted, as in many other instances, into whe'er. See Walker (Vers. 106), or Mach. I, iii, 111; Ham. III, ii, 193; Lear, II, i, 53; Mer. of Ven. I, i, 183; V, i, 329.

98. Thou hast not Cofen:] Steevens: Some word is wanting to the metre.
Prethee be cheerefull; know'ft thou not the Duke
Hath banisht' me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Ces. No, hath not? Rosaline lacks then the loue
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,

Perhaps our author wrote Indeed, thou hast,' &c. [I beg leave to doubt that in a broken line a syllable or a foot is ever wanting, to complete the metre.—Ed.]

102. No, hath not?] In Notes & Qu. (vol. vii, p. 520) Arrowsmith gave, for the first time, a correct explanation of such phrases as *No did? No will? No had?* &c. by citing 'a string of examples' showing that they were equivalent to *Did you not? Will you not? Had you not?* &c. Whereupon SINGER (Jb. p. 593) inferred that the present line was another illustration of this same idiom, losing sight of the fact that to be exactly parallel Celia should say *No hath?* Halliwell, also, was misled, and although neither he nor Singer made any change in the text other than in erasing the comma after 'No,' yet Halliwell suggested that it would be better understood if printed, *no, 'hath not,'* which is true enough, but if Celia's question is a mere quotation of Rosalind's remark, where is the 'singular idiom' which Halliwell says is to be noticed here?—Ed.

103. teacheth thee] Theobald: 'Tis evident the Poet wrote 'teacheth me;' for if Rosalind had learnt to think Celia one part of her Self, she could not lack that Love which Celia complains she does. [This emendation, such as it is, belongs to Theobald, although it is generally attributed to Warburton, even in the Cambridge Edition. Theobald proposed it in a letter to Warburton in 1729; see Nichols, Illust. ii, 330. Wright correctly gives it to Theobald, but while correcting one oversight commits another by giving to Theobald the change of 'am' to *are,* which in reality belongs to Hamner. Singer proposed it, perhaps believing it to be original, in Notes & Qu. vol. vii, p. 593, but did not adopt it in his subsequent text.—Ed.] Capell: The inexpressible sweetness of the sentiment contain'd in this line, and that before it, is lost by the old reading 'thee'; which were alone sufficient to justify the corrector, and those who have follow'd him in his change. Johnson: Either reading may stand. The sense of the established text is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying, You know not the law which teaches you to do right? Knight thinks there is reason in the change of 'thee' to *me;* and White (ed. i), after quoting Johnson, adds: 'still, it remains true that Celia would naturally reproach her cousin for the lack of that completeness of love which she herself possessed.' Moberly: That is, 'which ought to teach you as it has already taught me.' The futurity is sufficiently expressed by the context; as in 'non dubito quin tibi Chremes det gnatum.' [There seems to be no necessity for change. Johnson's illustration is pat. But if any change at all is adopted, it should be as thorough as that proposed by Capell in the following note on 'am.]

103. am] Capell: The freedom us'd with grammar in 'am' has (perhaps) a reason for 't; the diction, it will be said, is more forcible in that than in *are:* But is either diction or pathos improv'd by the transition from Rosalind in the third person.
Shall we be fundred? shall we part sweete girlre?
No, let my Father seeke another heire:
Therefore deuise with me how we may fli
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,
And doe not seeke to take your change vpon you,
To beare your grieues your selfe, and leave me out:
For by this heauen, now at our forrowes pale;
Say what thou canft, Ile goe along with thee.
Ro[. Why, whether shal we goe?}

107, 112. Whether Whiter Ff. Coll. ii. the charge Sing, Wh. i, Dyce
108. your change] your charge Ff, ii, Kly, Rife.
Rowe, Theob. Warb. Han. Cap. 110. now...pale] In parenthesis, Ff.

in one line to Rosalind in the second in this? if they are not, 'thou' should give
place to she, as 'thee' has to me. KEIGHTLEY (Exp. 156): Such was the structure
of the time. 'My thoughts and I am for this other element'—Jonson, Cynthia's
Revels, I, i. It was the same in French: 'Ni la mort ni vous-meme Ne me feres
jamais prononcer que je l'aime'—Racine, Bajazet, IV, i. WRIGHT: No one would
now think of writing 'thou and I am,' but as it is an instance of a construction
of frequent occurrence in Shakespeare's time, by which the verb is attracted to the near-
est subject, it should not be altered. See Ben Jonson, The Fox, II, i, 'Take it or
leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service.' WHITE (ed. ii): A disagree-
ment of words due to mere heedlessness.

104. sundred] WHITE (ed. i): It is noteworthy that this is the form of the con-
tracted participle, usually, if not always, found in books of Shakespeare's time; as,
for instance, in this play, 'sequest'red'; 'engend'red'; 'minist'red'; 'rememb'red';
'wint'red.' It seems more than probable that this uniformity is not accidental; and
it is quite possible that it represents the colloquial form of the contraction.

108. change] MALONE: That is, to take your 'change' or reverse of fortune upon
yourself, without any aid or participation. STEEVENS: I have inserted this note, but
without implicit confidence in the reading it explains. WALKER (Crit. iii, 61): I
have no doubt that Shakespeare wrote charge, and so the F. The erratum charge
for charge occurs frequently in the Folio. VICE versâ, Tim. of the Shr. III, i, 8t,
the Folio reads, 'I am not so nice To charge true rules for old [odd] inventions.'
SINGER: Whoever glances at the passage must see that the printer has here again
mistaken 'charge' of the MS for 'charge. [There is but little doubt in my mind
that charge is the true reading. To share her griefs with Celia would be no 'charge'
to Rosalind, but to bear them all alone and leave Celia out could not but be a heavy
charge or burden, which Celia says she must not think of. To bear the 'reverse of
fortune' bravely is not what Celia is urging, but that they may still go coupled and
inseparable.—Ed.]

110. pale] CALDECOTT: This passage may be interpreted either 'by this heaven,
or the light of heaven, with its lustre faded in sympathy with our feelings;' or, 'for,
by this heaven, now we have reached, now we are at the utmost verge or point, in this
extremity or crisis of our fate,' &c. (for such it was) as this word is used in Wint.
Tale, IV, ii: 'For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.' [This latter interpreta-
tion is extremely doubtful.—Ed.]
AS YOU LIKE IT

Ces. To seeke my Uncle in the Forrest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
(Maid's as we are) to trauell forth so farre?
Beautie proudketh theeues sooner then gold.

Ces. Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attaire,
And with a kinde of vmber smirch my face,
The like doe you, so shall we passe along,

113. in the Forrest of Arden] Steevens: These words are an evident interpolation, without use, and injurious to the measure: 'Why, whither should we go?'—To seek my uncle,' being a complete verse. Besides, we have been already informed by Charles the Wrestler that the banished Duke's residence was in the forest of Arden.

115. farre] Walker (Crit. i, 189, Article xxx—Far and near used as comparatives): 1 Hen. IV: III, i, 256: 'And givest such sarrowet surety for thy oath, As if thou never walsk'd last further than Finsbury.' I would read, 'As if thou wer' walk'd fur' than Finsbury.' Compare Wint. Tale, IV, iv, 440: 'We'll bat thee from succession; Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin, Far than Deucalion off.' Quasi farre, furre? In Chaucer we have ferre, further; House of Fame, Bk. ii, line 92, 'But er I bere the much ferre, I wol the tel what I am.' (Note, As You Like It: 'Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!' Does not Shakespeare's instinctive love of euphony require that we should here pronounce, perhaps write, furre? whippo.) [Walker's ear was so delicately attuned to the harmony of verse that one should be exceedingly cautious in gainsaying him. Yet I must confess that this last query seems to me the weakest in an article which is otherwise admirable throughout, and one to which it is a pleasure to record obligations. We must remember that Walker did not live to see his notes in type; indeed, did not even live to prepare them for the press. They are merely the jottings of a scholar, almost his private adversaria, which accounts for their abruptness and their Greek and Latin short-cuts, which some critics, oblivious of this fact, have severely criticised as pedantic. Walker's admirable editor, Lettsom, whose influence over Dyce, by the way, was marked, was wise in preserving every scrap, however disjointed, of Walker's memoranda, albeit Walker himself might have erased many a one when the heat was cooled with which they were first struck out. But whether wise or otherwise, no suggestion from a scholar like Walker should pass unregarded by simple folk like us.—Ed.]

118. vmber] Malone: A dusty, yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbr in Italy.

118. smirch] See Text. Notes for other forms of this word, all of which, together with smudge, Wright says, are originally connected with smear. Compare 'the chaste unsmirched brows of my true mother,' Ham. IV, v, 115.
And never stir afflains.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did fuite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax upon my thigh,
A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
Weele haue a swashing and a marshall outsite,
As manie other mannish cowards haue,
That doe outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

121. Were it] Were' t Pope +.
123. me] Om. F,

122. Because that] See I, iii, 44.
123. suite] DYE: That is, clothe, dress; as in Lear, IV, vii, 6, 'Be better suited,' i. e. 'put on better clothes.'
123. all points] See line 74 supra.
124. curtelax] DYE: A cutlass. WRIGHT: The termination is an instance of a frequent corruption by which a word is altered so as to correspond to a supposed etymology. Other forms of the word, due to the same tendency, are 'cutlace' and 'cutilash.' A curtelaxe was not an axe at all, but a short sword. The word is formed from a diminutive of the Latin cutellus. Florio (St. Dict.) has 'Coltellaccio, a cutleaxe, a hanger.' Cotgrave gives 'Coutelas: m. A Cut elas, Courtelas, or short sword, for a man at armes.' Compare Fairfas, Tasso, ix, 82: 'His cutlax by his thigh, short, hooked, fine.' And Hen. V: IV, ii, 21: 'Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins To give each naked curtle-axe a stain.' Again, Lodge in his novel, 'To the Gentlemen Readers,' says, 'Heere you may perhaps finde some leaves of Venus mirtle, but hewen down by a souderl with his curtulaxe.' Spenser, supposing the weapon to be a short axe, wrote (Faery Queene, IV, ii, 42): 'But speare and curtaxe both yad Primond in field.' In Dübartz, Historie of Judith (trans. Hudson), book ii, p. 16 (ed. 1611), the word appears in the form 'curtissae': 'And with a trembling hand the curtisse drewe.'

125. bore-speare] Halliwell gives a wood-cut both of a curtleaxe and of a boar-speare. The latter, says FAIRHOLT, has a blad very broad and strong, with a cross-bar inserted immediately below it, to prevent its passing directly through the animal. 'Unlike the ordinary speare, it appears to have been seldom thrown, but the rush made by the animal on the hunter was met by a direct opposition of the weapon on his part.'

127. swashing] STEVENS: That is, an appearance of noisy, bullying valour. [See Rom. & Jul. I, i, 55, with its superfluity of notes in this edition. The word is still current here in America. The line is thus scanned by ABBOTT, § 455, with an accent on out in the last word: 'We'll have | a swash | ing and | a mars | tial out- | side.—Ed.]

129. it] For other instances of this indefinite use of 'it,' which is as universal now as ever, see Abbott, § 226.
As you like it

Rof. Ile haue no worse a name then Joves owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me Ganymed.
But what will you by call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Alienia.

Rof. But Cofen, what if we affaid to steale
The clownyse Poole out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our traualie?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leue me alone to woe him; Let's away

133. by) F.s. 140. woe] wooe Fl. wooe Rowe.
134. hatth] bath F.s.

131. Page] Fletcher (p. 202): Mrs Jameson, amongst others, misled probably by one of those hastie verbal mistakes which have been so often made by the expositors of Shakespeare, seems to have been betrayed by Rosalind's allusion immediately after to 'Jove's owne page,' into talking of 'her page's vest,' 'her page's costume,' &c. Now, pages of the banished Duke do appear in the course of the forest scenes, two of whom sing, at Touchstone's request, the lively song introduced in the Fifth Act; but the accoutrements of a page would ill have supplied that 'martial' exterior for the sake of whose protection alone Rosalind has any inclination to put herself in masquerade. She is to wear manly, not boyish, habiliments. The curtlyse and boar-speare are not the page's nor the shepherd's array, but the forester's, such as was worn by her father and his exiled followers. [But see Lodge's Novel, where Rosalynde says, 'I would very well become the person and apparel of a page,' &c., and again, 'if any knave offer wrong, your page will shew him the point of his weapon.' See further, Fletcher's note, III, v, 114.—Ed.]

132. Ganymed] Neil: This name, which is that used by Lodge, would not be the less acceptable to Shakespeare that it had acquired a fresh poetic interest in The Affectionate Shepherd, containing the Complaint of Daphnis for the love of Ganymede, by Richard Barnfield, 1594.

133. Alienia] Wright: With the accent on the second syllable. Rolfe: But surely 'Celia' is a trisyllable, as in line 70 above, and 'Aliena' accented on the penult, as it ought to be. [This is the only line in the play where the rhythm can be our guide. Our choice, therefore, lies, I think, only between 'No long | er Cet | ya, but | Ali | ena,' and 'No long | er Ce | li6, but | AI | efna.' With Rolfe, I much prefer the latter, because, as he says, Celia is elsewhere unquestionably a trisyllable, namely, in 'Ay, Ce | li6, | we stay'd | her for | your sake.' Moreover, Shakespeare's 'small Latin' was quite large enough for him to remember the quantity of efna.

—Ed.]

140. Hudson (p. 16): It is curious to observe how the Poet takes care to let us know from the first that beneath the affectations of Touchstone's calling some precious sentiments have been kept alive; that far within the Fool there is laid up a secret reserve of the man, ready to leap forth and combine with better influences as soon as the incrustations of art are thawed and broken up. This is partly done [here in this present passage], where we learn that some remnants, at least, of a manly heart in
And get our Jewels and our wealth together,
Deuise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide vs from pursuite that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to banishment.  

Extunt.
[Heere feele we not the penaltye of Adam]
of the winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he not then feel the penalty? Doubtless the text must be restored as I have corrected it [see Text. Notes], and 'tis obvious in the course of these notes how often 'not' and 'but', by mistake, have chang'd place in our author's former editions. MALONE: As 'not' has here taken the place of 'but', so, in Cor. II, iii, 72, 'but' is printed instead of 'not': Cor. 'Ay, but mine own desire.' First Cit. 'How! not your own desire.' [This is perhaps scarcely apposite. According to the excellent emendation of the Cam. Ed. not had simply fallen out of the line, and had not been changed into 'but': 'Ay, but not mine own desire.'—Ed.] BOSWELL: Surely the old reading is right. Here we feel not, do not suffer, from the penalty of Adam, the season's difference; for when the winter's wind blows upon my body, I smile, and say— Whitter (p. 13): Theobald supposes that the penalty of Adam here expressed is 'the being sensible of the difference of the seasons.' I do not think that this is the allusion intended. I read the whole passage thus:

'Here feel we not the penalty of Adam:
The season's difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind—
(Which when it bites and blows upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
This is no flattery;)—these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'

The penalty of Adam, here alluded to, may be gathered from the following passages in Scripture: 'Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life,' Gen. iii, 17; 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' ver. 19; 'Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken,' ver. 23. We here plainly see that the only curse or penalty imposed on Adam which can have any reference to the condition of a country life is the toil of cultivating the ground, and acquiring by that labour the means of sustenance. The Duke therefore justly console himself and his companions with the reflection that their banishment into those woods from the paradise of a court (if we may be permitted to continue the allusion) was not attended with the penalty pronounced on Adam,—a life of pain and of labour; but that, on the contrary, it ought to be considered as a philosophical retirement of ease and independence. With respect to the minute inconvenience which they might suffer from the difference of the seasons—the biting frost and the winter's wind—these (he observes) should not be regarded in any other view than as sharp but salutary counsellors, which made them feel only for the promotion of their good and the improvement of their virtue. CALDECOTT: Wherever the course of thought admits it, Shakespeare is accustomed to continue the form of speaking which he first falls upon; and the sense of this passage, in which he repeats the word 'not,' appears to be, 'The penalty here, properly speaking, is not, or scarce is, physically felt, because the suffering it occasions, sharp as it otherwise might be called, turns so much to account in a moral sense.' The construction of 'which, when it blows,' is 'at which, or which blowing.' And or for, instead of which, would have given a plain and clear sense; but the same forms and cold terms of reasoning would have clogged the spirited and warm flow of the sentiment; and the recurrence of and at the beginning of the line would have
[Heere feele we not the penaltie of Adam]

offended the ear. Still, the word 'feelingly,' used at the end of this passage in an affirmative sense, after 'feel,' had been brought forward, coupled with a negative, certainly makes a confusion, if it be not said to favour Theobald's substitution. Harness: Theobald's alteration is not only unnecessary, but palpably wrong. The Duke's sentiment is as follows: Here we do not feel the penalty of Adam, the difference of the seasons, because the slight physical suffering that occasions only raises a smile, and suggests a moral reflection. Knight follows Whiter (except that after 'Adam' he puts a full stop instead of a colon), and urges in support that: Milton represents the repentant Adam as thus interpreting the penalty: 'On me the curse aslope Glanced on the ground; with labour I must earn my bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse.' The beautiful passage in Cowper's Task, describing the Thresher, will also occur to the reader: 'See him sweating o'er his bread. Before he eats it. 'Tis the primal curse. But soften'd into mercy. Made the pledge Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.' The seasons' difference, it must be remembered, was ordained before the fall, and was in no respect a penalty. We may therefore reject the received interpretation. But how could the Duke say, receiving the passage in the sense we have suggested, 'Here feel we not the penalty of Adam?' In the First Act, Charles the Wrestler, describing the Duke and his co-mates, says, they 'flee the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.' One of the characteristics of the golden world is thus described by Daniel: 'Oh! happy golden age! Not for that rivers ran With streams of milk and honey drop'd from trees; Not that the earth did gage Unto the husbandman Her voluntary fruits, free without fees.' The song of Amiens, in the Fifth Scene of this Act, conveys, we think, the same allusion: 'Who doth ambition shun, And loves to live i' the sun, Seeking the food he eats, And pleas'd with what he gets.' The exiled courtiers led a life without toil—a life in which they were contented with a little—and they were thus exempt from the 'penalty of Adam.' We close, therefore, the sentence at 'Adam.' The seasons' difference is now the antecedent of 'these are counsellors'; the freedom of construction common to Shakespeare and the poets of his time fully warranting this acceptance of the reading. In this way, the Duke says, 'The differences of the seasons are counsellors that teach me what I am—as, for example, the winter's wind—which, when it blows upon my body, I smile, and say, This is no flattery.' We may add that, immediately following the lines we have quoted from the Paradise Lost, Adam alludes to the seasons' difference; but in no respect as part of the curse: 'With labour I must earn my bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse. My labour will sustain me; and least cold Or heat should injure us, his timely care Hath besought provided, and his hands Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while He judg'd. How much more, if we pray Him, will his ear Be open, and his heart to pity incline, And teach us further by what means to shun Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow.' Although Collier in both of his editions interpreted the 'penalty of Adam' as the 'seasons' difference,' yet at one time he followed the Folio, and at another Theobald; in the latter case he did so, despite the fact that his (MS) retained the old reading, merely changing 'as the Icze phang' to 'or the,' &c.] Hunter (i. 346): Read either 'not' or but, and still the passage is perplexed. Taking the text as we have it, I venture to suggest that the first part of this passage should be read as an interrogative appeal to the companions of his banishment: 'Here feel we not—Do any of you say that we do not feel the severity of the wintry blast?' But when it bites and blows upon my body I, for my part, smile, and say This is no flattery,' &c. I do not say that this
[Heere feele we not the penaltie of Adam] takes up every word, but I think it approaches nearer to the poet's intention than anything that has been suggested. That the 'penalty of Adam' is not the severities of winter, but the obligation to labour, or the being sensible to the difference between heat and cold, leaves the passage as perplexed as ever. In the idea of Paradise before the Fall has always been included that there was perpetual summer or at least perpetual genial seasons—no winter's cold. ANON. [Sp. Halliwell]: It appears to me impossible to let 'not' stand in the passage at all without leading to utter inconsequence; whereas, if we substitute the word yet, sense and harmony are restored to the whole of the Duke's speech at once, without the necessity of our resorting to ingenious or elaborate speculation and research. The proposed reading will nullify the argument founded on the views of the 'seasons' difference' in the time of our first father; the correctness of which, by the way, appears to me to be rather invalidated than otherwise by anything I can find in the opening chapters of Genesis. WHITE (ed. i.): 'Not' is clearly a corruption, because there was no penalty of Adam from which the speaker and his companions were exempt. Whiter suggested that the penalty of Adam was that he should get his bread by the sweat of his brow. So did the banished Duke; Adam, after his curse, might as well have lived by hunting as the Duke. Plainly, the penalty of Adam is the seasons' difference—eternal Spring being inseparably connected with the idea of Eden—and the common misprint of 'not' for but took place. For what is the culminating thought of the whole passage?—these are the counsellors that feelingly persuade me what I am.' The Duke finds the icy fang and the churlish chiding of the Winter's wind more truthful counsellors than those which buzzed about his painted pomp. They make him feel that he is a man. But how would they do this if he were exempt from any part of that heritage of all mankind—the penalty of Adam? It is to be observed, however, that the passage, although its meaning is clear, is written in a very free style, and will defy parsing criticism. STAUPTON: Neither 'not' nor but is satisfactory, nor do we think that 'not' is the only corruption in the speech; the word 'as' is equally open to suspicion. The passage, it is presumable, may have run thus in the original manuscript: 'Here feel we yet the penalty of Adam, The seasons' difference: At the icy fang,' &c. The Duke is contrasting the dangers and sophistications of a court life with the safety and primitive simplicity of their sylvan state; and glories in the privilege of undergoing Adam's penalty,—the seasons' difference. COWDEN-CLARKE: The speech seems to us to lose connection if 'not' be retained; whereas, 'but the penalty of Adam' (taking 'penalty' to mean the 'seasons' difference'), accords with that which follows, and also with other passages in the play, where the sharp yet salutary effects of open-air life are adverted to. KIGHTLEY (Exe. 157): It does not appear that any writer anterior to Milton made the Ovidian change of season a part of Adam's penalty. The text may therefore be right, and a line, something like this, have been lost, 'Here is no toil; we have only to endure.' INGLEBY (Sh. the Mam. &c. i. 139) cites a letter to him from C. J. Munro, in which the latter suggests the making of the sentence interrogative, wherein he is anticipated by Hunter. Ingleby himself says that 'however we may regulate and interpret the passage, there is certainly a hitch, but it is very questionable whether the hitch be sufficiently great to justify verbal emendation.' 'Probably sufficient justification might be found for now in the place of 'not'; now referring to the present time of winter, after the "penalty" would be no longer felt.' WRIGHT [adopting Theobald's but]: The Duke contrasts the happiness and security of their forest life with the perils of the envious
ACT II, SC. I]

AS YOU LIKE IT

The seasons difference, as the Icie change
And charles chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes upon my body
Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery; these are counsellors
That feelingly perfwade me what I am:
Sweet are the vses of aduerfitie

10. *bites* $F_a^3, F_d$

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court. Their only suffering was that which they shared with all the descendants of Adam, the seasons' difference, for in the golden age of Paradise there was, as Bacon phrases it, 'spring all the year long.' . . . If the blank left by Boswell were filled up, it would just contradict what he had said before—'These are counsellors That feelingly persuade me what I am.' The Duke's senses therefore did make him conscious that he was a man, though what he felt was only 'the seasons' difference.' Milton has the same idea of change of seasons after the Fall. See Par. Lost, x, 678, 9; 'Else had the spring Perpetual smiled on earth with umber flowers.' [Whatever be the 'penalty of Adam,' be it 'labour' or 'the seasons' difference,' all critics seem to agree that the drift of the speech is to show that this present life takes from that penalty its bitterness. The penalty is here, but it is not really felt; we can even smile at it. In the same way, adversity is grievous, but here we can find that its uses are even sweet. We know that in the state of innocency Adam fell,' and was punished; if that punishment be removed, there is a return to the state of innocency; and it is that state of innocency which reigns here in Arden; and when the icy fang of the winter's wind bites till we shrink with cold, we know that there is no flattery here; our feelings, our outward senses, reveal the truth to us. 'Feelingly' is not used in this connection in the same sense as 'Here feel we'; the former goes no deeper than the skin, the latter touches the heart. Thus interpreting the passage, as, I suppose, every one else interprets it, I think we can afford to disregard any specific definition, and hold, as 'the penalty of Adam,' everything which tends to make this life unlike what it really is, be it the seasons' difference, labour, or the peril of the envious court.

See Capell's remark (line 20, post) on the change in the Duke's feelings when the chance came to him in the last Act.—Ed.]

8. *as*] Here used in the sense of *to wit, namely.* See 'How all the other passions fleet to air, *As doubtful thoughts,* &c., Mer. of Ven. III, ii, 115; also Walker (Crit. i, 127), or Abbott, § 111. See also post, II, vii, 151, where Walker with probability suggested that 'At' should be *At.* Lettsom (ap. Dyce, ed. iii) refers to IV, iii, 149 as an example of the plural, followed by a single instance: 'Teares our recoumtments had most kindly bath'd, *As* how I came into that desert place;' but Capell and Malone conjectured that a line or more had been there lost, in which other circumstances were recounted.—See notes *ad loc.*—Ed.

10. Which] For other instances of 'which' used adverbially for *as to which,* see Abbott, § 272, or Lear, V, iii, 149.

10–12. Which . . . flattery] As a matter of punctuation note that Whiter, followed by White (ed. i), enclosed these lines in a parenthesis.

14. the *vses*] Hartley Coleridge (ii, 142): There is a beautiful propriety in the word *vses* here, which I do not remember to have seen remarked. It is the
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Wears yet a precious Jewell in his head:

use, not the mere effect of adversity, wherein resides the sweet. Whether adversity shall prove a stumbling-block, a discipline, or a blessing, depends altogether on the use made of it. There is no natural necessary operation of adversity to strengthen, to purify, or to humanize. Men may be made better by affliction, but they cannot be made good. From an evil heart, the harder it is wrung, the blacker the drops that issue. If perfumes are the sweeter for crushing, so are stenches more pestiferous. Even the average quality of mankind are much oftener the worse than the better for continued suffering. All, indeed, might be better for chastening; but that any individual will be better no one has a right to presume, for we know not what use he will make of the dispensation.

14. 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'—Psalms, cxix, 71.
15. venemous] That the toad was venomous has been a popular belief from the days of Pliny at least. In Holland's translation (Bk. 25, p. 231, a) we read: 'Frogs (such especially as keep in bushes and hedges, and be called in Latine Rubete, i. toads) are not without their venom: I my self have seen these vaunting Montebanks calling themselves Pyramid . . . in a brasery . . . to eat these toads baked red hot between 2 platters; but what became of them? they caught their bane by it, and died more suddenly than if they had bin stung by the Aspis.'

16. Jewell] Steevens: In a book called A Green Forest or a Natural History, &c., by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem: 'In this stone is apparently seen verie often the verie forme of a tode, with despotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and defusedly. It is available against envenoming.' Pliny, in the 32d book of his Natural Hist. [p. 434, l. trans. Holland], ascribes many powerful qualities to a stone found in the right side of a toad, but no mention of any gem in its head. This deficiency is however abundantly supplied by Edward Fenton, in his Secrete Wonders of Nature, 1569, who says: 'That there is founde in the heades of old and great toades, a stone which they call Borax or Stelon: it is most commonly found in the head of a hee toad, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most sovereign medicin for the stone.' Thomas Lupton, in his First Booke of Notable Things, bears repeated testimony to the virtues of the 'Tode-stone, called Cropheudina.' In his Seventh Book he instructs us how to procure it; and afterwards tells us: 'Ye shall knowe whether the Tode-stone be the ryght and perfect stone or not. Holde the stone before a Tode, so that he may see it; and if it be a ryght and true stone, the Tode will leappe towarde it, and make as though he would snatch it. He enuies so much that man should have that stone.' [It would be easy to fill page after page with allusions to this toadstone and with descriptions of it. Steevens refers to a passage in Beau. and Fl.'s Ménestour Thomas, III, i, p. 356, ed. Dyce, and be might have added another in The Woman's Prize, V, i, p. 199. Nares gives a reference to Jonson's Volpone, ii, iii, p. 223, ed. Gifford; and another to Lyly's Euphues, p. 53, ed. Arber: 'The foule Toade hath a faire stone in his head; the fine golde is found in filthy earth; the sweet kernell lyeth in the hard shell; vertue is harboured in the heart of him that most esteeme mishapen.' This sentence, by the way, was quoted by Francis Meres, in his Wits Commonwealth, Part 2, p. 161, but without naming the author—a duty which he performed in many instances, but which the purpose of his book did not render obligatory in all; the fact would not be worth referring to here, were it not that Halliwell failed to notice, when he cited both Meres
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.

Amen. I would not change it, happy is your Grace


and Lyly, that the two were in reality only one, and other editors, who have followed Halliwell without verifying, have fallen into the same error. As for descriptions of it, which properly belong to the archaeology of gems, and in no wise illustrate Shakespeare's words here, where the simple existence of the jewel is alluded to, I need merely refer the student to Douce, i, 294, or to the four folio pages of notes in Halliwell's edition, or to King's Natural Hist. of Gems, cited by Wright, where the origin of the belief in the existence of such a stone is ascribed to Pliny's simple description of a stone as 'of the colour of a frog.' Douce suggests that it is not certain in this present passage that there is an allusion to a stone, 'for Gesner informs us that in his time, and in England more particularly, the common people made superstitious uses of a real jewel that always could be found in a toad's head, viz.: its forehead bone.' Lastly, Caldecott says: 'It is, perhaps, rather a figure of speech, than a fact in natural history; and it is its eye, proverbially fine, that is the precious jewel in his head.' There can be no doubt, however, that a belief in toadstones and their efficacy existed, and it seems equally sure that Shakespeare here alludes to that belief, which, like everything that he touched, he 'gilds with heavenly alchemy.'—Ed.

17. haunt) Allen (MS): A verbal noun, equivalent to haunting; exempt from the haunting of the public.

18. Steevens: So in Sidney's Arcadia, bk. i [p. 82, ed. 1598]: 'Thus both trees and each thing else, be the bookes of a fancy.' [If this quotation from Sidney had not been repeated by several editors, it would not be repeated here. There is in it nothing particularly parallel to this speech of the Duke's. 'When,' says Dorus, 'I meete these trees in the earth's faire liery clothed, Ease do I feel. . . . For that I finde in them parte of my state represented,' and, thereupon, with that prolixity which at times outwearies the most enthusiastic lover of Elizabethan pastoral poetry, he enumerates almost every tree known to the temperate, or even tropical, zone, in each of which he discovers what may symbolise his passion. Shakespeare's Duke accepts the lessons which the trees teach him; Sidney's Dorus sets the lessons that are to be taught to the trees. It is perhaps worth while to mention, and merely to mention with the lightest touch, that emendation which suggests an exchange of places between 'bookes' and 'stones,' an emendation which, gray though it be with dry antiquity and palpable to the dullest sense, is always propounded anew as the highest stretch of wit, and accompanied with the demand that it be greeted with acclamation.

—Ed.

20. Amen] Roffe (A Musical Triad from Shakespeare, &c. 1872, p. 21); Amiens is certainly to be considered as first and chief of the Musical characters in Shakespeare, and it must assuredly be admitted, that if we require an idea in every way pleasing and harmonious of a musical man, (as an accomplished amateur), that idea has been wrought out for us in Amiens, who, indeed, shows as favorably even in the few words which he is called upon to speak as when he sings his charming songs. It is Amiens who makes reply to the Duke, and that reply is beautiful, worthy of an amiable man of sense, and, indeed of a true gentleman. . . . Amiens is willing, both
[Amien.]

for himself and for all his friends, to make the best of their lot, nay, even fully to accept it, and how felicitously is the idea expressed, of 'translating' the stubbornness of fortune into a quieter and a sweeter style. In that translation lies the one thing, which, if we could only do, might, at the very least, make us all, if not perfectly happy, much less unhappy than we are. Such a man as Amiens is one who spreads around him an atmosphere of quiet and content, and we cannot but feel that he is beautifully placed in such a Pastoral as Shakespeare has here given us. The very earliest words then, spoken by Amiens, at once seem to give us the true intimation of his character and suggest to our minds the most pleasing thoughts concerning him. An evidently congenial spirit is the First Lord, and we find them taking their walk together in the Forest. . . . In Music, we shall find that Amiens is accomplished in a degree and manner befitting his mental state; of his friend, the First Lord, we have no evidence that he is accomplished in Music, but it is clear that he is to be thought of as a most true and feeling observer, with all the power of painting his observations in words. In that power he may be even conceived of as superior to Amiens, and so discriminated from him; for which reason doubtless it is, that to this First Lord, Shakespeare assigns those interesting descriptions of what Amiens and his friend beheld together, such as of the 'poor, sequestered stag.' . . . At the banquet [II, vii] Amiens only sings, and the little address of the Duke to him still paints Amiens to us as the man who both can, and will, lay himself out to promote the pleasure of others. . . . After the banquet Amiens is only seen with the Duke, and that in the last Act, and no more is set down for him either to sing or to speak. . . . Possibly, Shakespeare might have deemed that dramatic considerations as to Amiens himself would show, that after the memorable banquet-scene, and the beautiful 'Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind,' it was not so well to let him appear again, musically, in the comparatively inferior position of one who is simply required to lead off the jovial Hunting Song and Chorus.

20. [I . . . it] UPTON (p. 260): The Duke is speaking of the happiness of his retirement. How much more in character is it for the Duke to say, 'I would not change it,' than for Amiens! CAPELL (p. 58, a): But the reverse of this [Upton's remark] is true: Amiens, as a courtier, might make the declaration, being only a mode of assenting to the truth of what his master had spoken; but the Duke could not, without impeachment of dignity, of being wanting to himself and his subjects; accordingly, when occasion of 'change' presents itself at the end of the play, we see it embraced with great readiness: Add to this, that the following reflection of Amiens, 'Happy is your grace,' &c. would come in too abruptly, were the other words taken away. WHITE (ed. 1): They are not only 'more in character for the Duke,' but the necessary complement of his thought. DYCE: It seems strange that no one before Upton should have seen that these words must belong to the Duke, and still stranger that, after the error was once pointed out, any editor should persist in retaining it. WALKER (Crit. ii, 187) made, independently, the same suggestion as Upton, and adds; 'Let any one read the passage as thus distributed, and he will perceive the propriety of the change.' [The phrase may be proper enough for the Duke, but is it improper for Amiens? Is there any reason why one of the circle of courtiers should not at once announce his sympathy with the Duke? The Duke has asked a question. Is no one to answer? Surely some response is needed of a more cordial and more personal character than a mere non-committal and courtier-like exclamation, 'Happy is your grace,' &c. Besides, some weight attaches to Capell's remark that the Duke
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a title.

_Du. Sen._ Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?
And yet it irks me the poore dapple foolees
Being native Burgers of this desirous City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads

25. _Burgers_ BURGESSE "Eg"

shows himself ready enough to 'change' his life as soon as the chance is offered to him at the close of the play, and Shakespeare, who provides for everything, would not thus have precluded the Duke from resuming his throne by making him here assert that he would not exchange 'these woods' for the 'envious court.' Moreover, although the printing of this line is the composer's and not Shakespeare's, it is worth noting that there is merely a comma after the phrase, not a full stop. This faint indication of what the MS might possibly have been before the composer's eyes, we may estimate for what it is worth. On the whole, as far as the Folio's text is concerned, 'I would not change it.'—Ed.]

21. translate] MOBERLY: This is one of the interesting passages in which a great writer reflects upon his own expressions with pleasure or surprise. Dialogue gives great opportunity for such reflections; as in Plato, _Rep._ 361: _βαβαί ἤν δίῃ, ὁ _φίλος Γαλάκτων, ὡς ἄρρωμα, ἰστέρ _ἀνθραπον, τὸν τελεῖς ἄδικον ἐκκαθαρίζεις! and _Iliad_, ix, 431. A most striking instance is 2 Cor. vi, 11, where St. Paul, with a kind of surprise at the fervour of his own appeal, suddenly exclaims, τὸ στόμα ἡμῶν ἄνθροπος πρὸς ἡμᾶς, Κορινθίου, ἡ καρδιά ἡμῶν πεπλάνων.

24. irkes] WRIGHT: The Eton Latin Grammar has made us familiar with 'Tedet, it irketh'; and _irksome_ is still used in the sense of _wearisome_. Palsgrave (_Leclaireissement de la langue Francee_) gives, 'It yrketh me, I waxe wery, or displeasaunt of a thyng. _Il me ennuyt._' [See also _Prompt. Parv._ p. 266; Stratmann, p. 338; or Skeat, _s. v._]

24. dapple foolees] DYCE ( _Strictures_, p. 68): Compare, 'Then he stroking once or twice his pretty goat... said thus, Lie downe, _pide foole_, by me,' &c.—Shelton's _Don Quixote_, Part First, p. 556, ed. 1612.

25. Burgers] STEEVENS: In Sidney's _Arcadia_ the dear are called 'the wild Burgess of the forest.' Again in the 18th Song [line 65] of Drayton's _Poly-album_: 'Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood, And everywhere walk'd free, a Burgess of the wood.' MALONE: A kinder expression is found in Lodge's _Rosalynde_: 'About her wondring stood The citizens of wood.' Compare line 59, _post._

[It is probable that Steevens trusted to his memory alone in citing the phrase from Sidney's _Arcadia_. The phrase, just as he has given it, cannot, I think, be there found, and the nearest approach to it does not refer to a deer, but to a shepherd. In Book ii, p. 220, ed. 1598, two young shepherds sing 'eclogue-wise' their rival complaints; and Strephon says: 'I that was once free Burgess of the forrests, Where shade from Sunne, and sports I sought at evening,' &c. The next sestine is sung by Klaius, and begins: 'I that was once delighted every morning, Hunting the wild inhabitors of forrests,' &c. These two passages Steevens may have confounded, and inadvertently omitted to give the exact reference, but unfortunately Steevens cannot be always implicitly trusted.—Ed.]

26. forked heads] STEEVENS, COLLIER, and HALLIWELL define this as 'barbed
Haue their round hanches goard.

1. Lord. Indeed my Lord

The melancholy Jaques grieues at that,

arrows,' for which they have some authority, though they do not cite it, in Cotgrave, where it stands, 'Fer de fleiche à oreilles. A forked, or barbed arrow-head.' But Wright (Lear, I, i, 143) cites Ascham, whose authority is weightier than Cotgrave's, as follows: 'Two manner of arrow- heads sayeth Pollux, was used in olde tyme. The one he calleth δικυνωρ, describrynge it thus, hauynge two poyntes or barbes, lookeyn backewarde to the stele and the fethers, which surely we call in Englishe a brode arrowe head or a swalowe tayle. The other he calleth γαλωτής, hauynge .ii. poyntes stretchynge forwarde, and this Englysh men do call a forke-head' —Toxophilus, p. 135, ed. Arber; again on p. 136: 'Commodus the Emperoure vscd forked heads, whose facion Herodiane doth lyuely and naturally describe, syninge that they were lyke the shap of a new mone wherwyth he would smyte of the heade of a birde and neuer misse.' Singer defined the 'forked heads' as the antlers, obligous apparently of the physiological difficulty which stags would encounter in attempting to gore their own round haunches with their horns.—Ed.

28, &c. In J. P. Kemble's Acting Copy, 1815, this speech is given to Jaques, beginning thus: 'Indeed, my lord, I've often grie'd at that, And, in that kind, think you do more usurp.' &c. Whether or not Kemble was the first to make this change I do not know. Of course the language throughout the rest of the scene is adapted to the change, and lines 68-70 are omitted. It is almost needless to remark that this senseless change obliterates one of Shakespeare's artistic touches, whereby an important character is described and the key-note struck before he himself appears.—Ed.

29. Jaques] Walker (Vers. 3): In French speeches or phrases the final e or es, now mute, is usually sounded. In Jaques, Parolles, Marseilles the same rule holds without exception. [According to Mrs Cowden-Clarke's Concordance, Jaques occurs sixteen times in these plays. Of these sixteen, ten instances are in prose or close a line, and are therefore useless as far as the pronunciation is concerned. Of the remaining six, one occurs in Love's Lab. L. II, i, 42; one is in the present line; two are in All's Well (III, iv, 4 and III, v, 98); and two are in Hen. V (III, v, 43 and IV, vili, 98). This last line Walker himself considers an exception, despite the fact that he had just said that the rule was without exception; it is 'Jaques of Chatillon, and miral of France.' This reduces the six instances of uncertain pronunciation to five. No less do I think the first instance in Hen. V is an exception, and that it must be thus scanned: 'Jaques Cha [tillon, | Rambou [res, | Vau [ demont.' This reduces the five to four. The two instances in All's Well both refer to the church of St Jaques, and I believe them to be in the genitive, like St Peter's, and that the s should be heard after the monosyllable fabe, thus: 'I am | Saint Jaques' | es, pil | grim thi ther gone,' and also: 'There's four | or five | to great | Saint Jaques' | es bound.' This reduces the four to two, and in both of them the name appears undeniably as dissyllable. Thus: 'Of Ja | ques Paul | conbridge | solen | nised,' Love's Lab. L. II, i, 42, and 'The me] ancho | ly Ja | ques grives | at that.' Nevertheless the conviction expressed in the note on line 5 of Dramatis Personae remains unshaken, that the name was in general pronounced as a monosyllable, with, possibly, the faintest suggestion of a second syllable, such as we have in the word aches. Harington's anecdote and French's testimony are decisive to my mind that the name in Shakespeare's own day was a monosyllable. In our day it is to be hoped that, in this play
And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of Amiens, and my selfe,
Did steale beinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore fequeftred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languifh; and indeed my Lord
The wretched annimall heau'd forth such groanes
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almoft to burfting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nofe
In pitteous chafe: and thus the hairie foole,
Much marked of the melancholic laques,

34. anticke] antique Pope. 34. roote] roote F+v, rooF+vF+v.

at least, it will not be heard otherwise than as a dissyllable: was-wet, which is as Mrs Kemble pronounced it,—for me an ample authority.—Ed.

34. Collier (Intro. p. 5) has preserved the following note, ‘made at the time,’ from Coleridge’s Lectures in 1818: ‘Shakespeare never gives a description of rustic scenery merely for its own sake, or to show how well he can paint natural objects; he is never tedious or elaborate, but while he now and then displays marvellous accuracy and minuteness of knowledge, he usually only touches upon the larger features and broader characteristics, leaving the fillings up to the imagination. Thus, he describes an oak of many centuries’ growth in a single line: “Under an oak whose antique root peeps out.” Other and inferior writers would have dwelt on this description, and worked it out with all pettiness and impertinence of detail. In Shakespeare the “antique root” furnishes the whole picture.’

34. anticke] Accented by Shakespeare on the first syllable. Steevens calls attention to Gray’s Elegy: ‘There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,’ &c.
36. the which] See I, ii, 120.
39. Whalley (p. 57) compares this passage with Vergil’s description, Æn. vii, 500 et seq., a remote and almost pointless comparison, which, nevertheless, Malone and some other editors have repeated.
41. teares] Steevens: In one of the marginal notes to a similar passage in the 13th Song of Drayton’s Poly-album, it is said that, ‘The Hart weepeth at his dying; his tears are held to be precious in medicine.’ Douce (i, 296): ‘When the hart is sereed, he fleeth to a ryver or pond, and roreth cryeth and wepeth when he is take,’ Bateman upon Bartholome, xviii, 30.
42, 43. Cours’d... chase] Whiter (p. 97): Surely no reader of taste can doubt but that the ‘stag’ and ‘the hunter’ led the imagination of the poet to this beautiful metaphor.
43. foole] For many references to the use of this word where no reproach is implied, see the notes on Lear, V, iii, 306: ‘And my poor fool is hang’d!’
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,

_Hisperia_ the Princeffe Centlewoman
Confessés that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cofen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wraflter
That did but lately foile the synowie _Charles_,
And she beleues where euer they are gone
That youth is surely in their compaunie.

10. _laugh...missing_] _laugh...missing:

11. _Hisperia_] _Fi, Rowe +, Cam. Mob._

Fi.

Wh. ii. _Hisperia_ Warb. et cet.

_Centlewoman]_ _F1._

Harvey's _Pierce's Supererogation_, 1593 [p. 229, ed. Grosart]: 'Although she were . . . somewhat like Gallemeila, or maid Marian, yet was she not such a roynish rannell . . . as this wainscot-faced Tomboy.' _Hunter_ (i, 346): I conceive 'roynish' to mean obtrusive, troublesome, a fault we may well suppose often belonging to the poor unfortunates who were retained in the houses of the great. This at least is one of the meanings of the word, and it seems to suit the passage quite as well as the disagreeable senses which all the editors, down to the latest, have given it. Parkinson says of the Germander that on account of its disposition to spread, it must be taken up and new set once in three or four years,' or else it will grow too _roynish_ and troublesome,' _Paradisus Terrestris_, 1629, p. 6. _Halliwell_ : Hunter misinterprets the passage in Parkinson: 'roynish' there means _coarse_; and 'troublesome' is used in a somewhat peculiar sense. 'The sloven and the careless man, the roynish nothing nice.'—Tusser [Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, _et_. p. 142, ed. 1614].

_Staunton_ : It may, however, be no more than a mistranslation of _roynish._

_Wright_ : Cotgrave gives: 'Rongneux . . . scabbié, mangié, scuruié.' The contemptuous phrase in _Mache._ i, iii, 6, 'the rump-fed ronyon,' had probably the same origin. . . . In the form 'ronnish,' signifying 'wild, jolly, unruly, rude,' it is found among the Yorkshire words in Thoresby's Letter to Ray, reprinted by the English Dialect Society. 'Rennish,' in the sense of 'furious, passionate,' which is in Ray's _Collection of North Country Words_, is perhaps another form of the same. [I do not find it in Skeat.—Ed.]

11. _Hisperia_ : That Warburton should have changed this name to suit himself is not surprising, but what excuse can his followers urge? Of the conclusion of this speech a writer in _Blackwood_, April, 1833, says: 'No unsatisfactory conjecture for a Second Lord and First Chambermaid; but, though not wide amiss of the mark, as it happened, yet vile. Hesperia would have left her couch at one tap at the window, and gone with the Wrestler whom she overheard the young ladies most commend (though we suspect, notwithstanding his mishap, that she would have preferred Charles), but Hesperia did not at all understand their commendation; and had she been called on to give a report of it for a Court Journal, would not merely have mangled it sadly, but imbued it with her own notions of "parts and graces."'

11. _Princesse_ : For many other instances of the omission of the plural or possessive _s_ after words ending in the sound of _s_, see Walker, _Verr._ 243, or Abbott, § 471. See also 'Princesse,' I, ii, 159.

ACT II, SC. iii.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this sodainly;
And let not search and inquisition quale,
To bring againe these foolish runaways. Exunt.

---

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memorie
Of old Sir Rowland; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to ouercome

---

18. brother] brother's Cap. Kdy, Dyce

iii. Huds.


---

18. brother] Mason: I believe we should read brother's. When the Duke says, 'Fetch that gallant hither,' he certainly means Orlando. [An emendation which Mason may possibly have made independently of Capell; in whose text it is found. It is almost demanded by the next line.—Ed.]

20. sodainly] Halliwell: That is, soon, immediately. This meaning, formerly prevalent, is not now used in colloquial language. In an advertisement appended to Walker's Treatise of English Particles, 1679, we are told that 'the Whole Duty of man . . . is now printing, and will suddenly be finished.' Wright: Compare Psalm vi, 10: 'Let them return and be ashamed suddenly.'

21. quale] Steevens: To 'quail' is to faint, to sink into dejection. Douce (i, 297): Here, however, it means to slacken, relax, or diminish. 'Thus Hunger cureth love, for love qualeth when good cheare faileth.'—The Choice of Change, 1585. Singer: 'To quail, fade, faile,' are among the interpretations Cotgrave gives of the word Alachir. Dyce (ed. iii): Mr Lettsom observes that 'fail' [Mr Lloyd's conjecture] seems more appropriate here than 'quail.'

4. memorie] Steevens: Often used by Shakespeare for memorial. Malone (note on 'these weeds are memories of those worser hours,' Lear, IV, vii, 7): Thus in Stowe's Survey, 1618; 'A printed memorie hanging up in a table at the entrance into the church door.'

8. so fond to] See I, iii, 68. Wright: 'Fond' is contracted from 'fonned' or 'fonnyd.' The latter form occurs in Wyclif's version of i Cor. i, 27 (ed. Lewis), where 'tho thingis that ben fonnyd' is the rendering of 'que stulta sunt.' The former is found in the second of the Wyclifite Versions, edited by Forshall and Madden, i
The bonnie prizer of the humorus Duke?
Your praife is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Mafter, to seeme kinde of men,
Their graces serue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Mafter

9. bonny] bonny Ff, Rowe, Pope, bony Johns. et cæt.
Theob. Han. Wh. i, Cam. boney Warb. 11. seeme] some Ff.

Cor. i, 20, "Whether God hath not mad the wisdome of this world fonned?" where the Vulgate has "nonne stultam fecit Deus sapientiam hujus mundi?" Hence "foundedness" in the same version is used for "foolishness." "Fonned" is derived from "fon," a fool, which occurs in Chaucer's "Reeve's Tale," l. 4087: "I'll hail, Aelyn, by God! thou is a fon." And "fon" is connected with the Swedish "fane," and perhaps with the Latin "vatus." 9. bonnie] Warrington: We should read "bonny." For this wrestler is characterised for his strength and bulk, not for his gayety or good humour. Heath (p. 146): "'Bonny' does not signify gay or good-humoured only, but high-spirited, active. Steevens: 'Bonny,' however, may be the true reading. So in 2 Hen. VI: V, ii, 12: 'Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.' Malone: The word 'bonny' occurs more than once in Lodge's Novel. Dyce (ed. iii): 'Bonny' is retained by some editors, most improperly I think. (As Charles is here called 'bonny,' so in the preceding scene he is called 'sinewy.') Wright: It may be doubted whether in Shakespeare's time 'bonny' signified big-boned, and whether a bonny man would not rather mean a thin and skeleton-like man.

9. prizer] Wright: Prize-fighter, champion; properly, one who contends for a prize, as inJonson's "Cynthia's Revels," IV, i [p. 323, ed. Gifford]: "Well, I have a plot upon these prizers." Again, II, V, ii [p. 334, and in at least three other passages in the same scene].

11. WALKER (Cris. i, 55) gives this, among others, as an instance of what may, perhaps, be described as an instinctive striving after a natural arrangement of words, inconsistent indeed with modern English grammar, but perfectly authorised by that of the Elizabethan age. "Here a Greek would find no difficulty: ους εἰσοθα, δη τευας των ανθρώπων και τα αυτῶν πολλὰ πολεμαὶ κορων; One may perhaps compare Sidney, "Arcadia," bk. iii, p. 323, l. 15. "The general concert of whose mourning performed so the natural tunes of sorrow, that even to them (if any such were) that felt not the loss, yet others' grief taught them grief—." "So, too—let it then suffice To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes," R. of L. 1679. Abbott, although he gives these lines under his paragraph (§ 414) which treats of redundant accusatives, yet says that 'them' is in a somewhat different case, probably because the inverted order calls for a repetition for clearness' sake. The instance from Sidney's "Arcadia" cited by Walker seems to me exactly parallel. Though the 'them' is redundant, it is not of the same kind of redundancy as in 'I know you what you are.'—Ed.

13. No . . . yours] Abbott, § 414: That is, your graces are not more serviceable to you. Schmidt (s. v. "more," §) says that "no less would have been expected." Hardly, I think. If the service were a real service, we might say "no less"; but the service is false, virtues are traitors, and "no more" good service does Orlando get from his graces than if they were his enemies.—Ed.
ACT II, SC. iii.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenoms him that beares it?
Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O unhappie youth,
Come not within these doores: within this roofe

19. within this] beneath this Cap.

15. when] ALLEN (MS) : Possibly, 'where what is comely.' If 'when' be retained, then 'world' is taken in its most restricted meaning, as this life of our little domestic circle. If 'where' is used, then 'world' is equivalent to this wide world of man, this animate creation of God's. Cf. II, VII, 11: 'What a life is this That your poor friends must woo your company.' Also below, line 59: 'The constant service of the antique world, When service sweat for duty.' [A note, added later.—ED.] Cf. De Quincy ('Suspiria,' p. 194): 'In what world was I living when a man (calling himself a man of God) could stand up publicly, and give God 'hearty thanks,' that He had taken my sister?' (Perhaps, therefore, in Shakespeare, the full meaning is, 'What a pass has this world come to, when,' &c. And so 'when' can stand.)


16. beares] ALLEN (MS) : The figure appears to be that of putting on a garment, like the shirt of Nessus or that sent by Medea to Jason's new wife. If so, 'bear' is, singularly, used like the French porter (il port; un bel habit), or we should read bears.

19. within this rooife] COLLIER (ed. ii): This may be right, and we do not alter it; but 'beneath this roof' seems more proper, and that is the word in the (MS). Perhaps the old printer repeated 'within' by mistake. [This remark of Collier's, if needless, is, apparently, perfectly harmless, and yet it seems to have irritated Dyce greatly, who in his Strictures, &c., p. 68, writes as follows: 'It is most unwise in Mr Collier to commit himself, as here and in fifty other places, by thinking it necessary to say something in favour of those very readings of his Corrector which he does not adopt. ' 'Roof' was often used for the house in general: 'If time, and food, and wine enough accrue Within your roofes to vs,' &c., Chapman's Homer's Odysseus, b. xiv, p. 216, ed. fo. It is impossible for us, removed as we are by time and space from the animosities of the hour, to comprehend the reason for the sharpness of the criticisms on Collier. Thus, in the present case, I cannot, try as I may, see why it is 'most unwise' to express a mild approval of an emendation, which is all that Collier has here done; he does not commit himself by changing the text, he merely says the emendation 'seems more proper,' wherein I must say I agree with him; and if Dyce had only turned to Mrs Clarke's Concordance he could have found there three instances at least where reference is made to being 'underneath' or 'under a roof, and there may be others: the point is not worth further time, because 'roof' is unquestionably used elsewhere for the whole house. Before Dyce issued his third edition he had learned that the same conjecture had been made by Capell, who is held by all
AS YOU LIKE IT

The enemie of all your graces liues
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the forne
(Yet not the fon, I will not call him fon)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praifes, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you vfe to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that
He will have other meanes to cut you off;
I ouerheard him: and his practise:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
Abooare it, feare it, doe not enter it.

Ad. Why whether Adam would'st thou haue me go?
Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.
Orl. What, would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or with a bafe and boiftrous Sword enforce
A theuifh liuing on the common rode?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subiect me to the malice

21. no, no brother,] no; no brother.
Rowe ii. +. no; no brother; Theob.
Warb. 21. whether] whether Ff.
31. 32. would'f] would Ft.
32. so you] for you Ff.

Shakespeare scholars in esteem, and although he still pronounced the conjecture 'very erroneous,' he did not repeat his remark about the unwisdom of expressions of approval.—Ed.

29. place] Steevens: 'Place' here signifies a seat, a mansion, a residence. So in 'Samuel,' xv, 12: 'Saual came to Carmel, and, behold, he set him up a place,' &c.
Thus 'Crosby place' in Rich. III., &c. Malone: Compare A Lover's Complaint, 82: 'Love lack'd a dwelling and made him her place.' Mason (Additional Comments, &c., p. 21): It appears to me that Adam means merely to tell Orlando that his brother's house was no place fit for him to repair to. Compare Fletcher's Mud Lover [1, ii, 3], where Memon says: 'Why were there not such women in the camp then, Prepard to make me know 'em?' To which Eumenes replies, 'Twas no place, sir.' Meaning that the camp was not a place fit for them. Knight: But there could be no sense in saying this is no house—place—mansion: this house is but a butchery. It is clearly, this is no abiding-place. Dyce follows Steevens. Neil: There is perhaps here an apophtigme, or emotional interruption of the sentence, leaving the words, 'for you to approach,' unexpressed.
31, 32. thou . . . you] See I, i, 74.
38. subiect] Steevens, Malone, Dyce, in fact all editors who adopt accents in the
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.

_Ad._ But do not so: I haue five hundred Crownes,

The throstle hire I faued vnder your Father,
Which I did store to be my foster Nurfe,
When servicie shoule in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your servuant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;

41. your] you Fl. 44. age] age be Kly.
43. hire] be Han. Quincy (MS).

_text, here accent the second syllable. The inference is that without this aid to the eye the unwary reader would pronounce the word 'subject'; and Wright goes so far as to call attention to the fact that 'the accent is on the last syllable, as in Temp. I, ii, 114.' This is puzzling. Are we to infer that in England at the present day this verb is an exception to the rule that dissyllabic verbs accent the second syllable? As Rolfe says: 'This [i.e. subject] is the modern pronunciation of the verb, at least in this country; and it is the only one in Shakespeare.'—Ed.

39. diuerted blood] JOHNSON: That is, blood turned out of the course of nature. COLIER: The line as it stands is intelligible enough; but it may be reasonably doubted whether the old compositor did not make a lapse, for the MS corrector instructs us to read: 'diverted, proud,' &c. 'Blood' was formerly often spelt 'bloud,' and hence, possibly, the error of mistaking 'proud' for 'bloud.' DYCE: 'The language is so strikingly Shakespearian, that nothing but the most extreme obtuseness can excuse the MS corrector's perverse reading.'—Blackwood's Magazine, Aug. 1853, p. 198. WRIGHT: 'Blood' is used for passion in opposition to reason in _Ham._ III, ii, 74. Here it denotes natural affection, such as should accompany blood-relationship.

41. throstle hire] A singular use of the adjective. The throstle is neither the cause of the hire nor the effect of the hire. It cannot, therefore, I think, be exactly paralleled by 'weak evils' in II, vii, 138, which are evils caused by weakness, nor by the 'gentle weed' in 'Ere humane statute purged the gentle weed,' _Macb._ III, iv, 76, that is, 'purged the commonwealth and made it gentle.' Both of these examples have been adduced as parallel. It is more like 'youthful wages' in line 69 below, a _constructio pregnant_ , to which the ordinary meaning of prolepsis scarcely, perhaps, applies. ALLEN (MS) paraphrases: 'that which by my thriftiness I saved out of the hire,' &c.—Ed.

44. In his paragraph (§ 423) on the 'Ellipsis of _It is, There is, Is'_ ABBOTT gives this passage and thus prints this line: 'And unregarded age (should be) in corners thrown.' To harmonise the construction and avoid this ellipsis HANMER substituted _be_ for 'lie' in the preceding line, which is not only needless, but, I think, really injurious. There is a certain feebleness or helplessness in the old limbs _lying_ lame in corners, which Hanmer's text obliterates.—Ed.
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with unabashfull forehead woe,
The meane of weakeneffe and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a luftie winter,
Frostie, but kindly; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the service of a younger man
In all your busineffe and necessitie.

Ore. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweate for dutie, not for neede:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do chaoke their service vp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not so with thee:

51. in my... to my Cap. conj. 60. sweate] sweet Dyce, Clke.
52. nor] / Rowe+. neede] F, Rowe i. neede F, F,
59. service] fashion Kdly. virtue Nell et cet. conj.

51. rebellious liquors in] Malone suggested that the rebellion here is that against reason, but Steevens, with greater probability, I think, interpreted the reference as to liquor 'that rebel against the constitution.' In this case Capell's conjecture of 'to the blood' is rendered needless.—Ed.

52. Nor did not] For the double negative here, and 'I cannot goe no further,' in the eleventh line of the next scene, see Abbott, § 406, or Shakespeare passim.

57. business] Allen (MS) suggests that this is the plural, 'business.'

59, 60. service... service] Walker (Crit. i, 293): I believe that the former 'service' is the corrupt one; yet I can imagine Shakespeare having written, 'When duty sweate for duty,' &c. [Lettsom in a foot-note conjectures, 'The constant temper,' &c.] Collier (ed. ii): The (MS) corrector alters the former 'service' to favour, in the sense of likeness or appearance. Halliwell: One critic suggests that the second 'service' should be altered to servants. [It is to be confessed that in general the repetition of a word in the very next line is suspicious, but here there seems a need for the repetition. Moreover, in this speech there are other repetitions; see, as Rolfe points out, 'sweat,' in lines 60 and 62; and 'having,' in lines 63 and 64.—Ed.]

60. sweate] This form may be considered either as the perfect indicative with the -ed absorbed, for which see Abbott, § 341, or it may be a strong form and pronounced suwet, or the spelling may be changed as Dyce has changed it.—Ed.

60. neede] An instance of variation in different copies of the First Folio. The original of Booth's Reprint and of Staunton's Photo-lithograph evidently read 'meede;' and so also presumably did that of the Cambridge Editors; they have recorded no variant. My copy reads unmistakably 'neede.'—Ed.

64. hauing] Johnson: Even with the promotion gained by service is service extinguished.
ACT II, SC. iii.]  AS YOU LIKE IT

But poore old man, thou prun’ft a rotten tree,
That cannot fo much as a blossome yeele,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Weele light vpon some fetted low content.

Ad.  Mafter goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From feauentie yeeres, till now almoot fourefcore
Here liued I, but now liue here no more
At feauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
But at fourefcore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recom pense me better
Then to die well, and not my Maf ters debter.  Excunt. 78

73. feauentie] twenty Fl. seventeen Rowe et seq.

65. rotten tree] MOBERLY: Orlando says melancholy things, as in I, ii; but his
elastic mind rises instantly from such thoughts, and in a few moments he anticipates
'some settled low content.' A fine instance of the same manly temper is found in
the Iliad, vi, where Hector at one moment dwells sorrowfully on his wife's inevitable
doom of slavery at Argos, and the next thinks of her as a joyful Trojan mother wel-
coming back her victorious son (see vv. 447-465 and 476-481).

71. thee] Note the change of the personal pronoun with the changed personal
relations.—ED.

73. seauentie] See Text. Note for the obvious correction.

76. a weeke] CALDECOTT. That is, a period of time, indefinitely. The calculation
of time by this interval was not then confined, as it is at present, to small con-
tracts or domestic engagements and a fixed period, but embraced a large and indefinite
compass and extended to all things. 'To whose heavenly praise My soule hath bin
devoted many a weeke,' Heywood's Britaine's Troy, 1609, p. 251. HALLIWELL
adds also, from Heywood's Works [Spenser Soc. ed. p. 74-8p. Wright]. 'And,
and, amend ye or not, I am to olde a yere.' WRIGHT: But it seems more likely that 'a
week' is an adverbial phrase equivalent to 'i' the week.' See 'a night,' line 49, in
the next scene. VERITY: Perhaps in the week is the meaning; or, which seems to
me more probable, 'by a week.'
Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Ganymed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne, alias Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?


3. merry] THEOBALD: And yet, within the space of one intervening line, she says she could find in her heart to disgrace her man’s apparel and cry like a woman. Sure, this is but a very bad symptom of the briskness of spirits: rather a direct proof of the contrary disposition. Mr Warburton and I both concurred in conjecturing it should be, as I have reform’d it in the text: ‘how weary are my spirits.’ And the Clown’s reply makes this reading certain. [Weary was also suggested to Theobald in 1732 by an anonymous correspondent, L. H.; see Nichols’s Illustr. ii, 632.—Ed.] GUTHRIE (Crit. Rev., Dec. 1765, p. 407): We think that Rosalind’s rejoinder [lines 6, &c.] makes the original reading certain; from this speech (which we are to suppose Celia not to hear) Rosalind affects a merriness of spirits. MALONE: Rosalind invokes ‘Jupiter’ because he was supposed to be always in good spirits. So afterwards: ‘O most gentle Jupiter!’ The context and the Clown’s reply render certain Theobald’s emendation. WHITER (p. 16): The context, however, and the Clown’s reply, added to the comment of Mr Malone, establish the original reading and render Theobald’s emendation certainly wrong. Does not the reader perceive that the whole humour of the passage consists in the word MERRY, and that Rosalind speaks thus ironically in order to comfort Celia? ‘O Jupiter!’ says she, ‘what MERRY spirits I am in!’ To which the Clown replies, ‘I care not whether my spirits were good or bad, if my legs were not weary.’—Indeed, adds Rosalind, ‘to speak the truth, tho’ I pretend in my mannish character to be in good spirits, and not to be weary, yet I could find in my heart to disgrace my man’s apparel and to cry like a woman; as it becomes me, however, to comfort the weaker vessel, I must assume a quality which I have not;—therefore, courage, good Aliena, bear fatigue as I do, good Aliena.’ Nothing is more certain than this explanation. KNIGHT pronounces Whiter’s explanation as marked ‘with great good sense.’ COLLIER: Why should Rosalind assume good spirits here to Celia, when in the very next sentence she utters she says that her spirits are so bad that she could almost cry? WHITE (ed. i): If Rosalind were to say that her spirits were ‘merry,’ Touchstone’s reply would have no point. In Walker’s chapter (Crit. ii, 300) on ‘m and w confounded’ this line is cited; and that Knight should have followed the Folio in reading ‘merry’ Walker marks with an exclamation. DYE quotes Knight’s note, printing in small capitals ‘GREAT GOOD SENSE,’ and adds at the conclusion: ‘Surely such notes are quite enough to make any one “merry,”—absolute Cordials for Low Spirits.’ [With all deference to my betters, I respectfully but firmly protest against making the cart draw the horse, and changing Rosalind’s speech to suit the humour in Touchstone’s. The confusion of m and w, on which Walker
ACT II, SC. IV.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not
wearie.

Rof. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans
apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort
the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to shew it
selfe courageous to petty-coate; therefore courage, good
Aliena.

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no fur-
ther.

Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then

7. to] Om. Rowe +.
9. to] to a F, a F, Rowe.
11. cannot] can Fi, Rowe, Pope, Han.
11, 12. further] farther Coll.

relics, will do well enough in such words as may and may, mind and wind, meek and
week, &c., but a little too much confusion is demanded to justify the change of merry
into wearie. The ductus litterarum is helpful where nonsense is to be converted to
sense, but is there any nonsense here? Is it not clear that Rosalind is talking for
effect? With Celia 'fainting almost to death' and needing every possible encour-
agement, is it likely that Rosalind, the taller and stronger of the two, would utter such a
wail of despair as the substitution of wearie for 'merry' would make her sigh forth?
Of course this merriment of hers is assumed, and that it is assumed, and that we may
know that it is assumed, she tells us, in an aside, by confessing that in her heart she
is ready to cry like a woman. This confession must be in an aside; at least Celia
must not hear it; if Celia heard it no syllable of stimulus would she have found in an
encouragement thus clearly and confessedly fictitious; she must believe Rosalind's
courage to be genuine if it is to impart any strength to her. Grant that this last con-
fession of Rosalind's is an aside, then it is clear that in the first line, which cannot be
an aside, we must retain 'merry,' and with it the strength of Rosalind's character.
Deny that this confession is an aside, then we may adopt Theobald's wearie, add a
feeble ray of humour to Touchstone's remark, reduce all that Rosalind says to a
whine, and weaken Celia's character by showing her capable of being encouraged by
a jauntness confessedly and openly false and assumed.—Ed.

9. therefore courage] To indicate the termination of the aside, and that 'courage'
is the first word addressed to Celia, I think this should be printed 'Therefore,
——courage, good Aliena'!—Ed.

11. cannot goe no] See line 52 of preceding scene. CALDECOTT regards this
double negative as so thoroughly Shakespearean that he cites the change in the Second
Folio (see Text. Notes) as one among many proofs of Malone's theory, that the alter-
ations in that edition were 'arbitrary and made without a knowledge of the author's
manner.' But DYCE (ed. iii) says: 'I feel strongly tempted to read here, with the
Second Folio, "I can go no further," the very words of Adam in the first line of the
sixth scene below.' [However strong the temptation, it is unquestionably wise to
resist it.—Ed.]

13, 14. beare . . . beare] A play on the same word is cited by Steevens in Rich.
III: 111, i, 125; and by Wright in Two Gent. 1, i, 125–128.
beare you: yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare you, for I thynke you haue no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of Arden.

Clo. I, now am I in Arden, the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers must be content.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Ros. I, be so good Touchstone: Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you stille.

14. crosse] Dyck: 'The ancient penny, according to Stow, had a double cross with a crest stamped on it, so that it might be easily broken in the midst, or in four quarters. Hence it became a common phrase when a person had no money about him, to say, he had not a single cross. As this was certainly an unfortunate circumstance, there is no end to the quibbling on this poor word,'—Gifford's note on Johnson's Works, vol. i. p. 134. Wright: A play upon the figurative expression in Matthew, x. 38.

17. Arden] Upton (p. 245): The Clown, agreeable to his character, is in a punning vein, and replies thus, 'Ay, now I am in a dam,' &c. Hartley Coleridge (ii, 141): Nothing can exceed the mastery with which Shakespeare, without any obtrusive or undramatic description, transports the imagination to the sunny glades and mazy shadows of unbrigable Arden. The leaves rustle and glisten, the brooks murmur unseen in the copes, the flowers enamel the savannas, the sheep wander on the distant hills, the deer glance by and hide themselves in the thickets, and the sheepcotes sprinkle the far landscape spontaneously, without being shown off, or talked about. You hear the song of the birds, the belling of the stags, the bleating of the flocks, and a thousand sylvan, pastoral sounds beside, blent with the soft plaints and pleasant ambiguities of the lovers, the sententious satire of Jacques, and the courtly fooling of Touchstone, without being told to listen to them. Shakespeare does all that the most pictorial dramatist could do, without ever sinking the dramatist in the landscape-painter. The exuberant descriptions of some recent authors are little more dramatic than the voluminous stage directions in translated German melodramas. I know not what share the absence of painted scenes might have in preserving our old dramatists from this excess, but I believe that the low state of estimation of landscape-painting had a good deal to do with it. Luxurious description characterizes the second childhood of poetry. In its last stage, it begins, like Falstaff, to babble of green fields.

21, 22. Walker (Crit. i, 16): Arrange thus:

'Ay,
Be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here;
A young man and an old, in solemn talk.'

This, too, serves as a stepping-stone from the prose dialogue preceding to the conversation in verse between Corin and Silvius.
ACT II, SC. IV.]  AS YOU LIKE IT  87

Sil. Oh Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her.
Cor. I partly guess'd for I haue lou'd ere now.
Sil. No Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As euer figh'd vpon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
As sure I think I diuie man loue so:
How many actions most ridiculous,
Haft thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?
Cor. Into a thousand that I haue forgotten.
Sil. Oh thou diu'dst then neuer loue so hartily,
If thou remembrest not the slightest folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou haft not lou'd.
Or if thou haft not fact as I doe now,

29. euer] ere Fl.
30, in parenthesis, Pope et seq.
34. neuer] meer Rowe, Coll.
35. flight[fl] slighted Rowe.
38. fact] fate Fl. Rowe.

27. wast] ALLEN (MS): Wert seems to be required. Silvius does not mean to state or to recogncise the fact that Corin really had been such a lover, but merely to concede that if Corin had been, &c. he could not now, in his old age, guess, &c.
32. fantasie] WRIGHT: The earlier form of the word 'fancy.' 'Fantasie' occurs in Chaucer's Merchants Tale, i. 9451, in the margin of the later Wiclite version of Jos. xxii, 19, and perhaps earlier still. ARBER, in the few words of Introduction to his reprint of Dryden's Essay on Dramatic Poesie (English Garner, iii, 502), notes four changes of the meaning of 'fancy.' First, in the Elizabethan Age it was but another word for personal Love or Affection. Second, by the Restoration Age its meaning had utterly changed. Sir Robert Howard, who wrote it Phancy, Dryden, and that generation understood by it, Imagination, the mental power of Picturing forth. Third, Coleridge, in his Biographia Literaria, 1812, endeavours yet further to distinguish between Imagination and Fancy: calling Milton an Imaginative Poet, and Cowley a Fancyful one. Fourth, it is now also used in another sense, 'I do not fancy that,' equivalent to 'I do not like or prefer that.'
34. JOHNSTON: I am inclined to believe that from this passage Suckling took the hint of his song: 'Honest lover, whatsoever, If in all thy love there ever Was one wav'ring thought; if thy flame Were not still even, still the same; Know this Thou lov'st amiss, And to love true, Thou must begin again, and love anew,' &c.
36. into] The second syllable receives an accent. See Walker (Crit. ii, 173) or Abbott, § 457, a.
37, 40, 43. ABBOTT, § 511: Single lines with two or three accents are frequently interspersed amid the ordinary verses of five accents. These lines are often found in passages of soliloquy where passion is at its height. Thus in the madness of Lear, IV, vi, 112-127. So in this impassioned speech of Silvius.
Wearing thy hearer in thy Misfirs prai(e),
Thou haft not lou’d.
Or if thou haft not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou haft not lou’d.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.

Ros. Alas poore Shepheard searchinge of they would,
I haue by hard adventure found mine owne.

Cla. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I
broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for
comming a night to lane Smile, and I remember the kis-
fing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie

Wh. ii.  Wearing Wh. i.
44. Exit.] Exeunt. Ff.
45. they would] their wound Ff, Cald.
Knt. thy wound Rowe et cet.
46. mine] my Rowe ii ++, Cald.
   a night] a nights Fi, Rowe ++.
   o’ nights Cap. o’ night Mal. Wh. anight or a-night Steev. et cet.
   batler] ballet Fi, Rowe ++, Cap.

39. Wearing] Whiter (p. 17) cites an old definition from Junius, Etymol. Anglican, s. v. Wear, which shows clearly enough that to wear and to weary were formerly synonymous, and then adds: but the following quotation from Jonson’s The Gypies Metamorphosed [p. 419, ed. Gifford] puts the matter out of dispute: ‘Or a long pretended fit, Meant for mirth, but is not it; Only time and ears out-wearing.’ Skeat derives ‘wear’ from A.-S. werian, to clothe; and ‘weary’ from A.-S. wērig, tired, connected with A.-S. vērian, to wander, a weak verb formed from the substantive wēr, which probably meant a moor or swampy place; so that wērian was originally ‘to tramp over wet ground,’ the most likely thing to cause weariness.

41. broke] For a list of similar participles that have dropped the -em, see Abbott, § 343.
43, 44. From Capell to Collier these two lines were printed improperly as one; Collier restored the old division.
45. searching of] For similar instances of this preposition after present participles, meaning ‘in the act of,’ see Abbott, § 178. Cf. also II, vii, 5.
45. they would] See Text. Notes. Neither Caldecott nor Knight gives any justification of their text. Unquestionably Rowe's correction should stand.—Ed.
46. adventure] Allen (MS): The ‘adventure’ (or experiment, periculum?) was not in itself a hard or painful one to Rosalind; but by the chance of hearing Sylvius expose his state [of love-pains] her similar pains were brought out; and the hardness was in the pain thus brought out.
49. a night] For many examples of adverbs with the prefix a-, which represents some preposition, as in, on, of, &c., contracted by rapidity of pronunciation, see Abbott, § 24.
49, 51. the kissing of . . . the wooing of] Abbott, § 93: The substantive use of the verbal with ‘the’ before it and ‘of’ after it, seems to have been regarded as colloquial. Shakespeare puts it into the mouth of Touchstone.
50. batler] Johnson: The instrument with which washers beat their coarse clothes.
chopt hands had milk’d; and I remember the wooing
of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two

HALLIWELL: Often spelt ballet. It is also called a battling-staff or a bat-staff, and sometimes a batting-staff. WRIGHT [gives many forms of the word in various English dialects, and adds]: The two forms, ‘batler’ and ballet as diminutives of bat, may be compared with ‘lancer’ (1 Kings, xviii, 28, ed. 1611), and ‘lancer’ as diminutive of ‘lance.’ The form ‘lancer’ is substituted in modern editions of the Authorised Version. [See also Skeat, s. v. ‘battledore.’]

51. chopt] WRIGHT: That is, chapped; as in Sonn. lxii, 10: ‘Beated and chopt with taund antiquitie.’ Both forms of the word were used, the pronunciation being the same in each case. Cotgrave gives: ‘Crevaser, To chop, chawne, chap, chinke, rieue, or cleaue asunder.’ And in the Authorised Version of Jeremiah, xiv, 4 (ed. 1611), we find, ‘Because the ground is chapt, for there was no raine on the earth.’

51. the wooring] HALLIWELL: Our ancestors were frequently accustomed in their love affairs to employ the divination of a peascod, by selecting one growing on the stem, snatching it away quickly, and if the omen of the peas remaining in the husk were preserved, then presenting it to the lady of their choice. According to Mr Davy, speaking of Suffolk, the efficacy of peascods in the affairs of sweethearts is not yet forgotten among our rustic vulgar. The kitchen-maid, when she shells green peas, never omitts, if she finds one having nine peas, to lay it on the lintel of the kitchen-door, and the first clown who enters it is infallibly to be her husband or at least her sweetheart. . . . . . ‘Winter-time for shoeing, peascod-time for wooing,’ is an old proverb in a MS Devon. Gl. But perhaps the allusion in Shakespeare is best illustrated by the following passage in Browne’s Britannia’s Pastorals [B. ii, Song 3, ll. 93–96, ed. Hazlitt—sp. Wright]: ‘The peascod greene oft with no little toyle Hee’d secke for in the fattest fertill’st soile, And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her, And in her bosome for acceptance woe her.’ [Halliwell cites no authority for this note, which is also to be found in nearly the same words in Brand’s Popular Antiquities, ii, 99, ed. Bohn, as noted by Wright.] WHITTER (p. 17) quotes the following proverb from Florio’s Second Frutes, 1591, for no reason that I can discern other than that the word ‘peascod’ is common to both passages: ‘If women were as little as they are good, A Peascod would make them a gowne and a hood.’

52. peascod] FARMER: In a schedule of jewels in the 15 vol. of Rymer’s Fadera, we find: ‘Item, two peascocdes of gold with 17 pearles.’ STEEVENS: The ancient name for peas as they are brought to market. So in Greene’s Groundwork of Conycatching, 1592, ‘went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or peascods,’ &c. Again, in The Honest Man’s Fortune, by Beau. and Fl.: ‘thou shalt wear gold, feed on delicates; the first peascods, strawberrie, grapes,’ &c. [III, iii, p. 402, ed. Dyce]. DOUCE: The ‘peascod’ certainly means the whole of the pea as it hangs upon the stalk. It was formerly used as an ornament in dress, and was represented with the shell open exhibiting the peas. SKEAT: Coak is a husk, shell, bag; peascod, i. e. peashell, husk of a pea. [Cf. *with leaves like unto the chin peas. It beareth seed in certain cods,’ Holland’s Plinio, 27th Book, p. 231.—Ed.]

52. from whom] KNIGHT: That is, from his mistress. He took from her two peascods, that is, two pods. STAUNTON: Touchstone surely means that he both took the cods from, and returned them to, the peascod, the representative of his mistress. In like manner he tells us, just before, he broke his sword upon a stone, and bid *him, his imagined rival, ‘take that.’ [Unquestionably Staunton is right.—Ed.]
cods, and giving her them againe, said with weeping
teares, weare thefe for my fake: wee that are true Lo-
uers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in
nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

*Ro.* Thou speake'st wiser then thou art ware of.

*Cl.* Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till
I breake my thins againft it.

*Ro.* *Ioue, Ioue,* this Shepherds passion,

53. *cods* JOHNSON: For *cods* it would be more like sense to read *pee,* which having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers. MALONE: In the following passage, however, Touchstone's present certainly signifies not the *pee,* but the *ped,* and so I believe the word is used here: 'He [Richard II] also used a *peesed* branch with the *cods* open, but the *pees* out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Westminster,'—Camden's *Remaines,* 1614. The *cods* and not the *pees* were worn.

53, 54. *weeping teares* CAPELL: Here the Poet is wag enough to raise a smile at the expence of his friend the novelist; who employs these words seriously in a something that he calls a sonnet, without once seeing the ridicule of them. [See Rosaline’s Sonnet, beginning, ‘In sorrowes cell,’ &c.] HALLIWELL: This pleonastic expression is of so extremely common occurrence that there is no necessity for presuming it to have been suggested to Shakespeare by its introduction into Lodge’s Novel. [Hereupon follow the titles of ten works wherein the expression is found.]

56. *mortal in folly* JOHNSON: This expression I do not well understand. In the middle counties, *mortal,* from *mort,* a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification; *as mortal tall, mortal little.* Of this sense I believe Shakespeare takes advantage to produce one of his daring equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, so is all nature in love *abounding* in folly. CALDECOTT: That is, extremely foolish.

DVCK refers to *Carr’s Craven Glossary:* ‘Mortal, Exceeding, very; ‘he’s mortal rich,” “I’m mortal hungry.” STAUNTON: As the commentators appear not to suspect corruption here, the passage probably contains a meaning we have failed to discover. SCHMIDT: ‘Mortal’ is here equivalent to human, resembling man in folly. [These explanations of *mortal* in this particular passage are all so mortal weak that I prefer to agree with Staunton that the meaning is yet to be discovered. If it were not for Rosalind’s reply I should think that we were looking too deep. Yet Weis’s explanation (p. 113) is ingenious: ‘That is, Nature can be foolish in love, but the folly is mortal, as all the things of Nature are, and will pass away, leaving love behind.’ Therefore he’ll have no jibes about it, and Rosalind justly replies, ‘Thou speak’st wiser than thou art ware of.’—*Ed.*

57, 58. *ware... ware* It seems almost needless to point out that Rosalind means *aware,* and Touchstone means *cautious.*—ED. SINGER: Perhaps Rosalind takes the Clown’s equivocation seriously, and has in her mind that possession is the grave of love, which expires in its own folly.

60, &c. COLLIER (ed. ii) here takes his text from his (MS) Corrector, who, he
ACT II, SC. iv.]  

AS YOU LIKE IT

Is much upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine, but it growes something stale with mee.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queftion yon'd man,
If he for gold will glie vs any foode,
I faint almoft to death.

Clo. Holla; you Clowne.

Rof. Peace foole, he’s not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Rof. Peace I say; good euen to your friend.

Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.

Rof. I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold
Can in this defert place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may reft our felues, and feed:
Here’s a yong maid with travaile much oppresed,
And faints for fuccour.

61. much upon] too much on Coll. (MS), ii, iii.

62. 63. it...mee] It growes something stale with me, And begins to fail with me Coll. ii, iii.

64. yon’d] yond Rowe. you Cap.


75. are they very] they are Rowe i. they are very Rowe ii+. they’re very Han.


good...friend] One line, Cap

78. you] you F & seq.

says, ‘must have had some foundation for the addition, unless it were a mere invention’; Collier suggests that we have fragments here of an old ballad, wherein, as far as lines 60, 61, and ‘it growes something stale with me’ of the Folio is concerned, Dyce (ed. iii, p. 26) agrees with him. His text is as follows:

‘Rof. Love, Love! this shepherd’s passion
Is too much on my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but
It growes something stale with me,
And begins to fail with me.’

ELLIS (Early Eng. Pronoun, p. 949, b) Observe that the rhyme [passi-on, fash-i-on] is here an identical one, on the final syllable -on, and that it is not a double rhyme, like the modern push-un fash-un, as this would make each line defective by a measure. Passi-on, fash-i-on were really tresyllables. ALLEN (MS): The ‘passion’ of love is love conceived of as something like suffering.

72. your] One of the many instances where, in the Folio, you and your are con-founded. See Walker, Crit. ii, 190.

77, 78. ABOTT, § 403: Either who is is omitted, ‘Here’s a young maid (who is) with travel much oppressed,’ or the nominative (cf. § 399) is omitted before ‘faicts.’
Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,
And wish for her fake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releue her:
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposiotion,
And little wreaues to finde the way to heauen
By doing deeds of hospitallitie.
Befides his Coat, his Flockes, and bounds of fee
d Are now on sale, and at our sheeps-coat now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come fee,
And in my voice most welcome shal you be.

Rof. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?

Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but e-while,

82. shepheard] a shepherd Rowe.
85. wreaues] Ft, Rowe +, Cald. reeks
90. Coate] Cote Han.
94. 
85. wreaues] Steevens: That is, heeds, cares for. So in Ham. I, iii, 51: 'And recks not his own rede.' [Perhaps from the spelling here, and in Ham., where it is reeks in the Qq and reaks in the F, we may, perhaps, infer that in pronunciation the sound of e was longer than it is now. The assonance in Ophelia's speech would be thereby certainly more decided: 'and reeks not his own reed.'—Ed.]

86. hospitallitie] Wordsworth (p. 218): Flowing from a kindly and considerate disposition, the duty of hospitality is one which the Bible, we know, frequently enjoins and commends. See 1 Peter, iv, 9; Hebrews, xiii, 2; Romans, xii, 13. But there is a passage more solemn and impressive than any of these, spoken by our Lord Himself with reference to the great day of account: 'I was a stranger, and ye took me not in,' Matt., xxv, 43; which I cannot help thinking was present to our poet's mind when he made Corin [speak these words].

87. Coate] Wright: Cotgrave has: 'Cavene de bergier: a shepheardes cote; a little cottage or cabine made of turues, straw, boughes, or leaues.'

87. bounds of fee] Caldecott: That is, range of pasture.

91. voice] Johnson: That is, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome. ['Fortinbras ... has my dying voice,' Ham. v, ii, 343.]

92. What is he?] For many other instances of the use of this phrase, see Abbott, § 254, where there is the thoughtful remark that 'in the Elizabethan and earlier periods, when the distinction between ranks was much more marked than now, it may have seemed natural to ask, as the first question about any one, "Of what condition or rank is he?" In that case the difference is one of thought, not of grammar.'

92. shall] Abbott, § 315, paraphrases this by is to, and classes it with I, i, 126: 'He that escapes me shall acquit him well.' It is difficult to distinguish these shades of meaning. To me the present 'shall' is not the same as Charles's 'shall.' Here, I think, it is simple futurity.—Ed.
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.

Ces. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me, if you like vpon report,
The foile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.  

Exeunt.

97. pasture] and the pasture F, F 4 .  100, 101. ... Waste] One line, Rowe
99–101. Two lines, ending place...it, ii +.
Cap. et seq.

96. honestie] In the wide range of meanings which this word bears, extending from chastity to generosity, the meaning which best suits the present context is, I think, honour, that is, honourable dealing towards Silvius.—Ed.

99, 101. Unquestionably, Capell’s division is better than the Folio’s, which in fact is not rhythmic at all. At the same time, an extra syllable in the third foot is objectionable: ‘And we | will mend | thy wages: | I like | this place.’ To be sure, if the line must be of five feet, we may make it a little smoother by reading wage. But the thought closes so completely with ‘wages’ that I would close the line with it, and put a full stop after it. Let the next two lines divide at ‘waste’: ‘I like | this place, | and will | ingly | could waste | My time in it.’ All of which, after all, is merely scansion for the eye. An ear instinctively rhythmic decides such divisions for itself.—Ed.

101. Waste] That is, simply spend, pass, as in Mer. of Ven. III, iv, 14: ‘Companions That do converse and waste the time together.’ See II, vii, 141, post: ‘And we will nothing waste till you return.’

105. Feeder] Dyce: A servant, a menial; as in Tim. II, ii, 108, ‘our offices... oppressed With riotous feeders,’ and in Ant. & Cleop. III, xiii, 109: ‘By one that looks on feeders.’ Walker (Crit. i, 311): Qu. factor? Feed occurs thirteen and sixteen lines above. Your factor, i.e. your agent in buying the farm. [Dyce (ed. iii) notes that Walker thus queries, and adds, ‘wrongly, I believe.’ Walker must have overlooked the instances of the use of ‘feeder’ cited by Dyce.] Neil: Perhaps the word ought to be Feedar or Fedary, male representative undertaking the suit and service required by the superior from those holding lands in feudal tenure under him.

106. BLACKWOOD’S MAGAZINE (April, 1835): How fortunate that the prettiest cottage in or about the Forest is on sale! No occasion for a conveyancer. There shall be no haggling about price, and it matters not whether or no there be any title-deeds. A simple business, as in Arcadia of old, is buying and selling in Arden. True that it is not term-day. But term-day is past, for mind ye not that it is midsummer?
Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.

Song.

Vnder the greene wood tree,
who loues to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
unto the sweete Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere shall he fee no enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Iaq. More, more, I pre've thee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholly Monseur Iaques

Iaq. I thanke it: More, I pre'thee more,
I can fulke melancholly out of a song,

5. turne] Malone in support of the change to turne cites Two Gent. V, iv, 5: And to the nightingale’s complaining note Tune my distresses, &c. Steevens: The old copy may be right. To turn a tune or a note is still a current phrase among vulgar musicians. Whitter corroborates Steevens: ‘To turn a tune in counties of York and Durham is the appropriate and familiar phrase for’ [correct singing]. Singer: That ‘turn’ is right appears from the following line in Hall’s Satires, Bk. vi, s. i [p. 157, ed. Singer]: ‘Whiles threadbare Martiall turns his merry note.’ Collier (ed. ii): It is altered to tune in the (MS). It is misprinted turn in Hall’s Satires. Dyce (Strictures, &c., p. 69): There is no reason to suspect a misprint in the line from Hall’s Satire. [Dyce, however, changed his opinion when he printed his third edition; he there says that turns in this line from Hall] ‘is manifestly an error for turnes; so again in The Two Gent. IV, ii, 25, the Second Folio makes Thurio say to the Musicians: “Let’s turnes,” &c. To “turn a note” means only to “change a note”; compare Locrine, 1595: “when he sees that needs he must be prest, Heele turns his note and sing another tune.”’ Wright, after quoting this last note of Dyce’s, adds: Even granting this, there appears to be no absolute necessity for change in the present passage, for ‘turn his merry note’ may mean adapt or modulate his note to the sweet bird’s song, following its changes.

7. Come] From the references in the Index to Abbott, it is to be inferred that this ‘come’ is considered by him as a subjunctive used optatively or imperatively.
As a Weazel fuxkes eggges : More, I pre'thee more.

Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.

Iaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:
Come, more, another stanzo : Cal you' em stanzo's?

Amy. What you wil Monsieur Iaques.

Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing. Wil you sing?

Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe.

Iaq. Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke you : but that they cal compliment is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily,
me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me
the beggerly thankes. Come fing; and you that wil not
hold your tongues.

Any. Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while,
the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this
day to looke you.

IaQ. And I haue bin all this day to avoide him:
He is too disputauble for my companie:
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
Heauen thankes, and make no boaft of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. Altogether heere.
Who doth ambition shunne,
and loues to liue i’ th Sunne:

28. not] not, Ff. 38. Altogether heere] Om. Rowe+,
34. disputauble] disputauble F,F.

28. beggerly] That is, beggar-like. The thanks are neither paltry nor mean; but
the reverse.—Ed.
30. couer] CHAUPIN: That is, prepare the table; equivalent to our ‘lay the
cloth’; compare Mer. of Ven. III, v, 55.
31. drinker] CAPELL (p. 58): The moderns have dine instead of ‘drink,’ but bidding
the attendants ‘cover’ was telling them the Duke intended to dine there;
‘drink’ tells them something more, that he meant to pass his afternoon there, under
the shade of that tree.
32. looke you] DYCE (ed. iii): I may notice that this is equivalent to ‘look for
you.’ Compare Merry Wives, IV, ii, 83: ‘Mistress Page and I will look some linen
for your head.’ [For many other instances of this omission, see Abbott, § 200.]
34. disputauble] MALONE: That is, disputatious. WALKER has a chapter (No.
xxix, Crit. i, 183) on examples of adjectives in -able and -ible, both positive and
negative ones, which are frequently used by old writers in an active sense. See also,
Abbott, § 3.
38. Altogether heere] It is almost needless to remark that this is a stage direc-
tion; and the stage direction of a play-house copy. Some of the early editors, even
40. liue] TOLLET: To ‘live i’ th’ sun,’ is to labour and ‘sweat in the eye of
Phoebus,’ or vitam agere sub dio; for by lying in the sun, how could they get the food
they eat? CAPELL (p. 58): To iye i’ the sun is a phrase importing absolute idleness,
the idleness of a motley (see post, II, vii, 17), but ‘live i’ the sun’ imports only a
living in freedom; a flying from courts and cities, the haunts of ‘ambition,’ to enjoy
the free blessings of heaven in such a place as the singer himself was retir’d to;
whose panegyrick upon this sort of life is converted into a satire by Jaques, in a very
excellent parody that follows a few lines after. CALDECOTT: Othello refers to his
Seeking the food he eates,  
and pleas’d with what he gets:  
Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
Heere shall he see.&c.

Iaq. Ile give you a verfe to this note,  
That I made yeafterday in defpight of my Invention.

Amy. And Ile fing it.
Amy. Thus it goes.

If it do come to paffe, that any man turne Afte:  
Leaving his wealth and eafe,  
A stubborne will to please,  
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:

" unhoused, free condition." WHITE (ed. I): 'To 'live 'i' the sun' was to live a profligate life. WRIGHT: A life of open-air freedom, which, as opposed to the life of the ambitious man, is also one of retirement and neglect. Hamlet seems to have had this in his mind when he said (I, ii, 67): 'I am too much 'i' the sun'; and Beatrice in Much Ado, II, i, 331: 'Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt,' that is, exposed and neglected, like the bride in Canticles, i, 6. See also Tro. & Cress. I, iii, 282.

46. Invention] MOBERLY: As imagination would do nothing for me, I spited it by the following choice composition.

52. Ducdame] JOHNSON: Hamner, very acutely and judiciously, reads duc ad me, that is, bring him to me. CAPELL (p. 58): The words 'Come hither' are Latinized by the composer; but not strictly, for then his word had been Hucdame; and the Latin words crowded [sic] together into a strange single word of three syllables, purely to set his bearer a staring; whom he bamboules still further, by telling him, 'tis a Greek invocation.' The humour is destroy'd, in great measure, by decompounding and setting them right, and giving us duc ad me separately. FARMER: If duc ad me were right, Amiens would not have asked its meaning, and been put off with a 'Greek invocation.' It is evidently a word coined for the nonce. We have here, as Butler says, 'One for sense, and one for rhyme.' Indeed, we must have a double rhyme, or this stanza cannot well be sung to the same tune with the former. I read 'Ducdame, Ducdame, Ducdame,' Here shall he see Gross fools as he, An' if he will come to Ami.' That is, to Amiens. Jaques did not mean to ridicule himself. STEEVENS: That Amiens, who is a courtier, should not understand Latin, or be persuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder. In confirmation of the old reading, however, Dr Farmer observes to me, that, being at a house not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen-roost was robbed, a facetious old squire who was present immediately sung the following stanza, which has an odd coincidence
[AS YOU LIKE IT]

[ACT II, SC. V.]

[Duck, duck, duck.]

with the ditty of Jaques: 'Dame, what makes your ducks to die? Dame, what makes your chicks to cry? Chuck, chuck, chuck.' 'Duck, duck, duck.' 'Duck, duck, duck.' is a triyllable. Whiter tells us he was 'favour'd' with one or two more stanzas of the same song which Dr Farmer thinks sheds so much light on this passage, and Whiter, in turn, 'favour's' us with them, though it is not easy to see how Shakespearean criticism is advanced by learning that the cause of the ducks' death was 'eating o' Polli-wigs,' howsoever valuable the fact may be therapeutically. Be this, however, as it may, the stanzas seem to have imparted aid to Whiter, who says: 'In the foregoing stanzas it is of no consequence, either as to the sense or the metre, whether "Dame" be read in its usual way or whether we pronounce it Dam, with the accent on the last syllable. They are all, however, manifestly addressed to the Dame, the good housewife of the family, under whose care we may suppose the poultry to be placed; and it may be observed that the Ducks are particularly specified on account of the alliteration with Dame. I therefore see no difficulty in the derivation of the word "Duck, duck, duck," which has so much embarrassed our commentators. What is more natural or obvious than to suppose Duc Dame or Duc Dam to be the usual cry of the Dame to gather her Ducks about her; as if she should say, "Ducks, come to your Dame," or "Ducks, come to your Dam." . . . The explication here given of this passage is the only one which at all properly corresponds with the context.' In justice to Whiter it must be said that he appears conscious of the ridiculousness of such shallow profundity by the final remark: 'If Shakespeare is to be explained, neither the writer nor the reader should become fastidious at the serious discussion of such trifling topics.' Knight: It was not in the character of Jaques to talk Latin in this place. He was parroting the 'Come hither' of the previous song. The conjecture, therefore, that he was using some country call of a woman to her ducks appears much more rational than his Latinity. Collier: Hamner's alteration is probably right; but duc ad me being harsh, when sung to the same notes as its translation 'Come hither,' it was corrupted to duc-da-me, a triyllable, which ran more easily. Farmer observed that 'if duc ad me were right, Amiens would not have asked its meaning.' Why not, if Amiens be supposed not to understand Latin? When Jaques declares it to be 'a Greek invocation,' he seems to intend to jeer Amiens upon his ignorance. [Collier adds, in his second edition]: We may conclude, with tolerable certainty, that it was the burden of some old song, although none has been pointed out that precisely agrees with 'duck, duck' or duc ad me. Halliwell (Sh. Soc. Papers, 1844, vol. i, p. 109): Hamner's change is forced and unnecessary, I admit, but not quite so absurd as to suppose Jaques was using some country call of a woman to her ducks . . . . I have recently met with a passage in an uncollated MS of the Vision of Piers Plowman in the Bodleian Library, which goes far to prove that Ducadme is the burden of an old song, an explanation which exactly agrees with its position in the song of Jaques. The passage is as follows: 'Thanne set ther some, And sune at the ale, And helpen to eyre that half aker With Dusadam-me-me.'—MS Rawl. Poet, 137, f. 6. To show that this is evidently intended for the burden of a song, we need only compare it with the corresponding passage in the printed edition: 'And holpen eke this half acre With How, trolly tolly.'—Piers Plowman, ed. Wright, p. 124. Making allowances for the two centuries which elapsed between the appearance of Piers Plowman and As You Like It, is there too great a difference between Dusadam-me-me and Dus-dam-me to warrant my belief that the latter is a legitimate descendant of the more ancient refrain? At all events, it must be borne
in mind that the commentators have not produced any old word equally near it in their dissertations on its meaning. This word may also possibly be intended by Dmee! dme! dme! in Armim's Nest of Ninnies (Sh. Soc. Reprint), p. 32. Mr Collier, however, thinks it 'most likely an abbreviation of Dear me!' [With a few verbal alterations Halliwell repeated this in his edition.] Staunton: After all that has been written in elucidation of 'ducdame,' we are disposed to believe the 'invocation,' like the Clown's: 'Fond done, done fond' in All's Well, is mere unmeaning babble coined for the occasion. Dyce: The attempts made to explain this 'burden' are, I think, alike unsatisfactory. A. A. (Notes & Qu. 2d S., viii, Oct. 8, '59): Is it not literally as written duc da me,' 'lead him from me'? Amiens has been describing the generous soul 'who does ambition shun,' and welcomes him with a 'Come hither.' Jaques describes the opposite character, and goes on with his parody 'keep him from me,' instead of 'come hither.' Da is the Italian preposition from, answering to the Latin a, ab, abs. Treagle (Ibid. 5th S., x, July 20, '78): It seems not improbable that this word may be intended to represent the twang of a guitar. [In Notes & Qu. 5th S. ix., June 29, '78, Dr Mackay has a note which was afterwards substantially repeated and enlarged in his Glossary of Obscure Words, &c., 1887. From the latter I extract the following:] Amiens, puzzled by the phrase, asks Jaques what it means. Jaques replies, 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle.' By 'Greek' he appears to have meant Pedlar's Greek, the popular name for the cant language of the beggars and gypsies of his day, which is not wholly disused in our own. . . . No one has discovered or even hinted at the 'circle' to which Jaques alludes. Perhaps the old game of Tom Titler's Ground may throw some light on the matter. [After stating that Brewer in his Dictionary of Phrase and Fable maintains 'Tom Titler' to be a corruption of Tom th' Idler, Dr Mackay continues:] This derivation has hitherto passed muster; but the true derivation is from the Keltic, and proves the game to have been known to British children before the Saxon and Danish irruptions and conquest. Tom signifies 'hill,' or mound, a word that enters into the composition of the names of many places in the British Isles; and tiodlach, gift, offering, treasure; so that Tom-tiodlach, corrupted by the Danes and Saxons into Tom-tidler, signifies the hill of gifts or treasure, of which the players seek to hold or to regain possession. It was the custom for the boy who temporarily held the hill or tom to assert that the ground belonged to him of right, and dare the invaders to dispossess him by the exclamation of 'Duc da me.' This phrase has puzzled commentators quite as much as the name 'Tom Titler' has done. The phrase, however, resolves itself into the Gaelic duhadhach (the t silent before the aspirate, pronounced duh), signifying a country, an estate, a territory, a piece of land; da or do signifying to, and me—i.e. this territory or ground is to me, or belongs to me; it is my land or estate. This old British phrase continued to be used in England by children and illiterate people long after the British language had given way to the Saxon English, and was repeated by boys and girls in the game now called 'Tom Titler's Ground' so lately as forty years ago, when I heard myself by children on the Links of Leith and the Inches of my native city of Perth. . . . A correspondent of the Fall Mall Gazette, signing himself 'Welshman,' says, 'Clearly, the critics are at fault in their endeavour to give a reasonable rendering to "dupadh."' Admittedly, it had its origin in a prehistoric game. . . . Whether Shakespeare knew it to be good Welsh or not is little to the purpose. However, there is no doubt he did. . . . In point of fact Jacques was but verbally repeating the selfsame invitation which . . .
Heere shall he see, grosse foole as he,
And if he will come to me.

Amy. What's that Ducidame?

Iaq. 'Tis a Greeke invocation, to call fools into a cir-

cle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all

the first borne of Egypt.

53. Two lines, Pope et seq. 54. me] Ami. Farmer, Steev.
55. invasion] invocarion F.
56. Two lines, Pope et seq. 57. Two lines, Pope et seq.

had been twice given in the vernacular, "Come hither." . . . For the "Greek" ren-
dering which accompanied it was good, honest Welsh, as nearly as the Saxon tongue
could frame it. Its exact Cambrian equivalent is Druck da mi, "Come with (or to)
me." It is jargon no longer. In early times the Sassenach, no doubt, often heard
this "Challenge" ("Come, if you dare!") shouted to him by the Kymry from the
hilltop or the embattled crag. Hence it was perpetuated in the mimic warfare
of their children's game. 'The Kymryc derivation,' adds Dr Mackay, 'is ingenious, but
does not meet the case so clearly and completely as the Gaelic.' In Notes & Qs,
5th S., 5 Oct. '78, V. S. Lean suggests Duct ò mi; ami being the abbreviation for
Amiens as well as French for friend. [The phrase having been thus proved, satisfac-
torily to the provers, to be not only Latin, but Italian, and French, and Gaelic, and
Welsh, and Greek (surely Jaques ought to know), and a 'twang,' we are prepared for
the sensible and conclusive note which I have reserved for the last.] Wright: It is
in vain that any meaning is sought for in this jargon, as Jaques only intended to fill
up a line with sounds that have no sense. There is a bit of similar nonsense in Cot-
grave, a. v. Orgues: 'Dire d'orgues, vous dites d'orgues. You say blew; how say
you to that; wisely brother Timothie; true Roger; did am did am.' . . . Mr Ainger
has suggested to me that we should read: 'Dudo'me, Dudo'me, Dudo'me, to rhyme
with 'An if he will' come to' me.'

58. to call fools into a circle] for the purpose of etymologically and linguisti-
cally investigating the meaning of 'Ducidame,' says Moerly, dryly.

58. first borne of Egypt] Grey (i, 174): Alluding to Exodus, xi, 5. Johnson:
A proverbial expression for highborn persons. Nares: Perhaps Jaques is only
intended to say that if he cannot sleep, he will, like other discontented persons, rail
against his betters. Wordsworth (p. 70): One feels somewhat at a loss to deter-
mine whether of the two pieces of criticism [Grey's and Johnson's], though very dif-
f erent in kind, is the less satisfactory. The play in which this passage occurs turns
upon two incidents, in both of which an elder brother is mainly concerned, in the one
as suffering, in the other as doing, injury. And the reflection, therefore, naturally
presents itself to the moralising Jaques, that to be a first-born son is a piece of good
fortune not to be coveted now, any more than it was in the days of Pharaoh, when all
the first born of Egypt were cut off, but rather to be 'railed at.' In Act I, Sc. i,
Orlando says to Oliver, 'The courtesy of nations allows you my better in that you are
the first born.' If it be objected that Jaques was not yet aware of what had hap-
pened to Orlando, still, I think, the poet might have put the sentiment into the mouth
of such an one as Jaques, to be as a kind of waking dream, half experimental in
regard to what he already knew, half prophetic of what he would soon discover;
but, at all events, the reference to 'the old Duke,' who had been 'banished by his
ACT II, SC. VI.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Amy. And I'll go seek the Duke,
His banquet is prepar'd.

Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And meaure out my graue. Farwel kinde master.

Orl. Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee:
Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy felle a little.


younger brother, the new Duke,' will hold good. And he 'rails at' him, not only as
showing sympathy, after his quaint manner, with the old Duke's banishment, but as
reflecting upon his own folly in becoming voluntarily a partaker of the banishment,
and thereby forfeiting all his 'lands and revenues' to the usurper; as he had sung
just before in the verse, which (he says), 'I made yesterday in despite of my inven-
tion': 'That any man turn as leaving his wealth and ease A stubborn will to please,
Here shall he see, Gross fools as he, An if he will come to me.'

60. banket] GIFFORD (Massinger's City Madam, II, i, p. 29): A 'banquet'
was what we now call a dessert; it was composed of fruit, sweetmeats, &c., 'Your
citizen is a most fierce devourer, sir, of plumbs; six will destroy as many as might
make A banquet for an army.'—The Wits. The banquet was usually placed in a sepa-
rate room, to which the guests removed as soon as they had dined; thus, in The
Unnatural Combat, Beaumont says (III, i): 'We'll dine in the great room, but let the
musick And banquet be prepared here.' The common place of banqueting, or of eat-
ing the dessert, among our ancestors was the garden-house, or arbour, with which
almost every dwelling was once furnished; to this Shallow alludes in 2 Hen. IV: V,
iii, 2. [See Rom. & Jul. I, v, 120. Dyce refers to Tam. the Shr. V, ii, 9: 'My
banquet is to close our stomachs up After our great good cheer.]

2, 3. WALKER (Crit. i, 18) divides these lines, which, he says, 'the Folio prints as
verse in a scrambling sort of way,' at 'O,' and reads: 'I die, I die for food. Here
lie I down.' [Walker has a chapter (Crit. ii, 141) on the 'Omission of Repeated
Words.']. DYCk (ed. iii) quotes Walker, and adds: But the speech which imme-
diately follows this, and which is stark prose, is so printed in the Folio as to look
like verse. [See note, line 21.]

4. grave] STEEVENS: So in Rom. & Jul. III, iii, 70: 'fall upon the ground,
... Taking the measure of an unmade grave.'

6. comfort] WRIGHT: We must either take 'comfort' as equivalent to 'be com-
forted,' or 'have comfort,' or else regard 'thyself' as the object to 'comfort' as well
as 'cheer.' ALLEN (MS): I suppose 'comfort' may be used absolutely, just as 'cheer
If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing fauage, 
I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee: 
Thy concite is neerer death, then thy powers. 
For my fake be comfortable, hold death a while 
At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presentely, 
And if I bring thee not somthing to eate, 
I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou dieft 
Before I come, thou art a mockier of my labor. 
Wel said, thou look'ft cheereely, 
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest 
In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee 
To fome shelter, and thou shalt not die 
For lacke of a dinner, 
If there liue any thing in this Defert. 
Cheerely good Adam.

[Exeunt.]


up' is. It is, however, in favour of the anonymous emendation, 'comfort thee' (Cam. Ed.), that the the may have been pronounced like te (more Eboraco, as Walker says), and then the second t was dropt in pronunciation, as in 'all but mariniers,' Temp. I, ii, 210.

10. be comfortable] Caldecott: That is, be comforted, become susceptible of comfort.
11. heere be] Let Walker's chapter on the Transposition of Words (Crit. ii, 246) with his long list of examples be read and pondered, and after that there will be no hesitation, I think, in deciding that we have an instance of transposition here. See Text. Notes.—Ed.
12. presently] Abbott, § 59: Equivalent to at the present time, at once, instead of, as now, 'soon, but not at once.'
15. Wel said] Collier: This was often used for 'Well done.' White (ed. i): But Orlando seems to refer to what he himself has said. [Cf. Oth. ii, 1, 192.]
21. The last line of this Scene is, in the Folio, the last line of the page, and I strongly suspect that the division into verse of what Dyce calls 'stark prose,' is due simply to the effort of the compositor to spread out the lines in order to avoid the necessity of having the heading of a Scene at the foot of the page, that is, the heading Scene Sixtima merely, with, perhaps, not a line of text.—Ed.
Scena Septima.


Duke. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. Lord. My Lord, he is but euyn now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Duke. If he compact of iarres, grow Mysicall,
We shall have shortly discord in the Spheraes:
Go fecke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Iaques.

1. Lord. He saues my labor by his owne approach.

Duke. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.

A table set out. Rowe.
9. Enter... ] After line 10, Dyce, Sta.
13. What... ] And cannot have 't'
2. be] is Pope +.
3. What,] Cap.

2. think he be] See Abbott, § 299, for instances of 'be' used after verbs of thinking. The standard example, to which all others might be referred, is that mnemonic line: 'I think my wife be honest, and think she is not,' Oth. III, iii, 443.—Ed.

4. euyn now] Abbott, § 38: 'Even now' with us is applied to an action that has been going on for some time and still continues, the emphasis being laid on 'now.' In Shakespeare the emphasis is often to be laid on 'even,' and 'even now' means 'exactly or only now,' i.e. 'scarcely longer ago than the present.'

5. hearing of] See II, iv, 45 or Abbott, § 178.

7. Spheraes] See Mer. of Ven. V, i, 74 and notes in this edition, where the music of the spheres is discussed. Wright: Compare Bateman upon Bartholome (ed. 1582), fol. 123, b: 'And so Macrobis saith: in putting & mowing of the roundnesse of heauen, is that noyse made, and tempereth sharpe noyse with lowe noyse, and maketh divers accordes and melodie: but for the default of our hearing, and also for passing measure of that noyse and melodie, this harmony and accord is not heard of us.'

8. The comma at the close of the preceding line led Capell to suppose that the sentence was not complete; he thereupon supplied the omission (see Textual Notes), and thus justified the addition in his notes: 'Which circumstance [the comma after 'company'] alone indicates an omission; but it further appears from the sense, if a little attended to: For what great crime is it, that Jaques must be woo'd for his company? but that he makes his friends woo it, and won't let them have it after all, is an accusation of some weight. The words now inserted carry this charge.'
AS YOU LIKE IT

Iag. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i’th Forrest,
A motley Foole (a miferable world.)

14. foole i’th] foie i’th F, G.
15. world] varlet Han. Warb.

15. A motley Foole] Douce (ii, 317): The costume of the domestic fool in Shakespeare’s time was of two sorts. In the first of these the coat was motley or parti-coloured, and attached to the body by a girdle, with bells at the skirts and elbows, though not always. The breeches and hose close, and sometimes each leg of a different colour. A hood resembling a monk’s cowl, which, at a very early period, it was certainly designed to imitate, covered the head entirely, and fell down over part of the breast and shoulders. It was sometimes decorated with ass’s ears, or else terminated in the neck and head of a cock, a fashion as old as the fourteenth century. It often had the comb or crest only of the animal, whence the term cockscob or coxcomb was afterwards used to denote any silly upstart. This fool usually carried in his hand an official sceptre or bauble, which was a short stick ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool’s head, or sometimes with that of a doll or puppet. To this instrument there was frequently annexed an inflated skin or bladder, with which the fool belaboured those who offended him or with whom he was inclined to make sport; this was often used by itself, in lieu, as it would seem, of a bauble. . . . It was not always filled with air, but occasionally with sand or pease. . . . In some old prints the fool is represented with a sort of flapper or rattle ornamented with bells. It seems to have been constructed of two round and flat pieces of wood or pasteboard, and is, no doubt, a vestige of the crotalum used by the Roman mimes or dancers. This instrument was used for the same purpose as the bladder, and occasionally for correcting the fool himself whenever he behaved with too much licentiousness. . . . In some old plays the fool’s dagger is mentioned, perhaps the same instrument as was carried by the Vice or buffoon of the Moralities; and it may be as well to observe in this place that the domestic fool is sometimes, though it is presumed improperly, called the Vice. The dagger of the latter was made of a thin piece of lath, and the use he generally made of it was to belabour the Devil. It appears that in Queen Elizabeth’s time the Archbishop of Canterbury’s fool had a wooden dagger and a coxcomb. . . . The other dress, and which seems to have been more common in Shakespeare’s time, was the long petticoat. This originally appertained to the idiot or natural fool, and was obviously adopted for the purpose of cleanliness. Why it came to be used for the allowed fool is not so apparent. It was, like the first, of various colours, the materials often costly, as of velvet, and guarded or fringed with yellow. A manuscript note in the time of the Commonwealth states yellow to have been the fool’s colour. This petticoat dress continued to a late period, and has been seen not many years since in some of the interludes exhibited in Wales. But the above were by no means the only modes in which the domestic fools were habited. The hood was not always surmounted with the coxcomb, in lieu of which a single bell, and occasionally more, appeared. Sometimes a feather was added to the comb. . . . A large purse or wallet at the girdle is a very ancient part of the fool’s dress. Talton, who personated the clowns in Shakespeare’s time, appears to have worn it. . . . We may suppose that the same variety of dress was observed on the stage which we know to have actually prevailed in common life.

15. world] Warburton: What, because he met a motley fool, was it therefore a miserable world? This is sadly blundered; we should read ‘a miserable varlet.’
ACT II, SC. VII.

As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good fet termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after these words, and here he calls him a miserable varlet, notwithstanding he 'railed on Lady Fortune in good termes;' &c. JOHNSON: I see no need of changing 'world' to varlet, nor, if a change were necessary, can I guess how it should certainly be known that varlet is the true word. 'A miserable world' is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. CAPELL: [It was a miserable world] in the estimation of Jaques and others equally cynical, who disrelish the world; arranging the dispensations of Providence in a number of articles, and in this chiefly—that it has created such beings as fools. HUNTER (i, 347) acknowledges that there is no real need of disturbing the text, and that the meaning, as given by Capell, is not unambiguous, but, he continues, 'if this be not thought a satisfactory explanation of the passage, there is a word which would suit it so well if substituted for "world,"' and which might so easily become changed into "world" that I cannot but think that it may have been what Shakespeare wrote. . . . The word is ort. "A motley fool! a miserable ort!" 'Ort,' says Tooke, 'means anything vile or worthless'; but it seems to contain the idea of remnant or fragment. Shakespeare uses it thus in Tro. & Cret. V, ii, 158, and in Timon, IV, iii, 400. Fragments of victuals were orts; so that the word the man may have led to the idea which next entered the mind of the poet: 'As I do live by food, I met a fool,' and in the course of what he says of him still keeps to the idea which the word ort would naturally introduce, and speaks of the clown's brains as 'being dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage,' which was eminently an ort. [Whenever we wish to think of the excellent Hunter at his best, let us wipe from our memory every vestige of an ort of this emendation.—Ed.] COWDEN-CLARKE: A parenthetical exclamation, whereby Jaques for the moment laughs at his own melancholy view of the world, having just heard it echoed by a professional jester. Moreover, he seems to exclaim, 'This a miserable world! No, it contains a fool and food for laughter.'

21. fortune] REED: Fortuna favet fatuis is, as Upton observes, the saying here alluded to, or, as in Publius Syrus: Fortuna, nimium quem favet, stultum facit. So in the Prologue to The Alchemist: 'Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours We wish away.' Again, in Every Man Out of his Humour, I, i [p. 38, ed. Gifford]: 'Sogliardo. Why, who am I, sir? Macilente. One of those that fortune favours. Carlo. [Aside] The periphrasis of a fool.' HALLIWELL: 'Fortune favours fools, or fools have the best luck.'—Ray's Proverbs. MOBERLY: The proverb, Coleridge witty and wisely suggests, has something the same meaning as Sterne's saying, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' WEISS (p. 115): Thus, indeed, like the wise men, Touchstone will have a social chance to show, as they do, what his folly is.

22. dial] KNIGHT: 'There's no clock in the forest,' says Orlando, and it was not very likely that the Fool would have a pocket clock. What, then, was the 'dial' that
And looking on it, with lacke-lufbre eye,
Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may fee (quoth he) how the world waggles:
'Tis but an house agoe, since it was nine,
And after one house more, 'twill be eleuen,
And so from house to house, we ripe, and ripe,

he took from his poke? We have lately become possessed with a rude instrument.
. . . . It is a brass circle of about two inches in diameter; on the outer side are
engraved letters indicating the names of the months, with graduated divisions; and
on the inner side the hours of the day. The brass circle itself is to be held in one
position by a ring; but there is an inner slide in which there is a small orifice. This
slide being moved so that the hole stands opposite the division of the month when
the day falls of which we desire to know the time, the circle is held up opposite the
sun. The inner side is of course then in shade; but the sunbeam shines through the
little orifice and forms a point of light upon the hour marked on the inner side. Hal-
liwell: The term 'dial' appears to have been applied, in Shakespeare's time, to
anything for measuring time in which the hours were marked, so that the allusion here
may be either to a watch or to a portable journey-ring or small sun-dial. . . . Ring-
dials were manufactured in large number at Sheffield so lately as the close of the last
century, and were commonly used by the lower orders. [Halliwell gives three or
four descriptions of various patterns, accompanied with wood-cuts; the frontispiece
of his volume is an engraving of an ivory 'viatorium or pocket sun-dial.']

22. poake] If the Fool were habited in the orthodox fashion, this pocket was
probably the 'large purse or wallet' referred to above by Douce.—Ed.

25. waggles] See Schmidt for instances of both its transitive and intransitive sense.
Hamlet's use of it is noteworthy: 'I'll fight . . . until my eyelids will no longer
wag.'—V, i, 255.

28. ripe] Thus, 'stay the very riping of the time,' Mer. of Ven. II, viii. 43. Used
as a verb in only two or three other instances, according to Schmidt. Morely:
Probably most readers of the play will have remarked that the Fool's utterances, as
here given, are not in Touchstone's style. He is not the kind of fool who rails in
good set terms, which are ridiculous from their grave senselessness. It would appear
that the Poet allowed himself to turn aside for a moment here to satirize and parody
some of the current dramas of the day. The original of these lines seems to have been
The Spanish Tragedy of Kyd, where a father, finding his son hanged on an
apple-tree, vents his grief by saying of it, 'At last it grew and grew, and bore and
bore; Till at the length it grew a gallows.' The pun on 'gallows' and 'thereby
hangs a tale' is quite Shakespearean. [But we must remember that it is Jaques who
reports Touchstone's words. We hear Touchstone only through Jaques's ears. And
as for the parody on Hieronymo—it is not impossible. Kyd's fellow-dramatists found
in that tragedy a rich vein of Termagant o'erdone, and worked it with ridicule merci-
lessly. It was not, however, at the substance, the plot of the tragedy, that they
laughed, it was only at the wild rant of the expression, such as 'What outcry plucks
me from my naked bed?' 'let my hair beave up my nightcap,' &c. And so it seems
And then from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles shoule be so deepe contemplatiue:
And I did laugh, fans intermission
An hour by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.


30. tale] A phrase used several times by Shakespeare. Weiss (p. 115): What
tale? Why, the everlasting tedious one of over-accredited common-place behavior.
Only a Touchstone, with his sly appreciation, can lend any liveliness to that.

31. morall] This is generally interpreted as a verb, equivalent to *moralise*. But
Schmidt, s. v., says it is 'probably an adjective,' a view which is strengthened, I
think, by the preposition 'on.' If the verb, *moralise*, needs no preposition after it (cf.
'Did he not moralise this spectacle?')—II, i, 48), it is not easy to see why 'moralize',
if used as an equivalent verb, should need one. Had Shakespeare intended to con-
vey the force of *moralise*, would he not have used the word? there is no exigency
of rhythm to prevent it. The line, 'The motley Fool thus moralise the time,' runs
smoothly.—Ed.

32. crow] Wright: That is, to laugh merrily. Cf. 'You were wont, when you
laughed, to crow like a cock,' Two Gent. II, i, 28, [From what Speed says to Val-
entine it is to be inferred, I think, that this 'crowing' was laughter, not so much, per-
haps, of a merry, as of a boisterous, kind. The contrast lies in Valentine's present
lovesick condition, when 'he speaks piling, like a beggar at Hallowmas,' with his
former manly estate, when he was wont to crow like a cock when he laughed.—Ed.

32. Chanticleere] Skelat, s. v. chant: Chant-i-clee, i.e. clear-singing; equivalent
to Middle English chaunte-clee; Chaucer, Nun's Preestes, T. l. 29.

33. *deepe contemplatiue* For other compound adjectives, see Abbott, § 2.

34. sans] Wright (Note on Temp. I, ii, 97): This French preposition appears
to have been brought into the language in the fourteenth century, and occurs in the
forms saum, sans, saunta, sauns, and saunce. It may, perhaps, have been employed
at first in purely French phrases, such as 'sans question.'—Love's Lab. L. V, i, 91;
'sans compliment,' King John, V, vi, 16. But Shakespeare uses it with other words,
as here, and in Ham. III, iv, 79. Nares quotes instances from Jonson, Beau. & Fl.,
Massinger, and others. So that it appears to have had an existence for a time as an
English word. Cotgrave gives: 'Sans. Sense, without, besides'; and Florio has,
'Sens, sans, without, besides.'

36. Motley] Caldecott: There was a species of mercery known by that name,
'Pomimius. He that maketh motley. Polymitarius.'—Withal's *little Dict.*, 1568.
'Friades, Motleys, bristowe frices' are in the number of articles recommended for
northern traffic in 1580. Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1582.
Du. Sen. What fool is this?
Iaq. O worthie Fоole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And fayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his brauie,
Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd

39. but] Om. F,s, F,c, Rowe i.
40. brauie] F,c.

36. 38. A worthy...O worthie] An anonymous conjecture recorded by the
Cam. Ed. is, I think, an emendatio certissima; it had occurred to me independently.
It is that this 'A' and this 'O' should change places. When the Duke asks Jaques a
direct question, 'What fool is this?' Jaques, according to the text, instead of answer-
ing, breaks out into an apostrophe, 'O worthie Fоole!' which, however much it may
relieve his feelings, is certainly somewhat discourteous to the Duke. It is this dis-
courtesy and this irrelevancy which first made the phrase suspicious. Change the
'O' into A, and at once all is right; we have an answer to the Duke, and the second
half of the line is properly connected with the first: 'A worthie Fоole, one that hath
bin,' &c. Thus, too, in line 35, after apostrophising the fool: 'Oh noble fool, there
is to me something weak in falling to the third person, and adding 'a worthie fool.'
It should be 'Oh worthy fool.'—Ed.

41. drie] Wright: In the physiology of Shakespeare's time a dry brain accom-
panied slowness of apprehension and a retentive memory. We read in Batman's
Bartholomew, fol. 37, b, 'Good disposition of the braine and euill is knowne by his
deepest, for if the substance of the braine be soft, thinne, and cleere: it receiuethe
lightly the feeling & printing of shapes, and lykenesses of things. He that hath
such a braine is swift, and good of perseverance and teaching. When it is con-
trary, the braine is not softe; eyther if he be troubled, he that hath such a braine
receiuethe slowly the feeling and printing of things: But nevertheless when he hath
taken and receiued them, he keepeth them long in minde. And that is signe and
token of drenesse, as fluxibility & forgetting is token of moisture, as Haly sayth.' See
Tso. & Cress. I, iii, 329.

42. bisket] Boswell: So in Johnson's Every Man Out of His Humour [Induc-
tion]: 'And, now and then, breaks a dry biscuit jest. Which,' &c.

43. places] Delius: That is, strange passages from books, remarkable citations.
Schmidt (p. 455): This interpretation of Delius's must be left undecided; no paral-
lel example in Shakespeare occurs to me. Wright: 'Topics or subjects of discourse.
Compare Bacon, Advancement of Learning, ii, 13, § 7: 'Ancient writers of rhetoric
do give it in precepts, that pleaders should have the places, whereof they have most
continual use, ready handled in all the variety that may be.' Neil: A scholastic phrase
for stock arguments, ideas, topics—Loci communes. Rolfe: That is, odd
corners. Wright's explanation as 'topics or subjects of discourse' does not suit so
well with 'cram'd.' [There can be no doubt, I think, that Bacon uses the word
as Wright has exactly defined it. In § 9, Bacon says: 'The other part of invention,
which I term suggestion, doth assign and direct us to certain marks or places, which
may excite our mind to return and produce such knowledge as it hath formerly col-
clected, to the end we may make use thereof;' which is very nearly in Jaques's exact
phrase a 'place, cram'd with observation.' Again, 'I do receive particular topics,
With obfuration, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

_Du. Sen._ Thou shalt have one.

_Iaq._ It is my onely suite,

that is, places or directions of invention and inquiry in every particular knowledge, as things of great use.'—§ 10. _Dr Johnson_, in his _Dictionary_, gives as one of the definitions of 'Place,' 'a passage in writing,' but under the definition 'separate room' he cites as an example the present phrase of Jaques. That Delius's, Wright's, and Neil's interpretation is correct is shown by the rest of the sentence: these strange subjects the fool 'vents in mangled forms.' It is not easy to see how 'separate rooms' or 'odd corners' could be either vented or mangled.—_Ed._

43. _obscuration_] To be pronounced as five syllables. This _dissolution_, as it is called, of the _son_ is almost universal at the end of a line, but it is comparatively rare in the body of the line. See _Walker_, _Vern._ p. 230.

45. _ambitious_] WRIGHT: This word, as would appear from the word 'suit' in the next speech of Jaques, is here used with something of the meaning of the Latin _ambitiosus_, going about as a candidate.

47. _suite_] JOHNSON: That is, _petition_, I believe, not _dress_. STEEVENS: It is a quibble, as in IV, i, 85. STAUNTON: The old, old play on the double meaning of the word. [No fit opportunity has presented itself thus far to set forth Whiter's theory of the _Association of Ideas_. As the present passage fairly unfolds it, it is given here, and repetition hereafter is rendered needless. It is defined (p. 68) as 'the power of _association_ over the genius of the poet, which consists in supplying him with words and with ideas, which have been suggested to the mind by a principle of union unperceived by himself, and independent of the subject to which they are applied. From this definition it follows: First, that as these words and sentiments were prompted by a cause which is concealed from the poet, so they contain no _intentional_ allusion to the source from whence they are derived; and secondly, that as they were forced on the recollection of the writer by some accidental concurrence not necessarily dependent on the sense or spirit of the subject, so they have no necessary resemblance in this secondary application to that train of ideas in which they originally existed.' On p. 82 we find the following illustration of this theory as thus defined: 'It is certain that those ideas are apparently very remote from each other which relate to _dress_, to a _noisome plant_, and to that which is expressive of _asking_ or _accommodating_; and yet the curious reader will be astonished to discover that the Poet is often led to connect some of these dissimilar objects, because they have been by accident combined under the same sound; and because certain words, by which they are expressed, are sometimes found to be coincident in sense. The words to which I allude are _suit_ and _weed_, which from their equivocal senses have strangely operated on the mind of the Poet to produce, without his own knowledge and without confusion of metaphor, the union of words or the connexion of the Ideas.' Among his first examples Whiter quotes the present passage from line 43 to line 50, italicising _coat_, _suit_, and _weed_, and then continues: 'This the reader must acknowledge to be a singular combination. I agree with Dr Johnson that "suit" means _petition_ and not _dress_, and I think Steevens is mistaken in supposing that the Poet meant a quibble. Let me observe in this place that there is a species of quibble which may be referred in a certain sense to the prin-
ciple which I am discussing; and it is therefore necessary to remind the reader that I mean only to produce those instances of *association* where the author himself was unconscious of its effect. . . . In the following passage *dress* is united to the *plant*: "they are . . . preachers to us all; admonishing, That we should *dress* us fairly for our end. Thus may we gather honey from the *weed*, And make a moral of the devil himself."—*Ham. V.*: IV, i, 9. The argument, which I am illustrating, will not be affected by the sense in which *dress* is taken; whether it signifies *address*, to prepare, or *dress*, to clothe; as the association arising from the same sound bearing an equivocal sense will be equally remarkable. . . . In the following passage *dress* is connected with *suit* in its sense of *accommodation*. "Bravery" (as every one knows) is splendour in *dress*: "That says his bravery is not on my cost (Thinking that I mean him), but therein *suits,*" &c. [ll. 83, 84 of the present Scene]. . . . In the following passage from *Coriolanus* "weed" in the sense of *dress* is connected with the word "suit" in the sense of *petition*; and there is likewise a new notion annexed, which relates to a peculiar meaning of the equivocal word "suit": "forget not With what contempt he wore the humble *weed*; How in his *suit* he scorn'd you; but your loves, Thinking upon his *services*, took from you The apprehension of his present portance, Which most glibly, ungravely, he did *fashion* After," &c.—*Cor. II.* ii, 228. In this passage the remarkable words are *weed*, *suit*, *services*, *fashion*; and the reader, I hope, will not imagine that I refine too much, when I inform him that the word *services* is to be referred to the same association; and that it was suggested to the Poet by another signification which *suit* sometimes bears of *livery*, the peculiar dress by which the servants and retainers of one family were distinguished from those of another. These distinctions were considered matters of great importance; and we accordingly find both in Shakespeare and in all our ancient writers allusions of this sort perpetually occur, and the idea of *service* is often connected with the *badge* or *dress* by which it is accompanied. Thus: "Wear this for me; one out of *suits* with fortune," &c. [I, ii, 242 of the present play, where Steevens's and Malone's notes are quoted by Whiter as confirming his view]. . . . I could produce numberless passages in which familiar metaphors are directly taken from the distinguishing dress of servants; but those instances only are directed to explain my present argument, in which *words relating* to a certain subject, though not *all applied* to it, have been connected with each other by an involuntary association. To illustrate more fully the passage produced above from *Coriolanus*, take the following, where *service* and *fashion* are likewise again united: "How well in thee appears The constant *service* of the antique world, When *service* sweat for duty, not for need! Thou art not for the *fashion* of these times" [II, iii, 58 of the present play]. "*Suit*" and "*service*" we know are terms familiar to the language of our Feudal Law. No ideas are more impressed on the mind of our Poet than those that have reference to the Law. In the following passages *suit* and *service* are again united: *Mer. of Ven.* II, ii, 153–156; *Love's Lab.* L. V, ii, 275, 276; *Fl. V.* ii, 849, 850. 'It is not necessary that we should agree with Whiter in order to admire his ingenuity. That his theory is incapable of downright proof must be confessed, and yet who can gainsay it? There is one rather striking instance of what he urges in regard to an association in Shakespeare's mind between *weeds* and *suits* in Lear, which strangely escaped Whiter's observation. Cordelia says to Kent: 'Be better *suited*; *These weeds* are memories of those worser hours; I prithee put them off.'—IV, vii, 6. Here 'weed' is used, as in many another place in these plays, for *garment* (it still survives in 'widow's weeds'), and it
Prouided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wife. . I must haue liberty
Wiithall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I pleasure, for fo fooles haue:
And they that are most gauld with my folly,
They most must laugh : And why sir must they so?
The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:
Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seeme fenfelesse of the bob. If not,
[Doth very foolishly, &c., if not.]

the passage thus: 'He, that a fool doth very wisely hit, Doth, very foolishly although he smart, Seem senseless of the bob; if not,' &c. That is, a wise man, whose failings should chance to be well rallied by a simple, unmeaning jester, even though he should be weak enough really to be hurt by so foolish an attack, appears always insensible of the stroke. When the line is smooth it will not be necessary for us to disturb the text on the authority of our fingers. As the poet did not write with such a process, so he ought not to be tried by such a test. CALDECOTT: Olivia in Twelfth Night has much this sentiment: 'To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets; there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail.'—I, v, 100. COLLIER (Notes, &c., p. 131): Theobald was nearly right, though not entirely so, for the better correction in the Fol. 1632 is 'But to seem,' &c. WHITE (ed. i): The text of Collier's (MS) better suits the style of Shakespeare’s time. DYCIE (ed. i) I cannot agree with Singer (SA. Vind. p. 40) that 'Whiter explains the old text satisfactorily, and neither [Theobald’s nor Collier’s] addition is absolutely necessary.’ Whiter’s explanation of the old text here was a little too much even for Caldecott and Knight. KIGHTLEY (Expositor, p. 158): We have the very same omission [as Theobald’s not so] in ‘Yet if it be your wills not to forgive The sin I have committed, let it not fail,’ &c.—Philaster, II, iv, where none of the editors have perceived the loss. [Nor would have accepted ‘the loss’ had it been offered to them. Kightley’s emendation here in Philaster is, I think, utterly wrong.—Ed.] INGLEBY (SA. Hermeneutics, p. 81) disapproves of Theobald’s emendation, and thus attempts the vindication of the original text: Why does a fool do wisely in hitting a wise man? Because, through the vantage of his folly, he puts the wise man ‘in a strait betwixt two, to put up with the smart of the bob, without dissembling, and the consequent awkwardness of having to do so—which makes him feel foolish enough—or to put up with the smart, and dissemble it, which entails the secondary awkwardness of the dissimulation, which makes him feel still more foolish. Taking the former alternative, i.e. ‘If not’ (If he do not’) his ‘folly is anatomized even by the squandering glances of the fool’; taking the latter alternative, he makes a fool of himself in the eyes of almost everybody else. So the fool gets the advantage both ways. . . . Observing that [line 58] is too short, we think it probable that the words he do originally formed part of it. Be that as it may, ‘If not’ must mean ‘If he do not.’ Perhaps ‘very foolishly’ should be in a parenthesis; and ‘very wisely’ might be so also. WRIGHT thus replies to Ingleby: In the first place, it is not said that the fool doth wisely in hitting a wise man: but if he hits him wisely, the blow on the part of the fool being struck at random, a squandering glance, without any wisdom of intention, the wise man will do well to observe a certain line of conduct. Again, Dr Ingleby’s explanation would seem to require ‘because he smarts’ instead of ‘although he smarted,’ as shewing how it is that the wise man’s dissimulation is foolish or awkward. If the wise man in his dissimulation very foolishly or awkwardly attempts to seem insensible to the jesting of the fool, his folly is anatomised or exposed as much as it possibly could be, and the contrast implied in the ‘If not’ of the next sentence has no point. ‘If not,’ that is, if he do not what is suggested, the wise man’s folly is anatomised’ or laid bare even by the extravagant and random sallies of the fool. The preceding sentence shows how this is to be avoided, which is by seeming insensible to the jest and laughing it off; for otherwise, if the wise man shows that he feels the sting, or even foolishly and awkwardly disguises his feeling, which is the only meaning of which the original text seems capable,
The Wife-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Euen by the squandering glances of the foole.
Inueft me in my motley: Giue me leaue
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foole bodie of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.


Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

50. Wife-mans wise mans Rowe et seq. 60. the foot] a fool F.F., Rowe. 61. my] the F.F., Rowe. 62. and through] Om. F.F.+

his folly is equally exposed. Jaques gives this as the explanation of what he said in line 53: 'And they that are most galled with my folly, They most must laugh.' The reading of the Folio is not an explanation, but a repetition. [In Shakespeare the Man, ed., p. 140, Ingleby replied to Wright and 'restated' his own argument, but with no essential addition. It seems to me that the original text is capable of being thus paraphrased: He who is hit the hardest by me must laugh the hardest, and that he must do so is plain; because if he is a wise man he must seem perfectly insensible to the hit; no matter how much he smarts, he must still seem foolishly senseless of the bob by laughing it off. Unless he does this, viz.: show his insensibility by laughing it off, any chance hit of the fool will expose every nerve and fibre of his folly. See Dr Johnson's paraphrase below. I really do not see any need of changing the text. —Ed.]

58. bob] Dyce: A taunt, a scoff. 'A bob, sanna,' Coles's Lat. and Eng. Dict. Wright: Cotgrave: 'Taloche: A bob, or a rap over the fingers ends closed together.'

58. If not] Johnson: Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power; and the wise man will have his folly 'anatomized,' that is, dissected and laid open, by the 'squandering glances' or random shots of a fool.

60. squandering] See the citations in proof that to 'squander' means to scatter in Mer. of Ven. I, iii, 22: 'Other ventures he hath squandered abroad.'

66. Counter] Stevens: Dr Farmer observes to me that about the time when this play was written the French 'counters' (i.e. pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning) were brought into use in England. They are mentioned in Tro. & Cress. II, ii, 28: 'Will you with counters sum The vast proportion of his infinite?' Knight: The wager proposed by Jaques was not a very heavy one. Jettons or counters, which are small and very thin, are generally of copper or brass, but occasionally of silver, or even of gold; they were commonly used for purposes of calculation in abbey and other places, where the revenues were complex and of difficult adjustment. From their being found among the ruins of English abbeys they are usually termed abbey-counters. They have been principally coined abroad, particularly at Nuremberg, though some few have been struck in England since the reign of Henry VIII. The most ancient bear on both sides crosses, pellets, and globes; the more modern have portraits and dates and heraldic arms on the reverse. The legends are at times religious, and at others Gardes vous de mecompter, and the like.
AS YOU LIKE IT

Du. Sen. Most mischievous foule fin, in chiding fin:
For thou thy selfe haft bene a Libertine,
As fenual as the brutish finging it selfe,
And all th'imboffed fores, and headed euils,

67. chiding fin] F, F2
68. bene] ben F, F2
69. brutish] brutish F, F2
70. imboffed] embossed Pope.

67, &c. Moherly: You would do foul sin in chiding others; for your former proflligacy would make you corrupt the world, not amend it, by your experience. To converts like you silence is more suitable than the part of a moral and social reformer. Allen (MS): Jaques understands the sin, which the Duke predicts he will commit, to be false-witness, or calumnious satire, in that he will disgorge upon the world charges ('chidings') of their being guilty of such sins as he had himself committed.

69. brutish sting] Johnson: Though 'brutish sting' is capable of a sense not inconvenient in this passage, yet as it is a harsh and unusual mode of speech, I should read the 'brutish sty.' Steevens: Compare Oth, I, iii, 361: 'our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts.' Wright: The impulse of the animal nature.

70. imboffed] Dyce: A hunting term, properly applied to a deer when foaming at the mouth from fatigue. Also, swollen, protuberant. Furnivall (Notes & Q. 4th S. vol. xi, 507) shows that the two meanings, scarcely sufficiently distinguished by Dyce, are due to two different derivatives: 'The oldest is a term in hunting from Old French, and, therefore, almost certain to involve some 'conceit' or fanciful allusion. When the deer foams at the mouth from fatigue, is covered with bubbles there, he is accordingly said to be 'emboffed.' Cotgrave's "Emboaster: To swell, or arise in bunches, hulches, knobs; to grow knottie or knurrie." So in Taw. Sbr. I, i, 17, the "poor cur" Merriman is 'emboast' or foams at the mouth, and is ill. So again, of Antony foaming with rage against her, Cleopatra says (IV, xiii, 2) 'the boar of Thessaly was never so embossed'; never so foamed with rage. The other 'emboast' is from the Old French "emboaster, emboiter, enchaster une chose dans une autre. Ducange, s. v. imboaster."—Hipp. This is Cotgrave's "Emboister: To inbox, inclose, insert, fasten, put, or shut up, as within a box," and is Shakespeare's word in All's Well, III, vi, "we have almost embossed him" (emboist him), as is clear from the next speech: "First Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him."' [Is not 'case,' by the way, in this last speech the ordinary hunting and culinary term, meaning to skint? The distinction, however, between these two meanings, which have caused much discussion, was first, I think, here pointed out by Furnivall, and has been fully confirmed.] Skeat, s. v. 'Embosst (1), to adorn with bosses or raised work (French). . . . Lat. im -- in; and Old French baste, a boss. Emboss (2), to enclose or shelter in a wood (French). . . . Old French, embosser, to shroud in a wood. . . . Lat. im -- in; and Old French, bosc or bosque, only used in the diminutive form bosquet, a little wood.'

70. eulls] Walker (Crit. iii, 61): An old use of 'evil,' still extant in 'king's evil.' [In quoting this line Walker gives it 'beaded evils.' Lettsom, in a foot-note, says: 'I follow Walker's manuscript, though, from his silence, beaded may be a slip of his pen or memory. I suspect it to be the genuine word, though I believe all editions have 'beaded.'" It is certainly a good emendation, and follows out the meaning of 'embossed' even more completely than, probably, Lettsom was aware of.—Ed.]
That thou with licence of free foot haft caught,
Would'ft thou disgorge into the generall world.

Iaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any priuate party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wareie very meane do ebb.

71. with license] The definite article is absorbed in the th of 'with.'—Ed.

73. Walker (Crit. iii, 61) would arrange the lines: 'Why, who cries out on pride, that can therein Tax any private party?' and begin a new line, 'Doth it not,' &c. [But all such arrangements are merely scansion for the eye, and could not possibly be indicated on the stage.—Ed.] Keightley (Expositor, p. 158): There is something wanting here; for in this play the speeches never begin with a short line. It is evident also that it is one kind of pride, that of dress, that is spoken of. I therefore read without hesitation pride of bravery.'

73. &c. Moberly: Chide as I will, why should I offend them? Who can say I mean him? Jaques appears either wilfully or through shallowness to miss the deep wisdom of the Duke's saying and the whole character of his admonition. The Duke had not said that Jaques would offend people, but that he would corrupt them.

76. 78. Till that . . . When that] See I, iii, 44.

76. wareie very] Whiter (p. 24): The original text is certainly right. The sense is, 'Till that the very means being weary do ebb.' Caldecott explains 'wareie' by exhausted. Singer (Notes & Qu. vol. vi, p. 584, Dec. '52): It is quite obvious we should read the wareier's very means. The whole context shows this to be the poet's word, relating as it does to the extravagant cost of finery bestowed by the pride of the wearers on unworthy shoulders, 'until their very means do ebb.' Collier (ed. i): A clear sense can be made out of the passage as it stands in the old text, and we therefore reprint it; but the compositor may have misread wareie for wearin, and transposed very; and if we consider Jaques to be railing against pride and excess of apparel, the meaning may be that the very wearing means, or means of wearing fine clothes, 'do ebb.' Halliwell: The meaning [of the original text] is, does not pride flow as stupendously as the sea, until that its very means, being weary or exhausted, do ebb. The original text is perfectly intelligible, and similar transpositions of adjectives are met with in other places. It may be observed, however, that Rosalind, in the Fourth Act, terms herself your very, very Rosalind.' Collier (ed. ii): Our reading is that of the (MS), 'the very means of wear' being the money spent upon the apparel of pride to which Jaques is referring. Stauton: The reading of the old text is not very clear; neither are the emendations of it which have been adopted or proposed. . . . The disputed words should, perhaps, be printed with a hyphen, weary-very or very-weary. Dyce (ed. i): Though I believe the line to be corrupted, I follow the old copy, because none of the changes which have been proposed are quite satisfactory. [Herein Dyce takes me completely with him.—Ed.]
What woman in the Citie do I name,  
When that I say the City woman beares  
The cost of Princes on vnworthy shoulde  
Who can come in, and say that I meane her,  
When such a one as thee, such is her neighbor?  
Or what is he of baseft function,  
That fayes his brauerie is not on my cost,  
Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites  
His folly to the mettle of my speech,  
There then, how then, what then, let me fee wherein  
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd him selfe: if he be free,  
why then my taxing like a wild-goofe flies  
Vnclaim'd of any. man But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.

78. City woman] city-woman Pope.  
83. on my] of my Cam. (misprint?)  
Glo. Cla. Wh. ii.  
85. [speech.] speech. Pope. speech?  
Theob.  
86. There then] Where then Mal.  
conj. }  
There...what then] Ff, Rowe+.  
There then: How, what then? Cap.  
Theob. et seq.

DYCK (ed. ii): I adopt Singer's correction as being, at least, not so violent as the other proposed readings. ... Mr Lettsom queries, 'Till that your bravery bring your means to ebb.' DYCK (ed. iii) silently returns to the original text.

76. meanes.] In Notes & Qu. 5th Ser. vol. v, p. 143, S. T. P. proposes to substitute mains, i.e. main flood, or spring tide.' On p. 345 of the same volume, J. L. Walker suggests 'mears, i.e. boundaries or limits.'

82. function] MOBERLY: Suppose I say that mean fellows should not be smart, and suppose any such person, the lowest of the low, tells me he does not dress at my expense, he only proves that the cap fits.

86. Walker (Ver. 116) among instances of the shifting accent of wherein, whereof, &c. cites this line, but reads 'Thus then' for 'There then.' DYCK (ed. iii) says Lettsom conjectures 'Where [sic Malone—Ed.] then? how then? what then? let's see wherein.' [The line is inflexibly, and I believe intentionally, trochaic.—ED.]

88. free] Dyce: Free from vicious taint, guiltless. As in 'Make mad the guilty and appal the free.'—Ham. II, ii, 590.

90. any, man But] Another trifling variation in different copies of the First Folio. The Reprint of 1807, Staunton's Photo-lithograph, and my copy place the period after 'any.' Booth's Reprint, and the copy used by the Cambridge Editors, place it after 'man.'—Ed.
Iaq. Why I haue eate none yet.

Orl. Nor halt not, till necessities be seru’d.

Iaq. Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden’d man by thy distresse?

Orl. You touch’d my veine at first, the thorny point

Of bare distress, hath tane from me the shew

Of smooth ciuility: yet am I in land bred,

And know some nourture: But forbear, I say,


96. bolden’d] Richardson, Dict. s. v., gives bold in the sense of audacious, impudent, as well as in a good sense of fearless, &c. There seems to be here this worse meaning of ‘bolden’d,’ making it parallel with ‘a rude despiser of good manners’ in the next line. Allen (MS) suggests this.—Ed.

97. else] Wright: Redundant here, as in R. of L. 875: ‘Or kills his life or else his quality.’

98. ciuility] Wright: Politeness in a higher sense than it is used at present. See III, ii, 127, and Mer. of Ven. II, ii, 204: ‘Use all the observance of civility.’

100. tane] Johnson: We might read tane with more elegance, but elegance alone will not justify alteration.

101. in-land] Holt White: The opposite to outland or upland. Orlando means to say that he had not been bred among clowns. Caldecott: Uplandish in our early writers and dictionaries is interpreted ‘unbred, rude, rusticall, clownish’; ‘because,’ says Minshew, ‘the people that dwell among mountains are severed from the civilisie of cities,’ 1617. See III, ii, 334.

102. nourture] Steevens: That is, education, breeding, manners. ‘It is a point of nourture, or good manners, to salute them you meete. Urbanitas est salutare obvia.’—Baret’s Alverarie, 1580. Wright: See Saladyne’s Complaint in Lodge’s Novel: ‘the faults of thy youth... not onely discovering little nourture, but blemishing the excellence of nature.’
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I, and my affairs are answered.

"And you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must dye."

"What would you have?"
Your gentleness shall force, more then your force
Moue us to gentlenesse.

"I almost die for food, and let me haue it."

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103. fruite] It seems superfluous, if not worse, to call attention to Shakespeare's accuracy even in the most trivial details. Meat or food would have suited the rhythm here, but 'fruit' recalls the 'banquet' which was now before the Duke. Of course, a little further on, when Orlando says he dies for 'food,' he had to use that word then; it would have been laughable to say he died for fruit.—Ed.

104. 105. answered ... answer'd] Abbott, § 474, refers to this as an instance where -ed is sonant and mute, even in words in close proximity. It is certainly thus printed in the Folio, as we see; but I doubt if it be the better way. The scansion of these lines is not easy, and the majority of modern editors, following Capell's lead, have evaded the difficulty by printing lines 105 and 106 as prose, which I cannot but think is wrong. The whole scene is in rhythm, and one solitary prose sentence, thus breaking in, is as certainly discordant as it is suspicious. Pope and his followers down to Capell divided the lines, and printed, thus: 'If you will not be answered with reason I must dye,' which is certainly better than prose, and it makes -ed sonant in both examples of 'answered,' but the division of the lines at 'not' is objectionable. Why Capell printed as prose I cannot see; he certainly, in his Notes, approves of Pope's division, that is, if I can understand his ragged English. I prefer the arrangement as we have it here, merely changing 'answer'd' to answered, in order to avoid throwing the iuctus on the last syllable of 'reason;' to accent the last syllable of 'reason' weakens the force of what, I am afraid, Jaques intended for a pun.—Ed.

105. reason] STAUPTON: We should, possibly, read reasons. Here, as in other places, Shakespeare evidently indulged in the perennial pun on reasons and raisins.

108. 109. gentlenesse ... force ... force ... gentleness] Moberly calls attention to what he considers the chiasm here. I think this can hardly be called a perfect chiasm, wherein something more is needed than a mere criss-cross position of the terms; to speak arithmetically, the extremes, as well as the means, should be related. For instance, 'warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer;' (Mer. of Ven. III, iii, 57) is a complete chiasm. There appears to be no such relation here.

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110. and] ABBOTT, § 100: I pray you may perhaps be understood after this word, implied in the imperative 'let.' DYCEx ed. iii): Probably (as Mr. Lettsom remarks), an error caused by 'and' occurring twice in the next line: qv. so? WRIGHT: For this use of 'and' in the sense of 'and so' or 'and therefore,' see below, line 142, and Temp. I, ii, 186: 'Tis a good dulness, And give it way.'
Du. Sen.  Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table
Orl.  Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin fauage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of sterne command'ment.  But what ere you are
That in this desert inaccesible,
Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes,
Loofe, and neglecf the creeping hours of time:
If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:
If euer bcene where bels haue knoell'd to Church:
If euer fate at any good mans feast:
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blu fh, and hide my Sword.

Du. Sen. True is it, that we haue seene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And fat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore fit you downe in gentlenesse,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wantyng may be miniftred.

Orl. Then but forbear ye your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And glie it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary stappe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be first succf'd,
Opprest with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

_Duke Sen._ Go finde him out.

And we will nothing wafte till you retorne.

_Orl._ I thanke ye, and be bleeft for your good comfort.

_Du Sen._ Thi seft, we are not all alone vnhappie:

This wide and vniuerfall Theater

Presents more wofull Pageants then the Scane

Wherein we play in.

_Ia._ All the world's a stage,

_142. Exit. Rowe et seq._

Scene IX. Pope +.

_146. Wherein...in] Wherein we play_

Rowe, Pope, Han. Which we do play in Cap. conj.

eraly indicates effect, is made to express cause. Heywood, _Silver Age_, Lamb's _Specimens_, vol. ii, p. 229 (Ceres is threatening the earth), 'With idle aques I'll consume thy swains; . . . . The rotten showers Shall drown thy seed.' Shakespeare, _Sonnet_ xiii, 'the stormy gusts of winter's day, And barren rage of death's eternal cold.' Beau. & Fl., _Mad Lover_, III, iv: 'Live till the mothers find you. . . . And sow their barren curses on your beauty.' Spenser, _Faerie Queene_, Bk. vi, C. xi, St. xvii (speaking of dogs), 'striving each to get The greatest portion of the greedie prey.' Walker professed to give merely a few instances in other poets; in Shakespeare are num-
berless examples. See 'fair state,' _Ham._ III, i, 152; and instances there cited.—_Ed._

_145. Wherein . . . in] STEEVENS: I believe we should read with Pope, and add a word at the beginning of the next speech, to complete the measure, viz.: Why, all the worlds, &c._ MAGINN (p. 72): _Qy: Wherein we play on, i. e. continue to play._ [See line 95 above.]

_147. stage] STEEVENS: This observation occurs in one of the Fragments [No. X] of Petronius: 'Non duco contentiones funem, dum constet inter nos, quod fere _tutus mundus exercet histrioniun._' MALONE: This observation had been made in an English drama before the time of Shakespeare. See _Damon & Pythias_ [1571, p. 31, ed. Hazlitt]: 'Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage, Whereon many play their parts.' In _The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice_, 1597, we find these lines: 'Unhappy man Whose life a sad continual tragedie, Himself the actor, in the world, the stage, While as the acts are measur'd by his age.' DOUCE (i, 299): Petronius had not been translated in Shakespeare's time. . . . In Wither's _Short Dictionarie in Latine and English_, 1599, is the following passage: 'This life is a certain interlude or plaie. The world is a stage full of chang everie way, everie man is a plaier.' Also in Pettie's translation of Guazzo's _Civile conversation_, 1586, one of the parties introduces the saying of some philosopher 'that this world was a stage, we the players which present the comedie.' See also _Mer. of Ven._ I, i, 78: 'I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano; A stage where every man must play a part.' [One cannot but wonder after reading such notes as these by Steevens, Malone, and Douce, not to mention modern editors who have followed them in all seriousness, that it never seems to have occurred to these editors to ask themselves what is the legitimate inference to be drawn from their adducing such citations, and whether they are not hereby virtually claiming for such authors as Petronius, or Edwardes, or for Guazzo (almost the barrenest and jejuneest of writers), a fund of originality which they deny to William
And all the men and women, meerely Players; 148
They haue their Exits and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being feuen ages. At first the Infant,


Shakespeare.—Ed.] KNIGHT: It is scarcely necessary to inquire whether Shakespeare found the idea in the Greek epigram: Σκεπὴ πάς ὁ βίος, καὶ παῖζον. ἡ μάθε παῖζεν, Τὸν συνον μεταβείς, ἡ φέρε τὰς δόνας.—[Palladas, in Anthologia Graeca, X. Protreptika, No. 72. The idea had almost passed into a proverb. Halliwell says that the comparison of life to the stage 'is of constant occurrence in English writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.' It is therefore needless to shed any more Christian ink in compiling what would be merely a bibliography of the phrase, and of no particle of use in the illustration of Shakespeare. One other solitary reference it is worth while to note. In that same collection of items which Oldys had gathered for a life of Shakespeare from which we get the anecdote about old Adam, see line 176 of this Scene, there is another extract, given by Steevens (Var. '21, vol. i, p. 467), as follows: 'Vernes by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre—Totus mundus agit histrionem.'

Jonson.—"If, but stage actors, all the world displays,
"Where shall we find spectators of their plays?"
Shakespeare.—"Little, or much, of what we see, we do;
"We are all both actors and spectators too."

Poetical Characteristics, 8vo, MS, vol. i, some time in the Harleian Library; which volume was returned to its owner.'—Ed.

148. meerely] That is, absolutely, purely.

151. His Acts being seuen ages] STEEVENS: Dr Warburton observes that this was 'no unusual division of a play before our author's time'; but forbears to offer any one example in support of his assertion. I have carefully perused almost every dramatic piece antecedent to Shakespeare, or contemporary with him; but so far from being divided into acts, they are almost all printed in an unbroken continuity of scenes. I should add, that there is one play of six acts to be met with, and another of twenty-one; but the second of these is a translation from the Spanish, and never could have been designed for the stage. In God's Promises, 1577, A Tragedie or Enterlude (or rather a Mystery), by John Bale, seven acts may indeed be found. It should, however, be observed, that the intervals in the Greek Tragedy are known to have varied from three acts to seven. MALONE: One of Chapman's plays, Two Wise Men and All the Rest Fools, is in seven acts. This, however, is the only dramatic piece that I have found so divided. But surely it is not necessary to suppose that our author alluded here to any such precise division of the drama. His comparisons seldom run on four feet. It was sufficient for him that a play was distributed into several acts, and that human life long before his time had been divided into seven periods. In The Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is said to have divided the lifetime of man into seven ages; over each of which, one of the seven planets was supposed to rule: 'The first age is called Infancy, containing the space of four yeares. The second age continueth ten yeares until he attaine to the age of fourtie; this age is called Childhood. The third age
His Acts being seven ages.] consisteth of eight years, being named by our ancients Adolescencie or Youthhood; and it lasteth from fourteeene till two and twenty years be fully compleate. The fourth age paceth on, till a man have accomplished two and forty years, and is termed Young Manhood. The fift age, named Mature Manhood, hath (according to the said author) fifteen years of continuance, and therefore makes his progress so far as six and fifty years. Afterwards, in adding twelve to fifty-six, you shall make up sixty-eight years, which reach to the end of the sixt age, and is called Old Age. The seventhe and last of these seven ages is limited from sixty-eight years, so far as four-score and eight, being called weak, declining, and Decreptile Age. If any man chance to goe beyond this age (which is more admired than noted in many), you shall evidently perceive that he will returne to his first condition of Infancy againe.

Hippocrates likewise divided the life of man into seven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Sir Thomas Brown's Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors, 1686, p. 173 [Book IV, chap. xii: 'Of the great climacterical year']. So also in The Diamant of Devotion, Cut and Squared into Six Several Points, by Abraham Fleming, 1586, Part I: 'Wee are not placed in this world as continuers; for the scripture saith that we have no abiding citie heerely, but as travellers and sojourners, whose custome it is to take up a new inne, and to change their lodging, sometimes here, sometimes there, during the time of their travell. Heere we walke like players upon a stage, one representing the person of a king, another of a lorde, the third of a plowman, the fourth of an artificer, and so forth, as the course and order of the enterlude requireth; everie acte whereof being plaide, there is no more to doe, but open the gates and dismiss the assemblie. Even so farthe it with us; for what other thing is the compasse of this world, beautified with variety of creatures, reasonable and unreasonable, but an ample and large theatre, wherein all things are appointed to play their pageants, which when they have done, they die, and their glorie ceaseth.'

Henley: I have seen, more than once, an old print, entitled, 'The Stage of Man's Life,' divided into seven ages. As emblematical representations of this sort were formerly stuck up, both for ornament and instruction, in the generality of houses, it is more probable that Shakespeare took his hint from thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus. Hunter (i, 341): The merit of Shakespeare is not that he invented this distribution, but that he has exhibited it more brilliantly, more impressively, than had ever been done before. The beauty and tenderness of the thought that life is a kind of drama with intermingling scenes of joy and sorrow, together with the justness of the sentiment, would have kept this forever in the public view: but the multitude would probably by this time have wholly lost sight of the distribution of life into periods, if it had not been embalmed in these never-to-be-forgotten lines. If it be asked how Shakespeare became acquainted with this distribution of human life, since he certainly did not read Proclus or Hippocrates, nor yet Prudentius or Isidore, it might be sufficient to answer that the notion floated in society, that it was part of the traditionary inheritance of all, which was no doubt the case. But if a printed authority likely to have met his eye is wanted [reference is here made by Hunter to Primaudaye's French Academy, 1598, and to another contemporary with Shakespeare, Sir John Ferne,' and the distribution in each case is given; but as these 'distributions,' and all others which are not the same as Shakespeare's, are pure surplusage here and now, I have not repeated them. Malone's note is given in full because the substance of it has been so often repeated by subsequent editors]. Grant White (Shakespeare's Scholar, p. 247) gives an extract from Eras-
[His acts being seven ages.]

mus's Praise of Folly, Englished by Sir Thomas Chaloner, 1549, sig. E, iii, in which 'this life of mortall man' is likened to 'a certain kynde of stage plate' in which sometimes one man comes in two or three times with sundry partes.' [This same passage was afterwards re-discovered by 'G. W. T.' in Notes & Queries, 1856, 2d Ser. ii. 44; again in the same volume, p. 207, J. Doran adduced a similar allusion in Calderon.] Halliwell cites a poem 'clepid the sev'ne ages' in the Thornton MS of the fifteenth century in Lincoln Cathedral; also Arnold's Chronicle [ed. 1811, p. 157, Wright]; also a lithographic reproduction of 'the Arundel MS, 83,' 'a highly interesting example executed in England in the early part of the fourteenth century, in which the various stages of life are depicted with an artistic merit reflecting great credit on the ancient delineator.' He also reproduces a wood-cut from the Orbis Sensualium Pictus, 1689, p. 45, in which the figures are placed on no less than eleven steps. Staunton refers to 'some Greek verses attributed to Solon,' 'introduced by Philo Judaeus into his Liber de Munro ophiaca'; also to an Italian engraving of the sixteenth century, by Christopher Bertello, where the school-boy is carrying his books, the lover bears a branch of myrtle, and at his feet is a young Cupid, the soldier is 'bearded like the pard,' the justice has an aspect of grave serenity, the sixth age is a senile pensive age in a long furred robe, slippered, and with spectacles on nose, the last scene of all exhibits the man of eighty, blind and helpless. Staunton also refers to two elaborate articles, one in the Archaeologia, vol. xxvii; and the other in The Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1853; and also to a Monumental Brass dated 1487 in the Hospital S. Marie, Ypres, in Belgium. Wright refers to 'an interesting paper by Mr Winter Jones which he published in the Archæologia, xxxv, 167-189, on a block print of the fifteenth century,' wherein a 'good deal of the literature of this subject has been collected'; also in the Mishnas (Aboth, v. 24) fourteen periods are given, and a poem upon the ten stages of life was written by the great Jewish commentator, Ibn Ezra. The Midrash on Eclesiastes, i. 2, goes back to the seven divisions. The Jewish literature is very fully given by Law in his Treatise Die Lebemalter in der jüdischen Literatur, and finally Wright refers to 'the pavement of the Cathedral of Siena, of which a description is given by Professor Sidney Colvin in The Fortnightly Review, July, 1875, pp. 53, 54.' C. Elliot Brown in Notes & Queries, 5th Ser. vol. v. p. 143, refers to Vaughan's Directions for Health, 1602, and Done's Polydor, 'probably published early in the seventeenth century.' [If a picture were in Shakespeare's mind, as Henley suggests, and which seems more likely than not, we can understand why the number of ages was seven. There were three steps of ascent, the soldier stood on the summit, and then followed three steps of descent. Five steps would have been too few, and nine would have been too many.—Ed.]

151. At] Walker (Crit. i. 129) conjectured that this should be at, and included it among the instances of as used in the sense of to wit. He was, however, anticipated by Capell. I think the emendation is extremely probable.—Ed.

151, &c. I have found it wellnigh impossible so to divide many of these lines that the eye may be guided to the rhythm. It is noteworthy that with the exception of the school-boy all the ages begin in the latter half of a line, an indication of the long pause which should precede; so long, that each of these half lines might not improperly form a line by itself, thus beginning a new paragraph. But this gives no help rhythmically to the lines that follow, which, in some cases, if the lines are to be considered pentameters, remain unalterably trochaic. Indeed, I am not sure that it would not be the simpler way to regard the whole of this speech as metric prose,
ACT II, SC. VII.]  

AS YOU LIKE IT  

Mewling, and puking in the Nurset's armes:  
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell  
And shining morning face, creeping like snailie  
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,  
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad  
Made to his Miftresse ey-brow. Then, a Soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,

153. Then] And then Rowe ii +, Cap.  
157. a Soldier] the soldier Dyce iii, Steev. Ktly, Dyce iii, Wh. ii.

exquisitely metric prose; until, toward the close, in harmony with the thought, it  
glides into the solemn cadence that ends this strange eventful history.—Ed.

154. like snailie] Abbott, § 83: A is still omitted by us in adverbial compounda,  
such as 'snail-like', 'clerk-like,' &c. Then it was omitted as being unnecessarily  
emphatic in such expressions as: 'creeping like snail,' 'sighing like furnace.' 'Like  
snail' is an adverb in process of formation. It is intermediate between 'like a snail'  
and 'snail-like.'

156. Furnace] Malone: So in Gymb. I, vi, 64: 'a Frenchman . . . . that, it  
seems, much loves A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces The thick sighs from him.'

157. a Soldier] Dyce (ed. iii): The Folio has 'a Soldier,' but compare elsewhere  
in the present speech; 'the infant,' 'the school-boy,' 'the lover,' 'the justice,' &c.  
This correction was suggested to me by Mr Robson. Hunter (i, 343): It is the  
great beauty of Shakespeare that he does not give us cold abstractions, but the living  
figures. The blood circulates through them; it may be quickly or sluggishly, but the  
life-blood is there. They are personations of the abstract idea, borrowed from what  
was the actual life of many Englishmen of the better class in his time, who went to  
the wars and returned to execute the duties and enjoy the quiet majesty of the  
country justice. A nice critic might, however, raise the question, how far it was proper  
thus to introduce the characters of Soldier and Justice, which are not common to all,  
with those accidents of life which belong to all conditions. It might be said that  
they are but spirited personations of the active and sedate periods of manhood, which  
are common to all; but the proper answer is, that Jaques was a courtier addressing  
courtiers, and he speaks, therefore, of human life as it appeared in one of their own  
class.

158. strange oaths . . . . bearded] To the following passage in Hen. V: III, vi,  
78 Malone refers in illustration of beards, and Wright in illustration of oaths :  
'And this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-  
tuned oats; and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp will  
do . . . . is wonderful to be thought on.' 'Our ancestors,' says Malone, 'were very  
curious in the fashion of their beards, and a certain cut or form was appropriated to  
the soldier, the bishop, the judge, the clown,' &c. He cites a ballad wherein a soldierv's  
beard is described as matching 'in figure like a spade,' but the date, 1660, is  
rather late to be trusted as a correct description of what is as fickle as fashion. Wright  
explains 'bearded like a pard' by 'long pointed mustaches, bristling like a panther's  
or leopard's feelers.' This, I think, is doubtful. The beard is not the mustaches, or,  
as Stubbes calls them, 'the mowchatowes,' showing by the very use of a specific term  
that a distinction was made in Shakespeare's day. Does not the present phrase refer
Iclous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin’d,

159. sodaine] HUNTER (i, 339): A semicolon is necessary here, that we may not
suppose the sense of ‘sudden’ to pass over to the next clause, so as to become ‘sud-
den in quarrel;’ while ‘sudden’ really stands absolutely. It is the same word which
we have in Mach. IV, iii, 59: ‘I grant him sudden,’ and it seems to be nearly equiva-
 lent to vehement, or violent, or hasty, or perhaps still more exactly prompt in executing
a resolve. And this suggests what is a new, but probably the true, sense of the clause
‘quick in quarrel,’ adroit in the duello, not merely quick and spirited in any dispute.
HALLIWELL, however, does not acknowledge this distinction, which is to me a good
one; he says: ‘Accepting “sudden” in the common sense of rash or precipitate, the
phrase “sudden and quick” may be considered as intentionally pleonastic.’

160. Reputation.] HUNTER (i, 340) prints this with quotation-marks, regarding it
as ‘a favorite word of soldiers, at which the cynical Jaques means to sneer, speaking
it as a quotation in a contemptuous manner. Thus Peacham: “then at their return
[as soldiers from the Netherlands], among their companions they must be styled by
the name of Captain, they must stand upon that airy title and mere nothing called
Reputation, undertake every quarrel,” &c.—Truth of our Times, p. 140. And so
in an admirable little work, entitled Vade Mecum, of which the third edition was
printed in 1638, “The French in a battle before Moncountrre, standing upon their
Reputation, not to dislodge by night, lost their reputation by dislodging by day.”
This is sufficient to show that there was a military and kind of technical use of the
word, such as might provoke a satirist; and in this sense it is that Jaques uses it,
meaning to deride it. Shakespeare has, in this play, still more pointed satire on the
affected punctilio of the military profession.’

162. In] DYCk (ed. iii): ‘Read,’ says Mr Lettsom, ‘His: and six lines below,
“in youthful hose.” I must confess that I think both these alterations unnecessary.
163. Capon lin’d] HALEs (p. 219): There is an allusion that has been missed in
the mention of the ‘capon,’ an allusion which adds to the bitterness of a sufficiently
bitter life-sketch. It was the custom to present magistrates with presents, especially,
it would seem, with capons, by way of securing their good will and favour. This fact
heightens the satire of Jaques’s portrait of an Elizabethan J. P. It gives force and
meaning to what seems vague and general. Wither, describing the Christmas season,
with its burning ‘blocks,’ its ‘pies,’ &c., goes on to sing how: ‘Now poor men to the
justices With capons make their errants; And if they hap to fail of these, They
plague them with their warrants.’ That is, the capon was a tribute fully expected
and as good as exacted; it was ‘understood’ it should be duly paid in. Singer cites
a member of the House of Commons as saying, in 1601: ‘A Justice of the Peace is a
living creature that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal
statutes.’ Other illustrations will be found in Davies’s Supplementary English Gloss-
ary. [Hales quotes from a letter received from the author of this Glossary, wherein
a sermon is mentioned], probably preached very early in the seventeenth century,
which speaks of judges that judge for reward and say with shame, ‘Bring you’ such
With eyes feuerè, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wife fawes, and moderne instances,
And so he playes his part. The first age shifts

as the country calls 'capon justices.' A further illustration of this morally dubious custom is to be found in Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts [IV, ii, where Mr Justice Greedy, under promise of a yoke of oxen from Wellborn, drives from his presence Tapwell, whose suit, under promise merely of a pair of turkeys, he had at first favoured.]

163. formall cut] That is, cut with due regard to his dignity. It is not to be imagined that the nice customs of beards escaped the stern Stubbes. He is particularly entertaining in his 'anatomie' of the barber shops: 'The barbers,' he says in his Anatomic of Abuses, 1583 (Part II, p. 59, New Sh. Soc. Reprint), 'have one maner of cut called the French cut, another the Spanish cut, one the Dutch cut, another the Italian, one the newe cut, another the old, one of the brauado fashion, another of the meane fashion. One a gentleman's cut, another the common cut, one cut of the court, an other of the country, with infinite the like vanities, which I ouerpasse. They have also other kinds of cuts innumerable; and therefore when you come to be trimmed, they will ask you whether you will be cut to looke terrible to your enimie or amiable to your freend, grime & sterne in countenance, or pleasant & demure (for they have divers kinds of cuts for all these purposes, or else they lie). Then, when they have done all their feats, it is a world to consider, how their mowchatowes must be preserved and laid out, from one cheke to another, yea, almost from one ear to another, and turned vp like two hornes towards the forehead.' Harrison, too, has his fling at the fashions of beards. On p. 172, ed. 1587, he says: 'Neither will I meddle with our varietie of beards, of which some are shaven from the chin like those of Turks, not a few cut short like to the beard of marques Otto, some made round like a rubbing brush, other with a pique de vont (O fine fashion!) or now and then suffered to grow long, the barbers being grown so cunning in this behalfe as the tailors. And therefore if a man have a lenne and streight face, a marquesse Ottons cut will make it broad and large; if it be platter like, a long slender beard will make it seeme the narrower; if he be wesell becket, then much heare left on the cheekes will make the owner looke big like a bowdled hen, and so grim as a goose, if Cornelia of Chelmersford saie true; manie old men doo weare no beards at all.'—Description of England, prefixed to Holinshed.

164. moderne] Steevens: That is, trite, common. So in IV, i, 7 of this play. Dyce: That is, trite, ordinary, common. ('Per modo tutto fuori del moderno' uso.'—Dante, Purg. xvi, 42, where Biagioli remarks, 'Moderno, s'usa qui in senso di ordinaria.') [It is not worth while to load the page with the various misunderstandings of this word, nor with the various passages wherein it occurs. It suffices to say that it is now understood to bear throughout the meaning of trite, trivial, commonplace. —Ed.]

164. instances] Schmidt (p. 456): The fundamental idea of this word in Shakespeare is 'proof, sign of the truth of anything,' and hence it can naturally mean 'a single example.' [Schmidt translates 'modern instances' by 'Allerwelts-Sentenzen.' In his Lexicon he gives as the meaning here: 'A sentence, a saw, a proverb, anything alleged to support one's own opinion.' There are few words in Shakespeare that are used with a greater variety of shades of meaning than this. Schmidt seems to be correct in his interpretation of it here.—Ed.]
Into the leane and flipper'd Pantaloone,
With spectacle on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hose well fau'd, a world too wide,
For his thrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,
Turning againe toward childish treble pipes,
And whistles in his found. Laft Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventfull historie,
Is second childishnese, and meere obliuion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taffe, sans evry thing.

166. Pantaloone] Capell (p. 60, a): Pantalon and his mates seem to have found their way into England about the year 1607; the conjecture is founded upon an extract from a play of that date intit'ld: Travels of Three English Brothers. [This extract is found in Capell’s School of Shakespeare, p. 66, wherein there is the following dialogue between Kempe and the ‘Hariaken’: ‘Kemp. Now Signior, how many are you in company? Hari. None but my wife and myselfe, sir. Kemp. . . . but the project come, and then to casting of the parts. Hari. Marry sir, first we will have an old Pantaloone. Kemp. Some jealous Coxeombe,’ &c.] Steevens refers to a curious ‘Plotte of the deade mans fortune’ (reprinted Var. 21, vol. iii, p. 356), wherein the ‘panteloun’ is one of the characters, and in one place we find: ‘to them the panteloun and pescoide with spectacle,’ which Steevens cites in illustration of the next line in the present passage, albeit as far as we can see ‘pescoide’ and not ‘panteloun’ may have worn the spectacle. The date of this ‘plotte’ is unknown, but it may be fairly assumed to be older than Capell’s Travels, &c. Malone, however, discovered in Nashe’s Pierce Penniless, &c. 1592 (p. 92, ed. Grosart) the assertion that ‘our scene is more stately furnish’d, . . . and not consisting like [the foreign scene] of a Pantaloon, a Curtizan, and a Zanie, but of Emperours,’ &c., from which it does not follow that the ‘Pantolou’ never appeared at all in our scene.’ Dyce: Il Pantalone means properly one of the regular characters in the old Italian comedy: ‘There are four standing characters that enter into every piece that comes on the stage, the Doctor, Harlequin, Pantalone, and Coviello. . . . Pantalone is generally an old cally,——Addison’s Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, &c. p. 101, ed. 1705. Halliwell: It is possible that the term may here be applied more generally. Howell, 1660, makes a pantaloone synonymous with a ‘Venetian magnifico.’ In Calot’s series of plates illustrating the Italian comedy one in which the ancient pantaloone is represented as wearing slippers. COWDEN-CLARKE: A comic character of the Italian stage (of Venetian origin, and taken typically of Venice, as Arlochino is of Bergamo, Policinello of Naples, Smertrillo of Florence, &c.), wearing slippers, spectacles, and a pouch, and invariably represented as old, lean, and gullible. Wright: Torriano in his Italian Dictionary, 1659, gives, ‘Pantalone, a Pantalone, a covetous and yet amorous old dotard, properly applied in Comedies unto a Venetian.’

170. treble pipes] treble, pipes Theob.

169. Hanke] shanks Han.

174. Sans] See line 34, above. Halliwell: The present line may have been
ACT II, SC. VII.] AS YOU LIKE IT

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du Sen. Welcome: yet down your venerable burthen, and let him feed.

175. Scene X. Pope+.

177. and... feed] Separate line, Rowe II et seq.

suggested by the following description of the appearance of the ghost of Admiral Coligny on the night after his murder at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which occurs in Garnier's poem, the Henriade, 1594: 'Sans pieds, sans mains, sans nez, sans oreilles, sans yeux, Meurtri de toutes parts.'

176. venerable burthen] Capell (p. 65, 8): A traditional story was current some years ago about Stratford, that a very old man of that place, of weak intellects, but yet related to Shakespeare, being asked by some of his neighbors what he remembered about him, answer'd, that he saw him once brought on the stage on another man's back; which answer was apply'd by the hearers to his having seen him perform in this scene the part of Adam. That he should have done so is made not unlikely by another constant tradition, that he was no extraordinary actor, and therefore took no parts upon him but such as this: for which he might also be peculiarly fitted by an accidental lameness, which, as he himself tells us twice in his Sonnets, befell him in some part of life; without saying how, or when, of what sort, or in what degree; but his expressions seem to indicate latterly. [It is well to mark the source of this monstrous idea that Shakespeare was lame, because, forsooth, in Sonnet 37 he says: 'So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,' and 'Speak of my lameness and I straight will halt' in Sonnet 89. Every now and then, in the revolving years, this idea is blazoned forth as new and original by some one who discovers the Sonnets—by reading them for the first time. Let the original folly rest with Capell: few of Shakespeare's editors can better afford to bear it. The story (which is a pleasant one, and one, I think, we should all like to believe) that Shakespeare acted the part of Adam, Steevens, also, found in 'the manuscript papers of the late Mr Oldys,' and thus tells it, Far. 1793, vol. i. p. 65:] Mr Oldys had covered several quires of paper with laborious collections for a regular life of our author. From these I have made the following extracts: 'One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatick entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brother's death as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors [exciting them—Steevens] to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them [Charles Hart. See Shakespeare's Will.—Steevens], this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But be, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having

9
Orl. I thanke you most for him.

Ad. So had you neede,

I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Dux Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,

As yet to question you about your fortunes:

Glue vs some Muficke, and good Cozen, fing.

Once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song. Malone discredits this story as far as the brother of Shakespeare is concerned, and, after a heartsome sneer at poor old Oldys, says: From Shakespeare's not taking notice of any of his brothers or sisters in his Will, except Joan Hart, I think it highly probable that they were all dead in 1616, except her, at least all those of the whole blood; though in the Register there is no entry of the burial of his brother Gilbert, antecedent to the death of Shakespeare, or at any subsequent period; but we know that he survived his brother Edmund. The truth is, that this account of our poet's having performed the part of an old man in one of his own comedies, came originally from Mr Thomas Jones of Tarbick, in Worcestershire, who related it from the information, not of one of Shakespeare's brothers, but of a relation of our poet, who lived to a good old age, and who had seen him act in his youth. Mr Jones's informer might have been Mr Richard Quince, who lived in London, and died at Stratford in 1656, at the age of 69; or of Mr Thomas Quince, our poet's son-in-law, who lived, I believe, till 1663, and was twenty-seven years old when his father-in-law died; or some one of the family of Hathaway. Mr Thomas Hathaway, I believe, Shakespeare's brother-in-law, died at Stratford in 1654-5, at the age of 85. —

Var. 1831, ii, 286. Halliwell-Phillipps (Outlines, p. 150, 5th ed.) gives the foregoing story of Oldys, and adds: This account contains several discrepancies, but there is reason for believing that it includes a glimmering of truth which is founded on an earlier tradition. Collier (Seven Lectures, &c. by Coleridge, 1856, p. xvi): I have a separate note of what Coleridge once said on the subject of the acting powers of Shakespeare, to which I can assign no date; it is in these words: 'It is my persuasion, indeed, my firm conviction, so firm that nothing can shake it—the rising of Shakespeare's spirit from the grave, modestly confessing his own deficiencies, could not alter my opinion—that Shakespeare, in the best sense of the word, was a very great actor; nothing can exceed the judgment he displays upon that subject. He may not have had the physical advantages of Burbage or Field; but they would never have become what they were without his most able and sagacious instructions; and what would either of them have been without Shakespeare's plays? Great dramaticists make great actors. But looking at him merely as a performer, I am certain that he was greater as Adam, in As You Like It, than Burbage as Hamlet or Richard the Third. Think of the scene between him and Orlando; and think again, that the actor of that part had to carry the author of that play in his arms! Think of having had Shakespeare in one's arms! It is worth having died two hundred years ago to have heard Shakespeare deliver a single line. He must have been a great actor.'

182. to question] That is, by questioning. So, too, I, i, 109; III, v, 66: 'Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer,' i.e. in being. See Abbott, § 356.
ACT II, SC. VII.]

AS YOU LIKE IT

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not so vnkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not serene,
although thy breath be rude.

186, 187. As four lines, Pope.
187. because...seene] Thou causest not
that seem Han.

186. vnkinde] Malone: That is, thy action is not so contrary to thy kind, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So in Ven. and Ad. 204: ‘O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind, She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.’

Dyce: That is, unnatural. Halliwell: But the ordinary meaning of the term makes here a good, perhaps, a finer, sense. Wright: This literal sense of the word [i.e. unnatural] appears to be the most prominent here.

187. seene] Warburton: This song is designed to suit the Duke’s exiled condition, who had been ruined by ungrateful flatterers. Now the ‘winter wind,’ the song says, is to be preferred to ‘man’s ingratitude.’ But why? Because it is not seen. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in secret, not seen, but was the very circumstance that made the keenness of the ingratitude of his faithless courtiers. Without doubt Shakespeare wrote the line thus: ‘Because thou art not seen, i.e. smiling, shining, like an ungrateful court-servant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reason for giving the ‘winter wind’ the preference. The Oxford editor [i.e. Hamner] who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occasion to alter the whole line thus: ‘Thou causest not that seen.’ But in his rage of correction [This, from Warburton.—Ed.] he forgot to leave the reason, which is now wanting. Why the winter wind was to be preferred to man’s ingratitude.

Johnson: Warburton’s emendation is enforced with more art than truth. That seen signifies shining is easily proved, but when or where did it signify smiling? For my part, I question whether the original line is not lost, and this substituted merely to fill up the measure and the rhyme. Yet even out of this line, by strong agitation, may sense be elicited, and sense not unsuitable to the occasion. ‘Thou winter wind,’ says the Duke [sic], ‘thy rudeness gives the less pain as thou art not seen, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult.’ Farmer: Perhaps it would be as well to read: ‘Because the heart’s not seen,’ y* harts, according to the ancient mode of writing, was easily corrupted. Edwards (p. 106): Shakespeare has equally forgotten, in the next stanza, to leave the reason, why the freezing sky is to be preferred to a forgetful friend; which, perhaps, may give a reasonable suspicion that the word ‘because’ in the first stanza may be corrupt. [In quoting this sentence Kenrick (p. 62) suggests that if ‘because’ is wrong, ‘Shakespeare must use the adverb or preposition disjunctive beside.’] Heath (p. 147): What the meaning of the common reading may be, it is extremely difficult to discover, which gives great ground for suspicion that it may be corrupt. Possibly it might be intended to be this: The impressions thou makest on us are not so cutting, because thou art an unseen agent, with whom we have not the least acquaintance or converse, and therefore have the less reason to repine at thy treatment of us. Kenrick (p. 65): The scoliasts seem to blunder in mistaking the sense of the word ‘keen,’ which they take to signify sharp, cutting, piercing; whereas
Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the green holly,
Most friendship, is sayning; most Loving, mere folly:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most olly.

Freize, freise, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh
as benefitts forgot:

Though thou the waters warpe, thy stinging is not so sharpe,
as freind remembered not.

Heigh ho, sing, &c.

193. As two lines, Pope et seq. 196. rememb'red] remembr'ing Han.

It only means eager, vehement; a sense equally common with the former. The poet here speaks only of a keenness of appetite; he does not mention actual biting till he comes to address a more proper and powerful agent. Besides, if 'keep' here means sharp, piercing, this line hath the same meaning as [line 195] where the poet is at the last stage of his climax. And I think he would hardly be guilty of such a piece of tautology, in the space of so few lines, or address the less severe and powerful agent exactly in the same manner as he does that which is more so. STEEVES: Compare Love's Lab. L. IV, iii, 105: 'Through the velvet leaves the wind, All unseen, can passage find.' MALONE: Again, in Meas. for Meas. III, i, 124: 'To be imprison'd in the viewless winds.' HARNESS: I never perceived any difficulty till it was pointed out by the commentators, but supposed the words to mean that the inclemency of the wind was not so severely felt as the ingratitude of man, because the foe is unseen, &c. unknown, and the sense of injury is not heightened by the recollection of any former kindness. STAUNTON: If change is imperative, one less violent [than Warburton's or Farmer's] will afford a meaning quite in harmony with the sentiment of the song; we might read, 'Because thou art unforeseen.' But the original text is, perhaps, susceptible of a different interpretation to that it has received. The poet certainly could not intend that the wintry blast was less cutting because invisible; he might mean, however, that the keenness of the wind's tooth was inherent, and not a quality developed (like the malice of a false friend) by the opportunity of inflicting a hurt unseen.

REV. JOHN HUNTER: I have not met with any satisfactory explanation of this line. If the text be accurate, I would venture to interpret as follows: 'It is not because thou art invisible, and canst do hurt in secret and with impunity, that thou bitest so keenly as thou dost.' Here I do not regard the expression 'so keen' as meaning 'so keen as the tooth of ingratitude.' 'It is highly probable that Harness speaks for us all, and that our first intimation of a difficulty comes from the commentators. Sufficing paraphrases are given, I think, by Dr. Johnson, Heath, and Harness.—Ed."

189. Heigh ho] WHIT: The manner in which this is said and sung by intelligent people makes it worth noticing that this is 'hay ho!' and not the 'heigh, ho!' (pronounced high, as of a sigh. It should be pronounced hay-ho.

189. holly] HALLIWELL: Songs of the holly were current long before the time of Shakespeare. It was the emblem of mirth.

195. warpe] KENRICK: The surface of such waters as is here meant, so long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas when they are frozen,
[Though thou the waters warpe] this surface deviates from its exact flatness, or warps. This is peculiarly remarkable in small ponds, the surface of which, when frozen, forms a regular concave, the ice on the sides rising higher than that in the middle. 

**JOHNSON:** To warp is to turn, and to turn is to change: when milk is changed by curdling, we say it is turned; when water is changed or turned by frost, Shakespeare says it is curdled. To be warp’d is only to be changed from its natural state. 

**STEEVENS:** Dr Farmer supposes warp’d to mean the same as curdled, and adds that a similar idea occurs in Coriol. V, iii, 66: —the icicle That’s curdled by the frost.’ 

**HOLT WHITE:** Among a collection of Saxon adages in Hickes’s Thesaurus, vol. i, p. 221, the succeeding appears: ‘winter scel gweorpan weder,’ winter shall warp water. [See Wright’s note, post.] So that Shakespeare’s expression was anciently proverbial. 

**WHITER:** ‘Warp’ signifies to contract, and is so used without any allusion to the precise physical process which takes place in that contraction. Cold and winter have been always described as contracting; heat and summer as dissolving or softening. The cold is said to ‘warp the waters’ when it contracts them into the solid substance of ice and suffers them no longer to continue in a liquid or flowing state. 

**NARES:** It appears that to ‘warp’ sometimes was used poetically in the sense of to weare, from the warp which is first prepared in weaving cloth. Hence [the present passage] may be explained, ‘though thou weave the waters into a firm texture.’ 

**CALDECOTT:** In III, iii, 80, Jaques says, ‘then one of you will prove a shrunken pannel; and, like green timber, warp, warp;’ and from the inequalities it makes in the surface of the earth the mold-warp (or mole) is so denominated. And see Golding’s Ovid, II [p. 22 verso, ed. 1567]: ‘Hir handes gan warpe and into pawes ylfauroldly to grow,’ ‘Curvarique manus et adunco crescere in ungues Corporunt.’ [It is proper to repeat the foregoing notes here, erroneous in the main though they be, because some of them, in whole or in part, are found in modern editions. But the note which supersedes all others, and which conclusively determines the meaning, is as follows:] 

**WRIGHT:** In the Anglo-Saxon wærban, or wyrfan, from which ‘warp’ is derived, there are the two ideas of throwing and turning. By the former of these it is connected with the German werfen, and by the latter with Anglo-Saxon hwærfan and Gothic wairban. The prominent idea of the English ‘warp’ is that of turning or changing, from which that of shrinking or contracting, as wood does, is derivative. So in Meas. for Meas. I, i, 15, Shakespeare uses it as equivalent to ‘swerve,’ to which it may be etymologically akin: ‘There is our commission From which we would not have you warp.’ Hence ‘warped,’ equivalent to distorted, in Lear, III, vi, 56: ‘And here’s another, whose warp’d looks proclaim What store her heart is made on.’ With which compare Wint. Tale, I, ii, 365: ‘This is strange: methinks My favour here begins to warp.’ And All’s Well, V, iii, 49: ‘Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me Which warp’d the line of every other favour.’ In the present passage Shakespeare seems to have had the same idea in his mind. The effect of the freezing wind is to change the aspect of the water, and we need not go so far as Whiter, who insists that ‘warp’ here means to contract, and so accurately describes the action of frost upon water. A fragment from a collection of gnomic sayings, preserved in Anglo-Saxon in the Exeter (MS), has been quoted by Holt White and repeated by subsequent commentators under the impression that it illustrates this passage. This impression is founded on a mistake. [White renders the fragment ‘winter shall warp water.’] But, unfortunately, ‘water’ is not mentioned, and the word so rendered is ‘weather,’ that is, ‘fair weather,’ and is moreover the subject of the following and not the object
Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,
As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,
Most truly lymn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:
Support him by the arme: give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand. 

Exeunt. 

198, 199. were arv Dyce conj. 205. masters F.

of the preceding verb. [In Caldecott's quotation from Golding's Ovid] the idea of bending or turning, and so distorting, is again the prominent one. We may, therefore, understand by the warping of the waters either the change produced in them by the action of the frost or the bending and ruffling of their surface caused by the wintry wind.

196. remembered not] CAPELL (p. 61): This is subject to great ambiguity in this place; as signifying who is not remember'd by his friend, as well as who has no remembrance of his friend; which was sometimes its signification of old, and is so here. MALONE: 'Remember'd' for remembering. So afterwards, III, v, 136: 'And now I am remembered,' i.e. 'and now that I bethink me.' WHITER replies to Malone: 'Certainly not. If ingratitude consists in one friend not remembering another, it surely must consist likewise in one friend not being remember'd by another. So in the former line, 'benefits forgot' by our friend, or our friend forgetting benefits, will prove him equally ungrateful.' MORELLY: As what an unremembered friend feels—comparatiary comparison.

199. whisper'd] By the use of this word we are artfully told that the Duke and Orlando had carried on a subdued conversation during the music. How old this practice is, and what vitality it has!—Ed.

200. effigies] A trisyllable, with the accent on the second syllable.

203. residue] By considering the unaccented i in the middle of this word as dropped, Abbott, § 467, thus scans: 'That of your father: the residue of your fortune.' [Again, I doubt.—Ed.]

205. Thou] Note the change of address to a servant.—Ed.
ACT III, SC. I.]

AS YOU LIKE IT

135

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.

Du. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wherefoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou doft call thine,
Worth feizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highness knew my heart in this:
I never lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores


Frederick Mal.
2. see] seen Coll. (MS) ii, iii, Sing.
Kly, Hud.

3. the better part] See, for similar omissions of prepositions, Abbott, § 202. Cf.
'all points,' I, iii, 123.
4. argument] JOHNSON: An argument is used for the contents of a book; thence
Shakespeare considered it as meaning the subject, and then used it for subject in yet
another sense. [Cf. I, ii, 278.]
5. thou present] ABOTT, § 381: The participle is sometimes implied in the case
of a simple word, such as 'being.'
11. seize] The usual legal term for taking possession. It is doubtful, however,
whether 'seizure' be used in a legal sense, although I am not sure that a nice legal
point might not be herein detected by a wild enthusiast for the still wilder theory
that Shakespeare was not the author of these plays. As there can be in strict law no
'seizure' until after 'forfeiture,' the forfeiture in the case before us is made alternative
upon Oliver's producing the body of Orlando, in which case a 'verbal seizure' will
hold. Clearly, therefore, it is this seizure in passe which is here intended, and not a
seizure which can follow only conviction and forfeiture; the term is thus used in its
strictest, choicest, legal sense, and approves the consummate legal knowledge of Ba——
I should say, Shakespeare.—ED.
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and Lands:
Do this expeditiously, and turne him going.  

Exeunt

18. extent] Lord Campbell (p. 49): A deep technical knowledge of law is here displayed, howsoever it may have been acquired. The usurping Duke wishing all the real property of Oliver to be seized, awards a writ of extent against him, in the language which would be used by the Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, an extendi facias applying to house and lands, as a fieri facias would apply to goods and chattels, or a copias ad satisfaciendum to the person. [I cannot but think that the present is a passage which so far from showing any 'deep technical knowledge of law,' shows not much more than the ordinary knowledge (perhaps even a little vague at that), which must have been almost universal in Shakespeare's day, when statutes merchant and statutes staple were in common use and wont. It may be even possible that there is here an instance of that confusion which follows like a fate dramatists and novelists who invoke the law as a Deus ex machina. That Shakespeare is wonderfully correct in general is continually manifest. But I doubt if the present be one of the happiest examples. Lord Campbell, when he says that the Duke aims at Oliver's reality by this writ of extent, overlooked the fact that the Duke had already 'seized' not only all Oliver's reality, but even all his personality, by an act of arbitrary power. After this display on the part of the Duke that he should invoke the aid of the sheriff and proceed according to due process of law and apply for a writ of extendi facias, which could only issue on due forfeiture of a recognizance or acknowledged debt (under circumstances which had not here occurred), is inconsequential, to say the least, and betokens either a confused knowledge of law (which could be only doubtfully imputed to Shakespeare), or an entire indifference to such trivial details or sharp quilleta which only load without helping the progress of the plot. It was dramatically necessary that Oliver should be set adrift, houseless and landless, in order that he and Orlando should hereafter meet; how he was to be rendered houseless and landless was of little moment, the use of a legal term or so would be all-sufficient to create the required impression; officers of the law are ordered to make 'an extent' upon his house and lands, and the end is gained. A 'deep technical knowledge' of the writ of extendi facias in Shakespeare's day would know that with the lands and goods of the debtor in cases where the Crown was concerned, as here, the sheriff was commanded to take the body also; but this would never do in the present case; Oliver must not himself be detained; he has to be sent forth, somewhere to meet with Orlando; either the sheriff will have to apply to the Court for instructions or the writ must be radically modified. In short, it is not clear that the law here, as it is in The Merchant of Venice, is invoked merely for dramatic purposes, and was neither intended to be shrewly sounded nor technically exact?—Ed.]

19. expeditiously] Johnson: That is, expeditiously. [For other instances of 'expedient,' in the sense of expeditious, see Schmidt, s. v.]
ACT III, SC. II.]  AS YOU LIKE IT  137

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verfe, in witneffe of my loue, And thow thrice crowned Queene of night surveue With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphære aboue Thy Huntrefle name, that my full life doth fway. O Rofalind, thefe Trees shall be my Bookes, And in theire barkes my thoughts ile charrafter, That euery eye, which in this Forrest looke, Shall fey thy vertue witneffe every where. Run, run Orlando, carue on euery Tree, The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressive thee. Exit

1. The Forrest. Rowe.  3. thrice crowned] thrice-crowned
5. name] name Anon.

3. thrice crowned Queene] Johnson: Alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorial lines: 'Terret, lustrat, agit; Proserpina, Luna, Diana; Ima, superna, ferax; sceptro, fulgere, sagittis.' Singer: Shakespeare was doubtlesse familiar with Chapman's Hymns, and the following from Hymnus in Cynthiaian, 1594, may have been in his mind: 'Nature's bright eye-sight, and the night's fair soul, That with thy triple forehead doth control Earth, seas, and hell.' [Although this has been repeated by four or five subsequent editors, I fail to detect any grounds for the supposition that Shakespeare had ever seen the passage.—Ed.]

5. Thy Huntress name] Cowden-Clarke: Orlando calls his mistress one of Diana's huntresses, as being a votareesa of her order; a maiden lady, a virgin princess. Just as Hero is styled the 'virgin knight' of the 'goddess of the night.'


11. vnexpressive] Johnson: For inexpressible. Malone: Milton also: 'With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.'—Hymn to the Nativity, 116. Caldecott quotes Lycidas, 176: 'And hears the unexpressive nuptial song.' Walker (Crit. i, 179) gives many instances of adjectives in -ive that 'are frequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, so to speak, in a passive sense.' On p. 182 he asks: 'Did this usage originate in the unmanageable length of some of the adjectives in able and ible, as unsuppressable, incomprehensible?' The corresponding section in Abbott is § 3.

11. shee] For other instances where he and she are used for man and woman, see Abbott, § 224. See line 378, post.
Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life Mr Touchstone?

Clown. Truely Shepered, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepheardes life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well: but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleafeth mee well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomack.

Has't any Philosopie in thee shepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one fickens, the worfe at eafe he is: and that hee that wants money, meanes, and content, is without three good frends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That pood pastoure makes fat sheepe: and that a great caufe of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:

27. *good* F.,
29, 30. *good...or* bad breeding, and
Han. *gross...or* Warb.
31, 32. Prose, Pope et seq.

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22, 32. Has't... Was't] For instances of the omission of the pronoun, see Abbott, § 401.

29. complaine of] JOHNSON: I am in doubt whether the custom of the language in Shakespeare's time did not authorize this mode of speech, and make 'complain of good breeding' the same with 'complain of the want of good breeding.' In the last line of the Mer. of Ven. we find that to 'fear the keeping' is to 'fear the not keeping.' CAPELL: May complain of it for being no better, or for having taught them no better. WHETER: This is a mode of speech common, I believe, to all languages, and occurred even before the time of Shakespeare: Εὐ τῷ δῷ τῷ εὐχεσθαι εὐπλήρωσαι, εἰς ἐκεῖνον. — VII, i, 65— Whether he complains of the want of prayers or of sacrifice.'

31. naturall] WARBURTON: The shepherd had said all the philosophy he knew was the property of things, that 'rain wetted,' 'fire burnt,' &c. And the Clown's reply, in a satire on physicks or natural philosophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely just. For the natural philosopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithstanding all his parade of knowledge) of the efficient cause of things as the rustic. It appears, from a thousand instances, that our poet was well acquainted with the physicks of his time; and his great penetration enabled him to see this remediless defect of it. STEEVENS: Shakespeare is responsible for the quibble only; let the commentator answer for the refinement. MASON: The clown calls Corin a 'natural philosopher,'
Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer saw'st good manners: if thou neuer saw'st good maners,

because he reasons from his observations on nature. MALONE: A natural being a common term for a fool, Touchstone, perhaps, means to quibble on the word. CALDECOTT: So far as reasoning from his observations on nature, in such a sort a philosopher; and yet as having been schooled only by nature, so far no better than a fool, a motley fool. [See I, ii, 51.]

36, 37. Truly ... side] JOHNSON: Of this jest I do not fully comprehend the meaning. STEEVENS: There is a proverb that 'a fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it.' This will explain how an egg may be 'damn'd all on one side'; but will not sufficiently show how Touchstone applies his simile with propriety; unless he means that he who has not been at court is but half educated. MALONE: Touchstone only means to say that Corin is completely damn'd; as irretrievably destroyed as an egg that is utterly spoiled in the roasting, by being done all on one side only. [It is by no means easy to decide here on the best punctuation. It is likely, I think, that it was the punctuation of the Folios which misled Dr Johnson and prevented him from seeing that 'all on one side' applies to the egg and not to the 'damn'd.' An illustration of the perplexity which may attend the placing of even a comma is to be found in the texts of the Cambridge Edition, of the Globe, and of the Clarendon. In the first and second the text is punctuated: 'Thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side,' which is not good, and would not have helped Dr Johnson. In the Clarendon Edition, however, WRIGHT, improving on the Cambridge and Globe texts, thus punctuates: 'Thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side,' which would have made the jest as clear to Dr Johnson as it does to us all.—Ed.]

39. &c. WARBURTON: This reasoning is drawn up in imitation of Friar John's to Panurge in Rabelais: 'Si tu es cocu, Erro tu femme sera belle, Erro sera bien traite d'elle; Erro tu auras des anes beaucoup; erro tu seras saulde.' [Liv. III., chap. xxviii. Although there is no good ground for supposing that there is any connection here between Shakespeare and Rabelais, yet it is worth while to note all these parallelisms; they have lately attracted attention at home and in Germany. —Ed.]

40. manners] CALDECOTT (App. p. 19): Good manners (and manners meant morals, no such term as morals being to be found in the dictionaries of these times) signified urbanity or civility, i.e. cultivated, polished manners as opposed to rusticity, i.e. coarse, unformed, clownish, or ill-manners. He, then, that has only good principles and good conduct, without good breeding and civility, is short of perfection by the half; and for want of this other half of that good, which is necessary to salvation,
then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shepheard.

Cor. Not a whit Touchstone, those that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrie, as the behaviour of the Countrie is most mockeable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kiffe your hands; that courtesie would be vncleanlie if Courtiers were shepheardes.

Clo. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greasie.

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat or the perfect man, is like a half-roasted egg, damn'd on one side. The earlier sense of the word manners, as 'manners maketh man,' the motto of William of Wykeham (and familiar to us almost as the Bible translation of the passage in Euripides: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners'), occurs in the works of an old pedagogue: 'I pray somewhat speke of the scholer's maners or duty: for maners (as they say) maketh man. De discipulorum moribus pausa contextam. Nam moraes (ut siut) hominem exornant.'—Vulgaris, Roberti Whittintoni, 1521. As it does in Milton's Aenepgotica: 'That also, which is impious or evil absolutely against faith or manners, no law possibly permit, that tends not to unlaw itself.'

42. parlous] Ritson (p. 133): A corruption of perilous. Dyce also gives alarming, amasing, amasing, been, shrewd. Collier suggests that it may even sometimes mean talkative, 'as in Day's Law Tricks, 1608: 'A parlous youth, sharp and satirical."
44. are] have F.F., Rowe i.
44. Touchstone] Mr. Touchstone Cap.
45. a] Om. F. F., Rowe, Pope, Han.
54. a] Mutton. F. F., Rowe, Pope, Han.

or the perfect man is like a half-roasted egg, damn’d on one side. The earlier sense of the word manners, as 'manners maketh man,' the motto of William of Wykeham (and familiar to us almost as the Bible translation of the passage in Euripides: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners'), occurs in the works of an old pedagogue: 'I pray somewhat speke of the scholer's maners or duty: for maners (as they say) maketh man. De discipulorum moribus pausa contextam. Nam moraes (ut siut) hominem exornant.'—Vulgaris, Roberti Whittintoni, 1521. As it does in Milton's Aenepgotica: 'That also, which is impious or evil absolutely against faith or manners, no law possibly permit, that tends not to unlaw itself.'

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54. a] Mutton. F. F., Rowe, Pope, Han.
of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say:
Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will see them the sooner. Shallow
a-
gen: a more founder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over, with the surger
of our sheepe: and would you have vs kiss the Tarre? The
Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuset.

Clo. Moft shallow man: Thou wormes mate in re-
spect of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wife
and perpend: Ciuset is of a baser birth then Tarre, the
verie uncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shep-
heard.

Cor. You have too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile reft.

Clo. Wilt thou reft damn'd? God helpe thee shallow
man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get
that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happi-

59. more] Om. Pope, Han.
60. over, with] overwith F.
62. Courtiers] Countiers F.
63. shallow man: shallow, man: Indeed [— Steev.
Rowe. shallow man / Theob.
63. wormes meat] wormes-meat Rowe.
64. flesh indeed: flesh, indeed ! Theob.
65. perpend] Schmidt: A word used only by Polonius, Pistol, and the Clowns.
66. Cat] Coigrave: 'Civette: f. Ciuset; also (the beast that breeds it) a Ciuset
cat.'

70. incision] Heath (p. 147): That is, God give thee a better understanding:
thou art very raw and simple as yet. The expression probably alludes to the common
proverbial saying, concerning a very silly fellow, that he ought to be cut for the sim-
ples. Caldecott: That is, enlarge, open thy mind. Collier: Heath's explana-
tion seems supported by the next speech of Touchstone, 'That is another simple sense
in you.' Grant White: The meaning of this phrase, which evidently had a well-
known colloquial significance, has not been satisfactorily explained. Heath's explana-
tion is the more plausible; but the meaning has probably been lost. Wright: The
reference is to the old method of cure for most maladies by blood-letting.

70. raw] Malone: That is, thou art ignorant, inexperienced. [This word it is
which, to me, throws a doubt on the explanations that have been offered of 'incision.'
—Ed.]
neffe: glad of other mens good content with my harme:
and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, &
my Lambs fucke.

Clo. That is another simple finne in you, to bring the
Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liuing,
by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Bell-
weather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a twelvemonth
to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all
reasonable match. If thou bee'ft not damn'd for this, the
diuell himselfe will haue no shepheardes, I cannot see else
how thou shouldeft scape.

Cor. Heere comes yong M'Ganmed, my newe Misriffes Brother.

Enter Rosalind.

Rof. From the east to western Inde,
no iuelles is like Rosalinde,
Hir worth being mounted on the windes,
through all the world beares Rosalinde.

All the pictures fairest Linde,
are but blacke to Rosalinde:

---

73. good] good, Ff et seq.
78. bawed] a bawed Ff F', Rowe +.
79. twelvemonth] twelvemonth F',
twelve-month old Han.
82. elfe] Om. F F', Rowe.
84. yong] Om. F F', F', Rowe.
M[ ] M. F., master Steev. et seq.
Wh. i.
86. Enter.] Enter...with a paper.
Rowe.
87. western] the western Pope, Han.
Hir] Jude F'.
90. beares] beards F'.
92. Scene IV. Pope +.

73. harme] KNIGHT: Resigned to any evil. ROLFE: 'Patient in tribulation.'
84. Misrisses] KNIGHTLY (Exp. 159): Though it stands thus in the Folio,
metre and the usage of the time reject the s. [Aliquando dormitat, &c. There is no
metre here to demand a change.—Ed.]
87. Inde] WALKER (Crit. iii, 62): This is the old pronunciation of Inde, or rather,
as in the Folio, Inde. Fairfax's Tusso, B. v, st. ili, 'And kill their kings from Egypt
unto Inde,' rhyming with mind and inclin'd: and so B. vii, st. lxix, fendo—Inde—fendo.
Spenser, Faerie Queene, B. i, C. v, st. iv, Ynd (Inde), rhyming by nd and assyn.
And so C. v, st. ii, behind, unkind, fendo, Ynd. Drayton, Poly-alban, Song ii, 'ships
That from their anchoring bays have travelled to find Large China's wealthy realms,
and view'd the either Inde.' SYLVester's Dubhartas, ii. ii. ed. 1641, p. 124, 'More
golden words, than in his crown there shin'd Pearls, diamonds, and other gems of
Inde.' Carew, ed. Clarke, cxxi, p. 164, 'Go I to Holland, France, or furthest Inde,
I change but only countries, not my mind.' Did not Milton thus pronounce it, Par.
ACT III, SC. ii.]  

AS YOU LIKE IT

Let no face bee kept in mind,  
but the faire of Rosalinde.

Clo. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners,  
and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right  
Butter-womens ranke to Market.

94. faire of] most fair F.F., Rowe 1. Var. '21, Cald. Knt, Sing. Hal. Kly,  
face of Rowe ii+, Cap. Dyce iii, Huds. Coll. iii.  

L, ii, 2?—High on a throne of royal state, that far Outshone the wealth of Ormus or  
of Ind.'  
WRIGHT: In Lovel's Lab. L. IV, iii, 222, 'Inde' rhymes with 'blind.'

91. Linde] Steevens: That is, most fairly delineated. Whiter: The most  
beautiful lines or touches exhibited by art are inferior to the natural traits of beauty  
which belong to Rosalind.

93, 94. face . . . faire] Steevens: 'Fair' is beauty, complexion. Compare  
Lodge's Novel: 'Then muse not nymphes, though I bemeone The absence of faire  
Rosalynde, Since for her faire there is fairer none.' [See Appendix, Rosalynde  
Description; in Rosader's Third Sonnet 'faire' is four times used in the sense of  
beauty. Walker (Crit. i, 327) proposed to read fair in line 93; Dyce, who followed  
Rowe in reading face in line 94, objected to it on account of 'fairest' just above. Both  
changes, 'Rowe's and Walker's, are plausible and attractive, but we ought always  
resolutely to set our fair faces against any change which is not imperatively demanded;  
as Dr Johnson says, the composers who had Shakespeare's text before them are more  
likely to have read it right than we who read it only in imagination.—Ed.]

96. right] True, exact, downright. See line 119, post, 'the right vertue of the  
Medler.'

97. ranke] Grey (i, 180): A friend puts the qu. If 'butter-woman's rant at  
market' might not be more proper. Capell (p. 61): 'Rank' means the order  
of observing such women; travelling all in one road, with exact intervals between  
horse and horse. Steevens: The sense designed might have been, it is such wretched  
rhyme as the butter-woman sings as she is riding to market. So, in Churchyard's  
Charge, 1580, 'And use a kinde of riding rime.' Again in his Farewell from the  
Court: 'A man maie, says he, use a kinde of riding rime.' [Steevens also refers to  
the Scotch ratt ryme, which Jamieson, s. v., defines as 'any thing repeated by rote,  
especially if of the doggerel kind.']  
Henley: The clown is here speaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a specimen of, to prove  
his assertion, he affirms to be 'the very false gallop of verses.' Malone: A passage  
in All's Well, IV, i, 44: 'Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and  
buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils,' once induced  
me to think that the volubility of the butter-woman selling her wares at market was  
alone in our author's thoughts, and that he wrote 'rate at market' [which is a modification of the emendation proposed by Grey's 'friend.']—Ed.); but I am now persuaded  
that Hamner's emendation is right. The hobbling metre of these verses (says  
Touchstone) is like the ambling, shuffling pace of a butter-woman's horse, going to  
market. The same kind of imagery is found in 3 Hen. IV: III, i, 134: 'mingling  
poetry; 'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.' Whiter (p. 30): If rate con-
veys a sense suitable to the occasion, 'rank' will certainly be preferable; as it expresses the same thing with an additional idea; and perhaps the very idea in which the chief force of the comparison is placed. 'The right Butter-women's rank to market' means the jog-trot rate (as it is vulgarly called) with which Butter-women uniformly travel one after another in their road to market; in its application to Orlando's poetry, it means a set or string of verses in the same coarse cadence and vulgar uniformity of rhythm. Caldecott: In the same sense we have, 'The rank of oziers by the murmuring stream.'—IV, iii, 83. [To Steevens's instances of riding rhymes Caldecott adds from Puttenham's Artes of English Poetrie, p. 76, ed. Arber:]

'Chancer's other verses of the Canterbury Tales be but riding ryme, neuerthelesse very well becoming,' &c. [Guest (Hist. of Eng. Rhythms, vol. ii, p. 238) says: 'The metre of five accents with couplet rhyme, may have got its earliest name of 'riding ryme' from the mounted pilgrims of the Canterbury Tales.'—Ed.] Knight: We think that Whiter's explanation is right; and that Shakespeare, moreover, had in mind the pack-horse roads, where one traveller must follow another in single rank. Walker (Crit. iii, 62): Not, I think, 'ryme' (rime=ranks), on account of the repetition. [This I do not understand.—Ed.] At any rate, rank is wrong. [To this Lettsom adds the following foot-note:] 'Rank,' no doubt, is rank nonsense.... Hanmer's rate seems to me the genuine word. Even Whiter pays it an involuntary homage, when he explains rank as 'the jog-trot rate' with which butter-women uniformly travel one after another in their road to market'; [This shows that Lettsom had not looked up Whiter's notion in the original, but had taken the final sentence, which alone is given in the Var. of 21.—Ed.] 'one after another' is added to save 'rank,' as if rank meant file. Butter-women, going each from her solitary farm to the nearest market-town, would travel most of their way alone, and the critics, I suspect, would never have dream of drawing them up in rank or file, if they had not had a conjecture to attack. [Dyce, after quoting this note, quietly adds: For my own part, I think 'rank' the true reading.] Halliwell: The term 'rank' is of constant occurrence in the sense of range, line, file, order; in fact, to [sic] any things following each other. Thus Browne, Britannia's Pastorals, speaks of trees 'circling in a ranke.' The more common meaning is row. 'Range all thy swannes, faire Thames, together on a rancke.'—Drayton's Shepherd's Garland, 1593. 'There be thirty eggges laide in a rancke, every one three foote from another.'—Hood's Elements of Arithmetickes, 1596. 'Short be the rank of pearsles circling her tongue.'—Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671. Staunton: Whiter's explanation is not satisfactory. From a passage in Drayton's poem, The Shepherd's Sirens, it might be inferred that 'rank' was a familiar term for chorus or ryme: 'On thy rank, In a rank, Let thy swan sing her.' And 'butter-women's rank' may have been only another term for verse which rhymed in couplets, called of old 'riding ryme.' Dyce (Gloss.) quotes this note of Staunton, and adds, 'but by 'rank'' Drayton assuredly means row.' Collier (ed. 1): 'Rank,' as Whiter observes, means the order in which they go one after another, and therefore Shakespeare says, 'butter-women's,' and not butter-woman's, as it has been corrupted of late years. Wright: That is, going one after another, at a jog-trot, like butter-women going to market. This seems to be the meaning, if 'rank' is the true reading. It is open to the rather pedantic objection that it makes 'rank' equivalent to file. But it may be used simply in the sense of order. I am inclined to consider rank to be the proper word, and I would justify this conjecture by the following quotations from Cotgrave's Fr. Dict.: 'Amble: f. An amble, pace, racke; an ambling or
Rof.  Out Foole.
Clo.  For a taste.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
Let him seke out Rosalinde:

If the Cat will after kinde,
so be sure will Rosalinde:
Wintred garments must be linde,
so must slender Rosalinde:
They that reap must sheafe and binde,
then to cart with Rosalinde.
Sweetest nut, hath a sourest rinde,
such a nut is Rosalinde.
He that sweetest rose will finde,
must finde Loues pricking, & Rosalinde.

This is the verie false gallop of Verfes, why doe you infect your felse with them?
RoF. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.
Clo. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite.
RoF. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it
with a Medler : then it will be the earliest fruit i' th coun-

Hunter (1, 348) quotes as follows from Dictionnaire Raisonné d'Hippatrique, &c.
par M. Lafosse, 1776, i, 334: 'Galoper faux, se dit du cheval lorsqu'en galopant il
lève la jambe gauche de devant la première, car il doit lever la droite la première.'
[The phrase is thus understood, and still used, by horsemen at this day.—Ed.]

112. infect] This is strong language—strong for the occasion and strong for the
speaker. It is strange that this passage has escaped those who seem to think that
Shakespeare wrote his plays solely for a chance to make local allusions or to poke sly
fun or worse at his contemporaries. Indeed, a very pretty case could be made out for
them here, proving beyond a peradventure that Shakespeare is referring to Nashe's quar-
rel with Gabriel Harvey, and here indicates in terms too plain to be misunderstood that
he sympathised with Nashe. In this very paragraph in Nashe, quoted in the preced-
ing note by Malone, where the unusual phrase 'false gallop' occurs (and mark, it is the only
time that either Shakespeare or Nashe uses it!) Nashe does not conclude his
sentence without using the very identical, unusual, strong word that 'Touchstone uses
here. After saying, as we have just seen, that his verses would 'observe no length in
their feet,' he goes on to say, 'which were absurdim per absurdum, to infect my
vaine with his imitation.' Surely the case is clear that Shakespeare, by using 'false
gallop' and 'infect,' is alluding to Nashe. Can mortal man desire better proof?
Here in one and the same paragraph we have these two unusual words! As
Chief Justice Kenyon, whose classical quotations sometimes lacked the exactest
parallelism, is said to have been wont to say: 'Gentlemen, the case is as clear as the
nose on your face; latet anguis in herba.'—Ed.

116. graffe] Skeat (s. v.): The form graft is corrupt, and due to a confusion with
grafted, which was originally the past participle of 'graft.' Shakespeare has
grafted, Macb. IV. iii, 51; but he has rightly also 'graft.' as a past participle, Rich.
III: III, vii, 127. The verb is formed from the substantive graff, a scion. Old
French, graffe, grafe, a style for writing with a sort of pencil; whence French, grafte,
'a graft, a slip or young shoot.—Cotgrave; so named from the resemblance of the
cut slip to the shape of a pointed pencil. Similarly, we have Lat. graffidum (1), a
small style; (2), a small shoot, scion, graff.

117. Medler] Beisly (p. 32): The Mespilus germanica, a tree, the fruit of which is
small, and in shape like an apple, but flat at the top, and only fit to be eaten when
mellow or rotten. Ellacombe (p. 123): The medlar is a European tree, but not a
native of England; it has, however, been so long introduced as to be now completely
naturalised, and is admitted into the English flora. Chaucer gives it a very promi-

nent place in his description of a beautiful garden; and certainly a fine medlar tree
'ful of blossomes' is a handsome ornament on any lawn. Shakespeare only used
the common language of his time when he described the medlar as only fit to be eaten
when rotten. But, in fact, the medlar when fit to be eaten is no more rotten than a
ripe peach, pear, or strawberry, or any other fruit which we do not eat till it has
reached a certain stage of softness. There is a vast difference between a ripe and a
rotten medlar, though it would puzzle many of us to say when a fruit (not a medlar
only) is ripe, that is, fit to be eaten. These things are matters of taste and fashion,
and it is rather surprising to find that we are accused, and by good judges, of eating
try: for you'll be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's
the right vertue of the Medler.

Clo. You haue said: but whether wisely or no, let the
Forrest judge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my sifter reading, stand aside.

Cel. Why should this Desert bee,
for it is unpeopled? Noe:

Tonges Ile hang on everie tree,
that shall cicill sayings shoe.

121. Forrest] Forster Warb. a desert Rowe et cet.
122. Scene V. Pope+
123. Cel.] Cel. [reads] Dyce, Cam. be ?...unpeopled?] be ?...
125. Tonges] Tongs F,F,
F, desert silent Tyrwhitt, Steev. Mal. 127. sfoo] shoe F,

peaches when rotten rather than ripe. 'The Japanese always eat their peaches in an
unripe state . . . they regard a ripe peach as rotten.'

117. be] Dyce (ed. ii): 'Read bear; for "it" refers to the tree that is to be
grafted.'—W. N. Lettsom.

117. earliest] Steevens: Shakespeare seems to have had little knowledge in
gardening. The medlar is one of the latest fruits, being unceastable till the end of
November. Douce (i, 302): If a fruit be fit to be eaten when rotten, and before it
be ripe, it may in one sense be termed the earliest. Collier (ed. ii): If the medlar
were grafted with the forwardness of the clown, instead of being one of the latest,
it would be 'th' earliest fruit i' the country,' and rotten before it was half ripe.

124-153. Halliwell prints this in staves of eight, which, in a modernised edition,
is, I think, good.—Ed.

124. Tyrwhitt: Although the metre may be assisted by reading 'a desert,' the
sense still is defective; for how will the 'hanging of tongues on every tree' make it
less a desert? I am persuaded we ought to read, 'Why should this desert silent be?'
Whiter: The old reading, I believe, is genuine. Surely the same metaphor has
power to people woods which is able to afford them speech. See what Dr Johnson
says in the following note on 'civill sayings.' If the metre should be thought defective,
'why' may be read as a disyllable. Let the reader repeat the line with a gentle
pause upon 'why,' and he will find no reason to reject it for deficiency of metre.
Knight: The absence of people, says the sonneteer, does not make this place desert,
for I will hang tongues on every tree, that will speak the language of civil life. Desert
is here an adjective opposed to civil. Dyce (ed. i): As if 'Why should this desert
be?' could possibly mean anything else than 'Why should this desert exist?' [Change
seems unavoidable, and Rowe's is less violent than any other. Qu. deserted?—Ed.]

125. for] For instances of 'for' in the sense of because, see Abbott, § 151.

127. cicill] Johnson: Here used in the same sense as when we say cicil wisdom
or cicil life, in opposition to a solitary state or to the state of nature. This desert
shall not appear unpeopled, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social
life. Steevens: 'Cicil' is not designedly opposed to solitairy. It means only grave
Some, how briefe the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretch of a span,
buckles in his summe of age.
Some of violated vows,
twist the foules of friend, and friend:
But upon the fairest bowes,
or at enemie sentence end;
Will I Rosalinda write,
teaching all that reade, to know
The quintessence of enemie spire,
heaven would in little show.

or solemn. [For this meaning, which, I think, is the right one here, many examples could be adduced. The only definitions, in fact, which Dyce gives of 'civil' are 'sober, grave, decent, solemn,' a range of meaning unaccountably overlooked by Schmidt, who gives as the meaning of this passage, 'decent, well-mannered, polite.' Scarcely enough weight has been given, I think, by recent editors to this shade of meaning; not that 'civil' does not here also include the idea of civilisation or of social life as opposed to 'desert'; but that it also involves the lover's melancholy is shown in the sigh over the shortness of life, man's erring pilgrimage, and the violated vows of friends. These, we are expressly told, were to be the 'civil sayings' which would be hung on every tree.—Ed.]

129. erring] WRIGHT: Wandering; not used here in a moral sense. See Ham. i, i, 154: 'The extravagant and erring spirit.' The word occurs in its literal sense, though with a figurative reference, in Isaiah xxxv, 8: 'The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.' For 'wandering stars' in the Authorised Version of Jude 13, the Wiclifite versions have 'erringe steere.' [For 'his' we should now use 'it.'

130. span] WORDSWORTH (p. 147): As the Psalmist complains, 'Thou hast made my days as it were a span long.'—xxxix, 6, Prayer Book Version.

135. sentence end] ABOTT, § 217: The possessive inflexion in dissyllables ending in a sibilant sound is often unexpressed both in writing and in pronunciation.

138. quintessence] Quinta essentia est spiritualis et subtilis quaedam substantia, extracta ex rebus, per separationem, & quatuor elementa, differens realiter ab ejus essentia, ut aqua viva, spiritus vivi; &c.—Minsho, Guide Into Tongues, 1617. WRIGHT: The fifth essence, called also by the medieval philosophers the spirit or soul of the world, 'whome we terme the quintence, because he doth not consist of the foure Elementes, but is a certaine fifth, a thing aboue them or beside them. . . .

This spirit doubtlesse is in a manner such in the body of the world, as ours is in mans body; For as the powers of our soule, are through the spirit gien to the members; so the vertue of the soule of ye world is by the quintence spread over all, for nothing is found in all the world which wanteth the sparke of his vertue.'—Bateman oppos Barthalome, fol. 173, a.

139. in little] MALONE: The allusion is to a miniature portrait. The current
Therefore heauen Nature charg’d,
that one bodie should be fill’d
With all Graces wide enlarg’d,
nature prefently disthill’d
Helens cheeke, but not his heart,
Cleopatra’s Maieftie:
Attalanta’s better part,
sad Lucrecia’s Modeftie.

140. charg’d] charg’d Ff.
144. cheeks] checks F, F, Rowe +.
142. all] all the Rowe i.
wide enlarg’d] wide-enlarged
147. Lucrecia’s] Lucretiae F, Lucretio’s F.4

140, &c. JOHNSON: From the picture of Apelles, or the accomplishments of Pandora: Πανδώρη, ἤ τι πᾶτες ὀλίβνα δόματ’ ἐξηνες Δώρον ἔδωρας.—[Hesiod, Erga, 70]. So in the Temp. III, i, 48: ‘but you, O you, So perfect and so peerless, are created Of every creature’s best!’ CALDECOTT cites: ‘Of all complexities the cull’d sovereignty Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek; Where several worthies make one dignity.’—Love’s Lab. L. IV, iii, 234.

142. wide enlarg’d] ‘Spread through the world’ is given by Schmidt as the equivalent of this phrase, which I doubt. Does it not refer to the magnitude of the graces with which Heaven had commanded Nature to fill one body?—Ed.

145. Attalanta’s better part] JOHNSON was the first to start a discussion which has not, to this hour, subsided. He said: I know not well what could be the ‘better part’ of Atalanta here ascribed to Rosalind. Of the Atalanta most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the ‘better part’ seems to have been her heels, and the worse part was so bad that Rosalind would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure Atalanta, a huntress and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her ‘better part.’ Shakespeare was no despicable mythologist, yet he seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta. Tolet: Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of shape, which he would prefer to her swiftness. But cannot Atalanta’s ‘better part’ mean her virtue or virgin chastity, with which Nature had graced Rosalind? In Holland’s Plinie, bk. xxxv, chap. 3, we find it stated that ‘at Lanuvium there remaine yet two pictures of lady Atalanta, and queen Helena, close one to the other, painted naked, by one and the same hand: both of them are for beauty incomparable, and yet a man may discern the one of them [Atalanta] to be a maiden, for her modest and chaste counte-
nance.' Farmer: I suppose Atalanta's 'better part' is her wit, i.e. the swiftness of her mind. Malone: Dr Farmer's explanation may derive some support from a subsequent passage [lines 269, 270, post]. It is observable that the story of Atalanta in Ovid's Metamorphoses is interwoven with that of Venus and Adonis, which Shakespeare had undoubtedly read. Thus, Golding's translation [bk. x, p. 132, ed. 1567]: 'And hard it is to tell Thee whither she did in footemanshippe or beawty more excell.' 'And though that she Did fly as swift as arrow from a Turkye bowe: yet shee More woondred at her beawtye than at swiftnesse of her pace Her roming greatly did augment her beawtye and her grace.' [In his ed. 1790, Malone suggested that Atalanta's life were her better part, because in Marston's Insatiate Countess he found the reference, 'Those lips were hers that won the golden ball'; evidently forgetting, as Wright says, that the allusion there was to Venus. This suggestion was withdrawn.—Ed.] Steevens: It may be observed that Statius also, in his sixth Thebaid, has confounded Atalanta, the wife of Hippomanes, with Atalanta, the wife of Pelops. After all, I believe that 'Atalanta's better part' means only the best part about her, such as was most commended. [Which is not altogether unlike Lincoln's well-known saying, that 'for those who like this kind of thing, this kind of thing is what they would like'; what was 'the best part about' Atalanta is exactly what we are trying to find out.—Ed.] Whalley: I think this stanza was formed on an old tetrastich epitaph which I have read in a country churchyard: 'She who is dead and sleepeith in this tomb, Had Rachel's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb: Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open heart, And Martha's care, and Mary's better part.' White, to whom this passage offers a notable instance of the truth of his theory as to the association of ideas, devotes nearly nineteen octavo pages to its elucidation, whereof the following is a digest: It has been remarked that Shakespeare has himself borrowed many of his images from prints, statues, paintings, and exhibitions in tapestry; and we may observe that some allusions of this sort are to be found in the play before us, and especially in those places which describe the beauty of Rosalind. . . . I have always been firmly persuaded that the imagery which our Poet has selected to discriminate the more prominent perfections of Helen, Cleopatra, Atalanta, and Lucretia was not derived from the abstract consideration of their general qualities; but was caught from those peculiar traits of beauty and character which are impressed on the mind of him who contemplates their portraits. It is well known that these celebrated heroines of romance were, in the days of our Poet, the favourite subjects of popular representation, and were alike visible in the coarse hangings of the poor and the magnificent armars of the rich. In the portraits of Helen, whether they were produced by the skilful artist or his ruder imitator, though her face would certainly be delineated as eminently beautiful, yet she appears not to have been adorned with any of those charms which are allied to modesty; and we accordingly find that she was generally depicted with a loose and insidious countenance, which but too manifestly betrayed the inward wantonness and perfidy of her heart. [Shelton's Don Quixote, Part ii, p. 480, is here cited in proof.] With respect to the 'majesty of Cleopatra' it may be observed that this notion is not derived from classical authority, but from the more popular storehouse of legend and romance. . . . I infer, therefore, that the familiarity of this image was impressed both on the Poet and his reader from pictures and representations in tapestry, which were the lively and faithful mirrors of popular romances. Atalanta, we know, was considered likewise by our ancient poets as a celebrated beauty; and we may be assured therefore that her portraits were everywhere to be found. . . . Since
the story of Atalanta represents that heroine as possessed of singular beauty, zealous to preserve her maidenliness even with the death of her lovers, and accomplishing her purposes by extraordinary swiftness in running, we may be assured that the skill of the artist would be employed in displaying the most perfect expressions of virgin purity, and in delineating the fine proportions and elegant symmetry of her person.

... Let us suppose, therefore, that the portraits of these celebrated beauties, Helen, Cleopatra, Atalanta, and Lucretia, were delineated as I have above described, that in the days of Shakespeare they continued to be the favorite subjects of popular representation, and that consequently they were familiarly impressed on the mind of the Poet and on the memory of his audience. Let us now investigate what the bard, or the lover, under the influence of this impression, would select as the better parts of these celebrated heroines, which he might wish to be transferred to his own mistress as the perfect model of female excellence. In contemplating the portrait of Helen, he is attracted only by those charms which are at once the most distinguished, and at the same time are the least employed in expressing the feelings of the heart. He wishes therefore for that rich bloom of beauty which glowed upon her cheek, but he rejects those lineaments of her countenance which betrayed the loose inconstancy of her mind—the insidious smile and the wanton brilliancy of her eye. Impressed with the effect, he passes instantly to the cause. He is enamoured with the better part of the beauty of Helen; but he is shocked at the depravity of that heart, which was too manifestly exhibited by the worse. To convince the intelligent reader that ‘cheek’ is not applied to beauty in general, but that it is here used in its appropriate and original sense, we shall produce a very curious passage from one of our author's Sonnets, by which it will appear that the portraits of Helen were distinguished by the consummate beauty which was displayed upon her cheek: ‘Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit (i.e. picture) Is poorly imitated after you. On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set, And you in Grecian tires are painted new.’—Sonnet 53. In surveying the portrait of Atalanta, and in reflecting on the character which it displayed, the lover would not find it difficult to select the better part both of her mind and of her form, which he might wish to be transfused into the composition of his mistress. He would not be desirous of that perfection in her person which contributed nothing to the gratification of his passion, and he would reject that principle of her soul which was adverse to the object of his wishes. He would be enamoured with the fine proportions and elegant symmetry of her limbs; though his passion would find but little reason to be delighted with the quality of swiftness with which that symmetry was connected. He would be captivated with the blushing charms of unsullied virginity; but he would abhor that unfeeling coldness which resisted the impulse of love, and that unnatural cruelty which rejoiced in the murder of her lovers. The Poet lastly wishes for the modesty of the sad Lucretia, that firm and deep-rooted principle of female chastity which is so visibly depicted in the sadness of her countenance, and which has rendered her through all ages the pride and pattern of conjugal fidelity. Such then are the wishes of the lover in the formation of his mistress, that the ripe and brilliant beauties of Helen should be united to the elegant symmetry and virgin graces of Atalanta, and that this union of charms should be still dignified and ennobled by the majestic mien of Cleopatra and the matron modesty of Lucretia. [Whiter concludes by pointing out the allusion to a picture, involved in 'little,' line 139, and the term of painting, in 'touched' in line 151.] Caldecott: From the use of it in Quarles's Argalus and Parthenia, it has been suggested that this might have been a
well-understood phrase for works of high excellence: 'No, no, 'twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eye, Nor any outward excellence urg'd me, why To love Parthenia. 'Twas her better part (Which mischief could not wrong) surpriz'd my heart.' HALLIWELL: The expression 'better part' is a very common one in works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, used in the sense of the soul or mind, or sometimes for the head, the seat of the intellect or soul. Its exact meaning in the present line is somewhat obscure, but it probably refers to the chaste mind of the beautiful Atalanta. KNIGHT quotes certain paragraphs from Whiter which are included in those given above. COLLIER has no note on the passage. SINGER says nothing new. STAUNTON (in a note on Macb. V, viii, i8: 'it hath cow'd my better part of man'): Atalanta's better part was not her modesty, nor her heels, nor her wit, but simply her spiritual part. The old epitaph quoted by Whalley almost proves, although he was apparently unconscious of the meaning, that 'better part' signified the immortal, the intelligent part. But the following lines from Overbury's Wife places this beyond doubt: 'Or rather let me Love, then be in love; So let me chase, as Wife and Friend to finde, Let me forget her Sex, when I approve; Beasts likeness lies in shape, but ours in minde; Our Soules no Sexes have, their Love is cleanse, No Sex, both in the better part are men.' The Italics are the author's. [Sig. D 2, ed. 1627.] DYCIE says the expression is 'common enough,' but offers nothing new in way of explanation. The Cowden-Clarkes think that Atalanta's beauty, reticence, and agility form her 'better part.' HUDSON: The 'better part' would refer to Atalanta's exquisite symmetry and proportion of form; and Orlando must of course imagine all formal, as well as all mental and moral graces, in his 'heavenly Rosalind.' WRIGHT: Whiter's opinion that Shakespeare may have had in mind pictures or tapestry may well have been the case, and it is known that cameos representing classical subjects were much in request. [In a letter to me in 1877 the late A. E. BRAE says: 'My own interpretation, unpublished except now to you, is that the allusion is Meleager's Atalanta of epicene loveliness, half boy, half girl, with whom Meleager fell in love at first sight, just as Orlando did with Rosalind. The "better part" may be either Atalanta's feminine beauty as contrasted with her boyish beauty, or it may be her loveliness as contrasted with her equipment in huntress fashion. After the description of which, in Ovid's Met. lib. viii, comes: "Talis erat cultus; facies quam dicere vere Virgineam in puer, pueri, pueri, in virginem posses." Now, had not Rosalind, even before she donned male attire, this double character of beauty? . . . . It may be objected that Orlando did not know when he was versifying that Rosalind was in boy's dress, but Shakespeare knew it, and the audience knew it, and it is but a very slight discrepancy or oversight compared with the suggestion of "agility" which is nowhere even hinted at as attributable to Rosalind. . . . . Should you think the interpretation here suggested as too abstruse, I should substitute this: that Atalanta's subsequent eager susceptibility to love from Hippomanes and Meleager might well be called her better part, as opposed to her former insensibility and cruelty in outpacing and then slaughtering her lovers.' To me both of these interpretations are somewhat too refined; the former Brae himself adequately condemns by referring to the anticipation involved in it. Atalanta wished to remain unwedded not from any love of maidenhood, but simply because the oracle had told her that marriage would prove fatal to her, as it did. It was her physical beauty which attracted her lovers and made them prefer death, to life without her. Staunton's explanation is hardly specific enough; her immortal part she shared in common with the other three types. Her 'better part' was, I
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Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,
by Heauenly Synode was deuis’d,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to have the touches deere of pris’d.
Heauen would that shee these gifts should have,
and I to live and die her slaue.

Rof. O moft gentle Jupiter, what tedious homilie of


think, her physical, personal charms. Nature’s distillation resulted in Helen’s face, Cleopatra’s bearing, Atalanta’s form, and Lucretia’s modesty.—Ed.

147. Lucretia’s] The spelling in F, ‘Lucretiae,’ if it be phonetic, which is not unlikely, exactly reproduces the New England pronunciation of to-day among thoroughbred Yankees. I have heard from college professors Cuba, stigmae, &c. for Cuba, stigma. See also what White says about ‘lectors,’ line 336, post.—ED.

150. WRIGHT: Shakespeare may have remembered the story of Zeuxis as told by Pliny (xxxv, 9, trans. Holland), that when hee should make a table with a picture for the Agrigentines, to be set up in the temple of Juno Lacinius, at the charges of the citie, according to a vow that they had made, hee would needs see all the maidens of the citie, naked; and from all that companye hee chose five of the fairest to take out as from severall patterns, whatsoeuer hee liked best in any of them; and of all the lovely parts of those five, to make one bodie of incomparable beautie.'

151. touches] JOHNSON: The features; les traits. [See V, iv, 31.]

152, 153. should . . . and I to live] WRIGHT: The construction is loose, although the sense is clear. We may regard the words as equivalent to ‘And that I should live,’ &c.; or supply some verb from ‘would’ in line 152, as if it were either ‘And I would live,’ or ‘am willing to live,’ &c. ABBOTT refers to this passage in § 416, as an instance of where ‘construction is changed for clearness.’ ‘Here “to” might be omitted, or “should” might be inserted instead, but the omission would create ambiguity, and the insertion would be a tedious repetition.’ See also a parallel construction in V, iv, 25, 26. For other instances where ‘I’ is used before an infinitive, see Abbott, § 216.

154. Jupiter] Spedding’s emendation, pulpiet, adopted by the Cambridge Editors and by Dyce in his Second Edition, but abandoned in his Third, is plausible and alluring. It is the word of all words to introduce the train of thought that follows, with which ‘Jupiter’ has no connection. This addition of an -er to a noun in order to change it to an agent, like ‘moraler’ in Othello, ‘justicer’ in Lear, &c., is, as we all know, thoroughly Shakespearean. Moreover ‘Iupiter’ is not printed in Italics as though it were a proper name, to which Wright calls attention, and as it is printed in the only other place where it is used in this play, II, iv, 3; which adds to the likelihood that it is here a misprint. All these considerations are clamorous for Spedding’s pulpiet. But, on the other hand, the text is clear without it; once before Rosalind has appealed to ‘Jupiter,’ and to use this mouth-filling oath, which is ‘not dangerous,’ may have been one of her characteristics, as certainly the use of expletives in general is. Although ‘Jupiter’ is not elsewhere printed in Roman, yet ‘Jove’ is, and in this very scene, line 231; and so also is ‘Judas’ in III, iv, 10. Pulpiet can
Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

_Cel._ How now backe friends : Shepheard, go off a little : go with him firrah.

_Clo._ Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreit, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. _Exit._

_Cel._ Didst thou heare these verses?

_Rof._ O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feete then the Verfes would beare.

_Cel._ That's no matter : the feet might beare ye verfes.

_Rof._ I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselfeues without the verfe, and therefore stood lame-ly in the verfe.

_Cel._ But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carued upon these trees?

_Rof._ I was seuen of the nine daies out of the wonder,
before you came: for looke heere what I found on a 173
Palm tree; I was nuer fo berim d since Pythagoras time
that I was an Irih Rat, which I can hardly remember. 175


174. Palm tree] Steevens: A ‘palm-tree’ in the forest of Arden is as much
out of place as the lioness in a subsequent scene. Caldecott: Bulley in his Book of
Compounds, 1562, p. 40 [speaks of] ‘the kates or woolly knottes, growing upon
sallowes, commonly called palmer.’ Brand (Pop. Ant. i, 127, ed. Bohn): It is still
customary with our boys, both in the south and north of England, to go out and gather
slips with the willow-flowers or buds at this time [i.e. Palm Sunday]. These seem to
have been selected as substitutes for the real palm, because they are generally the
only things, at this season, which can be easily procured in which the power of vege-

tation can be discovered. It is even yet a common practice in the neighborhood of
London. The young people go a-palming; and the sallow is sold in London streets
for the whole week preceding Palm Sunday, the purchasers commonly not knowing
the tree which produces it, but imagining it to be the real palm, and wondering that
they never saw it growing! Halliwell (Archaic Dict. s. v. Palm): Properly exotic
trees of the tribe Palmaeae; but among our rustics it means the cattkins of a delicate
species of willow gathered by them on Palm Sunday. ‘Palmes, the yelowe that
groweth on willowes, chatter.’—Palsgrave, 1530. Wright: As the forest of Arden is taken
from Lodge’s Novel, it is likely that the trees in it came from the same source. This
is certainly the case with the ‘tuft of olives’ in III, v, 78. Lodge’s forest was such
as could only exist in the novelist’s fancy, for besides pines, beech trees, and cypreses,
there were olives, figs, lemons, and citrons, pomegranates, and myrrh trees. The
palm is mentioned, but not as a forest tree, and only in figures of speech; as, for
example: ‘Thou art old, Adam, and thy haires waxe white; the palm tree is alreadie
full of bloomes.’—Lodge’s Novel. Collier (ed. l): Shakespeare cared little about
such ‘proprieties’; but possibly he wrote plane-tree, which may have been misread
by the transcriber or composer. [Collier did not repeat this suggestion in his subse-
quent editions. It seems quite clear from both Bulley and Palsgrave that the cattkins
of the willow were called palmis, and presumably for the reason that they were used,
as Brand states, on Palm Sunday. But I can find no proof that the willow was ever
called a ‘palm tree.’ Here, in this city, on that day, in lieu of the Oriental branches,
sprigs of box and the long leaves of the Phormium tenax are distributed in the
churches, and are called ‘palms,’ but no one ever thinks of calling the plants them-
selves ‘palm trees.’ Shakespeare’s forest was Lodge’s forest, and, as Wright truly
says, that forest could exist only in fancy.—Ed.]

174, 175. berim d . . . Rat] Grey (l, 181): A banter upon Pythagoras’s doc-
trine of the transmigration of souls. See Spenser’s Faerie Queene, I, ix [‘As he were
charmed with enchanted rimes’]—line 437, ed. Grosart]. In Randolph’s Jealous
Lovers, v, li, there is an image much like this: ‘Assus. And my poete Shal with a
satyre steep’d in gall and vinegar Rithme ‘em to death, as they do rats in Ireland.’
Johnson: The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his Satires
and Temple in his Treatise. [The passage in Donne’s Satires to which reference is here
made must be, I think, in Pope’s version, pointed out by Wright, Satires II, line 22:
‘One sings the fair; but songs no longer move; No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid
to love.’ I cannot find it in the original. The passage in Temple is probably that
Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Ro]. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

Ro]. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to

which is quoted by M. M. (N. & Q. 1st Ser. vol. vi. p. 460) from the Essay on Poetry. 'And the proverb of “rhyming rats to death” came, I suppose, from the same root' [i.e. the Runic]. In the same volume of N. & Q. p. 591, G. H. Kingsley supplied another allusion from Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft: 'The Irishmen . . . . terme one sort of their witches eybiter . . . . yea and they will not sticke to affirme, that they can rime either man or beast to death.'—Book III, chap. xv, p. 64, ed. 1584.—Ed.] STEEVES: So in an address 'To the Reader' at the conclusion of Jonson’s Poetaster: 'Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats in drumming tunes.' MALONE: So in Sir Philip Sidney’s Defence of Poetic: 'I will not wish unto you the Asseas eares of Midas . . . . nor to be rime to death, as is said to be done in Irelnd.'—[p. 518, ad fin. ed. 1598]. HALLIWELL gives several references of a later date, and adds that the power of the Irish satirist to rhyme men to death is frequently referred to, and is the subject of various ancient legends. According to Mr Currie, "the most ancient story of rhyming rats to death in Ireland is found in an historic-romantic tale, entitled, The Adventures of the Great Company." Hereupon, Halliwell quotes the 'adventures,' whereof space and relevancy will scarcely permit the reprint here. 'An anonymous critic adds,' says Halliwell in conclusion, 'that in France, at the present day, similar reliance on the power of rhyme is placed by the peasantry. Most provinces contain some man whose sole occupation is to lure insects and reptiles by song to certain spots where they meet with destruction. The superstition belongs to the same order as that of the serpent-charmers of the East.'

174. Pythagoras] WALKER (Crit. i, 152) cites this allusion to Pythagoras, among many others, to show the influence of Ovid on Shakespeare. The doctrines of that philosopher are set forth at large in Met. xv.

175. that] ABOTT, § 284: Since that represents different cases of the relative, it may mean 'in that,' 'for that,' 'because' ('quod'), or 'at which time' ('quum').

175. which] For other instances where 'which' is used for 'which thing,' often parenthetically, see Abott, § 271.

178. And a chaine] WRIGHT: This irregular and elliptical construction, in which 'and' does yeoman's service for many words, may be illustrated by the following from Cor. I, i, 82: 'Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain.' And in Cym. V, iv, 179: 'But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer.'

181, 182. friends . . . meete] STEEVES: Alluding to the proverb: 'Friends may meet, but mountains never greet.' See Ray's Collection. MALONE: So in Mother Bombie, by Lily, 1594: 'Then wee foure met, which argued wee were no mountains.'

—[V, iii].
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meete; but Mountaines may bee remoued with Earth-quake, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prethee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out of all hooping.

Ros. Good my complection, dost thou think thought


whooping] Theob. et seq. 191. Good my] Odd's, myl Theob. Han


182. with] For other instances of the use of 'with' in the sense of 'by means of,' see Abbott, §193.

183. encounter] GREY (i, 181): A plain allusion to the following incident mentioned by Pliny, Hist. Nat. ii, 83 [or as it stands in Holland's translation, cited by Tollet, but no credit given to Grey]: 'There hapned once ... a great strange wonder of the earth; for two hills encountered together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, yes, and returying againe with a most mighty noise.' WRIGHT: There is of course no necessity for supposing that Shakespeare had such a passage in his mind.

190. hooping] STEEVENS: That is, out of all measure or reckoning. MALONE: This appears to have been a phrase of the same import as another formerly in use, 'out of all cry.' CALDECOTT: Literally beyond, or out of all call or stretch of the voice; metaphorically, and as we are to understand it, not to be expressed by any figure of admiration. DYCE: Akin to this are the phrases Out of all cry and Out of all ho. [Of the former of these kindred phrases examples are given by Steevens, Collier, Wright, and many by Halliwell, but of the phrase itself, 'hooping,' there does not appear to be another instance, nor is any needed: its meaning is clear enough.—Ed.] WRIGHT: The form whoop [see Text. Notes] was in early use. Cotgrave gives: 'Hucher. To whoope, or ballow for; to call vnto.' And earlier still, in Palsgrave, 1530, we find, 'I whoope, I call. Je happe, .... Whooppe a lowde, .... Happe hault.'

191. complection] Theobald in his first edition confessed himself unable to reconcile this expression to common sense, and hence his emendation, which Hamner adopted. The emendation is ingenious, because afterwards Rosalind says, 'Odd's, my little life,' and again, 'Odd's, my will.' He withdrew it, however, in his second edition, presumably convinced in the interim by his 'most affectionate friend' Warburton, who wrote to him (Nichols, Illust. ii, 646): 'You say you cannot reconcile this to common sense. Can you reconcile odds my complextion to it? The truth is, "good my complextion" is a fine proverbial expression, and used by way of apology when one is saying anything for which one ought to blush, and signifies, hold good, my complextion, i.e. may I not be out of countenance!' Very different this, in tone, from the sneer which Warburton printed in his own edition seven years later. MALONE: That is, my native character, my female inquisitive disposition, canst thou
Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.


Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rof. Why God will fend more, if the man will bee thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is yong Orlando, that tript vp the Wraftlers heelees, and your heart, both in an instant.

Rof. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake fadde broww, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith(Coz) tis he.

Rof. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Rof. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou faw'ft him? What sayde


201. Gods making] WRIGHT: Or his tailor's? Compare Lear, II, ii, 59: 'nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.' Stephens in his Essays and Characters (2d ed. 1615) has one 'My Mistresse,' of whom he says: 'Her body is (I presume) of God's making & yet I cannot tell, for many parts thereof she made her selfe' (p. 391). [Compare too what Viola answers (Twelfth N. I, v, 254) when Olivia unravels her face and asks, 'is't not well done?' 'Excellent done,' replies Viola, 'if God did all.'—Ed.]

205. stay] For many other instances where 'stay' is equivalent to wait for, see Schmidt, s. v. 2, g.

209, 210. sadde ... maid] Ritson: That is, speak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; speak seriously and honestly. [In connection with the similar phrase 'I answer you right painted cloth,' line 267, Steevens cites the parallel construction: 'He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce—King John, II, i, 462. And Malone cites, 'I speak to thee plain soldier'—Hem. V: V, ii, 156; 'He speaks nothing but madman'—Twelfth N. I, v, 115. For 'sad' in the sense of grave, Schmidt will supply many an instance.]

213. Orlando] Lady Martin (p. 418): Celia answers, and this time gravely, for Rosalind's emotion shows her this is no jesting matter. Oh happiness beyond belief, oh rapture inexpressible! The tears at this point always welled up to my eyes and my whole body trembled. If hitherto Rosalind had any doubt as to the state of her own heart, from this moment she can have none. Finding how she is overcome at the bare idea of his being near, the thought flashes on her: 'Alas, the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?' but Celia has seen him, he perhaps has seen Celia, and that perplexing thought is put aside in the eagerness to learn full particulars about her lover.
he? How look’d he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him a-gaine? Anfwer me in one wvord.

Cet. You must borrow me Gargantua’s mouth firft:
’tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to anfwerv in a Catechisme.

218. ar] me F. 221. far, to] rise: To Cap. rise. To

216. Wherein went he?] Heath (p. 149): That is, in what manner was he cloath’d? How did he go dressed? Rev. John Hunter: This has been supposed to mean in what dress; but surely it is used for whereinto. [This latter interpretation would be conclusive were it not that to go bears the meaning, so very frequently, of to dress. Schmidt gives fourteen or fifteen examples, and the list is far from complete. Furthermore, is not Hunter’s interpretation virtually contained in ‘Where remains he?’—Ed.]

218. with] Abbott, § 194: Though we still say ‘I parted with a house’ or ‘with a servant (considered as a chattel),’ we could not say ‘When you parted with the king.’—Rich. II: II, ii, 2.

220. Gargantua] Grey (i, 181): Alluding to Gargantua’s swallowing five pilgrims, with their pilgrims’ staves, in a salad. [Rabelais, Bk. I, chap. xxxviii.] Johnson: Rosalind requires nine questions to be answered in one word. Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Gargantua, the giant of Rabelais. Steevens: It appears from the Stationers’ Registers that in 1592 [April 6—Wright; vol. ii, p. 607, ed. Arber] was published ‘Gargantua his prophesie.’ And in 1594 [Dec. 4—Wright; vol. ii, p. 667, ed. Arber] ‘A booke entituled, the Historie of Gargantuas, &c. The book of Gargantua is likewise mentioned by Laneham in his letter from Kenilworth, 1575. Halliwell: Although there had been no English translation of Rabelais in Shakespeare’s time, yet it is evident from several notices that a chap-book history of Gargantua was very popular in this country in the sixteenth century. [Hereupon Halliwell gives several of these notices and other references. See Text. Notes for the misspelling started among the Editors by Pope. —Ed.] Wright: Coitgrave gives: ‘Gargantua. Great threat. Rab.’

222. I and no] On that puzzling passage in Lear, IV, vi, 99, where Lear says ‘Ay’ and ‘no’ too was no good divinity,’ Cowden-Clarke remarks: ‘In proof that “ay” and “no” was used by Shakespeare with some degree of latitude as a phrase signifying alternate reply, and not merely in strictness “yes” and “no,” compare [this present passage], where if the questions Rosalind asks be examined, it will be perceived that neither “ay” nor “no” will do as answers to any of them, except to “Did he ask for me?”’ [Celia’s words, as Cowden-Clarke intimates, are not to be taken literally. I think she means that if she were to give even the very shortest of answers to all of Rosalind’s questions, it would be a longer task than to go through the Catechism.—Ed.]

223. In a] Heath (p. 149): We should read ‘to answer a catechism.’ To
Rof. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wraftled?

Celt. It is as easie to count Atomies as to resiloue the propositons of a Loeur: but take a taste of my finding him, and relilish it with good obeurancen. I found him under a tree like a drop’d Acorne.

Rof. It may vvel be cal’d Ioues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Celt. Giue me audience, good Madam.

Rof. Proceed.

Celt. There lay hee stretch’d along like a Wounded knight.

Rof. Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it vwell becomes the ground.


answer in a catechism' implies no more than to answer a single question in it. The sense requires that the answer should be to every part of it.

227. Atomies] MALONE: 'An atomie,' says Bullokar, in his Expositor, 1616, 'is a mote flying in the sunne. Any thing so small that it cannot be made lesse.' [Probably this was pronounced atomia. In Sylvester's De Barbis, Bethuhas Recess, 1632, lib. vi, 346: 'Alas! I erre: for all in Atomies Wert thou divided, all would not suffice.' Again, Ibid., Battail of Yury, 421: 'Our State (yet honour'd where the Sun doth rise) Would fly in sparkes or die in atomies.' Also in R. L.'s Diies, Sonn. xxx., quoted by Caldecott (not, however, in reference to the pronunciation of atomie), we read: 'Hee that can count the candles of the skye Or number numberless small atomie.'—ED.]

231. Ioues] Because the oak was sacred to Jove, and because Orlando was compared to an acorn, Warburton reads 'under an oak tree' in the preceding line. 'A laughing allusion,' says NEIL, 'to Minerva's springing full-grown from Jupiter's head, seeing that the oak's acorn Celia spoke of was a full-grown lover.'

232. forth fruite] See Text. Notes for the omission supplied by the Second Folio. Capell asserted that no such phrase as 'drops forth' is 'acknowledg'd by Englishmen'; but Malone cites it in this very play, IV, iii, 37.

238. becomes the ground] CAPELL: The metaphor is taken from colour'd needlework, whose figures are more or less beautiful, according to the ground they are laid on. HALLIWELL: But the more obvious meaning may be what is intended. STEEVENS: So in Ham. V, ii, 415: 'Such a sight as this Becomes the field.' WRIGHT: But 'field' in this case means 'battle-field.' STAUNTON: That is, it well adorns, or graces, or sets off the ground. 'To become,' in the present day, signifies usually to befit, to be suitable; formerly it meant more than this. Thus, in Com. of Err. III, ii.
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Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curvettes unseaasonably. He was furnish’d like a Hunter.

Rof. O ominous, he comes to kill my hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring’st me out of tune.


et cet.

Luciana bids Antipholus, ‘become disloyalty; Apparel Vice, like Virtue’s harbinger.’ And in King John, V, i, Falconbridge exhorts the king to ‘glistre like the god of war, When he intendeth to become the field.’

239. holla] Skrib: Holla, Hollo, stop, wait! (French). Not the same word as halloo, and somewhat differently used in old authors. The true sense is stop! wait! and it was at first used as an interjection simply, though early confused with hallo, and thus acquiring the sense of to shout. ‘Holla, stand there.’—Oth. I, ii, 56. [The present passage cited.] French hōl, ‘an interjection, how there enough;’ etc., also, hear you me, or come hither.’—Cotgrave. French las, interjection, and eth, there. The French lac is an abbreviation from Latin illuc, that way, there, originally a feminine ablative, from illic, pronoun, he yonder, which is a compound of ille, he, and the enclitic ce, meaning ‘there.’—Lear, III, i, 55; Twelfth N. I, v, 291. But note that there is properly a distinction between holla (with final a), the French form, and hallo (with final o), a variant of hallow, the English form. Confusion was inevitable; it is worth noting that the Fr. lac accounts for the final a, just as Ang. Sax. lac accounts for the final o or oo; since Ang. Sax. a becomes long o by rule, as in bán, a bone, stān, a stone.

239. the] Walker (Crit. ii, 231) has a chapter on the confusion of thy and the, of which confusion the present word is an instance. Rapid pronunciation will, I think, account for this apparent confusion in many an instance. The every-day speech of the Quakers, or ‘their Friends’ language,’ as they call it, furnishes frequent examples.—Ed.

240. unseaasonably] Apparently through a mere oversight Steevens in his edition of 1793 inserted see before this word; thereupon the error curvetted unseaasonably through the Variorums of 1803, 1813, 1821, and Singer’s first edition, until Knight cried holla to it.—Ed.

241. hart] STEEVENS: A quibble between heart and hart. [See Schmidt, s. v. heart, for the same pun elsewhere.]

242. I would] See Abbott, § 329, for other examples of ‘would’ used for will, wish, require.

242. burthen] CHAPPELL (p. 223): The ‘burden’ of a song, in the old acceptation of the word, was the base, foot, or under-song. It was sung throughout, and not merely at the end of the verse. ‘Burden’ is derived from bourdoun, a drone base (French, bourdon). ‘This sommpour bar to him a stif burdoun, Was neveer trompe of haff so gret a soun.’—[Can. Tales, Prot., line 673, ed. Morris]. We find as early as 1250 that Somer is icoum in was sung with a foot, or burden, in two parts throughout (‘Sing cuckoo, sing cuckoo’); and in the preceding century Giraldus had noticed the peculiarity of the English in singing under-parts to their songs. That ‘burden’ still bore the sense of an under-part or base, and not merely of a ditty, see A Quest
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Ros. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke,
I muft speake: sweet, lay on.

Enter Orlando & Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he, finke by, and note him.

of Inquiry, &c. 1595, where it is compared to the music of a tabor: 'Good people,
beware of wooers' promises, they are like the musique of a tabor and pipe: the pipe
says golde, giffes, and many gay things; but performance is mortised in the tabor,
which bears the burden of 'I doubt it, I doubt it.' So in Much Ado, III, iv, 44,
Margaret says, 'Clap's into Light o' love;' that goes without a burden 'there
being no man or men on the stage to sing one.—Chappell] 'Do you sing it, and I'll
dance it.' Light o' Love was therefore strictly a ballet, to be sung and danced. . . .
Many of these burdens were short proverbial expressions, such as: 'Tis merry in hall
when beards wag all.' . . . Other burdens were mere nonsense, words that went gibbly
off the tongue, giving the accent of the music, such as hey monny, monny no; hey derry
down, &c. [See IV, ii, 14.]

247. bring me out] Almost a repetition of what she had just said; which explains
itself. Wright cites Love's Lab. L. v. ii, 171: 'They do not mark me, and that
brings me out.' If the reference in the present instance be not exclusively to music,
our modern idiom has merely substituted put for bring.'—Ed.

248. Cowden-Clarke: One of Shakespeare's touches of womanly nature. Rosalind,
so eager to hear of him, so impatient to extract every particle of description of him,
the instant she sees Orlando approach, draws back, and defers the moment of meeting
him. In the first place, she cannot bear to join him while he has another person
with him, and waits till Jaques is gone; in the next place, she wishes to look upon
him before she looks at him face to face; and lastly, she is glad to have an interval
wherein to recover from her first emotion at hearing he is near, ere she accosts him in
person. Dramatically, also, the poet is skilful in this pause; he gives opportunity for
the dialogue between Jaques and Orlando, showing them together, and making the
latter avow his passion for Rosalind (in her very presence, though unconsciously)
before he brings the lover to his mistress. Lady Martin (p. 405): It was surely
a strange perversion which assigned Rosalind, as it once assigned Portia, to actresses
whose strength lay only in comedy. Even the joyous, buoyant side of her nature
could hardly have justice done to it in their hands; for that is so inextricably mingled
with deep womanly tenderness, with an active intellect disciplined by fine culture, as
well as tempered by a certain native distinction, that a mere comedian could not give
the true tone and colouring even to her playfulness and her wit. These forest scenes
between Orlando and herself are not, as a comedy actress would be apt to make them,
merely pleasant fooling. At the core of all that Rosalind says and does lies a passion-
ate love as pure and all-absorbing as ever swayed a woman's heart. Surely it was the
finest and boldest of all devices, one in which only a Shakespeare could have ventured,
to put his heroine into such a position that she could, without revealing her own secret,
Iag. I thanke you for your company, but good faith
I had as liefe haue beene my selfe alone.

Orl. And so had I: but yet for fashions sake
I thanke you too, for your societie.

Iag. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.
Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing
Loue-songs in their barkes.

Orl. I pray you marre no moe of my verses with rea-
ding them ill-fauouredly.

Iaq. Rotatifinde is your loues name? Orl. Yes, Iuft.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she
was chriften'd.

Iaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Iuft as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are ful of pretie answeres: haue you not bin ac-
quainted with goldsmiths wiues, & cond the out of rings

257. moe] Cla. Rife. mo Mal. more 266. consd] consd Rowe. consd
FF et ceter.
261. mo] not F.

257. moe] Sket: The modern English word more does duty for two Middle
English words which were, generally, well distinguished, viz.: mo and more, the former
relating to number, the latter to size. 1. Middle English moe, more in number, addi-
tional. 'Mo than thries ten' — more than thirty in number; Chaucer, C. T. 578.
Ang. Sax. mo, both as adj. and adv., Grein, i, 301. . . . . . This A. S. mo seems to have
been originally an adverbal form; it is cognate with Ger. mehr, Goth. mais, adv., Lat.
magis. . . . . . 2. Mid. Eng. more, larger in size, bigger; 'more and lesser' — greater and
smaller, Chaucer, C. T. 6516. (The distinction between mo and more is not always
observed in old authors, but very often it appears clearly enough)—A. S. mara, greater,
larger; Grein, ii, 212. . . . . . This is really a double comparative, with the additional
comp. suffix -ru. . . . . . It deserves to be noted that some grammarians, perceiving that
mo-ru has one comparative suffix more than mo, have rushed to the conclusion that
mo is a positive form. This is false; the positive forms are mickle, much, and (prac-
tically) many. [A somewhat different ground of distinction is laid down by the
German grammarians, with whom Wright apparently agrees. It was suggested first
by Mommsen (I speak subject to correction), in his edition of Rom. &r. Jul. p. 12
(cited by Mitzner, i, 277, trans. Grece), who, on the authority of an assertion by
Alexander Gil that mo is plural in form, said that he 'knew of scarcely a single pas-
 sage in any poet of that age where mo was used with the singular.' The inference is
that he held mo to be used with plurals and more with singulars. What we merely
infer from Mommsen is laid down with emphasis by Koch (Grammar, ii, 209—
cited by Wright), who says: 'The difference seems to be firmly fixed that more is
used with the singular and mo with the plural; whence it comes that the oldest
grammarians, like Gil and Wallis, set forth mo as the comparative of many, and more
the comparative of much. Finally, Wright, with a broader knowledge, says that
'the distinction appears to be that "mo" is used only with the plural, "more" both
with singular and plural.' See Wright's 'Additional Note,' V, i, 34.—Ed.]

266. wiues . . . . rings] The shop-keepers wives decked out in fine clothes were
wont to sit before their doors, and had it in their power by their engaging manners
greatly to augment their husbands' custom. Goldsmiths' Row in Cheapside was the
ACT III, SC. II. ]

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267

Orl. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you have studied your questions.

Iaq. You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Attalanta's heele. Will you fitte downe with me, and wee two, will ralle against our Mistress the world, and all our miferie.

267. you] your Mason.

right] right, Rowe. right in the style of the Han.

268. you] you F.

Mistress] mistress, Pope +, Cap.

Mal.

pride of London for its display of glittering ware, and naturally a resort for young fops with more money than brains. The sneer at Orlando is not even thinly veiled. In Arber's English Garner, i, 611, is to be found a collection of Love Poesies for rings, many hundred in number, from a MS of about 1596. Other specimens of them may be found in Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, and Wright refers to Fairholt's Rambles of an Archaeologist, pp. 142, 143.—Ed.

267. painted cloth'] Capell: In the painted cloth style, i.e. briefly and pithily. Tapestries are improperly call'd painted cloths therefore the cloths here alluded to seem rather those occasional paintings that were indeed done upon cloth, i.e. linen or canvas; and hung out by the citizens upon different publick occasions, but chiefly —entries; the figures on these cloths were sometimes made to converse and ask questions, by labels coming out of their mouths; and these are the speeches that Jaques is accused of studying. There was also a furniture of painted cloth; the devices and legends of one of them, the possessors of Sir Thomas More's works may see among his poems. [Steevens was evidently one of these possessors; he quotes from Sir Thomas More's Works, 1557: ] 'Mastyr Thomas More in his youth devyseyd in his father's house in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne paynted cloth, with nine pageanttes and verses over every of those pageanttes; which verses expressed and declared what the ymage in those pageanttes represented; and also in those pageanttes were paynted the thynges that the verses over them dyd (in effecte) declare.' [Theobald having spoken of this 'painted cloth' as 'tapestry,' Nares corrects him, and says 'it was really cloth or canvas painted in oil with various devices or mottoes. Tapestry, being both more costly and less durable, was much less used, except in splendid appartments; nor though coloured could it properly be called "painted."' [Steevens, Malone, Knight, Halliwell, all give references throughout Elizabethan literature to this painted cloth, with specimens of the mottoes, but references from Shakespeare himself are all that is needful, and are far more satisfactory.] Theobald: See R. of L. 244: 'Who fears a sentence, or an old mans saw Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.' Wright: The scenes were frequently of Scripture subjects. Compare 1 Hen. IV: IV, ii, 28: 'Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth.' And 2 Hen. IV: II, i, 157: 'And for thy walls, a pretty sight drollerie, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these fly-bitten tapestries.' Rolfe: Compare Love's Lab. L. V, ii, 579, and Tvo. & Cress. V, x, 47. Johnson: This may mean, I give you a true painted cloth answer; as we say, she talks right Billingsgate; that is, exactly such language as is used at Billingsgate. [For the construction see 'speake sadde brow,' line 209; and for 'right' see 'right Butterwoomans rank,' line 96.]
Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but my selfe against whom I know most faults.

Iaq. The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue: I am wearey of you.

Iaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foule, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

Iaq. There I shall see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good signior Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monseur Melancholly.

Rof. I will speake to him like a fawcie Lacky, and under that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear For-

Orl. Verie wel, what would you? (refrer.)

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273. breather] brother Rowe i.

274. most F., Rowe, Pope, Han. Theob.

275. you] you F.


280. Scene VIII. Pope +.

273.breather] Mal. So in the 81st Samnet: 'When all the breathers of this world are dead.' Again, in Ant. & Cleop. III, iii, 24: 'She shows a body rather than a life, A statue than a breather.' Halliwell: 'Let a man examine himself; for if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged.'—1 Corinthians, xi. It is Law, if I recollect rightly, who observes, not imagining he was nearly quoting Shakespeare, that every man knows something worse of himself than he is sure of with respect to others. Moberly: As Jaques had been routed by the Duke's sound and vigorous reflections in II, vii, so here Orlando's sound-heartedness, and afterwards Rosalind's caustic criticisms, make short work with his melancholic view of life.

274. know most faults] See Text. Notes. It is to be regretted that neither Pope nor Hamner has vouchsafed to us an interpretation of this fine speech, which, by following the later Folios, they have transformed from modest humility to the extreme of boastful arrogance.—Ed.

280. Is it quite in keeping with Jaques's mother-wit that he should thus tamely fall into the trap set for him by Orlando?—Ed.

283. Cipher] Wht. (ed. ii): A pun on 'sigh for,' with an allusion to Narcissus. [Grant White, in his Preface (p. xii), says that 'in determining what passages were sufficiently obscure to justify explanation,' he 'took advice of his washerwoman.' It is a comfort to know the source of the foregoing note.—Ed.]

289. L.Martin (p. 418): At this moment Orlando is seen approaching with
ACT III, SC. ii.]  

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Ros. I pray you, what is't a clocke?

Orl. You should ask me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

Ros. Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else fighting euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre wold deteect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ros. By no meanes sir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers perfons: Ie tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands stil withall.

299, paces] places F3F4 Row i.  
300, divers] diverse Fv.

Jacques through the trees. A glance assures Rosalind that it is indeed he; but now the woman's natural shyness at being discovered in so strange a suit comes over her. 'Slink by and note him,' she says; and withdrawing along with Celia to a point where she may see and not be seen, she listens, with what delight we may conceive, to the colloquy in which her lover more than holds his own when the misanthrope Jacques rallies him on being in love and marring the forest trees 'with writing lovesongs in their bark.' On the assurance given by Orlando's answers that she is the very Rosalind of these songs, her heart leaps with delight. Not for the world would she have Orlando recognise her in her unmaidenly disguise; but now a sudden impulse determines her to risk all, and even to turn it to account as the means of testing his love. Boldness must be her friend, and to avert his suspicion her only course is to put on a 'swashing and a martial outside,' and to speak to him 'like a saucy laquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.' He must not be allowed for an instant to surmise the 'hidden woman's fear' that lies in her heart. Besides, it is only by resort to a rough and saucy greeting and manner that she could mask and keep under the trembling of her voice and the womanly tremor of her limbs. I always gave her 'Do you hear, forester?' with a defiant air, as much as to say, 'What are you, a stranger, doing here, intruding in the forest on those who are "natives of the place"?' With such a swagger, too, that Orlando feels inclined to turn round sharply upon the boy, as he had just done upon the cynical Jacques.

295, 296. Abbott refers to Rich. II: V, v, 50, etc.: 'For now hath time made me his numbering clock; My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch, Wheroeto my finger, like a dial's point, Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears. Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart, Which is the bell; so sighs and tears and groans Show minutes, times, and hours.'

296. detect] Allen (MS): To 'detect' rather implies discovery by indications (ενδείκνυονναι). Then, taking the liberty (as Shakespeare does) to use the verb intransitively, it may mean here: A groan once an hour and a sigh once every minute give indications of the progress of time.

300, &c. who] See Abbott, § 274, for many other examples of this common use of 'who' for whom.
Orel. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

303. 316. who] whom Ff, Rowe +, Cap.

303-315. Mrs Griffith (p. 84, foot-note) says that to 'trot hard' means to trot high, 'which is the most fatiguing rate to a traveller.' Hunter (i, 349): 'This portion of this very sprightly dialogue appears to have undergone dislocation at a very early period, for the old copies and the new are alike. To trot hard, at least in the present use of the phrase, is a rapid motion, only just below the gallop. How, then, can it be said that Time 'trot hard' when a season seems as long as seven years? A slow motion is intended, such as is meant by the word ambling. Again, Time passes swiftly with the easy priest and the luxurious rich man who is free from gout. He 'trots hard' with them. And that this transposition is required appears from the order in which Rosalind proposed to show the diverspacesof Time with divers persons: 1. ambling; 2. trotting; 3. galloping. I would therefore propose to regulate the passage thus: 'Orel. I prethee who ambles Time withal? Ros. Marry, he ambles with a young maid, &c. Time's pace is so ambling, &c. Orel. Who doth he trot withal? Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, &c. There Time trots withal.' If this is not accepted we are driven to the supposition that when Shakespeare speaks of 'trotting hard,' a slow motion is intended, and that ambling denotes a swift motion, neither of which can, I think, be maintained. White: Of all the means of making a short journey seem long, a hard-trotting horse is the surest; while an ambling nag, on the contrary, affords so easy and luxurious a mode of travelling that the rider arrives too soon at his journey's end. That Rosalind's comparison is between comfort and discomfort, not speed and slowness, is, beside, conclusively shown by her saying, afterward, that Time gallops with a thief to the gallows, 'for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.' Halliwell: Can this ['He trots hard with a young maid'] be accepted that Time appears so long to her that it increases the necessary pace to enable him to overcome it? The repetition of the word hard shows that it is unlikely there is any misprint, but the term may perhaps here be interpreted, with difficulty, very slowly. Solid bodies foreshow rain, as boxes and pegs of wood when they draw and wind hard.—Bacon. 'Time goes on crutches, till love hath all his rites.'—Much Ado [II, i, 372, cited by Malone]. It is perhaps possible that Rosalind is referring to the idea that in matters of ardent desire even rapidity is reckoned a delay. In desiderio etiam celeritas mora est—in desyre, in a thing that a man coveteth, even sped is counted a tarryance.—Taverner's Minus Publisci, 1539 [cited by Caldecott]. Wright: The following definition from Holme's Armory, B. II, c. 7, p. 150, justifies the original arrangement: 'Trot, or a Trotting Horse, when he sets hard and goes of an uneasy rate.' The point is not that Time goes fast, but that he goes at an uneasy pace, and therefore seems to be slow. [I cannot but agree with Hunter, not in any exchange of the phrases, but that, in the case of the young maid it is the rate of the pace, not its quality, to which Rosalind refers. I think that here 'hard' means fast. The speed of the trot is increased by the shortness of the time. Invert the order of the sentence: 'If the interim be but a sennight, Time will trot hard.' Are we not compelled here to interpret 'hard as fast? What effect can the flight of time have on the quality of a trot other than on its speed? How can any shortness of the interim make a trot jouncing? The faster the trot, as everyone knows, the easier it is. That the time seems long because the trot is jouncing is a mere inference; in actual experience the comfort or discomfort of such a trot depends not a little on the use and wont of the rider.
REF. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd; if the interim be but a fennight. Times pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven yeare.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

REF. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Goul : for the one sleepe easily because he cannot study, and the other liues merrily, because he fees no paine : the one lacking the burthen of leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

REF. With a theefe to the gallows : for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon there.

Orl. Who staiies it still withal?

REF. With Lawiers in the vacation : for they sleepe betweene Terme and Term, and then they perceiue not how time mouses.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

REF. With this Shepeheardesse my sister : heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

REF. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.
Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could
purchase in so remoued a dwelling.

Rof. I haue bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde
religious Vnkle of mine taught me to speake, who was
in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too
well: for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read ma-
ny Leftors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Wo-
man to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee
hath generally tax'd their whole fex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils,
that he laid to the charge of women?

Rof. There were none principal, they were all like


339. kindled] Skert: To bring forth young. Middle English, kindlen, kundlen.
... Cf. also: 'Kyndyn, or brynge forthe yonge kyndelynge, Fete, effete.'—Prompt.
Parv. p. 275. And in Wyclif, Luke iii, 7, we find 'kynllis of eddria' in the earlier,
and 'kyndlynge of eddria' in the later version, where the A. V. has 'generation of
vipers.' ... It refers, in general, to a numerous progeny, a litter, especially with
regard to rabbits, &c. [It is still in common use in this country, and always, I
believe, restricted to rabbits.—Ed.] Cambridge Editors: In F and in Rowe's
two editions the word 'kindled' happens to be in two lines, and therefore divided
by a hyphen. Pope, misled by this, printed it in his first edition as a compound,
'kind-led,' interpreting it probably with reference to the gregarious habits of the
animal in question.

331. purchase] That is, simply, to acquire. In technical legal language all land,
however acquired, other than by descent, is by purchase.—Ed.

332. remoued] Reed: That is, remote, sequestered.

333. religious] Moberly: An uncle of mine, who is an aged monk or her-
mite. Abbott (p. 456) refers to Rich. II: V, i, 23: 'Cloister thee in some religious
house.'


sense of civility and elegance of manners and of courting or wooing. So also Rom.
& Jul. III, iii, 34: 'more honourable state, more courtship lives in carrion flies
than Romeo.'

336. Lectors] White: This is one of the many evidences that the English of
Shakespeare's time has been remarkably preserved, even in sound, by the inhabitants
of New England. Throughout the Eastern States, even among a large proportion of
those who are 'inland-bred and know some culture,' lecture is pronounced lectur.
Wright: In the same way in Bacon's Advancement of Learning, 1605, p. 30, 'ver-
dure' is spelt 'verdur.'

337. touch'd] Cowden-Clarke: That is, tainted, infected.
one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault seeming monstruous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount some of them.

Ros. No: I wil not cast away my physick, but on thos that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses our yong plants with caruing Rosalinde on their barkes; hangs Oades vpon Hauthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of Rosalinde. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would glue him some good counsel, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

342. euerie one] every ones F3 F6
343. halfe pence] WRIGHT: No halfpence were coined in Elizabeth's reign till 1582–3. Bacon refers to 'the late new halffpence' in the Dedication to the first edition of his Essays, which was published in 1597. They all had the portcullis with a mint mark, and on the reverse a cross moline with three pellets in each angle, so that, in comparison with the great variety in coins of other denominations then in circulation, there was a propriety in saying 'as like one another as halffpence are.' They were used till 1601. See Folkes, Table of Siver Coins, p. 57.
344. recount some of them] LADY MARTIN (p. 420): What an opening here for her to put her lover to the test, to hear him say all that a loving woman most longs to hear from him she loves, and he all the while ignorant that he is laying bare his heart before her!
350. Fancie] Love.
351. Quotidian] RUSHTON (Shakespeare's Euphuism, p. 90): 'Doubtlesse if euer she [Luise] hir selfe haue bene scorched with the flames of desire, she wil be redy to quench the coales with courtesie in an other; if euer she haue bene attached of lone, she wil rescue him that is drenched in desire: if euer she haue ben taken with the feuer of fancie, she will help his auge, who by a quotidian fit is converted into phrensie.' [Lily's Euphuist, p. 66, ed. Arber.—Wright. In Greene's Platonomachia, 1585, we find 'the peculiar affections of those men, in whom she [Venus] is predomynant,' and on p. 103 (ed. Grosart), quotidian fevers are expressly mentioned as a symptom of love; we there read: 'the peculiar diseases to this starre are Cathars, Corysc Branchy [qu. Corysa?], Lethargies, Falsies, . . .quotidian fevers, paines in the head.'—ED.]
Ros. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner.

Ori. What were his markes?

Ros. A leane checke, which you haue not: a blew eie and sunken, which you haue not: an vnquestionable spi-rit, which you haue not: a beard neglec'ted, which you haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard, is a youger brothers reuennynew) then your hose should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbanded, your

357. are] F.r.
363. is] no F, Rowe, Pope.

355. There is . . . markes] See Abbott, § 335, for other instances of the infection in -s preceding a plural subject.

356, 357. cage of rushes] C. H. Hart (New Sh. Soc. Trans., 1877-9, Pt. iii, p. 462): 'Cage' of course means prison here; but if 'cage of rushes' be not taken to mean a rush ring, or to allude to it, the phrase seems to me meaningless and deprived of its pith. [For rush rings, used in mock ceremonies of marriage, and much conducing thereby to immorality, see Nares, s. v.; Brandis Pop. Ant. ii, p. 107; Skeat's Two Noble Kins. iv, i, 88—all cited by Hart. I doubt if there be more of an allusion here to a custom, low and vulgar at its best, than might be suggested by the mere chance use of the word. It is in keeping with Rosalind's assumed disbelieve in the strength of Orlando's love, that she should refer to the bars of his prison as no more than rushes.—Ed.]

359. blew eie] Steevens: That is, blueness about the eyes. White: That is, hollow-eyed. 'Blue eyes' were called grey in Shakespeare's time. See 'blue-eyed bag.' Temp. i, ii, 270.

360. vnquestionable] Chamier: Unwilling to be conversed with. M. Mason: So in [III, iv, 34] Rosalind says she had 'much question' with the Duke. And in V, iv, 165, the Duke was converted after 'some question with an old religious man.' In both places, 'question' means discourse or conversation. [For many more instances, see Schmidt, s. v. 'Question,' the noun and the verb. White refers to 'Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,'—Ham. i, iv, 43, where the word is used in exactly the same sense; that is, thou com'st in a shape so proper to be questioned, and yet this line is often quoted as if 'questionable' meant 'suspicious.'][[1]]

362. hauing] Steevens: 'Having' is possession, estate. So in Merry Wives, III, ii, 73: 'The gentleman is of no having.' [For nine or ten other examples see Schmidt.]

364. vngarter'd] Malone: The established and characteristic marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakespeare. Thus, in The Fair Maid of the Exchange, by Heywood, 1637: 'Shall I that have jested at lovers' sighs, now raise whirlwinds? Shall I, that have flouted ah! me's once a quarter, now practise ah! me's every minute? Shall I defy hatbands, and tread garters and shoe-strings under my feet? Shall I fall to falling-bands and be a ruff-an no longer? I must; I am now liege-man to Cupid, and have read all these informations in his book of Statutes.'—[p. 22, ed. Sh. Soc. Evidently these signs of love were unmistakeable in the
fleeue vnbutton'd, your sho ho vntide, and euerie thing about you, demonstating a careleffe defolation: but you are no such man; you are rather point deuice in your accoustrements, as louing your selfe, then seeming the Lo-uer of any other.

(1 Loue.

Ori. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleuee

Rof. Me beleuee it? You may assfone make her that

367. point] a point F, F.

point-device Dyce.

speaker's mind; what he has just said is after he had seen the Fair Maid of the Exchange; before he had seen her he says (p. 18): 'if ev'ry tale of love, Or love itself, or fool-bewitching beauty, Make me cross-arm myself, study ak-me's, Defy my hatband, tread beneath my feet Shoe-strings and garters, practise in my glass Distressed looks, and dry my liver up, With sighs enough to wind an argosy, If ever I turn thus fantastical, Love plague me.' Again, in How a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a Bad, 1602: 'I was once like thee, A sigher, melancholy humorist, Crosser of arms, a goer without garters, A hatband-hater, and a busk-point wearer.'—[I, iii. p. 17, ed. Hazlitt. Hamlet's 'ungartered stockings' will occur to every one.—Ed.]

364. vnbanded] The foregoing extracts, cited by Malone, fairly illustrate this whole passage. Wright quotes from The Anatomy of Abuses, 1583, where Stubbes describes the fashions of hats: 'An other sort have round crownes, sometimes with one kind of bande, sometimes with an other; nowe blacke, now white, now russet, now red, now green, now yelow, now this, nowe that, never content with one colour or fashion two dayes to an ende. . . . Besides this, of late there is a new fashion of wearing their Hattes sprung vp amongst them, which they father vpon the Frenchmen, namely to weare them without bandes; but how vnseemelie (I will not say how Assy) a fashion that is, let the wise judge.'—(p. 52, Collier's Reprint) [Part I, pp. 50, 51, ed. New Sh. Soc.]

367. point deuice] STEVENS: That is, drest with finical nicety. So in Love's Lab. L. V, i, 21: 'I abhor such fanatical phantasmes, such insaciablie and point-device companions.' SKEAT: A shortened form of the older phrase at point-device, equivalent to with great nicety or exactitude, as: 'With limmes [lims] wrought at point-device;—Rom. of the Rose, i. 930; a translation of Old French, a point deuice, according to a point [of exactitude] that is deviside or imagined, &c. in the best way imaginabile.

FLETCHER (p. 216): Who does not see the pleasure with which, under her affected disbeliue, she dwells on the contrast which Orlando's neatness of personal appearance presents to that of the ordinary but less healthy kind of lover, 'about whom everything demonstrates a careless desolation.'

367, 368. accoustrements] WRIGHT: The early form of the French word. In King John, I, i, 211, and in Tames. Sbr. III, ii, 121, it occurs in the modern spelling.

371. Me beleuee it ] KEIGHTLEY's text reads 'Make me believe it,' and in a note (Ex. 160) he says: 'Surely the passage thus gains not only in metre, but in spirit.' [This is the second time (see line 84 above) that Keightley in a prose passage appeals
you Louise belleeue it, which I warrant she is apter to do, 
then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the 
which women stil glue the lie to their consciences. But 
in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verfes on the 
Trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of 
Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunat he.

Ros. But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speake?

Orl. Neither rime nor reafon can exprefe how much.

Rof: Loue is meerely a madness, and I tel vou, de-
serves as wel a drake house, and a whip, as madmen do:
and the reafon why they are not fo punish'd and cured, is
that the Lunacie is fo ordinarie, that the whippers are in
loue too: yet I professe curing it by counfel.

Orl. Did you euer cure any fo?

Rof. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to ima-
gine me his Loue, his Mistris: and I fet him euerie day
to woe me At which time would I, being but a moonifh
youth, greeue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and
liking, proud, fantaftical, apifh, shallow, inconstant, ful

to the needs of metre. I suppose that he assumes all of Shakespeare's prose to be 
metric prose, and he therein comes near the truth. I dare not say how flat his 
present emendation strikes me. 'Me believe it!' is absolute Rosalind; just as, afterwards, she says 'you a lover!'—Ed.

that he] See line 11, or Abbott, § 224.

express how much] Lady Martin (p. 421): Oh, how intently she has 
watched for that answer! with what secret rapture heard it! But he must discern 
nothing of this, so, turning carelessly away, and smiling inwardly to think she is her-
sel an illustration of what she says, she exclaims: 'Love is merely,' &c.

meerely] Staunton: it may not be impertinent to say, once for all, that 
'merely,' from the Latin merus, and 'mere' in old language, meant absolutely, alto-
gether, purely. See II, vii, 148. In Lodge's Rosalynde: 'And forth they pulled 
such victuals as they had, and fed as merely as if they had been in Paris.'

See Malvolio's treatment in Twelfth Night.

Fletcher (p. 217): Her answer shows us one of those subtle devices by 
which Shakespeare so well knew how to exalt the ideal perfection of a favorite heroi-
ne. The exquisite characterisation which she gives us of feminine caprice in the 
weaker portion of her sex most beautifully sets off that contrary disposition by which 
her every sentence makes us feel that she herself is animated.

moonish] Steevens: That is, variable. Halliwell: It is possible that it 
may, however, be correctly rendered foolish, weak; for Ben Jonson uses the term 
moonling in the sense of a fool or a lunatic.
of tears, full of smiles; for euerie passion something, and
for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are
for the moft part, cattle of this colour: would now like
him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear
him: now weep for him, then spit at him; that I draue
my Sutor from his mad humour of loue, to a lieuing humour
of madnes, \( \hat{w} \) was to forswear the full stream of \( \hat{y} \) world,
and to lieue in a nooke meerly Monastick: and thus I cur'd

397. my] this Rowe.
Sutor] Sutor F_4, Sutor F_3 F_4
from] for F_4

i, ii, iii, Dyce, Sta. Huds.
398. \( \hat{y} \] which Ff.

397. loving] JOHNSON: If this be the true reading, we must by 'living' understand lasting, or permanent; but I cannot forbear to think that some antithesis was intended which is now lost; perhaps the passage stood thus: I drove my suitor from a dying humour of love to a living humour of madness. Or rather thus: From a mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness, that is, From a madness that was love, to a love that was madness. This seems somewhat harsh and strained, but such modes of speech are not unusual in our poet; and this harshness was probably the cause of the corruption. FARMER: Perhaps we should read: to a humour of loving madness. MALONE: 'A living humour of madness' is, I conceive, a humour of living madness, a mad humour that operates on the mode of living; or, in other words, and more accurately, a mad humour of life; '— to forswear the world, and live in a nook,' &c. WHITER (p. 51): Compare: 'Give me a living reason she's disloyal.'—Oth. III, iii, 470. That is, give me a direct, absolute, and unequivocal proof. Why then may not the 'living humor of madness' mean a confirmed, absolute, and direct state of madness? This signification is easily deduced from the sense which the original word bears in the phrases of 'Done or expressed to the life'—ad vivum expressum. COLLIER: The antithesis is complete if, with Johnson, we read loving, which is only the change of a letter; and this reading is supported by the MS correction of the early possessor of the First Folio in the library of Lord Francis Egerton. The meaning thus is, that Rosalind drove her suitor from his mad humour of love into a humour in which he was in love with madness, and forswore the world. [It is also loving in Collier's (MS).] WHITE: Loving is plausible, and the antithetical conceit quite in the manner of Shakespeare's time. WALKER (Crit. iii, 63): Of course loving. [Walker gives five or six instances where unquestionably 'live' has been printed love, and 'love' live.] WRIGHT: But 'living' in the sense of real or actual [as Whiter suggests] gives a very good meaning, and its resemblance in sound is sufficiently near to keep up the jingle. [Wherewith the present editor entirely agrees.—ED.]

399. meerly Monastick] ALLEN (MS): I wonder whether it should not be written: 'to live in a nook, merely monastic?' That is, 'monastic' as an adjective in the nominative, 'he becoming merely monastic,' i.e. absolutely religious.

399. BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (April, 1833): Who could resist this? Not Orlando; fo, though love-stricken [Qu. because love-stricken?—ED.], he is full of the power of life; his passion is a joy; his fear is but slight shadow, his hope strong sunshine. . . . There is a mysterious spell breathed over his whole being from that
him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to wafh your Liuer as cleane as a found sheepes heart, that there shal not be one spot of Loue in't.

Ori. I would not be cured, youth.

Rof. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my loue, I will; Tell me where it is.

Rof. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you liue: Wil you go?  

Ori. With all my heart, good youth.

Rof. Nay, you must call mee Rosalind: Come sitter, will you go?

Exeunt.

silver speech.  

Near the happy close of the play the Duke says to him: 'I do remember in this shepherd-boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.'  And Orlando answers: 'My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, I thought he was a brother to your daughter.'  That sweet thought had passed across his mind at their first meeting, although he did not tell the 'shepherd-boy.' . . . And is not this shepherd-boy with 'lively touches of my daughter's favour' a thousand times better than a dead picture? It is a living full-length picture even of Rosalind in a fancy-dress; and 'tis easy as delightful to imagine it the very original's own self, 'the slender Rosalind,' 'the heavenly Rosalind,' 'tis 'Love's young dream!'

400, 401. Steevens: This is no very delicate comparison, though produced by Rosalind in her assumed character of a shepherd. Halliwell: The liver was considered the seat of love. Wright: See The Temp. IV, i, 56: 'The cold white virgin snow upon my heart Abates the ardour of my liver.' Compare the 'jecur ulcerosum' of Horace, Od. I, xxi, 15. [Forgetfulness of this fact, so familiar to every student, whether English or Classical, led Dr Bucknill (p. 110) to propose that the words 'heart' and 'liver' should be transposed. Wherein attention was called by Spenser, Notes & Qu. 5th S. vol. iv, p. 182.]

406. I will] Neil: Francis, 'the dramatic Censor,' suggests the insertion here of the words, 'The more so as thou hast strong traces of Rosalind's favour,' justified by V, iv, 32, 33.

413. Fletcher (p. 218): We must bear in mind that Orlando cannot be supposed to lose sight for a moment of the resemblance in feature and in voice which the supposed forest youth bears to his noble and graceful mistress. Nor does he any more wish for his own cure than Rosalind herself desires it. On the contrary, it is because he feels the lively and delicate charm which he finds in this new acquaintance, operating, by strong affinity, to nourish and deepen the impression which his real mistress's perfections have made upon his heart, that he at last accepts the sportive invitation to
visit the cottage of the fictitious Ganymede. On the other hand, Rosalind has secured
to herself the pleasure of hearing under her disguise the continued addresses of her
lover; while the fact of her remaining undiscovered is brought within the limits of
probability by the exceeding unlikelihood to Orlando’s mind of such a metamorphosis
on the part of his princess, and yet more by the perfect self-possession and finished
address wherewith both she and her cousin are enacting their forest and pastoral parts,
as if they were as native to the scene, to borrow Rosalind’s expression, ‘as the coney
that you see dwell where she is kindled.’ But, above all, she is talking herself more
deply into love. How beautifully does this appear in her subsequent conversation
with Celia, when Orlando has failed to keep his wooing appointment: ‘Never talk to
me, I will weep,’ &c., and in her account of how she had avoided recognition by her
father, although she and her cousin had set out upon their wanderings on purpose to
seek him. Lady Martin (p. 428): I need scarcely say how necessary it is for the
actress in this scene, while carrying it through with a vivacity and dash that shall
divert from Orlando’s mind every suspicion of her sex, to preserve a refinement of
tone and manner suitable to a woman of Rosalind’s high station and cultured intel-
llect; and by occasional tenderness of accent and sweet persuasiveness of look, to
indicate how it is that, even at the outset, she establishes a hold upon Orlando’s feel-
ings, which in their future intercourse in the forest deepens, without his being sensibly
conscious of it, his love for the Rosalind of his dreams. I never approached this
scene without a sort of pleasing dread, so strongly did I feel the difficulty and the
importance of striking the true note in it. Yet when once engaged in it, I was borne
along I knew not how. The situation in its very strangeness was so delightful to my
imagination that from the moment when I took the assurance from Orlando’s words
to Jaques that his love was as absolute as woman could desire, I seemed to lose
myself in a sense of exquisite enjoyment. A thrill passed through me; I felt my
pulse beat quicker; my very feet seemed to dance under me. That Rosalind should
forget her first woman’s fears about her ‘doublet and hose’ seemed the most natural
thing in the world. Speak to Orlando she must at any hazard. But oh, the joy of
getting him to pour out all his heart, without knowing that it was his own Rosalind to
whom he talked,—of proving if he were indeed worthy of her love, and testing, at the
same time, the depth and sincerity of her own devotion! The device to which she
resorted seemed to suggest itself irresistibly; and, armed with Shakespeare’s words,
it was an intense pleasure to try to give expression to the archness, the wit, the quick,
ready intellect, the ebullient fancy, with the tenderness underlying all, which give to
this scene its transcendent charm. Of all the scenes of this exquisite play, while this
is the most wonderful, it is for the actress certainly the most difficult. Grant White
(Studies, &c., p. 254): Now here most Rosalinds go shyly off with Celia and leave
Orlando to come dangling after them; but when I read the passage I see Ganymede
jauntily slip his arm into Orlando’s, and lead him off, laughingly lecturing him about
his name; then turn his head over his shoulder, and say, ‘Come, sister!’ leaving Celia
astounded at the boundless ‘cheek’ of her enamored cousin. [In a foot-note:] I
have used the words ‘cheek’ and ‘chaff’ in connection with Rosalind, because they
convey to us of this day the nature of her goings-on as no other words would; and
Shakespeare himself, who always treats slang respectfully, although he contemns and
despises cant, would be the first to pardon me.
Scæna Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques:

Clo. Come apace good Audrey, I wil fetch vp your Goates, Audrey: and how Audrey am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Scene IX. Pope+. 2. Audrey] Audrie F.r. 3. how] now F,F,F, Rowe+. 5. features] Steevens: Fret and feature, perhaps, had anciently the same meaning. The Clown asks if the features of his face content her; she takes the word in another sense, i.e. frets, deeds, and in her reply seems to mean what feats, i.e. what have we done yet? Or the jest may turn on the Clown's pronunciation. In some parts, 'features' might be pronounced 'factors', which signify 'rascals, low wretches'. Pistol uses the word in 'Hen. IV': II, iv, 173, and Spenser very frequently. Malone: In Daniel's Cleopatra, 1594: 'I see then artless feature can content, And that true beauty needs no ornament' [III, ii, line 729, ed. Grosart]. Again, in The Spanish Tragedy: 'My feature is not to content her sight; My words are rude, and work her no delight' [II, i, p. 37, ed. Hazlitt]. 'Feature' appears to have formerly signified the whole countenance. So, in 'Hen. VI': V, v, 68: 'Her peerless feature, joined to her birth, Approves her fit for none but for a king.' Whiter (p. 51): 'Feature' appears to have three senses. First, The cast and make of the face. Secondly, Beauty in general. Thirdly, The whole turn of the body. Caldecott: 'Feature' strictly is forms or figures. Nares: This passage may as well be explained by supposing that the word 'feature' is too learned for the comprehension of the simple Audrey. 'Feature' is sometimes used for form or person in general: 'She also doff her heavy haberdon, Which the fair feature of her limbs did hide.'—Spenser, Faerie Queene, III, ix. As a magical appearance: 'Stay, all our charms do nothing win Upon the night; our labour dies! Our magick feature will not rise.'—Jonson, Masque of Queens. On the preceding charm Jonson's own note says: 'Here they speake as if they were creating some new feature, which the devil persuades them to be able to do often, by the pronouncing of words, and pouring out of liquors on the earth.' Dyce: 'Feature' is form, person in general. Walker (Crit. ii, 305): 'Feature,' in its earliest form, the Latin factura, signifies, in our old writers, the make of a person, his tout-ensemble. Jonson, Poetaster, II, i, Gifford, vol. ii, p. 416: 'her fair features'; surely an error; in the very same scene, p. 418, l. 4, we have, 'No doubt of that, sweet feature'; as Browne, R. P. i, Song iv, Clarke, p. 112: 'from the ruins of this mangled creature Arose so fair and so divine a feature, That envy from her heart would dote upon her,' &c.; and, I think, Milton, P. L. x: 'So scented the grim feature'; abstractum pro concreto, ut per scopo in polit. vett. Anglicis. Uncertain Poets; Chalmers, vol. ii, p. 439, col. 2, Praise of M. [Mistresse] M.: 'I woxe astro-
Your features... what features?] nied (?) to read the features [feature] of her shape, And wondered that a mortall hart such heavenly beamses could scape.' Browne, B. F. B. i, Song ii. Clarke, p. 67 (of a fountain): 'Not changing any other work of nature, But doth endow the drinker with a feature More lovely,' &c. Spenser, F. Q. B. iv. C. ii, St. xliiv: 'And to her service bind each living creature, Through secret understanding of their feature'; i.e. their construction, their make. C. ii, of Mutabilitie, St. iv: 'And thither also came all other creatures, Whatever life or motion do retaine, According to their sundry kinds of features.' Carew, Epitaph on the Lady S., Clarke, viii, init. p. 76: 'The harmony of colours, features, grace, Resulting airs (the magic of a face) Of musical sweet tones, all which combined, To crown one sovereign beauty, lies confined To this dark vault.' Drunken Barnaby: 'Where I sought for George & Green a; But cou'd find not such a creature, Yet on a sign I saw his feature,' &c. [p. 19, ed. 1805]. Dubartas, i, vi, ed. 1641, p. 54, col. 2: 'Can you conceal the feet's rare-skillful feature, The goodly bases of this glorious creature?' Wrightidthere is possibly some joke intended here, the key to which is lost. 'Feature' in Shakespeare's time signified shape and form generally, and was not confined to the face only. [In the Transactions, 1877-9, Part I, p. 100, of The New Shakspere Soc., W. Wilkins 'made Touchstone use "feature" in its etymological sense of "making," that is, the Early English making or writing of verses, as we use "composition," &c. now. Ben Jonson,' continues Furnivall, 'seems to use the word in the same sense when he says of his creature or creation, the play of Volpone, that two months before it was no feature: "think they can flout them, With saying he was a year about them. To this there needs no lie, but this his creature, Which was two months since no feature."
—Prologue to Volpone, 1607. Mr. W. A. Harrison finds the same sense in Bp. Latimer and Pliny: 'Some of them ingendred one, some other such features, and every one in that he was delivered of was excellent, politike, wise.'—Prufull Sermons, &c. by Master Hugh Latimer, &c. 1596, Sig. B 4, p. 12. Feature means here a thing made, as a production.' Pliny (Pref. Lib. 1) uses fetura figuratively of a literary production, and calls his work on Natural History proxima fetura: "Libros Naturalis Historiae... natos apud me proxima fetura." Nares's citations are also repeated in a foot-note.] Brinsley Nicholson (Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft, Reprint, 1886, p. 548): 'Feature.' An example of its being used for the make of a man, and not merely of the features of his countenance, to which it is now appropriated; but till I can find—and as yet I have found none, though I have looked out for it—an example of feature used for things inanimate, I cannot accept the interpretation of song or sonnet in the present passage. Did it refer to verse we should expect features... All Touchstone's reference to verse-making in this passage may readily have arisen from his reference to his new situation as like that of the honest poet Ovid among the Goths. Had he been poetical and given her verses, he could not have explained to Audrey that he, being a poet, only feigned to love her. [We know, from Steevens's note, that the jest was lost over a hundred years ago, and it seems vain to hope to find it now. We may have our own little explanations and theories, but it is doubtful that any can be now proposed which will be generally accepted. The latest that has been offered, that of Wilkins and of The New Shakspere Soc., is to me far from satisfactory, and indeed is scarcely a clue to the joke at all, which does not lie in what Touchstone says, but in Audrey's interpretation. It makes but little difference to us what Touchstone's 'feature' is; it may be anything in the world, from a sonnet to the cut of his beard, it may be 'feature' in the sense of composition, or it
Clo. I am here with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest Ovid was among the Goths.

7. Goths) Goths F. E.

may be, which I think extremely probable, that the sentence is merely a repetition by Touchstone, in different words, of his previous question, 'am I the man yet?' But what is important, and must be known before our lungs can crow like chanticleer, is the meaning that Audrey attaches to it which necessitated a 'Lord warrant us' when she alluded to it. Here lay the jest, and I think it still lies there, not in Touchstone's meaning, but hidden in his pronunciation of 'feature,' as Steevens suggested. We need have little doubt that the as in 'feature' was pronounced to rhyme with the a in our pronunciation of nature. Ellis (Early Eng. Pronun. p. 992) gives 'feature' in paleotype as 'feet-yr,' wherein 'ee' has the sound of a in Mary, and 'yy' the sound of the German softened i. By the analogy of 'Lectors,' however, which we had in the last scene, and of many similar words, I think we have a right to suppose that Touchstone varied this pronunciation and may have said 'fee-tor.' If so, Audrey may readily have accepted it as meaning faitsor, which is exactly what Steevens suggested. Faitor means a cheat, a vagabond, a villain. Pistol in a Hen. IV: II, iv, 173, says 'Down, down, dogs! down, faitsors!' and in Spenser we have 'The false faitsor Scudamore.' If this be the jest, it is not, it must be confessed, side-splitting, but it is quite enough to disconcert Touchstone, who was fishing for a compliment, whether we take 'feature' to mean his manly proportions (as I think he means it) or his verses, as Wilkins supposes. In support of the latter interpretation it is a little unfortunate that no other exactly parallel instance of the use of 'feature' in the sense of factura has been cited. In the quotation from Jonson's Volpone the allusion is more physiological than psychological, and, it seems to me, clearly refers to the shape or outline of his play. If, however, Jonson, with his unquestionable scholarship, here uses 'feature' in its classical sense, it should be classed, I think, with the factura of Pliny (cited above by Harrison), which comes from quite a different root, and has quite a different meaning, from factura. There may well have been some peculiarity, not confined to Touchstone, in the pronunciation of 'feature.' In Williboe's Avias, 1594, on pp. 19, 46, 99 (ed. Grosart), it is spelled facture, and in no other way, as far as I noticed. This may have been a peculiarity of a Northern dialect, of which there are other indications in the poem, or it may have arisen from some peculiarity in the handwriting of 'Hadrian Dorrell,' but at any rate I think it helps to justify us in looking to Touchstone's pronunciation as the source wherein Audrey's jest lies perdu.—Ed.]

5. Farmer: I doubt not this should be 'Your feature! Lord warrant us! what's feature?'

7. capricious) Caldecott: Caper, capri, caperious, capricious, fantastical, capering, goathish; and by a similar process are we to smooth 'Goths' into 'goats.' Dyce quotes Lettsom: No doubt there is an allusion to caper here: but there seems to be also one to capere; at least the word capricious may be used in the sense of 'taking.' Compare [Brewer's?—Dyce] Lingus, II, iii: 'Carry the conceit I told you this morning to the party you got at. In my imagination tis capricious; 'twill take, I warrant thee.'—[p. 368, ed. Hazlitt].

7. Goths) Caldecott: In our early printing Goths and Gothic were spelt Gotes and Goticke. William Thomas's History of Italy, 1561, fol. 86: 'against the gotes'; and fol. 201: 'Attila, kyng of the Goht.' So in Chapman's Homer, passim.
ACT III, SC. iii.]

AS YOU LIKE IT

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in a thatch'd houe.

8, 9. 42. Aside. Johns. et seq.

WHITE (Introd. to Much Ado, p. 226, ed. i): This joke of Touchstone's is quite decisive upon the point that the combination oth was sometimes, at least, pronounced oth. If the pronunciation of 'Gotha' was not gate, he might as well have said 'among the Vandals.' [See also vol. xii, p. 431 of Grant White's first edition, where, in one of the earliest attempts to fix the pronunciation of Elizabethan English, White argues rather more strongly perhaps than he would have maintained in his mature years that 'd, th, and s were indiscriminately used to express a hardened and perhaps not uniform modification of the Anglo-Saxon s.' Ellis (Early Eng. Pronunciation, p. 971) reviews at length White's conclusions and dissent from them: 'there does not appear,' he says, p. 972, 'to be any reason for concluding that the genuine English th ever had the sound of t, although some till s' have fallen into th.' This seems to be stated a little too broadly, especially with Touchstone's joke before us, which Ellis elsewhere recognizes, but refers to the category of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew words in which at that time there was probably great uncertainty of pronunciation. Again, there is a little strain in thus classifyng with Latin, Greek, or Hebrew a word as thoroughly Anglo-Saxon as 'goat.'

We all know that poor Ovid for an unknown misdeed was banished to the bleak shores of the Euxine among the Goths, who are the Goths.—ED.]

8. inhabited] STRYVEALL: That is, ill-lodged. An unusual sense of the word. A similar phrase occurs in Reynolds' God's Revenge against Murder, book v, hist. 21: 'Erie's heart is not so ill-lodged, .... but that she is very sensible of her disgrace.' Again, in The Golden Legend, ed. Wynkyn de Worde, fol. 196: 'I am ryghtwysnes that am enhabited here, and this hous is mynyse.' ['Yet,' adds Wright, 'there is no evidence that in Shakespeare's time 'inhabit' was equivalent to 'lodge' in the active sense. Ill-lodged must be the meaning, although it is not easy to say why.]

ABEY: This explains this curious word, § 394. Hence [i.e. from the license in the formation of verbs] arose a curious use of passive verbs, mostly found in the participle. Thus 'famous for sights' (Somn. 25) means 'made famous'; but in 'Who .... would not be so lover'd P—L. C. lover'd means 'gisted with a lover.' And this is the general rule: A participle formed from an adjective means 'made (the adjective),' and derived from a noun means 'endowed with (the noun).' [Hereupon a page and a half of examples follow, which see; among them, the present phrase is interpreted 'made to inhabit.' See also 'glided shore,' Mer. of Ven. III, ii, 103.]

9. thatch'd house] UPTON: That of Bancia and Philemon; 'Stupulis et caesu tecta palustri.'—Ovid, Met. viii, 630. ['The roof thereof was thatched all with straw and fenish reede.'—Golding's trans. 1567, p. 106.] KNIGHT: The same allusion is in Much Ado, II, i, 99: 'Don Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove. Here, why then, your visor should be thatched.'

9. Capell: Does not this reflection of Jaques upon Touchstone's speech imply a sort of consciousness in the Poet, that he had made his clown a little too learned? for, besides that he has made him acquainted with Ovid's situation in Postus, and his complaints upon that subject in his Poems de Tristibus, he has put into his mouth a conundrum that certainly proves him a latinist; 'Capricious' .... as if it had sprung directly from caper, without the medium either of the French caprice or the Italian
AS YOU LIKE IT

Clo. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, vnderstanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No truie: for the truest poetrize is the most faining, and Louers are giuen to Poetrize: and what they sweare in Poetrize, may be said as Louers, they do seigne.

Aud. Do you wth then that the Gods had made me poetical?

Clow. I do truly: for thou swearest to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst seigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honest?

Clo. No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for

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12, 13. reckoning] recking Han.
19. may] it may Mason, Coll. (MS)

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capriccio: The Poet has indeed qualify'd his learning a little, by giving him 'Gothic' for Getes.

13. roome] Warburton: Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. It implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. Morerly: To have one's poetry not understood is worse than the bill of a first-class hotel in a pot-house. Rev. John Hunter: An extensive reckoning to be written out in very small space. [Can this last interpretation possibly be right? To me Morerly's paraphrase is admirable, and the only one.—Ed.]

14. poetical] Giles (p. 193): Touchstone is the Hamlet of motley. He is bitter, but there is often to me something like sadness in his jests. He mocks, but in his mockery we seem to hear echoes from a solitary heart. He is reflective; and melancholy, wisdom, and matter aforesaid are in his quaintness. He is a thinker out of place, a philosopher in mistaken vesture, a gentleman without benefice, a genius by nature, an outcast by destiny.

15. honest] That is, chaste. So in I, ii, 38, and 'dishonest,' V, iii, 5.

17, 18. the truest . . . faining] Capell Lofft (p. 285): This was Waller's courtly apology to Charles II for having praised Cromwell.

19. feigne] Johnson: This sentence seems perplexed and inconsequent; perhaps it were better read thus: What they swear as lovers, they may be said to feign as poets. Mason: I would read: 'it may be said as lovers they do feign.' Wright: The construction is confused. Shakespeare may have intended to continue the sentence 'may be said to be feigned.' [Mason's emendation is so trifling, and yet effective withal, that, if change be necessary, it may well be adopted. But I think change is unnecessary; confused as the construction is, the sense is quite intelligible.

—Ed.]
honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a fawce to Sugar.

Tag. A materiall foole.

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honesty vpon a foule flut, were to put meate into an vnclene dish.

Aud. I am not a flut, though I thanke the Goddes I am foule.

26. hard faavour'd] Cowden-Clarke: These words show that Audrey was not uncomely; although she in her modesty, and Touchstone in his pleasanty, choose to make her out to be plain. It is evident that the court-jester had the wit to perceive something genuinely and intrinsically attractive about the girl, beneath her simple looks and manner. Besides, she was an oddity, and that had charms for him. Moreover, she evidently idolises him; which rivets him to her.

29. material] Johnson: A fool with matter in him; a fool stocked with notions. [Dyce adopts this.] Stevens: So in Chapman's version of the 24th Iliad: 'his speech even charm'd his cares, So order'd, so materiall.' Halliwell: The Duke has said of Jaques that he likes to meet with him when he is 'full of matter.'—II, i, 73. White (ed. i): Does not the clown's apparent unwillingness to have his wife both honest and beautiful make it clear that the cynical Jaques means to say that he is materially—thoroughly, essentially a fool? [In his second edition White has grown positive; he no longer asks a question, but asserts that 'a material fool is equivalent to an absolute fool; a fool in what is material or of essential importance.]

32. foule] The Cambridge Edition notes this as foule in the Second Folio. There is, therefore, a variation in the copies here; mine reads as in the First Folio. —Ed.

35. foule] Hanmer: By 'foul' is meant coy or frowning. Tyrwhitt: I rather believe 'foul' to be put for the rustic pronunciation of full. Audrey, supposing the clown to have spoken of her as 'a foul slut,' says, naturally enough, 'I am not a slut, though, I thank the gods, I am foul, i. e. full.' Ritson: Audrey says she is not fair, i. e. handsome, and therefore prays the gods to make her honest. The clown tells her that to 'cast honesty away upon a foul slut' (i. e. an ill-favoured, dirty creature) is to put meat in an unclean dish. She replies, she is no 'slut' (no dirty draught), though in her great simplicity she thanks the gods for her foulness (homelessness), i. e. for being as she is. Mason: By 'foul' Audrey means not fair, or what we call homely. Audrey is neither coy nor ill-humoured; but she thanks God for her homeliness, as it rendered her less exposed to temptation. So Rosalind says to Phoebe, III, v, 66: 'Foul is most foul, being foul, to be a scoffer.' Malone: I believe Mason's interpretation to be the true one. So in Abraham's Saffire, 1577: 'The fayre, the fowle, the crooked, and the right.' So also in Gascoigne's Steele Glasse: 'those that lose to see themselves How foule or fayre, soeuer they may be.' [p. 55, ed. Arber]. Talbot: That 'foul' retained the meaning in which it is used here as low down as Pope, we find by the following lines in The Wife of Bath: 'If fair, though chaste, she cannot long abide, By pressing youth attack'd on every side; If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures.' Whiter (p. 55): What can be more mani-
Clo. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulness; sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir Olivier Mar-text, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to mee me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

Iaq. I would faine see this meeting.

Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what

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44. may] might Coll. (MS).

44. were] were F.

fest than that the humour of the passage (such as it is) consists in the equivocal sense of 'foul,' which in our poet's time not only signified what it does at present, but means likewise plain or homely? Caldecott: 'Foul' is used in opposition to fair: 'If the maiden be fayre she is sone bad, and little money giv'n with her: if she be foule, they avance hir with a better portion.'—Thomas's Historie of Italye, 1561, p. 83. [Schmidt gives between twenty and thirty instances of the use of 'foul' as opposed to 'fair,' and possibly his list is not complete. In the present passage the jest's prosperity lies not alone in the ear of the hearer, but in the mouth of the speaker, and in its double meaning. There is no humour nor thought of laughter when Rosalind says of Silvius and Phoebe, 'He's fallen in love with her foulness.'—Ed.]

36. foulness] Cowden-Clarke: Judging by these jumbled axioms upon fairness, foulness, and sluttishness, Shakespeare seems to have been looking into the twelfth chapter of Florio's Second Frutes, where are strung together as many of these trite sayings upon women's various qualities as Sancho Panza's irrelevant proverbs. We believe that this work of Florio's was often in Shakespeare's hand; for it is curious to observe how many of the words and phrases therein he has adopted. For instance, one of the scores of whimsical axioms in the above-mentioned twelfth chapter is, 'If fayre, she is sultish; if foule, she is proud.'

38. with] Allen (MS): Equivalent to j'ai été chez, I went to the house of.


43. That more may be meant by this exclamation of Audrey than meets our modern ears may be inferred, I think, from the following passage in Lilly's Mother Bombast, where there is a dispute over the marriage of two young people: 'Lucia. Faith there was a bargain during life, and the clocke cried, God give them joy. Prisius. Villaine! they be married! Halfenson. Nay, I thinke not so. Speranus. Yes, yes! God give you joy is a blinder!'—p. 138, ed. Fairbott. To Audrey, therefore, this exclamation may have meant the firm conclusion of the match, if not of the marriage itself.—Ed.

46. horne-beasts] This is one of the very many examples which Walker cites (Crit. ii, 63) of the confusion, in the Folio, of final ɛ and final e, a confusion which arose in some instances, perhaps, from the juxtaposition of ɛ and e in the compositor's case; but far oftener—as is evident from the frequency of the error—from
though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are neces-
farie. It is faid, many a man knowes no end of his goods;
right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end
of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, ’tis none
of his owne getting; hornes, even so poore men alone:
No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Raff-

51. hornes, ... alone:] Horns ï even so
|—poor men alone— Rowe, Pope. Horns ï
even so—poor men alone— Theob. Han.
Kly, Wh. ii (sub.). Are horns given to
poor men alone? Coll. (MS) ii, Wh. i,
Rifa. Horns ï never for poor men alone?
Sing. Horns ï ever to poor men alone?
Dyce. Horns ï Are horns given to
poor men alone? Coll. iii. Horns are not for
poor men alone. Spedding (op. Cam.
poor men alone. Ed.).

something in the old method of writing the final e or d, and which those who are
versed in Elizabethan MSS may perhaps be able to explain.’ In a foot-note LETTSOM
adds: ‘Walker’s sagacity, in default of positive knowledge, has led him to the truth.
The e, with the last upstroke prolonged and terminated with a loop, might be easily
mistaken for d. It is frequently found so written.’ The many instances in which the
sense imperatively demands this correction, and in which the change from e to d and
from d to e is made in all modernized editions, ought to embolden us to make the
change here from nonsense to sense, and instead of ‘horne-beasts,’ write horn’d
beasts.—Ed.

46, 47. what though] JOHNSON: What then? [Seeing that ‘so,’ ‘originally
meaning in that way, is frequently inserted,’ according to Abbott, § 63, in replies
where we should omit it’ (e.g. ‘Trib. Repair to the Capitol. People. We will so.’—
Cor. II, iii, 262), so after ‘I think,’ ‘if,’ &c. ‘so’ is sometimes omitted; see Abbott,
§ 64. Thus here the full meaning of the phrase is ‘But what though it may be so.’]

51. hornes, ... alone] COLLIER (Notes & Emend. p. 133): It appears that are
had accidentally dropped out, and that for ‘euen so’ we ought to read given to,
and then Touchstone’s question will be perfectly intelligible: ‘Are horns given to poor
men alone?’ ‘No, no (replies Touchstone to his own interrogatory): the noblest
deer,’ &c. This emendation may have been obtained from some good authority.
SINGER: I prefer, as a less violent innovation [than Theobald’s text], to read, instead
of ‘euen so,’ never for; which makes the passage intelligible and less incoherent.
WHITE (ed. 1): Collier’s (MS) furnishes the emendation which is more consistent
with the context than either [Theobald’s or Singer’s]. DYCE quotes Singer’s text,
and adds ‘which I hardly understand.’ HALLIWELL: The effect of this ruminating
is impaired by the violent alteration proposed by Collier’s (MS). STAUNTON: We
adopt the ordinary punctuation of this hopeless passage, though with reluctance.
WHITE (ed. ii): Unsatisfactory as it is, this reading [Theobald’s] is perhaps the best
that can be made of the original.

52. Rascal] CALDECOTT: ‘As one should reproch say to a poore man, thou
raskall knaue, where raskall is properly the hunters terme given to young deere, leane
and out of season, and not to people.’—Puttenham’s Arte of English Poesie, 1589, p.
150. Again, ‘The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rascals strew’d As sometimes
gallant spirits amongst the multitude.’—Drayton’s Poly-Albion [Thirteenth Song, p.
304, ed. 1748]. WAY (foot-note to Rascal):—Prompt. Parv.: Fabian, under the
year 1456, speaks of ‘a multitude of rascal and poore people of the cyte.’ Certain
call: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd
town is more worthier than a village, so is the fore-head of a married man, more honourable than the bare
brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious
then to want.

*Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.*

Heere comes Sir Oliver: Sir Oliver Mar-text you are
wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or
shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man.

Ol. Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not
lawfull.

Iaq. Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her.

Clo. Good euen good Mr what ye call't: how do you
Sir, you are verie well met: goddild you for your laft
companie, I am verie glad to fee you, euen a toy in hand
heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

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54. *more* Om. Pope.

68. *Mr*] M. F1, Rowe.

call't] call Rowe ii+.

animals, not accounted as beasts of chase, were likewise so termed. In the St Albans
Book it is stated that 'there be five beasts which we cal beasts of the chase, the buke,
the doe, the foxe, the martenne, and the roe; all other of what kinde soeuer terme
them Rascal.' It appears, however, from the Myster of Game, that the hart, until
he was six years old, was accounted 'rascayle or foly.'—Vesp. B. xii, f. 25. In the
Survey of the Estates of Glastonbury Abbey, taken at the Dissolution, the deer in the
various parks are distinguished as 'deere of antler' and 'deere of Rascal.'

53. 54. wall'd ... village] ALLEN (MS): A town has the defence of a wall; a
city has none. Shakespeare has got *fortification* into his head. I wonder, therefore,
whether he is not thinking of a 'hornwork' as one work in a system of defences.
How early was the term used?

56. *defence*] STEEVENS: 'Defence,' as here opposed to 'no skill,' signifies the
*art of fencing.* Thus, 'and gave you such a masterly report, for arts and exercise in
your defence.'—Ham. IV, vii, 98. CALDECOTT: Any means of defence is better
than a lack of science; in proportion as something is to nothing. [Steevans's is the
better interpretation, I think.—Ed.]

69. goddild you] STEEVENS: That is, God yield you, God reward you. So in
Ant. & Cleop. IV, ii, 33: 'And the gods yield you for 't.' [According to Skeat, the
original meaning of 'yield' is to *pay.*]
**Clo.** As the Oxe hath his bowe fyr, the horfe his curb, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his defires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibling.

**Iaq.** And will you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bough like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Wainscot, then one of you wil proue a frunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

**Clo.** I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse for me hereafter, to leaue my wife.

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73. bow] bough Cap.
74. her bels] his bels F, F4, Rowe+.

73. bow] Capell: The wooden collar or yoke, that lyes across the neck of draft oxen, and to which their traces are fastened, is call'd their bow; and this being the spelling of the word in former editions, it has probably been the sense it was taken in; but a little attention to the true meaning of the other two similies, and to the matter they are meant to illustrate, will show that we must seek for another interpretation of bow: The faulcon is thought to take delight in her 'bells,' and to bear her captivity the better for them; 'curbs' and their jingling appendages, add a spirit to horses; and if we interpret 'bow' to signify bough of a tree, the ox becomes a proper simillitude too, who, thus adorn'd, moves with greater legerity: and the same effect that these things have upon the several animals, 'desires,' and their gratifications, have upon men; making them bear their burthens the better, and jog on to the end of life's road. [Can perverted ingenuity further go? Steevens said that the 'bow' was the yoke, and has been followed, I think, by every English editor except Halliwell, who rightly defines it. The fact is, that the bow, and the yoke, in which the bow is inserted, being two different things, cannot bear the same name; as well might we say a horse's bit is his bridle.—ED.]

74. Falcon her] The gender here is properly feminine; the male hawk was called a tiercel, perhaps from its lesser size. See the notes on 'tassel-gentele' in Rom. & Jul. II, ii, 159. Wright: Shakespeare once makes 'falcon' masculine in R. of L. 507, but the gender of the pronoun in that passage may be explained by the fact that it refers to Tarquin, who is compared to a falcon.

82. not in the minde, but] Caldecott: That is, I am of no other opinion or inclination than, my mind is, that it were better to be married by him. [The foregoing paraphrase is all the help that is offered to us on this somewhat puzzling construction, which is, I think, intelligible only on the principle of two negations making an affirmative. Touchstone was not in the mind that it were not better, and therefore he was in the mind that it was. For the phrase 'I were better,' see Abbott, §§ 352 and 230, where we find that in this and similar expressions, like 'You were best,' 'Thou wert better,' &c., I, Thou, and You originally datives, were changed to nominatives.—Ed.]
Iaq. Goe thou with mee,
And let me counfel thee.

Ol. Come sweete Audrey,
We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey:
Farewel good Mr Oliver: Not O sweet Oliver, O braue

90, &c. Not O sweet Oliver, &c.] Capell: These words have no appearance of a ballad as [Warburton] has fancy'd; but rather of a line in some play, that perhaps might run thus, 'O my sweet Oliver, leave me not behind thee'; which this wag of a clown puts into another sort of metre, to make sport with sir Oliver, telling him:
'I'll not say to you, as the play has it, "O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, Leave me not behind thee"; but I say to you, "Wind away,"' &c., continuing his speech in the same metre. In this light the passage is truly humorous; but may be much heighten'd by a certain droleness in speaking the words, and by dancing about sir Oliver with a harlequin gesture and action. [The world cannot afford to lose the flash of histrionic genius with which Capell illuminates this passage.—Ed.] Johnson: Of this speech, as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the same breath he calls his mistress to be married, and sends away the man that should marry them. Warburton has very happily observed that 'O sweet Oliver' is a quotation from an old song; I believe there are two quotations put in opposition to each other. For 'Wind' I read Wende, the old word for go. Perhaps the whole passage may be regulated thus: 'Jaques. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee. [They whisper.] Clown. Farewell, good sir Oliver, not O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, leave me not behind thee—but—Wende away,—Begone, I say,—I will not to weddye with thee to-day.' Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as shall appear necessary to the sense or conducive to the humour. Tyrwhitt: The epithet 'sweet' seems to have been peculiarly appropriated to 'Oliver,' for which, perhaps, he was originally obliged to the old song before us. See Jonson's Underwoods: 'All the mad Rolands and sweet Oliver.'—[LXII, p. 417, ed. Gifford.] Steevens: 'O brave Oliver, leave me not behind you' is a quotation at the beginning of one of Breton's Letters in his Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters, 1600 [vol. ii, p. 34, ed. Grosart]. In the Stationers' Registers, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered by Richard Jones, the ballad of 'O sweete Oliver, Leave me not behind the.' Again [on the 20th of August], 'The answere of O sweete Oliver.' Again [on Aug. 1st] in 1586, 'O sweete Oliver, altered to ye scriptures.'—[vol. ii, pp. 434, 435, 454, ed. Arber]. Farmer: I often find a part of this song applied to Cromwell. In a paper called A Man in the Moon, Discovering a World of Knavery under the Sun, 'the juncto will go near to give us the baggage, if O brave Oliver come not suddenly to relieve them.' The same allusion is met with in Cleveland. 'Wind away' and wind off are still used provincially; and, I believe, nothing but the provincial pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read: 'Leave me not behi thee—But—wind away—Begone, I say,—I will not to weddye wi thee.' Steevens: 'Wind' is used for wende in Caesar and Pompey, 1607: 'Winde we then, Antony, with this royal queen.'
Oliuer leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Oliuer. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Rof. Neuer talke to me, I wil wepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that teares do not become a man.

Rof. But haue I not caufe to wepe?

Cel. As good caufe as one would defire,
Therefore wepe.

Rof. His very haire
Is of the diffembling colour.

91. behind thee] bch' thee Steev. behind thee, prythee! Kly. 92. Exeunt Jaques, Clown, and Au-
iii, Ck, Huds.
95. with thee] wt' thee Steev. bind
thee Coll. (MS) i, iii.
96. Scene X. Pope.+
98. 6-16. Prose, Pope et seq.
99. the] a Rowe ii, Pope, Han.

Collier (Notes, &c., p. 133): All printed editions have missed the rhyme in the last line of the fragment of the ballad, 'O sweet Oliver.' Perhaps it was only the extemoral invention of Touchstone, but it is thus given by the MS corrector of the Folio, 1632: 'But wend away; begone I say, I will not to wedding bind thee.' Dyce: But there is no reason to suppose that a rhyme in the last line was intended by Shake-
speare; for it would seem that Touchstone is citing two distinct portions of the ballad. Nor can we doubt that 'wind away' was the reading of the old ditty; compare The History of Pyramus and Thisbe: 'That doone, away bee windes, as fier of hell or Vulcan's thunder,' &c.—The Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 1578, p. 171, reprint. 'Wind' is an early form of wend. [In both his first and second editions Collier refers to his Introduction to Mid. N. D., where a stanza of Robin Goodfellow is given, in which 'wind' is used for wend. This particular copy of the ballad, how-
ever, was in a MS of the time, and the stanza does not appear in Percy's Reliques, 1765, although the word 'wend' does appear there in line 110.—Ed.]

1-16. These lines, with their division into apparent verse, are an indication, I think, of the piecemeal printing of the Folio. They are the last lines on the page, at the foot of the column. The compositor to whom this portion was intrusted was apparently anxious to complete his stint with a full page, and, indeed, was perhaps forced to do so, that there might be no gap between his share and his neighbor's, and so spread out the text by thus dividing the lines.—Ed.
Cel. Something browner then Iudasstes: 10
Marric his kisses are Iudasstes owne children.

Rof. I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:
Your Cheffenut was euer the onely colour:
Rof. And his kissting is as ful of fancitie,
As the touch of holy bread.

9. dissembling colour] Hunter (i, 349): That certain colours of the hair were supposed to indicate particular dispositions was an opinion of the time, as may be seen at large in The Shepherd's Calendar, not Spenser's beautiful poem so entitled, but the medley of moral and natural philosophy, of verse and prose, which, under that title, was a favourite book of the common people in the reigns of the Tudors. 'A man that hath black hair,' we are told, 'and a red beard, signifies to be lecherous, disloyal, a vautier, and one ought not to trust him.' Halliwell: 'Hair of the colour of gold denotes a treacherous person, having a good understanding, but mischievous; red hair, enclining to black, signifies a deceitful and malicious person.'—Saunders, Physiognomy and Chirocuncie, 1671, p. 189.

10. Iudasstes] Steevens: Judas was constantly represented in ancient painting or tapestry with red hair and beard. Tollet: The new edition of Leland's Collections, vol. v, p. 295, asserts that 'painters constantly represented Judas, the traitor, with a red head.' Dr Plot's Oxfordshire, p. 153, says the same: 'This conceit is thought to have arisen in England, from our ancient grudge to the red-haired Danes.' Nares: The current opinion that Judas had red hair arose from no better reason than that the colour was thought ugly. Thiers in his Histoire des Perruques, p. 22, gives this as one of the reasons for wearing wigs: 'Les rouxseaux portèrent des perruques, pour cacher la couleur de leurs cheveux, qui sont en horreur à tout le monde, parce que Judas, à ce qu'on prétend, eutt rousseau.' Dryden, in Amphiaraus, has, 'there's treachery in that Judas-colour'd beard,' and in a fit of anger he described Jacob Tonson, 'with two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair.' As Tonson is in the same attack described as 'freckled fair,' there can be no doubt that Judas's hair was always supposed to be red. A red beard was considered as an infallible token of a vile disposition.

15. Walker (Crit. iii, 94) would let Celia interrupt this speech, thus: 'Rof. And his kissinge—Cel. Is as full of sanctity as,' &c., and it is not to be denied that it is quite in the spirit of the rest of the dialogue, but—it is improving Shakespeare, or rather, it is improving the plain, unsophisticated text, which should not be.—Ed.

16. holy bread] Warburton: We should read beard, that is, the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the kiss of charity. This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd. Collier: 'Holy bread,' as the Rev. Mr Barry observes to me, 'is sacramental bread'; and he adds that 'pax-bread' is rendered by Coles panis oculus. Barron's Sh. Soc. Papers, vol. iii, p. 133: It is strange that these reverend gentlemen should have been so ill-read in Church History as not to know what 'holy bread' was. Sacramental bread, in those times, would have been called a great deal more than holy bread, and would never have
ACT III, SC. IV.]

AS YOU LIKE IT

Cel. Hee hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religioulifie, the very yce of chastity is in them.

17. cast] chaste FL. chaste Rowe, Pope, Huds. cast Mal. (misprint?).

been profaned by Shakespeare. Rosalind is guilty of no impiety. 'Holy bread' was merely one of the 'ceremonies' which Henry VIIIth's Articles of Religion pronounced good and lawful, having mystical significations in them. 'Such,' he says, 'were the vestments in the worship of God, sprinkling holy water . . . giving holy bread, in sign of our union to Christ,' &c. Another of these Articles declared that in the sacrament at the Altar, under the form of bread and wine, there was truly and substantially the body of Christ. WRIGHT: Tyndale in his Obedience of a Christian Man (Doctrinal Treatises, p. 284, Parker Society ed.), says: 'For no man by sprinkling himself with holy water, and with eating holy bread, is more merciful than before,' &c. [Do we ever stop to think how either Rosalind or Celia could have known anything of Orlando's kisses? Rosalind, as Rosalind, had met him but once, after the wrestling, and it is unlikely, indeed scarcely thinkable, that Orlando should have kissed Ganymede, and yet Celia's allusion to 'the very ice of chastity' seems to imply that she spoke either from experience or as a witness. In a subsequent scene, where Ganymede and Orlando are talking of kisses, they would surely have kissed then had they ever kissed before. Perhaps Rosalind is thinking here only how pure, of necessity, must be the kisses of such a man as Orlando, and the kisses to which she now refers are of 'those by hopeless fancy feigned on lips that are for others.' But, after all, we are in the forest of Arden, and this is but a part of Shakespeare's glamour, into which it is sacrilege to pry too curiously.—Ed.]

17. cast] THEOBALD: That is, a pair left off by Diana. WRIGHT: Compare fer. xxxvii, ii: 'old cast clouts and rotten rags.' [Again, 'Tis state . . . to have an . . . usher march before you . . . in a tufafata jerkin Made of your old cast gown.'—Ran Alley, IV, i. We have retained the word to this day, having added merely off.—Ed.] DOUCE (i, 303): It is not easy to conceive how the goddess could leave off her lips; or how, being left off, Orlando could purchase them. Celia seems rather to allude to a statue cast in plaiister or metal, the lips of which might well be said to possess the ice of chastity. [Halliwell adopted this note by Douce, and even added to it the suggestion by one who prudently remained 'Anonymous,' that 'it would be more correct to say that it [sic] is to a pair of lips cast for a statue, as that kind of workmanship is commonly executed in detached parts.' It was a note of Douce's similar to the above, though not quite so far fetched, that elicited from Dyce the assertion that 'except those explanatory of customs, dress, &c. the notes of Douce are nearly worthless.'—Remarks, p. 96. And here let me record my respectful, but unflinching, protest against the interpretation of 'cast,' in the sense of cast off, as it is given in modern editions. The idea that Celia, whose references to Orlando's kisses have been thus far, to say the least, dainty and refined, should be here represented as saying that he had bought a pair of worn-out, second-hand, old-clo' lips, is to me worse than absurd; it is abhorrent. 'Cast' is here either the mere phonetic spelling of chaste, which from the Latin castus retained, it is not unlikely, the hard sound of s, or it is a downright misprint for chaste or chastise, which the editor of the Second Folio quickly corrected. Moreover, an allusion to her chastity is almost inseparable from Diana; this, of itself, would almost justify us in making the change.—Ed.]

13
Rofa. But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?
Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.
Rof. Doe you thinke so?
Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purfe, nor a horfe-stealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue as a covered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.
Rof. Not true in loue?
Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.
Rof. You haue heard him sweare downright he was.
Cel. Was, is not is : besides, the oath of Louer is no ftronger then the word of a Tafper, they are both the confriner of false reckonings, he attends here in the forreft on the Duke your father.

33. winter] THEOBALD: It seems to me more probable that the Poet wrote: 'a num of Winifred's sisterhood.' Not, indeed, that there was any real religious Order of that Denomination, but the legend of St Winifred [as given in Camden’s Britannia] tells how she suffered death for her chastity. [Warburton, after a vigorous sneer at Theobald, in the course of which he denied that there was any sisterhood of St Winifred, which Theobald had never affirmed, proceeded to apportion the year, to his own satisfaction and without the smallest classical authority, among the heathen goddesses, winding up with the assertion that the sisterhood of winter were the votaries of Diana. In his long note there is only one sentence worth heeding or remembering: 'Shakespeare meant an unfruitiful sisterhood which had devoted itself to chastity.' To this add a remark by DOUCE, which even Dyce adopts, that 'Shakespeare poetically feigns a new order of nuns most appropriate to his subject,' and the passage has received all requisite attention, except, perhaps, that StEEVES notes 'one circumstance in which [Warburton] is mistaken. The Golden Legend, p. ccc., &c., gives a full account of St Winifred and her sisterhood.—Wynkyn de Worde, 1527.'—ED.]

22. COWDEN-CLARKE: Nothing can exceed the sweetness of the touches whereby Shakespeare has painted the character of Celia. In three several scenes she appears comforting her sprightly cousin in the April tears she sheds, and pretty outings she gives way to, ever petting, humouring, loving, and ministering to Rosalind. Here, her irony of banter, her praising under guise of disparaging, her affecting to blame the man her cousin loves, that her cousin may have an opportunity of defending and eulogising him, are all in the highest taste and most perfect knowledge of womanly nature.

26. covered] WARBURTON: A goblet is never kept 'covered' but when empty. M. MASON: It is the idea of bollowness, not that of emptiness, that Shakespeare wishes to convey; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered than when it is not.
Rof. I met the Duke yesternight, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh’d and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O that’s a braue man, hee writes braue verfes, speakes braue words, sweiros braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his lo-

34. Hartley Coleridge (ii, 140): Rosalind is not a very dutiful daughter, but her neglecting so long to make herself known to her father, though not quite proper, is natural enough. She cannot but be aware that in her disguise she is acting a perilous and not very delicate part, which yet is so delightful that she cannot prevail on herself to forego it, as her father would certainly have commanded her to do. Nothing is more common than for children to evade the sin of flat disobedience by deception and concealment. Jennie Deans, a stricter moralist than Rosalind, set out on her pious pilgrimage without consulting her father, because she could expect no blessing if she had incurred his express prohibition. This, to be sure, was a practical sophism; but no Jesuit’s head is so full of sophistry as a woman’s heart under the influence of strong affection. Yet Rosalind might, at any rate, have shown more interest in her father’s fortunes.

34, 35. question] Steevens: That is, conversation. See III, ii, 360, or V, iv, 165, or Schmidt.

37. what] For other examples of ‘what’ used for may, see Abbott, § 253.

37, 38. man as Orlando] Lady Martin (p. 423): What a world of passionate emotion is concentrated in that last sentence, and how important it is to bear this in mind in the subsequent scenes with Orlando!

41. trauers] Warburton: As breaking a lance against his adversary’s breast, in a direct line, was honorable, so the breaking it across his breast was, as a mark either of want of courage or address, dishonorable; hence it is that Sidney, describing the mock combat of Clinias and Dametas, says: ‘The wind toke such hold of his staife, that it creste quite ouer his breast [and in that sort gaue a flat bastonado to Dametas.’

Arcadia, III, p. 284, ed. 1598). To break across was the usual phrase, as appears from some verses of the same author, speaking of an unskilful tilter: ‘For when he most did hit, he ever yet did miss. One said he brake across, full well it so might be.’

[It is to be feared that Warburton did not read his Arcadia with needful attention, or he would have seen that his quotation affords a most meagre illustration of the present passage, if indeed it afford any at all. Clinias’s staff crossed over, not his adversary’s breast, but his own, and, moreover, we are expressly told a few lines further on that it was not broken. It would not have been worth while to notice this, were it not that several editors have followed Warburton and adopted his note without verification.—Ed.] Steevens: So in Northward Ho, 1607: ‘melancholie like a tilter, that had broke his staves foul before his mistresst.’—[III, i, p. 189, ed. Dyce]. Nares calls attention to the skilfull manner in which the author of Ivanhoe has introduced this circumstance into his tournament. ‘The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance-point fair against the crest or shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent, a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually
uer, as a puifny Tilfer, * spurs his horfe but on one side, 42
breakes his flaffe like a noble goosse; but all's braue that
youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistreffes and Mafter, you have oft enquired

42. puifny] puny Cap.
43. noble] nose-quilled Han. notable
44. heere] heete F

Johns.

unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced
awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and the horse.'—Ioan. 
chap. viii.]
41, 42. lover] MALONE: That is, of his mistress. 'Lover' was applied to 
both men and women. Compare A Lover's Complaint, where the 'lover' is a despairing 
maid. So Meas. for Meas.: 'Your brother and his lover have embraced,' I, iv. 40.
42. puifny] CAM. Ed.: Here used not in the modern sense of diminutive, but in 
the now obsolete sense of inferior, unskilled. WRIGHT: Cotgrave has 'Puiané. Punie, 
younger, borne after.'
42, 44. spurs . . . guides] Again, there is a variation in copies of the Second 
Folio (see line 32 of the preceding scene). The CAM. Ed. records as the 
spelling of these two words in that Folio: spurnes and guider. In my copy they are spurses 
and guider. Again, a similar variation occurs in 'drops' of line 8 in the next scene, 
which in the Cambridge Editors' copy of F, is props; in mine it is not misspelled. 
Therefore, the proof is conclusive that the copy of the CAM. Ed. is an earlier impression 
than mine, and as all four of these errors, faults, spurnes, guider, and props, occur on 
two pages facing each other, it is likely that they were all corrected at the same time, 
and their number was a sufficient cause to stop the work of striking off and to unlock 
the forms. Hoc fabula doct et how remote from Shakespeare's hand the text of the 
Folios is, and how careful we should be not to place too much reliance on collation. 
—Ed.
43. noble] For this word Hamner actually substituted in the text nose-quilled;
'but,' says FARMER, with malved, 'no one seems to have regarded the alteration.' 
Whereupon he proceeds to 'regard' it seriously, and adds: 'Certainly nose-quilled is 
an epithet likely to be corrupted; it gives the image wanted, and may in a great 
measure be supported by a quotation from Tubberville's Falconrie: “Take with you a 
ducke, and slip one of her wing-feathers, and having thrust it through her nose, 
throw her out unto your hawke.”' STEEVENS too back's up Farmer with a citation 
from Philaster: 'He shall . . . be seel'd up With a feather through his nose, that,' 
&c.—[V, iv, p. 208, ed. Dyce. However much such a tampering with the text of 
Shakespeare, by exsufficate and blown surmises, invites flippancy and excuses disre- 
spect, the temptation must be resisted to couple for the nonce in the same sentence the 
name of Sir Thomas Hamner and a 'noble goose.'—Ed.] CALDECOTT: By the phrase 'noble goose' is perhaps meant a magnanious simpleton of an adventurter. 
SINGER: I do not hesitate to read 'notable goose' instead of 'noble.' The epithet 
is often used by the poet. KIGHTLEY: Singer, very unnecessarily and most tamely, 
reads notable. Printing from his edition, I have heedlessly followed him in mine.
ACT III, SC. V.

AS YOU LIKE IT

After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,
Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph,
Fraising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse
That was his Mistresse.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truely plaid
Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,
And the red glowe of scorne and proud disdaine,
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you
If you will marke it.

Ros. O come, let us remove,
The fight of Louers feedeth those in loue:
Bring vs to this fight, and you shall say
Ile proue a busie actor in their play.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Siluius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe does not scorn me, do not Phebe
Say that you loue me not, but say not fo
In bitterness; the common executioner


55. Bring us to] Bring us but to
Pope+. Come, bring us to Cap. Bring
us to see Jervis, Dyce iii, Coll. iii, Huds.
Rif.

52. pageant] Whiter (p. 56): The 'pageant' of love seems to have been impressed on the mind of our poet. So in Mid. N. D. III, ii, 112, Puck speaks of 'the youth, mistook by me, Pleading for a lover's fee. Shall we their fond pageant see?'

59. us to] Jervis (p. 12): Read: 'Bring us to see,' &c. Compare 'To see this sight, it irks my very soul.'—3 Hen. VI: II, ii.

4. Even this line Abbott (§ 494) will not countenance as an Alexandrine; he says
Whole heart th'accumstom'd sight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you stern be
Then he that dies and lies by bloody drops?

8. dies and lies by] deals and lives by, Cap. lives and dies by Coll. conj.
by Theob. lives and thrives by Han. Klyl. sheds and lies by Klyl. conj.
deals, and lies by, WARB. eyes, and lives daily lies by Heath.

that in the last foot one of the two extra syllables is slurred: ‘In bit | ternéss. | The côm | mon ês. | ecctioner.’ To my ear the remedy is worse than the disease.—Ed.

6. Falls] For many instances of the conversion of intransitive into transitive verbs see Abbott, § 291; also the same, § 120, for the use of ‘But’ in the next line, in the sense of except or without. DOUCE (i, 303): There is no doubt that the expression ‘to fall the axe’ may with propriety refer to the usual mode of decapitation; but it could be shown that in the reign of Elizabeth this punishment was inflicted in England by an instrument resembling the French guillotine, the expression would perhaps seem even more appropriate. Among the cuts to the first edition of Holinshed’s Chronicle such a machine is twice introduced. [Douce hereupon shows that the so-called ‘Halifax Gibbet’ and ‘the Maiden’ in Scotland were quite similar instruments, and from a contemporary MS account in his possession of the execution of Morton for the murder of Darnley, where it is said be ‘layde his head under the axe,’ there can be no doubt of the fact that such a mode of beheading was practised. Haydn (Dict. of Dates) says that the ‘Halifax Gibbet’ was used as late as 1650.]

8. dies and lies] WARBURTON: The executioner lies, indeed, by bloody drops, if you will; but how does he die by bloody drops? The poet must certainly have wrote ‘deals and lives,’ &c. JOHNSON: I should rather read: ‘he that dyes his lips by bloody drops.’ Will you speak with more sternness than the executioner, whose lips are used to be sprinkled with blood? STREVENS: I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To die means as well to dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own, as to expire. In this sense, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be said to die as well as live by bloody drops. Shakespeare is fond of opposing these terms to each other. TOLLET: That is, he who, to the very end of his life, continues a common executioner; as in V, ii: ‘live and die a shepherd.’ MUSGRAVE: To die and live by a thing is to be constant to it, to persevere in it to the end. Lives, therefore, does not signify is maintained, but the two verbs taken together mean who is conversant all his life with bloody drops. CAPELL [see Text. Notes]: That is, is accustomed to look upon blood, and gets his livelihood by it. That this is the sense of the line, and eyes the true correction of the printer’s word ‘dies,’ will want no proving to him who but considers it’s nearness, and gives another perusal to the third line before it. CALDECOTT: Who by bloodshed makes to die or causes death; and by such death-doing makes his living or subsists—who by the means he uses to cut off life, carves out to himself the means of living. Compare the epitaph on Burton: ‘Cui Vitam pariter et Mortem Dedit Melancholia.’ COLLIER (Notes, &c., p. 134): The MS corrector for ‘dies’ substitutes kills. Can dines have been the true word? ARROWSMITH (Notes & Qu. Ist Ser. vol. vii, p. 542): This hysteron proteron is by no means uncommon: its meaning is, of course, the same as live and die, i.e. subsist from the cradle to the grave. All manner of whimsical and far-fetched constructions have been put by the commentators upon this very homely sentence. As long as the question was whether
ACT III, SC. V.] AS YOU LIKE IT

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I flye thee, for I would not injure thee:
Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frailst, and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomyes,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoone, why now fall downe,


their wits should have license to go a-wool gathering or no, one could feel no great concern to interfere; but it appears high time to come to Shakespeare's rescue when Collier's 'clever' old commentator, with some little variation in the letters, and not much less in the sense, reads kill for 'dies.' Compare 'With sorrow they both die and live That unto riches her hertes geve.'—The Romancie of the Rose, v. 5789. 'He is a foole, and so shall he dye and liue, That thinketh him wise, and yet can he nothing.'—Barclay's Ship of Fools, 1570, fol. 67. 'Behold how ready we are, how willingly the women of Sparta will die and live with their husbands.'—The Pilgrimage of Kings and Princes, p. 29. [Until this conclusive note appeared, Dyce (Few Notes, p. 68) was inclined to agree with Steevens's 'quibble.' Halliwell repeats Arrow-smith's note, and to the examples there given adds one which, as he says, is somewhat different: 'I live and die, I die and live, in languor I consume.'—Achelley's Lamentable and Tragicall Historie, &c., 1576. Ingleby (The Still Lion, p. 59) adopts Dr Sebastian Evans's paraphrase of the present passage, as meaning 'a man's profession or calling, by which he lives, and falling which he dies,' where the felicitousness of the phrase blinds us to the fact that it does not explain the curious inversion of dying and living.—Ed.]

11. for] That is, because.
13. pretty sure] Note the almost comic turn which the omission of the comma gives this phrase. Of course, as Douce points out, 'sure' is here surely.—Ed.
14. That] See line 47 of the preceding scene; and for 'who,' in the next line, see Abbott, § 264, where examples may be found of 'who personifying irrational antecedents.'
18. And if] This is an if, according to Abbott, § 103.
19. swooned] The pronunciation of this word also was in a transition state when the Folio was printing. In IV, iii, 166 it is spelled 'swooone,' and in V, ii, 29 it appears in its homely garb 'sound,' which, I think, must have been its common pronunciation for many a long day. The Nurse in Rom. & Jul. III, ii, 56 says: 'All in gore blood: I sounnded at the sight;' where 'sounded' may possibly have been pronounced sounnded;
Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,
Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers:
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines
Some scarre of it: Leane upon a runce
The Cicatrice and capable impressure

22. eye hath] eyes hath Rowe ii, Steev. Kity, Dyce iii, Rite, Wh. ii. Lean thee
85. eyes have Pope +. Jervis.
24. Leane] Leane but Fi, Rowe +, 25. capable] palpable Sing. Coll. (MS)

at least, no we was pronounced, whatever may have been the sound of the ou. Certain it is that 'sound' rhymed with sound in Scottish poetry, where again the latter word may have been pronounced sound. It is simply noteworthy that the sound of the w is sometimes present and sometimes lacking, and that, when lacking, it is by no means a mark of vulgarity, as we might, perhaps, infer from its use by Juliet's Nurse: 'sound' from Rosalind's lips could not but be refined. Cf. an old ballad of The Wofull Death of Quene France, wife to King Henry the Eight, and how King Edward was cut out of his mother: 'She wept and she waild till she fell in a swoond. They open her two sikes, and the baby was found.'—Child's English and Scottish Popular Ballads, Part vi, p. 373. We do not now pronounce the w in answer, nor commonly in rwoord, although my father says that in his childhood, more than eighty years ago, in New England, he was always taught to pronounce the w in the latter word, and I have heard Edward Everett pronounce it. Many, very many instances could be given of sound in the old dramatists. Malone went so far as to say that it was always so written, or else rwoond; the example 'swoon' in the present play shows that his remark was too general, and that the pronunciation was, as I have said, in a transition state.—Ed.

19. why now] I think a comma should be placed after 'now,' not after 'why,' where it is generally put.

21. Lye not, to say] Allen (MS): That is, lie not to such an extent as to say.
24. Leane] As Wright says, but is added in the Second Folio 'perhaps unneces-
sarily, as broken lines are defective in metre'; at the same time, it keeps up the con-
struction, 'scratch thee but with a pin.'—Ed.

25. Cicatrice] Johnson: Here not very properly used; it is the scar of a wound. [Here it is simply, as Dyce defines it, the mark.] Staunton: The only difficulty in the line is this word, which certainly appears here to be used in an excep-
tional sense.

25. capable impressure] Johnson: That is, hollow mark. Malone: 'Capable,' I believe, here means perceptible. Our author often uses the word for intelligent. So in Ham. III, iv, 126: 'His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones, Would make them capable.' Singer: It is evident we should read palpable. For no one can surely be satisfied with the strained explanations offered by Johnson and Malone. Collier: Palpable is the correction of the (MS). Blackwood's Magazine: 'Capable impressure' means an indentation in the palm of the hand sufficiently deep to contain something within it. White: 'Capable' is used here in a peculiarly and unmistakably Shakespearian manner for receivable. Yet it has been proposed to read palpable. The change is one of a kind that commends itself to the approval of
ACT III, SC. V.]  

AS YOU LIKE IT

Thy palme some moment keepes : but now mine eyes
Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere Phebe,

If euer (as that euer may be neere)
You meet in some frehe cheeke the power of fancie,
Then shall you know the wouuds invisibl.
That Louces keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time

Come not thou neere me : and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mockes, pitty me not,
As till that time I shall not pitty thee.

Rof. And why I pray you? who might be your mother

Kty conj. 32. meet] met F, Rowe i.
29. doe hurt] do any hurt Han. do 33. wound] F, wound's Pope, Han.
hurt to any Cap. do hurt to any one 39. why... you?] why I... you, Coll.
Kty. ii. O]

those who have not fully apprehended the peculiarities of Shakespeare's diction, peculiarities without affectation, and who seize on an emendation of a supposed corruption to guide them through an obscurity which exists but in their own perception. A complete counterpart to the use of 'capable impressure' here is found in the phrase 'capitious and intenible sieve.'—All's Well, I, iii, 208. Staunton: 'Capable' means sensible. [See Abbott, §§ 3, 445, for instances of other adjectives in -ble, used both actively and passively.]

26. some moment] Rolfe: Compare Rom. & jul. V, iii, 257: 'some minute ere the time,' &c. 'Some' is still used with singular nouns to express kind or quantity; as in 'some fresh cheek' in line 32 just below, 'some food.'—Temp. I, ii, 160, &c. We can even say 'some half an hour,'—Love's Lab. L V, ii, 90; 'some month or two.'—Mer. of Ven. III, ii, 9, &c. It is doubtful, indeed, whether there is any Shakespearean use of the word which might not be allowed now. In Temp. I, ii, 7 ('Who had no doubt some noble creature in her'), Dyce, Staunton, and others read 'creatures'; but even here the singular would not be clearly an exceptional instance.

28. Nor . . . no] For double negatives see Shakespeare, passim, or Abbott, §§ 406, 408.

30. deere] Moerly: A disyllable, and the missing syllables are probably filled up by a laugh of derision.

32. fancie] Johnson: Here used for love [and always so used in Shakespeare, might be added].

39. mother] Johnson: It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying of those who commit it that they were born of rocks or suckled by tigresses. Cowden-Clarke: It seems evident to us that there was in Shakespeare's time some point in making allusion to a beauty's mother. Here there is a scoff implied in this ques-
That you insult, exult, and all at once
Ouer the wretched? what though you hau no beauty

40. insult...once] insult, and, all at once, exult Kly. Theob. Warb. Sing. and domineer Han. P. & Qu. vi., & tyrannise Gould. 41. hau no] F., have Theob. Warb. have some John. Steev. have more Han. Dyce iii. Var. '93. 41, 42. hau no beauty As] have more beauty Yet Quincy (MS.)

40. all at once] WARBURTON: If the speaker intended to accuse the person spoken to only for insulting and exulting, then, instead of 'all at once,' it ought to have been 'both at once.' But, by examining the course of the person accused, we shall discover that the [phrase should be]: 'rail at once.' HEATH (p. 150): 'Phoebe had in truth both insulted and exulted, but had not said one single word which could deserve the imputation of railing.' STEEVES: I see no need of emendation. The speaker may mean: 'that you insult, exult, and that, too, all in a breath.' Such is, perhaps, the meaning of 'all at once.' SINGER: It has been asked, 'What all at once' can possibly mean here? It would not be easy to give a satisfactory answer. It is certainly a misprint, and we confidently read rail, with Warburton. GRANT WHITE speaks of Warburton's conjecture as 'somewhat plausible.' [On the following passage in Hen. V. I, i, 36: 'Never was such a sudden scholar made; Never came reformation in a flood; With such a heady currance, scouring faults; Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness So soon did lose his seat, and all at once, As in this king;' STAUTON has this note:] This 'and all at once' was a trite phrase in Shakespeare's day, though not one of his editors has noticed it. [The present passage in As You Like It is then referred to.] It is frequently met with in the old writers. Thus, in The Fisherman's Tale, 1594, by F. Sabbe: 'She wept, she crie, she sob'd, and all at once.' And in Middleton's Changeling, IV, iii: 'Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once?' KEIGHTLEY: Read, 'That you insult and exult all at once.' This transposition removes all necessity for correction. Strange that the critics should not have thought of it! In my edition the transposition is wrong. SCHMIDT (s. v. once, i): And all the rest, and everything else.' WRIGHT, after citing Stauton's illustrations, says: The first of these [from Hen. V] is not to the point, and a reference to the others would not have been necessary had it not been proposed to substitute for what gives a very plain meaning, either rail or domineer. [If a paraphrase be really needed, Steevens's seems to be near enough.—ED.]

41. hau no] THEOBALD: It is very accurately observed to me, by an ingenious unknown correspondent, who signs himself L. H., that the negative ought to be left out. [The letter of L. H. to Theobald is printed in Nicholls's Illust. vol. ii, p. 632.] CAPELL: The gentlemen who have thrown out the negative, and the other who has chang'd it to some, make the Poet a very bad reasoner in the line that comes next to this sentence; and guilty of self-contradiction in several others, if 'no' be either alter'd or parted with: besides the injury done to him in robbing him of a lively expression, and a pleasantness truly comic; for as the sentence now stands, the conse-
[what though you have no beauty]

quence that should have been from her beauty he draws from her 'no beauty,' and extorts a smile by defeating your expectation. This 'no beauty' of Phebe's is the burden of all Rosalind's speeches, from hence to her exit. MALONE: That 'no' is a misprint appears clearly from the passage in Lodge's Rosalynde, which Shakespeare has here imitated: 'Because thou art beautiful, be not so coy; as there is nothing more faire, so there is nothing more fading.' 'No' was, I believe, a misprint for me. So in III, ii, 257: 'mar no moe of my verses.' 'What though I should allow you had more beauty than he (says Rosalind), though by my faith,' &c. (for such is the force of As in the next line), 'must you therefore treat him with disdain?' M. MASON: If more is to stand, then we must read 'had more beauty,' instead of 'have.' TOLLET: I have no doubt that the original reading 'no' is right. It is conformable to the whole tenor of Rosalind's speech, particularly the line: 'Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.' That mo or more was not the word used is proved by the passage: 'You are a thousand times a properer man Than she a woman.' WHITER: Tollet's instance is foreign to the purpose. Take an example in point: 'the there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.'—V, iii. COLLIER: The meaning seems quite clear. Rosalind intends throughout her speech to check the vanity of Phebe, and begins by telling her she has no beauty, and therefore no excuse for being 'proud and pitiless.' The difficulty seems to be to understand the passage when, varying from the old copies, mo is substituted for 'no.' Mo or more indicates comparison, but with whom was Phebe here to be compared in point of beauty? Not with Sylvius, because Rosalind says he was 'a properer man.' SINGER: The negative particle was not intended to be taken literally. What though? is an elliptical interrogation, and is again used in Mid. N. D., 'What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?' GRANT WHITE: Rosalind's purpose is solely to take the conceit out of Phebe. WALKER (Crit. i, 308): 'No' is evidently wrong. Some, I think, little as (even when shortened to som) it resembles 'no.' [Foot-note by LETTSOM]: In this class of errors there is often little or no resemblance between the ejected and the substituted word. I believe som to be right; but we should also read had for 'hau,' as the Folio prints the word, confounding d with the long u or v. See Dyce's Remarks, p. 21 [where unquestionable instances are given of such confusion]. DYCSEX: (ed. iii): The fact is, 'no' was inserted by a mistake of the transcriber or compositor, whose eye caught it from the next line. WRIGHT: The negative is certainly required, because Rosalind's object is to strike a blow at Phebe's vanity. [Unequivalently, Rosalind's object is to strike a blow at Phebe's vanity and to take the conceit out of her.] The question, it seems to me, is: will this end be gained as effectively by denying that the girl has any beauty at all as by granting that she has no more than the ordinary of nature's sale-work. To tell Phebe roundly that she had no beauty whatsoever would be overshooting the mark. The devotion of Silvius disproves that. Phebe knew she was pretty, and though inky brows and black silk hair were not deemed as bewitching, in former times, as those of gold, yet cheeks of cream have never been despised since blushes first mantled them. To have acknowledged that she had some beauty, no more than without candle may go dark to bed, is damning with very faint praise, the bitterest of all condemnation; it is a disprizing, the pangs whereof Hamlet teaches us. Furthermore, to be strictly logical, can a maiden with no beauty, therefore, or on that account, be proud? But if she has only a little beauty it may well be asked whether she is therefore to be proud and pitiless. Accordingly, the text which I should follow would be Hamner's.—ED.]
As by my faith, I see no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
MUST you be therefore proud and pittileffe?
Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
I see no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures fale-worde? 'ods my little life,
I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too:
No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inkie browses, your blacke silke haire,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of cream
That can entame my spirits to your worship:
You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
You are a thousand times a properer man
Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you

43. Cf. La nuit, tous les chats sont gris.—Ed.
48. mine eyes F, Rowe+,
50. blacke ... haire] black-silk hair
52. entame] entaine Warb. conj.
56. woman.] woman : Cap.

43. darke] MOBERLY: That is, without exciting any particular desire for light to see it by.
46. This line, as line 4 above, Abbott classes among 'Apparent Alexandrines' by a mode of scansion to which I cannot become reconciled: 'I see | no more | in you | than fa | the ordinary.' I had rather have the slow dragging of a dozen wounded box-constrictors than the 'slurring' of syllables which is here recommended.—Ed.
47. sale-worke] WARBURTON: The allusion is to the practice of mechanics, whose word bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called 'sale-work.' WRIGHT: The modern phrase is 'ready-made goods.'
51. bugle] MURRAY (New Eng. Dict.): A tube-shaped glass bead, usually black, and to ornament wearing apparel. [Examples follow from Spenser, 1579, to the present day. Its colour here, we learn from Phebe; in line 135 she says: 'He said mine eyes were black.'—Ed.]
52. entame] ABBOTT, § 440: That is, bring into a state of tameness.
53. Again Abbott, § 458, thus scans: 'You fool | I ah shep | herd, where | fore do | you follow her.'
54. foggy South, puffing] CALDECOTT: Compare 'Puffs away from thence, Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.'—Rom. & Jul. I, iv.
56. 'Tis] Capell was the first to desert the good punctuation of the Folio here, and has been followed by nearly every editor, except White in his first edition, even down to Verity in his edition for Irving. A full stop in the middle of a line is so unusual in F, that it deserves more attention than the punctuation in that edition generally merits. Frequently it indicates a change of address, as in II, vii, 204; III,
That makes the world full of ill-faoured children:
'Tis not her glaffe, but you that flatters her,
And out of you she sees her selfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can show her:
But Miftris, know your selfe, downe on your knees
And thanke heauen, fa sting, for a good mans loue;
For I must tell you friendly in your eare,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,
Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoller.
So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man woo.

Ros. Hees falne in loue with your foulness, & she'ill

57. makes] Fi, Rowe, Cap. Cam. Kty,
   Pope et cet. Rife, Wh. ii. make Pope et cet.
58. flatter] flatter Rowe ii +.
64. when] what Rowe i.
   Mal. Dyce iii, Coll. iii, Huds.
70-73. Dividing lines, she'll...fo... looks...words...me? Kty. As Prose,
   Sing. she'll] you'll Kty.

i, 16, also in line 71 of this present scene; and such a change, I think, is indicated here. It is to Phebe, not to Silvius, that Rosalind says, 'Tis such fools as you,' &c. The words are another stab at Phebe's personal vanity. It is she, with her folly, that is to be the mother of ill-favoured children. Rosalind is espousing Silvius's part, and although she has just called him 'foolish,' that is not the same as calling him a 'fool.' After having compared him with Phebe on the score of physical beauty, and pronounced him a thousand times a properer man, it is not exactly in keeping to say that he is to be the father of ugly children. Of course, the text shows clearly enough that lines 58-60 are addressed to Silvius, but it is the punctuation here in line 56 which, I think, was intended to be our guide.—Ed.

57. That makes] WRIGHT: The verb is singular because the nominative is the idea contained in what precedes, as if it had been, 'tis the fact of there being such fools as you that makes,' &c. [See Abbott, § 247.]

66. WARBURTON: The only sense of this is: An ill-favoured person is most ill-favoured when, if he be ill-favoured, he is a scoffer. Which is a deal too absurd to come from Shakespeare; who, without question, wrote: 'being found to be a scoffer'; i. e. where an ill-favoured person ridicules the defects of others, it makes his own appear excessive. HEATH: Mr Warburton first of all gives us a very false and absurd interpretation of this passage, and then on the foundation of that very absurdity, which is wholly his own, and not to be found in the text, he rejects the authentic reading, to make room for his own very flat emendation. JOHNSON: The sense is, The ugly seem most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers. ABBOTT, § 356: This seems to mean: foulness is most foul when its foulness consists in being scornful. [For this use of the infinitive see I, i, 109; II, vii, 182.]
Fall in louse with my anger. If it be so, as faft
As she anfweres thee with frowning lookes, ile fauce
Her with bitter words: why looke you fo vpon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Ref. I pray you do not fall in louse with mee,
For I am falfer then vowes made in wine:
Beides, I like you not: if you will know my houfe,
'Tis at the tuft of Oliues, here hard by:
Will you goe Sifter? Shepheard ply her hard:
Come Sifter: Shepheardesse, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could fee,
None could be fo abus'd in fight as hee.

Come, to our flocke,

Exit.

Phe. Dead Shepheard, now I find thy faw of might,
Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at first fight?

70. your] If Hanmer's change to her be adopted, Johnson's marking of this speech
as anAside seems proper enough. And yet it seems necessary that Silvius should
hear it in order that he may understand why Rosalind should sauce Phebe with bitter
words. Again, note the break in the line, which may give emphasis, as in line 76, to
the change of address; yet it will not do to build too much on this, or on any punctu-
tation in the Folio. Surely, if anywhere, a full stop as an indication of the change
of address is needed in line 73.—Ed.

71. sauce] Rolfe: Cf. our vulgarism of 'sassing' a person. From meaning
to give zest or piquancy to language, the word came to be used ironically in the sense
of making it hot and sharp; or, in other words, from meaning tospice, it came to mean
topepper.

72. Again, according to Abbott, § 499, this is only an 'apparent Alexandrine.' But
this time it is not the final syllables which are slurred over, but the single foot 'Beides'
which precedes the line and creates the false show.

73. abus'd] Johnson: Though all mankind could look on you, none could be so
deceived as to think you beautiful but he.


81. flee] see ye Han. 'Deed, Han.

83. Come,] Come F, Fv, Rowe i.

84. Dead Shepheard] Dyce (Marlowe's Works, i, xlviii): These words sound
not unlike an expression of pity for Marlowe's sad and untimely end.

85. Capell was the first to discover that this 'saw' is from Marlowe's Hero and
Leander, the paraphrase of a poem by the Pseudo-Museus, first printed in 1598,
although the edition which Capell used was that of 1637. The line is in the First
Sestet (p. 12, ed. Dyce): 'Where both deliberate, the love is slight: Who ever
lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?' It is also given in England's Parnassus, 1600,
p. 308, Collier's Reprint, and on p. 423 of Capell's School.—Ed. Malone: This
poem of Marlowe's was so popular (as appears from many contemporary writers) that
ACT III, SC. V.] AS YOU LIKE IT

Sil. Sweet Phoebe.
Phe. Hah: what saist thou Silvius?
Sil. Sweet Phoebe pity me.
Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle Silvius.
Sil. Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe sorrow at my grieue in loue,
By giuing loue your sorrow, and my grieue
Were both extermin'd:
Phe. Thou haft my loue, is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would haue you.
Phe. Why that were couetousnesse:
Silvius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,
Thy company, which erft was irkefome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employ'd
Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my loue,
And I in such a pouerty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine haruest reapeth:loose now and then

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86. Phebe.] Phoebe.—Cap. et seq. Rowe, Pope, Han.
92. love your sorrow] love, your sorrow Rowe et seq.
105. And in] And in F₁. And F₃ F₄. 106. plenteous] plentious Fl.

a quotation from it must have been known at once, at least by the more enlightened part of the audience. Shakespeare again alluded to it in The Two Gent. [This 'allusion' is merely a reference to the story of Hero and Leander. The only twist whereby Malone can there make it refer to Marlowe's Poem, which is of a later date than The Two Gent., is to suppose that Shakespeare read the poem in MS before its publication.—Ed.]

93. extermin'd] Exterminated. Wright: Compare extirp and extirpated. ROLFE: Used by Shakespeare only here. Its equivalent, exterminate, he does not use at all.
94. neighbourly] HALLIWELL: These words seem scarcely natural to the speaker, unless it be presumed there is here an allusion to the injunction to 'love thy neighbour as thyself.'
98. yet it is not] REV. JOHN HUNTER: The time is not yet.
99. since that] See I, iii, 44, or Abbott, § 287.
A scattered smile, and that I live upon. (while? 110
Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere-
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old Carlot once was Master of.
Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peeuiish boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleases thofe that haere:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But sfo he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is but fo fo, and yet 'tis well:

109. scattered] scattered Ff, Rowe. 123. very] Om. Han. Cap. Steev. '93,
satter'd Pope et seq. 124. fo fo] so Johns.
dyce ill.
112. yerewhile] so Johns.
113. Carlot] Douce: That is, peasant, from carle or churl; probably a word of
Shakespeare's coinage. Dyce: It is evidently the diminutive of carl—churl (compare 'My master is of a charitish disposition,'—II, iv, 84, where the same person is
alluded to). And see Richardson's Dict. in v. Carle. COLlier (ed. ii); Richardson,
under Carl, quotes Shakespeare’s “Carlot,” and says Drayton has Carlot in his Barons’
Wars, B. v. He has Carlot in B. iv, but by Carlot he means Herkley, Constable of
Carlisle. Shakespeare alone uses ‘Carlot.’ Kightley: It is printed as a proper
name, and it may be the Spanish Carloto. No such substantive as ‘carlot’ is known.
114. Caldecott: Trinculo does not more naturally betray himself when he says:
'By this good light, a very shallow monster: I afeard of him? a very shallow
monster.'—Temp. II, ii. Fletcher (p. 203): Of Phebe, in name and character no less
an ideal shepherdess than Rosalind is an ideal princess, it may be said that we might
have been grateful for her creation, even had she been introduced for no other
purpose than to give us the enamoured lines which convey so exquisite a portrait of this
terrestrial Ganymede.
115. peeuiish] Coggrave has: Hargrous. Peeuish, wrangling, denerous, ouer-
thewart, crosse, waiward, froward; ill to please, euer complaunynge, neuer quiet.
123. very] Walker (Crit. i, 269) agrees with Hanmer in erasing this ‘very’;
which is, I think, justifiable, seeing how frequently this word is interpolated. To
avoid the baleful name Alexandrine, Abbott, § 501, calls the line a trimeter couplet,
and thus divides it: ‘He is | not vē | ry tall: | yet fēr | his yeare | he’s tall.’—Ed.
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas iust the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be some women Silvius, had they markt him
In parcell as I did, would haue gone neere
To fall in loue with him: but for my part
125 I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Haue more caufe to hate him then to loue him,
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He saied mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
130 I manuell why I answerd not againe,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. Ile write it strait:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
140 Goe with me Silvius.

Exeunt.

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127. Abbott, § 494, tells us to slur the extra syllables in 'difference.'

144. and] Om. Cap.

128. Damaske] Steevens: 'Constant red' is uniform red. 'Mingled damask' is the silk of that name, in which, by a various direction of the threads, many lighter shades of the same colour are exhibited, Knight: We doubt this. The damask rose was of a more varied hue than the constant red of other species of rose. Wright: Red and white, like the colour of the damask roses. Compare Somn. cxxx, §: 'I have seen roses damask'd, red and white, But no such roses see I in her cheeks.' ['Mingled damask' is of course a colour, and a colour well known, but what the colour was, it is doubtful if we can by any means tell at present. It is even possible that 'damask' may refer to some kind of material, and not to roses. Cotgrave tells us distinctly that damask roses are white. At the present day and in this country there is no variation, such as Knight speaks of, in the hue of the old-fashioned damask rose, other than in the paler hue which accompanies its fading; otherwise its tint of light pink is quite as 'constant' as that of any of its redder sisters. Until we can gain more information we must rest content with imagining Ganymede's cheek to be of the fairest earthly tint and finest earthly texture. But where is the amber?—Ed.]

138. omittance is no quittance] Walker (Crit. iii, 64): A proverb of course. Milton, *P. L. x*, 53, man 'soon shall find Forbearance is no quittance ere day end.'
Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.

Iaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.

Rof. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Iaq. I am fo: I doe loue it better then laughing.

Rof. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellowes, and betray themselves to every moderne censure, worfe then drunkards.

The Forest. Rowe.

5. I do loue it] Moberly: 'You are always complaining of melancholy,' says Johnson to Boswell (iv, 301), 'and I conclude from those complaints that you are fond of it. Do not pretend to deny it; manifestum habemus furem. Make it an invariable and obligatory law on yourself never to mention your own mental diseases. If you are never to speak of them you will think of them but little; and if you think little of them they will molest you rarely.'

7, 8. moderne . . . drunkards] The drift of Rosalind's whole speech appears to be that both classes of men, those who are profound in their melancholy and those who are boisterous in their mirth, expose themselves even more openly than drunkards to every commonplace, hackneyed criticism. She had taken down Phœbe's conceit by asserting that her beauty was no more than a fair average of Nature's ready-made goods; she is now about to do the same to Jaques by saying that he was no more interesting in his sentimental melancholy than a common drunkard. But Moberly interprets it somewhat differently; and as his interpretation of the whole comedy, with which I cannot altogether agree, is charming and attractive, every word he utters in support of it deserves to be well weighed. To Moberly, this encounter between Jaques and Rosalind is one of the passages where the great moral lesson of cheerfulness is conveyed, a lesson which Shakespeare happened to need in his own life at that time, and the need whereof he saw in the anxious thought of eminent men around him: 'Thus,' says Moberly, 'Sir H. Sidney writes to his son Sir Philip, 'Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; . . . . then give yourself to be merry; for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body to do anything when you are most merry.'" This present speech of Rosalind is one of the happy hits, and is thus paraphrased by Moberly (Intro. p. 9): 'And what is this melancholy of which Jaques boasts? [asks Rosalind sarcastically]. Something as bad or worse than the most giddy merriment: something that incapacitates him from action as completely and more permanently than drunkenness.' Again, his note ad loc. is: 'Worse than drunkards. For both alike are as incapable of action as drunkards, and their state is more permanent.'
ACT IV, SC. i.]

AS YOU LIKE IT

Iaq. Why, 'tis good to be fad and fay nothing.

Rof. Why then 'tis good to be a poete.

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is
emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantastical;
nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers,
which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick:
nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which
is all thefe: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, com-
pounded of many simple, extracted from many objectts,
and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my trauells, in

14. politick] political Rowe i.
18. sundrie] sundy F.
18. contemplation of my] contempla-
tions of F. F. Rowe i.
18, 19. in which] which Var. '21. on
which Seymour.

Here Moberly seems to take 'worse' as qualifying the subject; I think it qualifies
the verb 'betray.'—Ed.

11–20. Maginn: This is printed as prose, but assuredly it is blank verse. The
alteration of a syllable or two, which in the corrupt state of the text of these plays is
the slightest of all possible critical licenses, would make it run perfectly smooth. At
all events, 'emulation' should be emulative, to make it agree with the other clauses of
the sentence. The courtier's melancholy is not pride, nor the soldier's ambition, &c.
The adjective is used throughout: 'fantastical,' 'proud,' 'ambitious,' 'political,' 'nice.'
[Maginn thus divides the lines: 'Neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emu-
lation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud;]
[Nor the soldier's,] Which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is political; nor the
lady's, which is nice; [Nor the lover's, which is all this;] but it is A melancholy
of mine own, compounded Of many simples, extracted from many objects And
indeed A the sundry contemplation of my travels, [In which my often ruminations
wraps me] In a most humorous sadness. [Rather ragged verse, it must be owned.
I should prefer to call it metric prose, or measurably like the semi-metric prose of
Walt Whitman at the present day. There would be a lack of harmony in giving
Jaques a single speech in regular blank verse in a scene where every other speech is
in prose.—Ed.]

14. Moberly: The scholar's melancholy springs from envy of other men's supe-
rior mental powers, which his diligence may be unable to cope with; the courtier's is
from pride, which puts him out of sympathy with his kind; the lady's is from fastid-
iousness; the soldier's from disappointed ambition; the lawyer's from professionally
assumed or half-real sympathy with his client. [To understand the musician's mel-
ancholy, I think we must take 'fantastical' as referring to love-sick music; and may we
not take both 'political' and 'lawyer' in a somewhat wider sense than that just given?
May not 'lawyers' be lawgivers, and 'political' denote that which is connected with
the science of government?—Ed.]

Nares: Foolish, trifling. Halliwell: Delicate, affected, effeminate. Dyce:
Scrupulous, precise, squeamish. Hudson: Fastidious, dainty, or squeamish. Verity:
Squeamish, super-subtle, finicking. [An object-lesson, to teach the student to make
his own definitions, especially where none is required.—Ed.]
which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Rof. A Trueler: by my faith you haue great reason to be sad: I seare you haue fold your owne Lands, to see others mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Rof. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad, and to travaile for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, deere Rosalind.

Iaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verse.

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25. Om. Rowe, Pope, Han. me in] is Steev. '93.

29. travaile] travel F, F.

31. Iaq.] Orl. F.

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18–20. in . . . sadness] MALONE, reading 'by often,' omitted the first 'in,' in line 18; STEEVENS, reading 'my often,' changed the second 'in,' in line 19, to 'in,' adding: 'Jaques first informs Rosalind what his melancholy was not; and naturally concluded by telling her what the quality of it is.' CALDECOTT, reading 'my often,' thus paraphrases: It is the diversified consideration or view of my travels, in which process my frequent reflection, and continued interest that I take, wraps me in a whimsical sadness. KNIGHT, reading my: His melancholy is the contemplation of his travels, the rumination upon which wraps him in a most humorous sadness. WHITE: 'By' is clearly a corruption, as it leaves 'wraps' without a nominative expressed or understood. The point of the speech is that the satirical Jaques finds in the contemplation of his travels his caupse for melancholy. He means to sneer, more so, at the whole world; and this he is made to do by the substitution of my for 'by,' and of a semicolon for a comma after 'travels.' The pleonastic use of 'in' is quite in conformity to the custom of the time.

19. humorous] CALDECOTT: In his Apology for Smectymnuus, Milton says of his own ear for numbers, that it was 'rather nice and humorous in what was tolerable than patient to read every dawling versifier.'—Warton's Milton, p. 207. [See 'humorous.'—T. ii, 265.]

31. and] That is, am. See Abbott, § 101, if necessary. WRIGHT: In this form it occurs where it is little suspected in the Authorised Version of Genesis, xliii, 30: 'Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us.'

31, 32. blanke verse] What are we to understand by this? It is Orlando who
32. Nearly every modern edition follows the F1 in putting Exit at the end of this line. Dyce placed it after 'gondola' in line 38, and is followed by Cowden-Clarke, Hudson, and the Irving. 

Dyce (Remarks, p. 63) quotes Rosalind's speech from line 33 down to her address to Orlando in line 38, and asks: 'Does Rosalind say all this to Jaques after he has left the stage?' He then goes on to say, in regard to the Exit of the F1, that 'Exits as well as Entrances were very frequently marked much earlier than they were really intended to take place; and nothing can be more evident than that here the exit of Jaques ought to follow "gondola."' White (ed. 1): The question has been raised, whether Jaques should go out when he takes leave, or just before Rosalind addresses Orlando. It seems plain that in the latter case a charming and characteristic incident would be lost. Rosalind is a little vexed with Orlando for not keeping trust. She sees him when he comes in, but purposely does not look at him, no woman needs be told why. He speaks, but she, with her little heart thumping at her breast all the while, refuses to notice her lover, and pretends to be absorbed in Jaques; and as he retires, driven off by the coming scene of sentiment, the approach of which he detects, she still ignores the presence of the poor delinquent, and continues to talk to Jaques till a curve in the path takes him out of sight; then turning, she seems to see Orlando for the first time, and breaks upon him with, 'Why, how now?' &c. Well might the old printer in Promes and Cassandra say that there are some speeches 'which in reading will seem hard, and in action appear plausible.' Dyce quotes this note of White's, and adds: 'All this is, no doubt, very ingenious; but I cannot help thinking that it shows little knowledge of stage-business. The modern acting-copies of As You Like It do not allow Jaques to take any part in the present scene.' White, however, did not lay to heart this criticism and improve his 'knowledge of stage-business.' In his second edition he says: 'Rosalind's speech, until she chooses to notice the tardy Orlando, is addressed to the retiring Jaques.' [I cannot avoid thinking that Dyce is entirely right. There is something humiliating in the idea of Rosalind talking to Jaques's back, and if he walked away at even a leisurely pace Rosalind's final words must have been pitched, if he is to hear them, almost in the scream of a virago. We must note the effect on Jaques of these final thrusts, we must count the wounds, or else Rosalind's victory is small. If Jaques's back is turned, his ears are deaf, and the victory is his rather than Rosalind's. At the same time that I give in my adhesion to Dyce, I must confess that he does not explain Orlando's address to Rosalind, nor her disregard of it. It may be that he would accept that much of Grant White's interpretation which attributes her silence to a punishment for his tardiness, but then one of Dyce's strong points is that the entrances are marked (for stage purposes) many lines in advance. Here the entrance is marked, and Orlando speaks, many lines before he is addressed by Rosalind.—Ed.]

34. See Mercutio's invective against Tybalt.—Rom. & Jul. II, iv, 26.

Wright: See Overbury's Characters (Works, p. 58, ed. Fairholt), where 'An Affectate Traveller' is described: 'He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speaks his owne language with shame and lisping.' [Sig. F, ed. 1627. Over-
of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your
natiuitie, and almoast chide God for making you that
countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue
swam in a Gundello. Why how now Orlando, where
haue you bin all this while? you a louer? and you
ferue me such another tricke, never come in my fight
more.

Orl. My faire Rosalind, I come within an houre of my
promise.

Rof. Breake an houres promisse in loue? hee that
will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake
but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs

39, 50. and] Ft, Rowe, Cald. an Pope seq.

bury's Characters were published in 1614; after his death.] Moberly quotes a
passage from The Scholemaster [p. 75, ed. Arber] where Ascham says: 'I know
diverse, that went out of England, men of innocent life, men of excellent learnynge,
who returned out of Itaile, not onely with worse manners, but also with lesse learnynge;
neither so willing to liue orderly, nor yet so hable [Lat. habilis] to speake
learnedlie, as they were at home, before they went abroad.' But this is only one
sentence where whole paragraphs might be quoted from these closing ten pages of
Ascham's First booke. His denunciation of the life led by Englishmen in Italy, and
of their manners when they return, is unmeasured. 'And so,' he says, 'beyng Mules
and Horses before they went, returned verie Swyne and Asses home agayne'; and
further on, 'they should carie at once in one bodie, the belie of a Swyne, the head
of an Ass, the brayne of a Foxe, and the wombe of wolfe'; and that even the
Italians have a proverb which says: 'Englesse Italiano, e vn diablo incarnato.'
It is from these pages that in the Mer. of Ven. p. 297, I quoted Ascham's indignation
at the translations of Italian novelis then 'sold in every shop in London.'
—Ed.]

34. disable] That is, undervalue, disparage. See V, iv, 79.
38. Gundello] Johnson: That is, been at Venice, the seat at that time of all licen-
tiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their
moraus, and sometimes lost their religion. Mrs Griffith (p. 87): Venice was then
the polite goall, as Paris is now: so that to 'swim in a Gondola' is as if we should say,
'ride in a vis-a-vis,' at present. [A Mrs Griffith to date is needed to give us a note
on a 'vis-a-vis.'—Ed.] White (ed. i): Ladies say that their shoes are 'as big as a
gundalow' (what lady's shoes are ever otherwise?), without any notion that they are
comparing them to the coaches of Venice. But it is so. [For the spelling see 'Gund-
delier.'—Oth. i, i, 138. Walker (Vers. 218) gives 'gondelay,' from Spenser, F. Q.
II, c. vi, st. ii; and 'gundelet,' i. e. a gondoletta,' from Marston's Ant. & Mellida,
III, ii.]

46. thousand] This is merely phonetic spelling, like 'sixt' for sixth.—Ed.
of loue, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapt him oth' shoulde, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Otr. Pardon me deere Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my fight, I had as liefe be woo'd of a Snail.

Otr. Of a Snaille?

Ros. I, of a Snaille: for though he comes slowly, hee carries his house on his head; a better joyncture I thinke then you make a woman: besides, he brings his deftinie with him.

Otr. What's that?

Ros. Why hornes: such as you are faine to be beholding to your wifes for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and preuents the flander of his wife.

47. clapt] It is not easy to decide whether this means a clap by way of friendly encouragement, as it is used in Much Ado, 1.1, 261: 'He that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam'; and again, Love's Lab. L. V, ii, 107: 'With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the shoulder, Making the bold wag by their praises bolder'; and again in Tro. & Cress. III, iii, 138: 'even already They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder, As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast'; or a clap by way of arrest from a court officer, as in Cym. V, iii, 78: 'fight I will no more, But yield me to the veriest hind that shall Once touch my shoulder.' Wright prefers the latter interpretation, as does also Schmidt, whom Rolfe follows, and there is colour for the preference in the use of the word 'warrant' immediately following. But, on the whole, the former interpretation seems preferable.—Ed.

51. of] If necessary, see Abbott, § 170.

55. you make] Hanmer's change, 'than you can make,' is upheld by White (ed. i) on the score that Rosalind is speaking not of Orlando's acts, but of his abilities. To me, however, the change is not only needless, but erroneous. 'You' does not refer to Orlando personally, any more than 'your wives,' in line 59, accuses him of polygamy. It is the French 'on.' I suppose the meaning of the sentence is that a snail is better off than a woman because he enjoys all the time the possession of his house, whereas a woman cannot possibly possess her jointure until she becomes a widow, and if she dies before her husband will never have it at all.—Ed.

59. beholding] The almost universal form, among the dramatists, of the present beholde.

60. fortune] Allen (MS): That is, come armed in that which it is his fortune to come to.

60. prevents] Anticipates, in its Latin derivative sense. For examples, see Schmidt.
Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker: and my Rofalind is vertuous.

Rof. And I am your Rofalind.

Col. It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a Rofalind of a better leere then you.

Rof. Come, woee me, woee mee: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to content: What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie Rofalind?

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke.

Rof. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kiffe: verie good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs) matter, the cleanelest shift is to kiffe.

65. Rof.] Orl. F.s

66. me, wooe] me, wooe, F.s

68. and] Fi, Rowe, Cald. an Pope et cet. 71. Rof.]

74. warne] warne Anon. (of Cam

et Ed.)

65. leere] TOLLET: That is, of a better feature, complexion, or colour than you.

SKEL: The Mid. Eng. leere means the cheek, also the face, complexion, men, look. 'A loveli lady of lere' - a lady of lovely mien. - P. Plowman, B. i. 3. It was originally almost always used in a good sense, and with adjectives expressive of beauty, but in Skelton we find it otherwise in two passages: 'Her lothely lere is nothyng gleere, But ugly of cherie' - her loathsome look is not at all clear, but ugly of aspect.

- Elymow Rummynge, l. 12; 'Your lothesem lere to loke on.' - 48 Poem against Carneshe, l. 5. Shakespeare has it in two senses: (1) the complexion, aspect [the present passage], Tit. And. IV, ii, 119; (2) a winning look, Merry Wives, I, iii, 50. At a later period it is generally used in a sinister sense. From Ang. Sax. alleor, the cheek; hence the face, look. The original sense may have been 'slope,' from the Teut. base alleor, to lean. [Does not this refer to the umber with which Gunymede's face was smeared? - Ed.]

72. grauel'd] Cotgrave has: Assaitle: Grauelled; filled with sand; also, stuked in, or run on, the sand.' WRIGHT: Compare Bacon, Advancement of Learning (ed. Wright), i, 7, § 8, p. 57: 'But when Marcus Philosophus came in, Silenus was gravelled and out of countenance.' [See also Richardson's Dict. for several other examples of the verb.]

73. kisse] STEEVENS: Thus also in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy: 'and when he [Stratocles] hath pumped his wits dry, can say no more, kising and colling are never out of season.' [p. 506, ed. 1651.]

74. warne] STEEVENS: If this exclamation (which occurs again in the Qs. of Mid. N. D.) is not a corruption of 'God ward us,' t. e. defend us, it must mean 'summon us to himself.' So in Rich. III: I, iii, 39: 'And sent to warn them to his royal presence.' SCHMIDT interprets it: 'God guard us,' 'God forbid,' which has a meaning, like Diit avertite omen, but in 'God summon us' here, there seems to be none. - Ed.
ACT IV, SC. 1.] AS YOU LIKE IT

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?

Rof. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved Mifris?

Rof. Marrie that should you if I were your Mifris, or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my fuite?

Rof. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your fuite:

Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some ioy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Rof. Well, in her person, I say I will not haue you.

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die.

Rof. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (videlicet) in a loue caufe: Troilous had his braines dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of loue. Leander, he would haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though Hero had turn'd

81-85. In sens. obs. 84. 86. Prose, Pope et seq.
82. thinke...ranker] thank...rather 90. die] doe F,F, dye F,.
Coll. (MS) ii, iii. 94. Troilous] F,.
83. of] out of Coll. (MS). braines] braine F,.

82. thinke ... ranker] Collier (referring to the MS corrector's change to thank ... rather): This is said in answer to the question of Orlando how he could possibly be out? and Rosalind replies that if he were not out, but continued his suit, he would be more indebted to her honesty, which allowed him to proceed, than to her wit in disconcerting him. The two misprints were easily made, and the restoration is exactly to the point. White (ed. i): Strange to say, Collier's reading has found some favour. For in the alternative supposed by Rosalind, she would have no honesty to thank, and therefore it is that she says that in that case she should think her honesty ranker than her wit. Dyce (ed. ii): Mr Collier understands the passage no more than his corrector.

95. club] Wright: Troilus, in the story of his death as told by Dictys Cretensis, Dares Phrygius, Tzetzes, and Guido Colonna, was slain by Achilles ('impar congressus Achillii.'—Verg. Aen. I, 474), either with sword or spear, and the Grecian club is as much an invention of Rosalind's as Leander's cramp.

96. Leander, he] Those who wish to find other examples of this insertion of the pronoun may find them in Abbott, § 243.
Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsummer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the foolish Chroniclers of that age, found it was Hero of Cefos. But these are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not for loue.

98. had] bad F,
101. Chroniclers] chroniclers Ff. coro-
mers Han. Sing. Coll. (MS) i, ii, iii, Ktly,
Glo. Wh. ii.
101. it was] it Han.

101. Chroniclers CEPPELL: If to make his author more witty than there is reason to think he design'd to be, was an editor's business, he of Oxford [i.e. Hanmer, see Text. Notes] may seem to have demean'd himself rightly, . . . but the judicious will hardly allow this. . . . Chroniclers' could never be a mistake, nor 'was' a meer insertion of printers; coroners, and the phrase recommended, being too well known to them to suspect an alteration of either for what was certainly not so familiar. It follows then, if the above observation be just, that they were true to their copy in this place; and the Poet will stand acquitted for writing so, if it be consider'd that too much wit, or wit too much pointed, is not a beauty in comedy; especially in such comedy as this, which is simple and of the pastoral kind. M. MASON: I am surprised that Hanmer's just and ingenious amendment should not be adopted as soon as suggested. . . . 'Found' is the legal term on such occasions. EDWARDS refers to Ham. V, i, 5: 'The crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.' CALDERCOTT: In the language of a coroner's jury, the chroniclers of that age, who record and transmit facts to posterity, found (i.e. stated) it to be Hero. KNIGHT: We are unwilling to alter the text, but there can be little doubt that Hanmer's change, perhaps coroners, gives the true word. The technical use of 'found' decides this. We must accept chroniclers in the sense of coroners. WHITE (ed. i) denounces Hanmer's change on the same ground as Cepell, and as earnestly: 'If we can at will reduce a perfectly appropriate and uncorrupted word of ten letters to one of eight, and strike out such marked letters as h, l, and e, we may re-write Shakespeare at our pleasure.' [And yet after these brave words Grant White in his second edition follows Hanmer. The reason is, I think, that he printed from the Globe Edition, where the Cambridge Editors in a temporary aberration of mind deserted the sound text of the Cambridge Edition. The printed text before our eyes always exercises a strong influence, and from this influence, in the present case, that excellent editor Grant White did not free himself.—ED.] HALLIWELL: 'Found' here merely means found out, discovered, stated. . . . The alteration made by Hanmer will not even make good sense, for though the coroner's jury might find a verdict of drowning, they could not have found it was Hero of Sestos. The passage in Hamlet is written in intentional error, and cannot fairly be appealed to in the present discussion. Dyce (ed. iii) quotes LETTSON: 'The word 'found' makes for coroners; but the plural number and the phrase "of that age" tell the other way.' WRIGHT: I have left the old reading, for there would be only one coroner, and the 'chroniclers' might be considered to be the jurymen.
ACT IV, SC. 1.] AS YOU LIKE IT

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Rof. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more comming-on disposition: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then loue me Rosalind.

Rof. Yes faith will I, fridasies and faterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Rof. I, and twentie such.

Orl. What faiest thou?

Rof. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing: Come sifter, you shall be the Priest, and marrie vs: give me your hand Orlando: What doe you say sifter?

Orl. Pray thee marrie vs.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Rof. You must begin, will you Orlando.

Cel. Goe too: wil you Orlando, haue to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Rof. I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.

Rof. Then you must say, I take thee Rosalind for wife.

Orl. I take thee Rosalind for wife.

127. 1] Om. F, F', Rowe i. 130. Ed.).

107. kill a flie] LADY MARTIN (p. 427): This rejoinder should, I think, be given with a marked change of intonation, sufficient to indicate that, notwithstanding all the wraillery of her former speech, there is in herself a vein of tenderness that would make it impossible for her to inflict pain deliberately. We should be made to feel the woman just for the moment,—before she passes on to her next words, which, playful as they are, lead her on unawares to what I believe was regarded by her as a very real climax to this sportive wooing.

126-131. I will . . . for wife] LADY MARTIN (p. 428): It is not merely in pastime, I feel assured, that Rosalind has been made by Shakespeare to put these words into Orlando’s mouth. ‘This is for her a marriage, though no priestly formality goes with it; and it seems to me that the actress must show this by a certain tender earnestness of look and voice, as she replies, ‘I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband.’ I could
Rof. I might ask you for your Commision,
But I do take thee Orlando for my husband: there's a
Girl goes before the Priest, and certainly a Woman's
Thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Rof. Now tell me how long you would have her, af-
fter you have possesse her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Rof. Say a day, without the euer: no, no Orlando, men
are April when they woe, December when they wed:
Maidens are May when they are maidens, but the sky chan-
ges when they are wives: I will be more jealous of
thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen, more

never speak these words without a trembling of the voice, and the involuntary rushing
of happy tears to the eyes, which made it necessary for me to turn my head away
from Orlando. But, for fear of discovery, this momentary emotion had to be over-
come and turned off by carrying his thoughts into a different channel. Still, Rosa-
lind's gravity of look and intonation will not have quite passed away—for has she not
taken the most solemn step a woman can take?—as she continues: 'Now tell me how
long,' &c.

133, 134. there's ... goes] COLLIER: Alluding to her anticipating what Celia
ought to have said: There's a girl who goes faster than the priest. WRIGHT:
Farmer's change is unnecessary, for the relative is only omitted. [For omission of
the relative, see Abbott, § 244.]

140, &c. FLETCHER (p. 220): Rosalind's heart is now at leisure to gratify itself
with another of those conscious contrasts between the imputed capriciousness of her
sex and the steady affectionateness of her own character. We have heard already
her description of feminine weakness and perverseness as exhibited in the season of
courtship; she now gives us a still more lively one of the same failings as they show
themselves after marriage.

144. Barbary cocke-pidgeon] FULTON (Book of Pigeons, p. 7): Shakespeare
was evidently a close observer, if not an actual student, of pigeons. It is difficult to
avoid the conclusion that he was at heart, if not in practice, a fancier, his intimate
knowledge of them comes out in so many different ways. Thus he alludes to the
mode in which they feed their young [in I. ii, 90, supra; and again in the present
line we may find a proof], collateral, if not strictly historical, of the great antiquity of
the Barb. Such allusions as these, it is true, only prove a general acquaintance with
the birds; but when the great poet makes Hamlet say: 'But I am pigeon-livered, and
lack gall To make oppression bitter,' he shows a knowledge, however acquired, of the
singular physiological fact that the pigeon, like the horse, has no gall-bladder. Again,
one of his inimitable comparisons is, 'As patient as a female dove, When that her
clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like Diana in the Foun-

golden couplets are disclosed.' Now pigeons, unlike poultry, will readily leave their eggs before hatching, if disturbed; but very rarely when once the beautiful little 'golden' young claim their care; then, as the same close observer elsewhere says, even 'doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.' (P. 225) There can be very little doubt that this pigeon [the Barb] did, as the name implies, come to us originally from the north of Africa, and was first known as the Barbary pigeon. [I have searched for any intimation that the Barb is of a pre-eminently jealous disposition, but have found none. Nor is any needed. 'Barbary' of itself implies Oriental watchfulness and jealousy. Is there left in the world any human trade, profession, or pursuit wherein Shakespeare is not claimed as a fellow-craftsman? Did any of us ever think that we should live to see him hailed as a 'pigeon-fancier'?—Ed.]

145, 146. new-fangled] Skeat: Fond of what is new, novel. The old sense is 'fond of what is new'; see Loss's Lab. L. i, i, 106 (and the present passage), and in Palsgrave. The final -d is a late addition to the word, due to a loss of a sense of the old force of -te (see below); the Mid. Eng. form is newefangel (4 syllables), fond of novelty, Chaucer, C. T. 10932. So also Gower, C. A. ii, 273: 'But every neweloure quemeth To him, that newefangel is'—but every new love pleases him who is fond of what is new. Compounded of new, new, and fangel, ready to seize, snatching at, not found in Ang. Sax., but formed with perfect regularity from the base fang-, to take (occurring in Ang. Sax. fang-en, pp. of fán, contracted form of fangan, to take), with the suffix -el (—Ang. Sax. -el), used to form adjectives descriptive of an agent. This suffix is preserved in modern Eng. witt-ol—one who knows, sarcastically used to mean an idiot; cf. A. S. sprec-ol, fond of talking, talkative; wac-ol, vigilant. So also fangel—fond of taking, readily adopting, and new-fangle—fond of taking up what is new; whence new-fangle-d, by later addition of d. The suffix -ol, by the usual interchange of l and r, is nothing but another form of the familiar suffix -er, expressive of the agent. Thus newfangle—new-fang-er.

147. Diana] Malone conjectured that Shakespeare must have had in mind some well-known conduit, and Whalley discovered what has been generally accepted as the allusion in Stowe's Survey, where [p. 484, ed. 1618], in giving a history of the 'Elianor Cross,' or 'the great Cross in West Cheape,' Stowe says: 'in the yeer next following [i.e. 1596] was then set vp a curious wrought Tabernacle of gray Marble, and in the same an Alablaster Image of Diana, and water conuyayed from the Thames, prilling from her naked brest for a time, but now decayed.' 'Statues,' continues Whalley, 'and particularly that of Diana, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So in The City Match, III, iii: 'Now could I cry like any image in a fountain, which runs lamentations.'—[p. 263, ed. Dodoley; first printed 1639]. Again, in Rosamond's Epistle to Henry II, by Drayton: 'Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands, Naked Diana in the fountain stands.'—[p. 80, ed. 1748]. Halliwell (p. 69): It should be remembered that the image of a fountain-figure weeping was an exceedingly common one, and that Diana was a favorite subject with the sculptors for such an object. Wright: If Shakespeare had this image of Diana [mentioned by Stowe] in his mind, his recollection of it was not strictly accurate. [It seems to me most unlikely that there is any reference here to the Diana on the
taine, & I wil do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: 148
I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd
to sleepe.

Orl. But will my Rosalind doe so? 150
Rof. By my life, she will doe as I doe.
Orl. O but she is wife.
Ros. Or else fee she could not haue the wit to doe this:
the wifer, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a wo-
mans wit, and it will out at the cæfament: but that, and
'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill flie with the
smoake out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might
fay, wit whether wilt? 160

149. thou art] you are Rowe ii.+
Coll. iii.
155. doore fast Rowe ii.+, Cap.

Quincy (MS).

Eleanor Cross. And I think Malone in his secret heart thought so too. In his
Second Appendix and in his own edition he was inclined to claim the credit of
discovering the allusion, but he afterwards silently resigned it to Whalley. For aught
we can tell, this 'prilling' Diana may not have been a symbol of sorrow; it was evi-
dently an excrescence, and had no connection with the other Biblical figures around
the Cross. See Appendix, 'Date of Composition.'—Ed.

149. Hyen] Kenrick (p. 69) could discover no 'propriety in this allusion'; he
knew of no animal in nature possessed of the streperous part of risibility' vigorous
enough 'to prevent a drowsy man's going to sleep,' except man. Wherefore he
proposes a change, and, like a true-born Briton, offers 'to lay a good bet, if it could be
determined,' that Shakespeare wrote 'laugh like a Hyen.' To be sure, 'a Hyen'
is not a man, but a woman, and to 'laugh' must be interpreted to cry. But apart
from these trifles the simile is assured, because the Hyads 'weep so vehemently' that
they were translated as constellations to the sky. Barclay, in his vindication of
Johnson from Kenrick's attack, proposed (p. 49), as a sarcastic jest, that the text be:
'laugh like a Hyden, ox Hyden,' as he had seen it spelt. Steevens: The bark of
the hyena was anciently supposed to resemble a loud laugh. So in Webster's Duchess
of Malfy, 1623: 'Methinks I see her laughing, Excellent hyena!'—[II, v, p. 223,
ed. Dyce].

150. sleepe] Johnson: I know not why we should read 'weep' [as in
Warburton's text]. I believe most men would be more angry to have their sleep hindered
than their grief interrupted. [Theobald's conjecture, 'weep' is to be found in Nicho1's
Illustr. ii, 331.]

155. make the doores] Steevens: This is an expression used in several mid-
land counties, instead of bar the doors. So in Com. of Err. III, i, 93: 'The doors
are made against you.'

160. wit whether wilt] Johnson: This must be some allusion to a story well
Ref. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you
met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit haue, to excuse that?

Rojs. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you
shall neuer take her without her anfwer, vnlefe you take
her without her tongue: that woman that cannot
make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurfe
her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.
Orl. For these two hours Rosalinde, I will leave thee.

Rof. Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee againe.

Rof. I, goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no leffe: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o' clocke is your howre.

Orl. I, sweet Rosalind.

Rof. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not danger-ous, if you break one iot of your promis, or come one minute behind your howre, I will thinke you the most pathetickall breake-promis, and the most hollow louer,

176. o'] o th' Rowe+. o' the Steev. 183. pathetical] atheistical Warb. jenetical Grey.

but doubt if I was justised in so doing. WRIGHT: That is, an occasion against her husband; an opportunity for taking advantage of him.

168. In Kemble's Acting Copy Rosalind here sings the song from Love's Labour Lost: 'When daisies pied,' &c.

170. FLETCHER (p. 221): How deliciously after all this acted levity and mischei-

171, 176. two a... two o'] Let us note this variation in spelling, a compositor's mere vagary, within half a dozen lines, and let our souls be instructed.—Ed.

176. come death] It is not impossible that there is here just an allusion to that popular song of Anne Bullen's: 'Death, rock me asleep. Bring me to quiet rest,' &c. It sounds to me like some quotation or allusion, whose popularity excuses, or at least lightsen, the charming exaggeration.—Ed.

177. your howre] LADY MARTIN (p. 429): This is to be 'full of tears;' and when she has put a pang into her lover's heart by this semblance of reproachful grief, she suddenly floods it with delight by turning to him her face radiant with smiles, and saying, 'Two o'clock's your hour!' This is to be 'full of smiles;' and the charm so works upon him that we see he has lost the consciousness that it is the boy Gany-

183. pathetical] HEATH: The meaning is, That of all break-promises be best counterfeits a real passion. I suppose the old salvo of faithless lovers: 'perjuria ridet amantium,' maintained its ground even in Shakespeare's time. TALBOT: We now use pitiful in a like sense. WHITER (p. 57): 'Pathetical,' in its first sense, means full of passion and sentiment. In a ludicrous sense, a 'pathetical break-promise' is a whining, canting, promise-breaking swain. Shakespeare, perhaps, caught this word from Lodge's Novel, where Phoebe's indifference to Montanus is described: 'But she,
and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalinde, that may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, then if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: fo adieu.

Rof. Well, Time is the old Justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu. 

Ces. You have simply misused our sexe in your loue-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and chew the world what the bird hath done to her owne nest.

Rof. O cos, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didn't know how many fathome deepe I am in loue: but it cannot bee founded: my affection hath an unknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.


measuring all his passions with a coy disdain, and triumphing in the poor shepherd's patheticall humours.' &c. WRIGHT: Colgrave explains 'Pathetique' as Pathetique, passionate; persuasive, affection-moving. ALLEN (MS): Rosalind merely misplaced the epithet (by a kind of hypallage); 'pathetical' properly belongs to 'lover,' as if she had said: 'I will think you the most passionate—not lover as now—but break-promise.'

183. breake-promise] 'At lovers' perjuries They say Jove laughs.'—Rom. & jul. II, ii, 93.

190. Olde Justice] STEEVENS: So in Tro. & Cress. IV, v, 225: 'that old common arbitrator, Time, Will one day end it.'

192. misus'd] MOBERLY: Completely labelled our sex. WRIGHT: That is, abused. On the other hand, abuse in Shakespeare's time was equivalent to the modern 'misuse.'

195. nest] STEEVENS: So in Lodge's Rosalynde: 'I pray (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what mettal are you made of that you are so satyrical against women? is it not a foule bird that defiles his own nest?'

199. Portugall] WRIGHT: In a letter to the Lord Treasurer and Lord High Admiral, Raleigh gives an account of the capture of a ship of Bayonne by his man Captain Floyer in 'the bay of Portugal' (Edwards, Life of Raleigh, ii, 56). This is the only instance in which I have met with the phrase, which is not recognised, so far as I am aware, in maps and treatises on geography. It is, however, I am informed, still used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of Portugal from Oporto to the headland of Cintra. The water there is excessively deep, and within a distance of forty miles from the shore it attains a depth of upwards of 1400 fathoms, which in Shakespeare's time would be practically unfathomable. Neil: Perhaps this simile ought to be taken as a time-mark of the production of the play. The history of Portugal engaged a good deal of attention between 1578 and 1602. On the 4th
Cel. Or rather bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, in runs out.

Rof. No, that fame wicked Bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, concei'd of spleene, and borne of madneffe, that blinde raschally boy, that abuseth every ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee judge, how deepe I am in loue; ile tell thee Aliena, I cannot be out of the fight of Orlando: Ile goe finde a shadow, and figh till he come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe.

Execut. 209

of August, 1578, the destructive battle of Alcazar, on which George Peele composed a play published in 1594, was fought, and Don Sebastian, the king, was lost on the field. . . . . In 1589, before the public exultation at the defeat of the Spanish Armada had subsided, a band of adventurers, 21,000 in 180 vessels, engaged in an expedition into Portugal, under the command of Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris, in which the Earl of Essex also had a share. Instead of returning with the bays of victory, 11,000 persons perished; of the 1100 gentlemen volunteers, only 350 returned to their native country. They were essayed in its [sic] unknown bottom. In Der Bestrafts Brudermord, founded, it is believed, about 1598, on an early draught of Shakespeare's Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark suggests ironically to his uncle-father, 'Send me off to Portugal, so that I may never come back again.' In 1602 there appeared at London The true History of the late and lamentable Adventures of Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, on which Massinger founded his play, Believe as you List, a drama only recently discovered and printed, whose title is a sort of echo of the play before us. A Portuguese Voyage is noticed also as a memorable thing in Webster's Northward-Ho! published in 1607, but acted some time before that date.

201. thought] This is melancholy, according to Steevens, Malone, Caldecott, and Dyce. It is also moody reflection, according to Halliwell. Or with Schmidt we can take it as applied to love, 'a passion bred and nourished in the mind.' It is hardly to be taken as care, anxiety, the sense in which Hamlet uses it in 'sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought,' or as in 'take no thought of the morrow.'—Ed.

203. spleene] SCHMIDT: That is, caprice; a disposition acting by fits and starts. WRIGHT: A sudden impulse of passion, whether of love or hatred.

206. ile tell thee] Dyce (ed. iii): 'Qu. "I tell thee"? This blunder, if it be one, is not uncommon.'—LETTSOM. It is not a blunder. [See Text. Notes, where Lettsom is anticipated.]

207. shadow] STEEVENS: So in Mac. IV, iii, 1: 'Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there Weep our sad bosoms empty.'
Scena Secunda.

Enter Jaques and Lords, Forresters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?
Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares horns upon his head, for a branch of victroy; haue you no song Forrester for this purpose?
Lord. Yes Sir.
Iaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Musicke, Song.

What shall he have that kild the Deare?
His Leather skin, and horns to weare:
Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burthen;

1. JOHNSON: This noisy scene was introduced to fill up an interval which is to represent two hours. [See note on Rosalind's first speech in next Scene.] GERVINUS (p. 388): This is characteristic of idle rural life, where nothing of more importance happens than a slaughtered deer and a song about it. [Gervinus presumes also to call this scene 'a stop-gap.' It is all very well for Dr Johnson to say that this scene is merely to fill up an interval: from him, we accept all notes and rate them as they deserve, but the learned German should have remembered that 'That in the captain's but a choleric word, Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.'—ED.]

2. FLOWER (Memorial Theatre Edition): On the occasion of the first representation of As You Like It in the Memorial Theatre, April 30th, 1879, a fallow deer was carried on the stage by the foresters [in this scene] which had been that morning shot by H. S. Lucy, Esq., of Charlecote Park, out of the herd descended from that upon which Shakespeare is credited with having made a raid in his youth. The deer is now stuffed, and carried on whenever the play is acted in Stratford.

47. NEIL: Sir Thomas Elyot, in The Governor, 1531, says, regarding the hunting of red deer and fallow: 'To them which in this huntyng do shewe moste prowess and actyvyte, a garlande or some other lyke token to be given in sign of victory, and with a joyful manner to be brought in the presence of hym that is chiefe of the company there, to receive condigne prayse for their good endeavour.'—Bk. I, chap. xviii.

12, 13. MALONE: Shakespeare seems to have formed this song on a hint afforded
[the rest shall bear this burthen] by Lodge's "Rosalynde": 'What newes, forrester? hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not, man, for so small a losse; thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the horns.'

14. In the arrangement of this Song, Rowe and Pope followed the Folio, and their 'sagacity' in so doing was sarcastically pronounced by Theobald 'admirable.' 'One would expect,' he continues, in a tone which was intended to be very bitter, 'when they were Poets, they would at least have taken care of the Rhymes, and not foisted in what has Nothing to answer it. Now where is the Rhyme to "the rest shall bear this Burthen"? Or, to ask another Question, where is the sense of it? Does the Poet mean that He, that kill'd the Deer, shall be sung home, and the Rest shall bear the Deer on their Backs? This is laying a Burthen on the Poet, which We must help him to throw off. In short, the Mystery of the Whole is, that a Marginal Note is wisely thrust into the Text; the Song being design'd to be sung by a single Voice, and the Stanza's to close with a Burthen to be sung by the whole Company.' And so Theobald printed it. 'The rest shall bear this burthen' was placed as a stage-direction in the margin; and then to show that he too was a Poet he thus patched and pieced out the lines: 'Then sing him home: take thou no scorn:] To wear the horn, the horn, the horn.' Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson followed him, except that Hanmer, in line 18, read: 'And thy own father bore it.' JOHNSON reprinted Theobald's note 'as a specimen,' he said, 'of Mr Theobald's jocularity, and of the eloquence with which he recommends his emendations;' but Johnson adopted Theobald's text nevertheless. CAPELL remodelled the whole Song thus, wherein '1. V.' and '2. V.' stand for First and Second Voice respectively, and 'both' means both voices:

1. V. What shall he have, that kill'd the dear?
2. V. His leather skin, and horns to wear.
1. V. Then sing him home:—
    both.

    Take thou no scorn
    to wear the horn, the lusty horn
    it was a great ere thou wast born:—
    1. V. Thy father's father wore it;
    2. V. And thy father bore it:—
    cho.

    The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
    is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Capell suggested that if line 18 'should be perfected' we might read: 'Ay and thy father,' &c., or 'Ay and his father bore it,' meaning his father's father; which makes the satire the keener, by extending the blot to another generation.' 'Cho.' means the whole band of foresters, 'Jaques and all.' However much Steevens might laugh at Capell and his crabbed English, and Dr Johnson say of him, 'Sir, if he had come to me, I'd have endowed his purposes with words,' there can be no doubt that Capell's text had deservedly great influence with both of these two editors in their Variorum editions. (Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that to Theobald and to Capell, more than to any other two editors, is due the largest share of the purity of Shakespeare's text to-day.) Accordingly, in the Variorum of 1773 the lines of the Song were numbered 1 and 2, as Capell had numbered them, but the imitation was not carried so
far as to add 1. V. or 2. V., and 'The rest shall bear this burthen' was retained in the
margin, whereas, as we have seen, Capell omitted it altogether. In the next Vario-
rum, 1778, Capell's reading was silently adopted in line 15: 'To wear the horn, the
lusty horn.' This, however, was rejected by Malone in 1790, and the text of the
Folio substantially retained, except that 'The rest,' &c. was inserted as a stage-direction.
1. and 2. as given by Capell were adopted, and before the last two lines was pre-
fixed 'All.' This arrangement Steevens followed in his own edition of 1793; and Bos-
well also in Malone's Variorum of 1821. In the latter edition Boswell has the follow-
ing: 'In Playford's Musical Companion, 1673, where this is to be found set to music,
the words 'Then sing him home' are omitted. From this we may suppose that they
were not then supposed to form any part of the song itself, but spoken by one of the
persons as a direction to the rest to commence the chorus. It should be observed,
that in the old copy the words in question, and those which the modern editors have
regarded as a stage-direction, are given as one line.' Knight, the next critical editor
(Caldecott confessedly followed the Folio), omitted this line (line 14) altogether, lines
12 and 17 were numbered 1, and lines 13 and 18 were numbered 2, and to line 19
was prefixed 'All.' Knight's note is as follows: 'The music to this "song"' [which
is here reprinted from Knight at the end of this note] 'is from a curious and very rare
work, entitled Catch that Catch can; or a Choice Collection of Catches, Rounds, &c.,
collected and published by John Hilton, Batch in Musiciæ, 1652; and is there called
a catch, though, as in the case of many other compositions of the kind so denomi-
nated, it is a round, having no catch or play upon the words, to give it any claim to
the former designation. It is written for four bases, but by transposition for other
voices would be rather improved than damaged. John Hilton, one of the best and
most active composers of his day, was organist of St Margaret's, Westminster.
His name is affixed to one of the madrigals in The Triumphs of Oriana, 1601, pre-
viously to which he was admitted, by the University of Cambridge, as a Bachelor in
Music. Hence he was of Shakespeare's time, and it is as reasonable to presume as
agreeable to believe that a piece of vocal harmony so good and so pleasing, its age
considered, formed a part of one of the most delightful of the great poet's dramas.
In Hilton's round the brief line, "Then sing him home," is rejected. The omission
was unavoidable in a round for four voices, because in a composition of such limit,
and so arranged, it was necessary to give one couplet, and neither more nor less, to
each part. But it is doubtful whether that line really forms part of the original text,
[where it is] printed as one line without any variation of type. Is the whole of the
line a stage-direction? "Then sing him home" may be a direction for a stage pro-
cession. Mr Oliphant, in his useful and entertaining Musa Madrigalæsca, 1837,
doubts whether the John Hilton, the author of the Oriana madrigal, could have
been the same that subsequently published Catch that Catch can, as well as another
work which he names. This is a question into which we shall not enter, our only
object being to give such music, as part of Shakespeare's plays, as is supposed to have
been originally sung in them, or that may have been introduced in them shortly after
their production.' Collier agrees with Knight that the whole of line 14 is clearly
only a stage-direction, printed by error as a part of the song in the old copies, but
instead of omitting it he places it in the margin, and has the following note: "'Then
sing him home" has reference to the carrying of the lord, who killed the deer, to the
Duke; and we are to suppose that the foresters sang as they quitted the stage for
their "home" in the wood. "The rest shall bear this burden" alludes to the last six
[the rest shall beare this burthen] lines, which are the burden of the song.' Dyck in his first edition says: 'Much discussion has arisen whether these words [line 14] are a portion of the song or of the stage-direction. It is a question on which I do not feel myself competent to speak with any positiveness.' Accordingly, Dyce prints the line in the margin, in smaller type merely. In his two later editions he has no note, except the remark that Grant White altered 'Then' to They. Grant White divided the song into two stanzas of four lines each, and marked them I and II; line 14 appears as a stage-direction with 'Then,' as has just been noted, changed to They. At the end, instead of 'Exeunt,' he reads: ['They bear off the deer, singing:'] In his first edition, after giving his reasons for believing line 14 to be a stage-direction, which are the same as those advanced by preceding editors, he says: 'Then sing him home' has reference to Jaques's suggestion to present the successful hunter to the Duke 'like a Roman conqueror'; for the song was 'for this purpose.' That there is an alternation of two lines of solo with two of chorus or burthen, the latter being in both cases lusty lines about the lusty horn, no musician or glee-singer, and it would seem no reader with an ear for rhythm, can entertain a doubt. 'Then' in the original stage-direction seems plainly a misprint for they.' STAUlTON prints only 'The rest, &c. in the margin as a stage-direction. 'We rather take,' he says, 'Then sing him home' to form the burden, and conjecture it ought to be repeated after each couplet.' HALLIWELL says: 'There can be little doubt that the greater part of this song, in fact, the last six lines, was originally intended to be sung in chorus, Jaques being indifferent to the tune, "so it make noise enough,"' wherefore Halliwell divides line 14 after 'bear,' thus keeping up the rhyme to 'wear'; places 'This burthen' in a line by itself; and assigns the rest to be sung by the whole company. He claims for this arrangement that it 'seems on the whole more likely to be correct than considering any portion of the line as a stage-direction.' BARRON FIELD (Sh. Soc. Papers, 1847, iii, 135) was the first, I think, to suggest that 'This burthen' should be printed by itself, but then he said it should be in a marginal note, wherein his treatment is slightly different from Halliwell's. He also suggested 'Men sing him home,' instead of 'They.'
I have thus given all, I think, of the diverse textual arrangements of this song. Subsequent editors have ranged themselves under one or the other leader as best suited their fancy. The majority, however, agree in holding 'Then sing him home' as part of the song, and 'The rest shall beare this burthen' as a stage-direction; which is also the belief of Roffe (p. 123) and of the present Ed.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer? His leath - er skin, and horns to wear.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn. It was a crest, ere thou wast born:

Thy father's father bore it, And thy father wore it.

The horn, the horn, the lust - ry horn Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.
Take thou no scorn to weare the horne,
It was a creste ere thou wast borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Exeunt.

the...burthen] In margin, Theob.
14, 15. Then...fcorne] As one line, Theob. Han. Warb. Johns. As two lines, Steev. '85.
15. to...horne} One line, reading To wear the horn, the horn, the horn Theob. Han. Warb. Johns. One line, reading To wear the horn, the lusty horn Steev. '85.
18. thy] thy own Han.
19, 20. Marked as 'Burthen,' Wh. ii. lufty] lustly Fc.

15. horne] Coleridge (p. 108): I question whether there exists a parallel instance of a phrase that, like this of 'horns,' is universal in all languages, and yet for which no one has discovered even a plausible origin.
Scæna Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Rof. How fay you now, is it not past two a clock? And heere much Orlando.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,

Enter Silvia.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth

Scene V. Pope, Han. Warb. Johns. Scene continued, Theob. much Orlando / Steev. '85. and here's
2. a clock] o'clock Theob. no Orlando. Ritson, Quincy (MS). And
3. And...Orlando] I wonder much here—much, Orlando / John Hunter.
Orlando is not here. Pope+. and how 4-7. Prose, Pope et seq. (except Coll).
6, 7. forth To] forth—to Cap. et seq.

1. After the remark upon the 'noisy scene,' which has just passed (see the first note in preceding scene), and which was introduced to fill up the interval of two hours, JOHNSON continues: This contraction of time we might impute to poor Rosalind's impatience but that a few minutes after we find Orlando sending his excuse. I do not see that by any probable division of the Acts this absurdity can be obviated. [This remark, if I understand it, and I am not sure that I do, is an undeserved slur on Shakespeare's dramatic art. To defend any dramatist, let alone Shakespeare, against the charge of absurdity in representing the passage of time by the shifting of scenes, is in itself an absurdity which no one, I think, would consciously commit. As this comedy is performed now-a-days, the 'noisy scene' is frequently omitted altogether, and this present scene opens in 'another part of the Forest;' this of itself is sufficient to indicate a flight of time, and no spectator notes an 'absurdity.' How much more pronounced is this flight when a whole scene intervenes, with new characters and wholly new action. It is to be feared that, in very truth, this Song penetrated to Dr Johnson's deaf ears only as 'noise,' and that, furthermore, Shakespeare's art in dramatic construction was in general so exquisitely concealed that when once it stood revealed with unmistakable plainness, Dr Johnson resented the attempt to sway his mood as a personal affront.—ED.]

3. heere much] WHALLEY: We have still this use of 'much,' as when we say, speaking of a person who we suspect will not keep his appointment, 'Ay, you will be sure to see him much!' MALONE: So the vulgar yet say, 'I shall get much by that, no doubt,' meaning that they shall get nothing. HOLT WHITE: It is spoken ironically. GIFFORD, in a note on 'Much wench, or much son!'-Every Man in his Humour, IV, iv, p. 117, says 'Much!' is an ironical exclamation for little or none, in which sense it frequently occurs in our old dramatists. Thus in Heywood's Edward IV: 'Much duchess! and much queen, I trow!' [On p. 40 of Edward IV, ed. Sh. Soc. there is 'Much queen, I trow!' but I cannot find the line as given by Gifford, who is usually accurate.—ED.]

4-7. WALKER (Crit. i, 16): These lines are printed as verse in the Folio; which,
To sleepe: looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle Phebe, did bid me giue you this:
I know not the contents, but as I guesse
By the sterne brow, and wafplish action
Which she did vse, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ref. Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all:
Shee faies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me
Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will,
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes she fo to me? well Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuice.
       Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents,
       Phebe did write it.
       Ros. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue.

20. doe] did El, Rowe.
25. you are] you're Pope +, Dyce iii, Huds.
26. turn'd into the] turned in the or
       turn'd so in the Cap. conj.
       the extremity] th' extremity Pope +, Dyce iii, Huds.

or et, instances (p. 266) 'words ending in x,' and cites the present line thus: 'Were men as rare as Phoenix,' which last word he evidently thinks should be thus printed: Phoenix' as an indication of the plural. Lettsom's foot-note is as follows: 'Walker does not say from what edition he took the reading men. I find it in a small edition published by Tilt in 1836, professedly 'from the text of the corrected copies of Steeven and Malone,' and therefore I suppose it is the reading of what used to be called the received text. The Four Folios, Pope, Hammer, Theobald, Capell, Var. 1821, Knight, and Collier all read 'man,' but the sense seems to demand men.' Lettsom might have added, as reading 'man,' Rowe i, ii, Warburton, Johnson, the Var. 1773, 1778, 1785, Steeven, 1793, Malone, 1790, Rann, Var. 1803, 1813, Harness, Singer's First Edition, Chalmers, Campbell—all except Hazlitt, 1851, who reads men. In Hazlitt I am inclined to think that the reading is by no means accidental.—Ed.

19. Phenix] HALLIWELL: 'That there is but one Phoenix in the World, which after many hundred years burneth it self, and from the ashes thereof ariseth up another, is a conceit not new or altogether popular, but of great Antiquity.'—Brown's Vulgar Errors [Book III, chap. xii, p. 144, ed. 1672].

19. 'od's my will] Are not all these oaths, in which Rosalind indulges with marked freedom, her attempts to assume a swashing and a martial outside? Before she donn'd doublet and hose she uttered none. 'Faith' was then her strongest affirmation, but from the hour she entered Arden we hear these charming little oaths from Ganymede. This, among others, is a reason, I think, why we should not adopt Spedding's pulchiter in place of 'Jupiter' in III, ii, 154; or Collier's 'Love, love' in lieu of 'Jove, Jove' in II, iv, 60.—Ed.

24. write it] MASON (p. 87): The metre of this line is imperfect, and the sense of the whole; for why should Rosalind dwell so much upon Phebe's hands unless Silvius had said something about them? I have no doubt but the line originally ran thus: 'Phebe did write it with her own fair hand.' And then Rosalind's reply will naturally follow. COWDEN-CLARK: Mason's conjecture is very plausible. Some allusion to the whiteness and delicacy of Phebe's hand seems requisite to account for Rosalind's abuse of its colour and texture.

26. turn'd into] CAPELL: Had Silvius been at first a cool lover, as now a hot one, the word 'turn'd' had been proper; but as this was never the case, we must either put a sense upon 'turn'd' that is not common, to wit, got or fall'n; or else suspect a corruption, and look out for amendment: [See Text. Notes] both [of these are]
ACT IV, SC. III.

AS YOU LIKE IT

I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand
A freestone coloured hand: I verily did think
That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands:
She has a hufiwiues hand, but that’s no matter:
I say the neuer did invent this letter,
This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, tis a boyferous and a cruel file,
A file for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christiante: vwomen’s gentle braine
Could not drop forth fuch giant rude inuention,
Such Ethiope vvords, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: vvill you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I neuer heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of Phebes crueltie.

Ros. She Phebes me: marke how the tyrant vvrites.
Read. Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd? 43  
That a maidens heart hath burn'd. 45  
Can a wwoman raile thus?  
Sil. Call you this railing?  
Ros. Read. Why, thy godhead laid a part,  
War'f thou with a womans heart?  
Did you ever hear such railing?  
While the eye of man did wooe me,  
That could do no vengeaunce to me. 50  
Meaning me a beaust.  
If the fcorne of your bright eine  
Hawe power to raise fuch love in mine,  
Alacke, in me, what strange effect? 55  
Would they worke in milde aspect?  
While you chid me, I did love,  
How then might your praiers move?  
He that brings this love to thee,  

43. 47. Read.] Reada. Rowe et seq. 47. a part] apart Ff.  
Ros.] theaheard F. 52. me] me, Theob. Warb.  
43, 44. turn'd]...burn'd.] turn'd,... 53. eine] Eyne Rowe.  
burn'd?] Rowe et seq. 57. chid] chide Rowe.  

43. 47. Read] This imperative mood here betrays the stage copy.—Ed.  
43. HARTLEY COLERIDGE (ii. 144): Phebe is no great poetess. It may be  
remarked in general that the poetry, introduced as such by Shakespeare, is seldom  
better than doggerel. A poem in a poem, a play in a play, a picture in a picture, the  
imitation of flageolet or trumpet in pianoforte music, are all departures from legitimate  
art; and yet how frequent in our old drama was the introduction of play within play!  
Sometimes, as in Bartolomew Fair, The Knight of the Burning Pestle, The TAM-  
ing of the Shrew, and others, the main performance is as it were double-dramatised;  
an expedient which Moore, in his Lalla Rookh, has transferred to narrative.  
But more frequently the episodic drama is more or less subservient to the plot, as in Ham-  
let, The Roman Actor, &c.; or purely burlesque, as in Midsummer Night’s Dream.  
51. vengeance] JOHNSON: Here used for mischief.  
52. That is, of course, meaning that I am a beast. Theobald, by his comma after  
‘me,’ made it possible to suppose that Rosalind calls Phebe a beast.—Ed.  
54. Have] ABBOTT, § 412: The subjunctive is not required, and therefore ‘have’  
is probably plural here.  
56. aspect] SCHMIDT paraphrases this as look, air, countenance, but Wright is  
clearly more correct in interpreting it as an astrological term used to denote the  
favourable or unfavourable appearance of the planets, for which interpretation Schmidt  
furnishes many examples. ‘The accent,’ adds Wright, ‘is always on the last syllable.’  
59. Ioue] WALKER (Crit. i. 395) marks this word as suspicious, but does not sug-  
gest any in its room; he merely says: ‘Love occurs three other times in the course
Little knowes this Loue in me:
And by him seale vp thy minde,
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or else by him my love denie,
And then Ille studie how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?
Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Rof. Doe you pitty him? No, he defernes no pitty:
  wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an in
  strument, and play false straines upn thee? not to be en
  dur'd. Well, goo your way to her; (for I see Loue hath
  made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she
  loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will
  never haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a
  true lover hence, and not a word; for here comes more
  company.

Exit Sil.

Enter Oliver.  

Oliv. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you

60. this] that Rowe ii.  78. Scene VI. Pope, Han. Warb.
75. lower hence,] lover, hence, Rowe.

of these fourteen lines.' If repetition is in itself suspicious, and it often is, I cannot
think that this is the 'love' on which suspicion should light; it is connected indis
solubly with the preceding 'love,' that flourished even under chiding. It is this very
love which is now sent by Silvius, so it seems to me.—Ed.

62. kinde] JOHNSON: The old word for nature. CALDECOTT: Natural and
kindly affections.

64. make] STEEVENS: That is, raise as profit from anything. So in Meas. for
Meas. IV, iii, 5: 'He's in for a commodity of brown paper, . . . of which he made
five marks.' CALDECOTT: That is, make up, all that shall be my utmost amount.

70. instrument] That is, use thee as a messenger while deceiving thee; as
WRIGHT says, it is here used in two senses, as a tool and as a musical instrument.

73. snake] MALONE: This term was frequently used to express a poor, contemptible fellow. So in Sir John Oldcastle, 1600: 'Priest. —and you, poor snakes, come seldom to a booty.'—[p. 253, a, F.]. Again, in Lord Cromwell, 1602: 'Hales. —and the poorest Snake, that feeds on Lemmons, Pilchers.'—[p. 234, 8, F.]. Cotgrave (always a good authority) gives: 'Hairr. m. A leane, or ill-favoured curtall; a carrion lade; (hence) also, a wretched or miserable fellow; a poore snake.'—Ed.

79. faire ones] WRIGHT: Shakespeare seems to have forgotten that Celia was
Where in the Purles of this Forrest, stands
A sheep-coate, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees.

Cel. Welte of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,
There's none within.

Ohi. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then shold I know you by description,
Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,
Of female fauour, and bestowes himselfe

80. Where in] Wherein F, F,
84. brings] bring F, Rowe I.
85. howre] F,
89-92. the boy...brother] As a quotation, Theob. et seq.
90. female] F,

apparently the only woman present. Perhaps we should read 'fair one.' [Decidedly.
It is the very last oversight which Shakespeare would be likely to commit. It is
Celia who replies, which increases the likelihood that it is she alone who is
addressed.—Ed.]

79. (if you know) Rowe exchanged these parentheses of the Folios for commas.
JOHNSON was the first to drop the second comma and read: 'Pray you, if you know
Where in the,' &c., and was followed, except by Capell, in all editions down to and
including Knight. Collier restored the second commas, which has been since retained.
It is a trifling matter, but it involves a shade of meaning which an editor cannot
disregard.—Ed.

80. Purles] MALONE: Bullokar, Expositor, has: 'Purlieu. A place neere joyn-
ing to a Forrest, where it is lawfull for the owner to the ground to hunt, if hee can
dispend fortie shillings by the yeere of free land.' REED: 'Purlieu, says manwood's
Treatise on the Forest Law, c. xx, 'is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto
the forest, meared and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries:
which territories of ground was also forest, and afterwards deforested againe by the
perambulacions made for the seving of the new forest from the old.'
82. bottom] CAPELL: This word should have a fuller stop after it, a semicolon;
for the meaning of these lines, whose construction is a little perplex'd, is as follows:
It stands to the west of this place, and down in the neighbour bottom; if you leave
the rank of oziers, that grows by the brook-side, on your right hand, it will bring you
to the place. [For many examples of noun compounds, see ABBOTT, § 430.]
83. ranke] See III, ii, 97.
84. Left] See Capell's foregoing note.
90. fauour] MOBERLY: 'To fauour is to resemble in Yorkshire even now [and here
in this country also.—Ed.]. Hence it might be argued that 'fauour' means resem-
bliance, and therefore countenance. It would, however, be more accurate to derive
the verb from the substantive, as in the parallel phrase of the same dialect, 'you breed o'
me,' for you are like me. In that case 'fauour' may perhaps be a corruption (by
proximity) of 'feature' (faiture), which is similarly used as a verb ('a glass that fea-
tur'd them'). Compare, for the vanishing of the t, 'vetulus' with 'vieil,' and 'em-
Like a ripe sifter: the woman low


the] But the Fl, Rowe +, Cap.

phyteusia' with 'enfief.' Wright: 'Favour' is aspect, look; used generally of the face. Compare Macb. I, v, 73: 'To alter favour ever is to fear.' And Hamlet, V, 1, 214: 'Let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come.'

90. bestowes] Stevens: Compare 2 Hen. IV: II, ii, 186: 'How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?'

Rev. John Hunter: I apprehend the meaning here to be, that by stuffing out his bosom, he gives himself the appearance of a girl of ripe age. [Schmidt supplies many examples where 'bestow,' used reflectively, means to deport one's self.]

91. ripe sister] Walker (Vers. 209): 'A ripe sister' seems an odd expression. Lettsom [in a foot-note to Walker]: Odd, no doubt, and it is not less odd that nobody, as far as I know, made this remark before. 'Ripe sister' seems corrupted from right forester. This last word was often written forster and faster. Perhaps, too, the first 'and' has usurped the place of but. The F reads: 'Like a ripe sister; But the woman low,' &c. So in Macb. I, vii, the same edition has: 'And dash the Branses out, had I but so sworne,' &c. But, in both these passages, is a crust furnished by the compassionate editor to assist the lameness of the metre. In Macbeth the idiom of our language, as well as the harmony of the verse, seems to require us to read: 'And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn,' &c. Dyce (ed. iii) pronounces this emendation of Lettsom's 'most ingenious,' a commendation by no means too strong. 'A ripe sister,' not only as a phrase by itself, but as applied to a young man or even to a 'boy,' seems to be not merely 'odd,' but almost unintelligible, and until something better is proposed Lettsom's right forester holds, for me, pre-eminent rank. But, on the other hand, Wright, our highest Shakespearian authority now living, accepts the present text, and says: 'The meaning must be that Rosalind, though in male attire and acting the part of a brother, was in her behaviour to Celia more like an elder sister.' See also Hunter's explanation in the preceding note.—Ed.

91. sister] Of course it is manifest that the scansion of this line halts if we read it in the right butterwoman's rank to market. To smooth it out Walker (Vers. 209) suggested that 'sister' be pronounced as he says daughter is sometimes pronounced; that is, as a trisyllable. Oxen and wainropes will never draw me to the belief that either word was ever so pronounced, or at least ever should be so pronounced. Almost invariably where the rhythm halts over these two words there is a pause in the sense; and this pause is which takes the place of the extra syllable. How Walker missed seeing this, it is difficult to comprehend. He himself even calls attention to this pause, and notes that in at least half of the instances of his trisyllabic daughter there is not only a pause, but a full stop after the word. And yet he speculated on the original form of the word as a source of its prolonged pronunciation, and Lettsom suggested that it might lie in the original guttural sound. Abbott, too, is scarcely better; for he suggests (§ 478) that the -er final may have been 'sometimes pronounced with a kind of "burr," which produced the effect of an additional syllable,' and thus scans the present line: 'Like a] ripe sfr [fr :] the wdrn | an ldrw.' 'Trisyllables and 'burr' may make lines rhythmical on paper, but let them remain on the paper, and never leave it. Or let them be set to the music which is asked for in Othello, 'that may not be heard.'—Ed.
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

_Cel._ It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

_Oli._ _Orlando_ doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his _Rofalind_,
He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

_Rof._ I am: what must we understand by this?

_Oli._ Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

_Cel._ I pray you tell it.

_Oli._ When left the yong _Orlando_ parted from you,
He left a promis to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe what befell: he threw his eye aside,
And marke what obiect did present it selfe
Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke

Wh. Cam. Dyce iii, Huds. Rife.

our old authors. Dyce (ed. ii): In the Introduction to Quentin Durward the imaginary Marquis de Hautieu is made to quote the present line thus: 'Shewing the code of sweet and bitter fancy'; which is followed by the remark: 'Against this various reading of a well-known passage in Shakespeare I took care to offer no protest; for I suspect Shakespeare would have suffered in the opinion of so delicate a judge as the Marquis, had I proved his having written 'chewing the cud,' according to all other authorities.'—p. xxxvi, ed. 1823. Sir Walter Scott, therefore, was not aware that 'all authorities' agreed in 'chewing the food of,' &c.; and to him, in fact, we owe the correction of the line. Erck (Notes & Qu. 5th ser. iv, 4): The cud is identically the chewed. There is, then, a chewing that is not the cud, but of fresh food, which, become so a cud, is laid by for re-chewing. Orlando chews no cud, but the food, ever springing afresh, of sweet and bitter love-thoughts, a crop in repute for quick and thick growth. . . . How at home the metaphor is in the English mind is shown in the curious fact that the oral tradition of our educated society has usurped possession of the verse, turning 'food' into cud. Engage ten persons of literary cultivation with the elder brother's revelation of the younger's reverie, and, if the world is as it was, nine will, I expect, pledge their scholarship to that reading of this text which, on the page of Shakespeare, they have not read. With a step back into the world as it was you have wonderfully Sir Walter Scott in example, [who] deliberately alleges cud for the universal reading, more than a generation before [a single text] had it.

106. bitter fancy] Capell: The epithets given to 'Fancy' look'd so like a translation of the Greek γνωστηρισμον, that the editor thought for some time, the Poet must, somehow or other, have been fishing in those waters; but turning again to his novelist, he found a passage he had not reflected on, and thus it runs: 'Wherein I have noted the variable disposition of fancy, . . . being as it should seem a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet prejudice'; the words are address'd to Rosalind by this identical speaker. [See Appendix.] Malone: Love is always thus described by our old poets, as composed by contraries. See notes on Rom. & Jul. I, i, 165. Farmer: Watson begins one of his canzonets: 'Love is a sov're delight, a sugred grieve, A living death, an ever-dying life,' &c.

109. old] Stevens: As this epithet hurts the measure without improvement of the sense (for we are told in the same line that its 'boughs were moss'd with age,' and, afterwards, that its top was bald with dry antiquity), I have omitted it, as an unquestionable interpolation. White: I cannot believe that in an otherwise deftly wrought and perfectly rhythmical passage, Shakespeare would load a line with a heavy monosyllable, entirely superfluous to any purpose other than that of marring the description and making the verse halt.
A greene and guilded snake had wreathe'd it selfe,  
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd  
The opening of his mouth: but sodainly  
Seeing Orlando, it vnlink'd it selfe,  
And with indented glides, did slip away  
Into a bush, vnnder which bushes shade  
A Lyonnefe, with vdders all drawne drie,  
Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch  
When that the sleeping man shoulde stirre; for 'tis  
The royall disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:

113. guilded] ROLFE cites Schmidt as noting that Shakespeare uses "guilded" twenty times and "gilt" only six times.

113. snake] MAGINN (p. 91): Some sage critics have discovered as a great geographical fault in Shakespeare that he introduces the tropical lion and serpent into Arden, which, it appears, they have ascertained to lie in some temperate zone. I wish them joy of their sagacity. Monsters more wonderful are to be found in that forest; for never yet, since water ran and tall tree bloomed, were there gathered together such a company as those who compose the dramatis persona of *As You Like It*. All the prodigies spawned by Africa, *leonum arida nutrix*, might well have teemed in a forest, wherever situate, that was inhabited by such creatures as Rosalind, Touchstone, and Jaques. [Maginn refers to certain 'sage critics' who have severely criticised Shakespeare's geography. Other commentators refer to 'wiseacres,' or to 'would-be critics,' who sneer at Shakespeare's 'lions' and scoff at his 'palm trees' here in the forest of Arden, but nowhere that I can find are these 'sage critics' or 'wiseacres' mentioned by name. I would gladly know who they are. My reading has been tolerably extensive in what has been written about this play, and yet I have never come across these sneerers and scoffers. Allusion to them is abundant, and illimitable ridicule is heaped on them, and no end of indignation is stirred in defence of poor dear Shakespeare against their inanities, but the cowards skulk, and dodge, and hide, and show never a face. Exist somewhere they must. It cannot be that we are all turned Don Quixotes. At last, in my search for these wretches, I have concluded, in my despair, that it is absolutely necessary to take a hint from the Law, and to adopt, for the nonce, into our circle of commentators a 'John Doe' and a 'Richard Roe,' whom we may here load with obloquy, cover with ridicule, and wither with indignation, to our own immense relief, and with the heartsome reflection that no breather in the world will be, for it all, one atom the worse.—Ed.]

114. Who] See III, v, 15, and again, line 137 below, or Abbott, § 264, for instances of 'who' personifying irrational antecedents.

119. drie] STEEVENS: So in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592: 'the staruen Lynoes, When she is dry suckt of her eager young.'—[II, ii, p. 37, ed. Bullen. Compare *Lear*, III, i, 12: 'This night wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch.]

121. that . . . should] For 'that,' see I, iii, 44; for 'should,' see Abbott, § 326.

123. dead] The belief in this disposition is probably as old as Aristotle; it is men-
This scene, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I have heard him speake of that same brother,
And he did render him the most vnnatural
That liu'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnatural.

Ref. But to Orlando: did he leuie him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:
But kindneffe, nobler ever then revenge,
And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling

128. among[f] Fi, Rowe i, Cam. Wh. ii. among Rfle. 'amongl Rowe ii et cet.

tioned by Pliny in his chapter on Lions, which he says he derived in the main from
the Greek. GREY (i, 185) called attention to this passage in Pliny, which thus appears
in Holland’s translation (Book VIII, chap. xvi): ‘The Lion alone of all wilde beasts,
is gentle to those that humble themselves unto him, and will not touch any such upon
their submission, but spareth what creature soever lieth prostrate before him.’ Natu-
really, in the case of a belief so old and so popular, allusions to it abound. ‘The rag-
ing Lyon neuer rendes The yielding pray, that prostrate liyes,’ it stands written in
Williboe’s Avia, p. 99, ed. Grosart; and Douce (i, 308) cites Bartholomeus, De
Propriet. Rerum: ‘their mercie is known by many and oft ensamples: for they spare
them that liye on the ground.’ Shakespeare refers to the nobleness of the lion in
Twelfth N. and in Tro. & Cress. Moreover, this delay of the lion in devouring
Oliver is mentioned in Lodge’s Novel (see Appendix), although it is there stated as
due not to a royal disposition, but to a disrelish of ‘dead carcasses.’—ED.

132. as] See line 14, above.

127. render him] MALONE: That is, describe him. [This line is another furtive
Alexandreine which Abbott would unmask by ‘sturring’ the last two syllables of
‘unnatural.’ To say unnatural would come natural to Hoesa Bigelow, but, I think,
to no one else.—ED.]

131, &c. FLETCHER (p. 222): How finely is this scene contrived so as to show as
the dignity of Rosalind’s affection ever keeping pace with its increasing warmth.
Her first solicitude, on this occasion, is not about her lover’s personal safety, but as to
the worthiness of his conduct under this new and extraordinary trial of his generosity.

135. occasion] CALDECOTT: That is, such reasonable ground as might have amply
justified, or given just occasion for abandoning him. See IV, i, 167.

137. Who] See line 114, above.

137. hurtling] STEEVENS: To hurtle is to move with impetuosity and tumult. So
in Jut. Cas. II, i, 22: ‘The noise of battle hurtled in the air.’ SKEAT: To come
into collision with, to dash against, to rattle. Nearly obsolete, but used in Gray’s
Fatal Sisters, st. i; imitated from Shakespeare’s Jut. Cas. Middle English, hurtlen,
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he reft'ed?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contine to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I do not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion

So sweetly taftes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:

When from the first to last betwixt vs two,

Teares our recoumtents had most kindely bath'd,

As how I came into that Defert place.

I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,

Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,

140. Was't] Ft, Rowe, Pope, Han.

Theob. i, Sing. Wh. Sta. Cam. Rite.

Was't Theob. ii et cet.

refect'd] rescued Knt, Cam. Ktly,


Coll. iii, Hud, Rite.

141. Was't] Was't Theob. ii, Warb.


144. sweetly] Ft.

as how] As, how Steev.'93 et seq. (subs.).

149. As how] As, how Steev. '93 et seq. (subs.).

to jostle against, dash against, push. 'And be him hurteth with his hors adown.'—Chaucer, C. T. 2618, in the Eelserine MS, where most other MSS have hurteth. In fact, hurt-le is merely the frequentative of hurt, in the sense of 'to dash.' And this hurt is the Mid. Eng. hurten, to dash, to dash one's foot against a thing, to stumble. 'If ony man wandre in the dai, he hirfeath not,' i. e. stumbles not.—Wyclif, John, xi, 9. Hurten, to dash, is the same with the modern English word.

147, &c. CAPELL: No heedful peruser of this line, and the three it is follow'd by, can think we have the passage entire; other heads of these brothers' 'recountments' are apparently necessary to make the Poet's 'in brief' right and sensible. What the accident was, or whose the negligence, that has depriv'd us of these heads, the editor does not take up to say; this only he is bold to assert, that there is a lacuna, and (perhaps) of two lines; if the public thinks well to admit of them, here are two that may serve to fill up with: 'How, in that habit; what my state, what his; and whose the service he was now engag'd in;—| In brief,' &c. MALONE: I believe a line has been lost after line 149. STEEVENS: I suspect no omission. KIGHTLEY: There may have been a line lost, but I rather think it is an aspisiopesis. [The omission of a line is so serious a defect that we might diminish the chances of its having occurred by converting 'recountments' into the singular. That final i is an unruy letter, which has given so much trouble that Walker even goes so far as to suggest, as I have already noted many times, that its presence may have been due to some peculiarity in Shakespeare's handwriting. At any rate, its omission here is certainly less violent than the insertion of a whole line, or, worse still, of two whole lines. Keightley's 'aspiopesis' is not without its dramatic effect, as though emotion choked the speaker.—Ed.]

149. As] STEEVENS: 'As,' in this place, signifies—as for instance. [See II, i, 8.]
Committing me vnto my brothers loue,
Who led me instantly vnto his Cauce,
There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonelle had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting vpon Rosalinde.
Brieue, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to giue this napkin
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why how now Ganimed, sweet Ganimed.
Oli. Many will swoone when they do look on bloud.
Cel. There is more in it; Cousen Ganimed.
Oli. Looke, he recouers.

Rof. I would I were at home.

Cel. Wee'll lead you thither:

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156. Briefe.] In Schmidt will be found other instances of 'brief' thus used.
163. this] MALONE: The change to his of F, is unnecessary. Oliver points to the
handkerchief when he presents it; and Rosalind could not doubt whose blood it
was after the account that had been before given. STEEVENS: Either reading may
serve; and certainly his is not the worst, because it prevents the disguisting
repetition of the pronoun 'this,' with which the present speech is infested. [This is one of the
examples in Walker's chapter on 'the Substitution of Words' (CIT. i. 317), and on it
he remarks: 'Here the proneness of this and his to supplant each other might facilit‧
ate the error.' 'This blood' is weak compared with 'his blood.' That it is his blood,
Orlando's very blood, makes Rosalind faint.—ED.]
167. more in it] no more in it F F. F. Rowe. no more in't Pope, Han.
168. [Raising her. Coll. ii (MS).] [Raising her. Coll. ii (MS).]
I pray you will you take him by the arm.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?

You lacke a mans heart.

Rof. I doe so, I confesse it:

Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.

171. will you] Om. F, F*, Rowe. Mal. [Sir F*, ap. Mal. '90, but corrected in Var. '24.]
172-175. Prose, Pope et seq.

171. Cowden-Clarke: Here is another of Shakespeare's subtly characteristic touches. Celia, like a true woman for the first time in love, and in love at first sight, eagerly takes the opportunity of retaining near her the man she loves, and as gladly enlists his services of manly support and kindness on behalf of one dear to her. But while indicating this womanly trait in Celia, he at the same time marks her generosity of nature, by making her, even in the first moment of awakened interest in Oliver, still most mindful of her cousin Rosalind, whom, when she sees likely to betray her secret, she recalls to herself by the words: 'Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards.'

174. I doe so] Lady Martin (p. 432): The rest of the scene, with the struggle between actual physical faintness and the effort to make light of it, touched in by the poet with exquisite skill, calls for the most delicate and discriminating treatment in the actress. The audience, who are in her secret, must be made to feel the tender, loving nature of the woman through the simulated gaiety by which it is veiled; and yet the character of the boy Ganymede must be sustained. This is another of the many passages to which the actress of comedy only will never give adequate expression. How beautiful it is!

175. Ah, sirra] Caldecott: Yet scarce more than half in possession of herself, in her flutter and tremulous articulation she adds to one word the first letter, or article, of the succeeding one. Dyce: 'Sirrah' was sometimes nothing more than a sort of playful familiar address. In 1 Hen. IV: I, ii, Poins says to the Prince: 'Sirrah, I have some cases of buckram for the nonce,' &c., compare, too, Rom. 50 Jut. 1, v. 'Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.' 'Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.' [Dyce, in his first edition, added, what he subsequently omitted, Caldecott's note, with the remark that it 'could not well be surpassed in absurdity.'] White: On recovering herself, Rosalind immediately resumes her boyish sauciness, and a little overdoes it. The printing of sir for 'sirrah' by some editors, and the comments, laboriously from the purpose, of others, who give the original word, must serve as the excuse for this note. Moherly: A similar form seems still in use in America (without any notion of upbraiding). Rolfe: Moherly apparently refers to the vulgar sirree, which is of very recent origin, and of course has no connection with 'sirrah.'

175. a body] Halliwell: It may be worth notice that the term 'body' was formerly used in the way it is here in the text in serious composition. Wright: It is common enough in Scotch and provincial dialects, and was once more common still. Compare Psalm 110, i (Prayer Book Version): 'The foolish body hath said in his heart.' So in Meat. for Meat. IV, iv, 25: 'an eminent body.'
ACT IV, SC. III.]

AS YOU LIKE IT

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Rof. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Rof. So I doe: but yfaith, I should have beene a woman by right.

Cec. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I: for I must beare answere backe. How you excusse my brother, Rosalind.

Rof. I shall devise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

181. White (Studios, &c., p. 256): When is it that we have seen a stage Rosalind that showed us what the Rosalind of our imagination felt at the sight of the bloody handkerchief? I never saw but one: Mrs Charles Kean. The last that I saw behaved much as if Oliver had shown her a beetle, which she feared might fly upon her; and in the end she turned and clung to Celia’s shoulder. But as Oliver tells his story the blood of the real Rosalind runs curdling from her brain to her heart, and she swoons away,—falls like one dead, to be caught by the wondering Oliver. Few words are spoken, because few are needed; but this swoon is no brief incident; and Rosalind recovers only to be led off by the aid of Celia and Oliver. And here the girl again makes an attempt to assert her manhood. She insists that she counterfeited, and repeats her assertion. Then here, again, the stage Rosalinds all fail to present her as she is. They say ‘counterfeit’ with at least some trace of a sly smile, and as if they did not quite expect or wholly desire Oliver to believe them. But Rosalind was in sad and grievous earnest. Never word that she uttered was more sober and serious than her ‘counterfeit, I assure you.’ And the fun of the situation, which is never absent in As You Like It, consists in the complex of incongruity,—the absurdity of a young swashbuckler’s fainting at the sight of a bloody handkerchief, the absurdity of Rosalind’s protest that her swoon and deadly horror were counterfeit, combining with our knowledge of the truth of the whole matter.
Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clow. We shall finde a time Awdrie, patience gentle Awdrie.

Awd. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemanes saying.

Clow. A moft wicked Sir Olivier, Awdrie, a moft vile Mar-text. But Awdrie, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee in the world: here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to anwer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n Audrey.

Awd. God ye good eu'n William.

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Five and twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

9. in mee] Om. Pope, Han. 15, &c. eu'n] F F F F. even
Cam. 19. couer'd'] F. 19. couer'd'] F.

[5. olde gentlemen] There is nothing disrespectful here in thus speaking of Jaques; it merely gives us a hint of his age. Yet Dingelstedt translates it 'der alte Murrkopf.'—Ed.

12. meat and drinke] Of this common old proverbial phrase Halliwell gives many examples, and Wright refers to its repetition in Merry Wives, I, i, 306.


14. flouting] MOBERLY: We must needs be jeering people. WRIGHT: We must have our joke.

15, 16. These two appear as 'Godden' and 'Godgigoden' in the Qq and Folios of Rom. & fac. jun. I, ii, 55, 56.
AS YOU LIKE IT

ACT V, SC. I.

Will. William, sir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I sir, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good answere.

Art rich?

Will. 'Faith sir, so, so

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:

and yet it is not, it is but so, so:

Art thou wise?

Will. I sir, I haue a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou faist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

Will. I do fit.

26, 27, and throughout, Prose, Pope.

36. defere] design (so quoted in foot.-seq.) Rowe et note (Theob.)

34. wiseman] wise man Rowe et note (Theob.)

40. fit] for Ff.

34. The Foole, &c.] MOBERLY: The marrow of the Apologia Socrates condensed into a few words. See Prov. xii, 15. Wordsworth (p. 340) asks, 'Is the "saying" here quoted derived from 1 Corinthians, iii, 18?'

34. wiseman] CAMBRIDGE EDITORS: There can be no doubt that the words wise man, printed as two, in obedience to modern usage, were frequently in Shakespeare's time written and pronounced as one word, with the accent on the first syllable, as 'madman' is still. See Walker (Crit. ii, 1391). [See i, ii, 83, where this note should have also appeared, but was unaccountably omitted. See also Mer. of Ven. i, i, 116. Here, too, be another omission supplied, which was discovered only when it was too late to change the stereotyped page, and space could be found on that page only to refer to this present penitential expiation of the oversight. On p. xxxvi of the 'Clarendon Edition,' Wright, none of whose words can we afford to lose, has the following 'Additional Note' on 'moe,' III, ii, 257: 'The statement that "moe" is used only with the plural requires a slight modification. So far as I am aware, there is but one instance in Shakespeare where it is not immediately followed by a plural, and that is in The Tempest, V, i, 234 (First Folio): "And no diversitie of sounds." But in this case also the phrase "diversity of sounds" contains the idea of plurality.'—ED.]

38. open] CAPPELL: What he says of the 'heathen philosopher' is occasion'd by seeing his hearer stand gaping (as well he might), sometimes looking at him, sometimes the maid; who, says he, is not a grape for your lips. . . . When the Poet was writing this speech his remembrance was certainly visited by some other expressions in Euphuus. [See Appendix. 'Phoebe is no lettuce for your lippes, and her grapes hang so high, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot.]
Clo. Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?
Will. No sir.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that ipse is hee: now you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which he sir?

Clo. He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leave the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perifheft: or to thy better vnderstanding, dyeft; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will or-une thee with police: I

54, 55. or (to wit)  tvit Farmer, 58. police fF et cet.

56. poysun] Warburton's far-fetched idea, that 'all this seems an allusion to Sir Thomas Overbury's affair,' was properly refuted by Heath, who recalle the date of Sir Thomas Overbury's 'affair,' which 'did not break out till 1615, long after Shakespear had quitted the stage and within a year or a little more of his death.'

57. bastinado] Wright: This spelling has been adopted in modern times. But Cowgrave gives: 'Bastonnade: f. A bastonadoe; a banging or beating with a cudgell.' Florio (Ital. Dict.) has: 'Bastonata, a bastonado, or cudgell blow.'

57. bandy] Skeat: 'To beat to and fro, to contend.' Shakespeare has bandy, to contend, Tit. And. I, 312, but the older sense is to beat to and fro, as in Rom. & Jul. II, v. 14. It was a term used at tennis, and was formerly also spelt band, as in 'To band the ball.'—Turberville. The only difficulty is to account for the final y; I suspect it to be a corruption of the Fr. bander (or bandir), the Fr. word being taken as a whole, instead of being shortened by dropping -er in the usual manner; Fr. 'bander, to bind, fasten with strings; also to bandir, at tennis.'—Cowgrave. He also gives: 'Jouer à bandir et à racler contre, to bandy against, at tennis; and (by metaphor) to pursue with all insolencie, rigour, extremite.' Also: 'Se bander contre, to bandir or oppose himselfe against, with his whole power; or to ioyne in league with others against.' Also: 'Ils se bandirent à faire un entreprise, they are plotting a conspiracie together.' The word is therefore the same as that which appears as band, in the phrase 'to band together.' The Fr. bander is derived from the Ger. band, a band, a tie, and also includes the sense of Ger. bands, a crew, a gang.

58. police] This is one of the many examples in Walker's chapter (Crit. ii, 48) on the confusion of e and ie final.
will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

     Aud. Do good William.
   Will. God rest you merry sir. Exit

Enter Corin.

     Cor. Our Master and Miftresse seke you: come away, away.
     Clo. Trip Audry, trip Audry, I attend, I attend. Exeunt

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliuer.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you
should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her?
And loving, woo? and wooing, the should granting? And
will you pursue to enjoy her?

O! Neither call the giddiness of it in question; the
pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wo-

Knt, Coll. i, Sing. Wh. Dyce, Sta. Cam.  
+, Mal. Coll. iii.

following true contrition, could have impelled him thus to give all up to his younger
brother, and desire to marry Aliena, "who, with a kind of umbr, had smirched her
face," a woman low and browner than her brother? Sixthly, "tell me where is fancy
bred?" At the eyes. Thank thee, ma douce philosoph. There is a kiss for thee,
thung off the rainbow of our Flamingo! Hartley Coleridge (ii, p. 144): I confess
I know nothing in Shakespeare so improbable, or, truth to say, so unnatural, as
the sudden conversion of Oliver from a worse than Cain, a coward fratricide in will,
to a generous brother and a romantic lover. Neither gratitude nor love works such
wonders with the Oliviers of real life. . . . Romance is all very well in the Forest of
Arden, but Oliver is made too bad in the first scenes ever to be worthy of Celia, or
capable of inspiring a kindly interest in his reformation. Celia. . . . should at least
have put his repentance on a twelvemonth's trial. But in the Fifth Act ladies have no
time for discretion. Swinburne (A Study, &c., p. 151): Nor can it well be worth
any man's while to say or to hear for the thousandth time that As You Like It would
be one of those works which prove, as Landor said long since, the falsehood of the
stale axiom that no work of man's can be perfect, were it not for that one unlucky slip
of the brush which has left so ugly a little smear on one corner of the canvas as the
betrothal of Oliver to Celia; though with all reverence for a great name and a noble
memory, I can hardly think that matters were much mended in George Sand's adap-
tation of the play by the transference of her hand to Jaques. Once elsewhere, or
twice only at the most, is any other such sacrifice of moral beauty or spiritual harmony
to the necessities and traditions of the stage discernible in all the world-wide work
of Shakespeare. In the one case it is unhappily undeniable; no man's conscience,
no conceivable sense of right and wrong, but must more or less feel as did Coleridge's
the double violence done it in the upshot of Measure for Measure. Even in the much more
nearly spotless work which we have next to glance at [Much Ado], some readers
have perhaps not unreasonably found a similar objection to the final good fortune of
such a pitiful fellow as Count Claudio. It will be observed that in each case the sacri-
fice is made to comedy. The actual or hypothetical necessity of pairing off all the
couples after such a fashion as to secure a nominally happy and undeniably
mutual ending is the theatrical idol whose tyranny exacts this holocaust of higher and
better feelings than the more liquorish desire to leave the board of fancy with a palat-
able morsel of cheap sugar on the tongue.

5. perseuer] Wright: The common spelling in Shakespeare's time, the accent
being on the second syllable. The only exception to the uniformity of this spelling,
given by Schmidt (Lexicon), is in Lear, III, v, 23, where the Q5 have perseverer and
the F F perseverer. [As is seen by the Text. Notes, this spelling did not last down to
1664.]

7. of her] For other instances of the use of the pronoun for the pronominal ad-
djective, see Abbott, § 225.
ing, nor sodaine contenting: but say with mee, I loue

Aliena: say with her, that she loues mee; content with
both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your

good: for my fathers house, and all the reuenue, that
was old Sir Rowlands will I estate vpon you, and heere
lieue and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You haue my consent.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I
Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:
Go you, and prepare Aliena; for looke you,
Heere comes my Rosalinde.

Rof. God saue you brother.

Ol. And you faire fitter.

8. nor] Ff, Knt. nor her Rowe et cet. 17. all'z] Ff, Rowe, Coll. Wh. Dyce,
14. Enter...] After line 17, Coll. Cam. all his Pope et cet.
After line 19, Dyce. 19. [Exit Oliver. Hal.
15-19. As verse, Ff, Rowe, Coll. As
prose, Pope et cet. 21. Ol.] Orl. FpFt, Rowe i, Hal.
[Exit Oliver. Cap.

8. nor sodaine] Knight is the solitary editor who retains this reading, which cannot
but be a misprint; even with Knight it is apparently an oversight; he has no note
on it, and he rarely fails to plead his loyalty to the Folio. Caldecott, who is a greater
stickler for the Folio than even Knight, here falls into line and prints 'nor her sud-
den.'—Ed.

12. estate] For other instances of the use of this verb in the sense of bestow, settle,
see Schmidt.

21. faire sister] Johnson: I know not why Oliver should call Rosalind 'sister.'
He takes her yet to be a man. I suppose we should read: 'And you, and your fair
sister.' Chamier: Oliver speaks to her in the character she had assumed, of a
woman courted by Orlando, his brother. White: Much wonder is expressed as to
how the knowledge of Rosalind's sex, which this reply evinces, was obtained; and
forgetfulness is attributed to Shakespeare. But those who wonder must themselves
forget that since the end of the last Act Oliver has wooed and won Celia; for to sup-
pose that she kept Rosalind's secret from him one moment longer than was necessary
to give her own due precedence, would be to exhibit an ignorance in such matters
quite deplorable. Dyce: To me none of these notes is satisfactory. Halliwell:
The words in the text seem, under any explanation, improperly assigned to Oliver,
who had probably taken his departure just previously. All difficulty is obviated by
giving them to Orlando. [But would Rosalind address Orlando as 'brother'?—Ed.]
Cowden-Clarke: Oliver has a double reason for calling Rosalind 'sister': he calls
her so, because she is the girlish-looking brother of the woman he hopes to marry,
and because she is the youth whom his own brother courts under the name of a
woman. It should be remembered, that in the very first scene where they meet,
Ref. Oh my deere Orlando, how it greeues me to see thee ware thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Ref. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady

Ref. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to found, when he shewed me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ref. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and Cefars Thrafonicall bragge of I came, faw, and overcame. For your brother, and my sister, no fooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd

Oliver thus addresses her: 'I must bear answer back how you excuse my brother, Rosalind.' He at once acknowledges the assumed character, humours its assumption by giving her the name she is supposed to assume, and now follows up this playful make-believe by giving her the title and relationship she has a claim to, as the feigned Rosalind. WRIGHT: Oliver enters into Orlando's humour in regarding the apparent Ganymede as Rosalind. [The explanation of the Cowden-Clarkes and of Wright carry conviction. Gervinus has here one of those disheartening remarks (in which it must be sadly confessed he abounds) which reveal his incapacity, partly owing to his nationality, thoroughly to appreciate Shakespeare. He says (i, 492, ed. 1872), 'Nothing prevents us from so interpreting the action as to see that Orlando, at Oliver's suggestion, after the fainting fit, has detected the disguise of the fair Ganymede, and suffers him to play the game through to the end only that his joy may not be marred; if this can be made clear in the performance, the exquisite delicacy (Freinheit) of the play will be extraordinarily increased.'—Ed.]

31. where you are] WRIGHT: I know what you mean, what you are hinting at. [Hamlet uses the same phrase, I think, when he says, 'Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?'—I, v, 150. He does not refer to his father's being in the cellarage,' but rather 'is that your meaning? there is need of secrecy?'—Ed.]

33. Thrasonomicall] FARMER (note on Love's Lab. L. V. i, 14): The use of this word is no argument that our author had read [the Eunuchus of] Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakespeare's time. MALONE: It is found in Bullokar's Expositor, 1616. HALLIWELL: Stanyhurst, 1582, writes: 'Linckt was in wedlock a loftye Thrasonical buff snuffe'—[p. 143, ed. Arber]. Compare, also, Orlando Furioso, 1594: 'Knowing him to be a Thrasonical madcap,' &c.
but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew
the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these
degrees, have they made a pair of staires to marriage,
which they will clime incontinent, or else bee inconti-
inent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of
loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part
them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will
bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing
it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies:
by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height
of heart heauineffe. by how much I shal thinke my bro-
ther happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

39. degrees] Cowden-Clarke: Used here in its original sense as derived from
the Latin graduus, and French degré, a step; which affords the pun with the word
'stairs' immediately after.
believes that in this phrase there lurks an allusion to wedlock which time has lost; it
reappears in the phrase 'below stairs' (Much Ado, V, ii, 10), in which, Hart says,
'there is always some hidden meaning'; in proof whereof he brings forward several
elements from Jonson and Chapman. It is more than likely that he is right in regard
to the phrase 'below stairs,' which cannot always be explained by reference to the
servants' hall. But in the present passage the simile is so clear, that though some
allusion may be hid in it, we scarcely feel the lack of our knowledge of it.—Ed.
40. incontinent] Caldecott: Without restraint or delay, immediately.
42. Clubbes] Malone: It appears from many of our old dramas that it was a
common custom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out 'Clubs! clubs!' to part
the combatants. So in Tit. And. II, i, 37: 'Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the
peace.' The words 'they are in the very wrath of love' show that our author had
this in contemplation. Mason: So in Henry VIII.: V, iv, 53: 'I missed the meteor
once, and hit that woman; who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some
foaty truncheones draw to her succour.' Knight (Note on Rom. & Jul. I, i, 66):
Scott has made the cry familiar to us in The Fortunes of Nigel. 'The great long
club,' as described by Stow, on the necks of the London apprentices, was as charac-
teristic as the flat cap of the same quarrelsome body in the days of Elizabeth and
James. Dyce: 'Clubs' was originally the popular cry to call forth the London
apprentices, who employed their clubs for the preservation of the public peace; some-
times, however, they used these weapons to raise a disturbance, as they are described
as doing [in the foregoing example from Henry VIII.].
45. Nuptiall] Wright: The plural form, which is now the prevailing one, is used
only twice by Shakespeare: in Per. V, iii, 80 and in Oth. II, ii, 9. In the latter pas-
sage the Ff have the singular, while the Qs read nuptials. [In Mid. N. D. V, i, 75,
the First Folio has the singular, while the three later Ff have the plural, as noted by
Schmidt.]
Rof.  Why then to morrow, I cannot ferue your turne
for Rofalind?

Orl.  I can liue no longer by thinking.

Rof.  I will wareie you then no longer with idle talk-
ing.  Know of me then (for now I speake to some pur-
pose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good concei:
neither do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some
little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your felde
good, and not to grace me.  Beleeue then, if you please
that I can do strange things:  I haue since I was three
yeare olde conuerft with a Magitian, moeft profound in

57. I know you] I know what you  62. yeare] F, years F, Rowe+
arc] F,
Cap. et cet.

54-57. Know...arc] Whiter (p. 58): This thought we find in Ham. V, ii,
134: 'Oriel. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is. Ham. I dare not
confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well,
were to know himself.'

55. conceiit] Schmidt: Rosalind says this to Orlando in order to convince him
of her pretended knowledge of mysteries. It cannot therefore be equivalent to a
gentleman of good parts, of wit; for there 'needs no magician to tell her this.'
[Schmidt's definition, therefore, of 'conceit' in this passage (and his note in his
translation (p. 461) is substantially the same) is 'extraction, birth,' but he indicates
his doubt of its correctness by placing after 'birth' an interrogation-mark. In this
instance, as elsewhere, there are indications, I think, that Schmidt held, and deser-
vedly held, Heath in high regard; but here, however, I am afraid Heath led him
slightly astray.  Heath's definition of 'conceit' here is, 'of good estimation and
rank.'—Ed.] Craik (J, Cat. I, iii, 142): To conceit is another form of our still
familiar conceive.  And the noun 'conceit,' which survives with a limited mean-
ing (the conception of a man by himself, which is so apt to be one of over-estima-
tion), is also frequent in Shakespeare, with the sense, nearly, of what we now call
conception, in general.  Sometimes it is used in a sense which might almost be said
to be the opposite of what it now means; as when Juliet employs it as the term to
denote her all-absorbing affection for Romeo, II, v, 38. Or as Gratiano uses it in
Mer. of Ven. I, i, 102, that is, in the sense of deep thought. So, again, when Rosa-
line, in Love's Lab. L. II, i, speaking of Biron, describes his 'fair tongue' as 'con-
ceit's exposer,' all that she means is that speech is the expounder of thought.  The
scriptural expression, still in familiar use, 'wise in his own conceit,' means merely
wise in his own thought or in his own eyes, as we are told in the margin the Hebrew
literally signifies.  Wright: Of good intelligence or mental capacity.  Shakespeare
never uses the word in its modern sense.

62. yeare] Wright: F, had already 'years,' or the change would have been
made by Pope, on the ground that the singular was vulgar.  See III, ii, 307.
his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue Rosalinde
so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your
brother marries Aliena, shall you marrie her. I know in-
to what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not
impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you,
to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is,
and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'th thou in sober meanings?

Rof. By my life I do, which I tender dearly, though

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his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue Rosalinde
so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your
brother marries Aliena, shall you marrie her. I know in-
to what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not
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63. Rosalinde

65. f shall you]

64. cries it } cryeth Cap. conj.

65. shall you] F, v shall F, F.

Rowe +, Steev.

70. meanings] meaning Dyce iii.

64. gesture] Bearing.

68. humane] JOHNSON: That is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without
any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation.

FLETCHER (p. 224) [on ll. 53-69]: Here we have another of those exquisite pas-
sages which no masculine hand but Shakespeare's could ever write, and which so
charmingly betray to the auditor the delicate woman under her masculine garb. It is
pretty to contrast the rapid, pointed volubility of Rosalind, so long as Orlando's courtship
is carried on in seeming jest, with the circumlocutory manner in which, speaking now,
as she says, 'to some purpose,' she announces to him that he shall so soon be married
if he will. . . . . Every female reader, and especially every female auditor, if the
actress's own instinct lead her aright, will well understand this delicately-rendered
covyness of the speaker in approaching seriously so decisive a declaration to her lover,
even under the mask of her fictitious personation.

70. meanings] Again the superfluous s which Walker (Crlit. i, 248) detected, and
Dyce (ed. iii) at once erased.

71. dearly] STEEVES: It was natural for one who called herself a magician to
allude to the danger [to her life from the Acts of Parliament] in which her avowal,
had it been a serious one, would have involved her. [Warburton inferred from this
allusion that this play 'was written in James's time, when there was a severe inquisi-
tion after witches and magicians.' But Malone, having shown that the play was
entered on the Stationers' Registers as early as 1600, it followed that there could be
here no allusion to the Act of James, but if there be an every female auditor, if the
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actress's own instinct lead her aright, will well understand this delicately-rendered
covyness of the speaker in approaching seriously so decisive a declaration to her lover,
even under the mask of her fictitious personation.
I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall: and to Rosalind if you will.

*Enter Silvius & Phebe.*

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.

_Phe._ Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

_Rof._ I care not if I haue: it is my studie To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you:
you are there followed by a faithful shepheard,
Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you.

_Phe._ Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

_Sil._ It is to be all made of fighes and teares,

And so am I for _Phebe._

_Phe._ And I for _Ganymed._

_Orl._ And I for _Rosalind._

_Rof._ And I for no woman.

_Sil._ It is to be all made of faith and seruice,

And so am I for _Phebe._

_Phe._ And I for _Ganymed._

_Orl._ And I for _Rosalind._

_Rof._ And I for no woman.

_Sil._ It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,

All adoration, duties, and obseruance,

.procure unlawful love the punishment was one year's imprisonment and pillory for the first offence, and for the second, death.

_73. bid_] More than one editor has thought it best to explain the meaning of this word here and in line 45. But surely the New Testament has made us all familiar with it.—ED.

_76. comes_] See I, ii, 113.

_82. vpon him_] Abbott, § 483, calls attention to the emphasis thrown by the rhythm on this 'him.'

_94. fantasie_] CRAIK (_Jul. Cæs. p. 167_): That is, fancy or imagination, with its unaccountable anticipations and apprehensions, as opposed to the calculations of reason. [See II, iv, 32.]
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purtie, all trial, all obseruance:
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganimed.
Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.
Rof. And so am I for no woman.
Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?
Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

98. obseruance] obedience Mal. conj. 103. [To Ros.] Pope et seq.
Rann. endurauce Harness conj. Sing. 104. [To Phe.] Pope et seq.
Kty, Huds.

98. all obseruance] Ritson: Read obiueste. Heath (p. 153): As the word
‘observance’ had been already employed but two lines before, might not the poet possibly
have written in this place ‘all perseverance,’ which follows very aptly after ‘trial’? Cappell
approves of this emendation of Heath’s, and calls attention to the accent, which is permanence; Rann adopted it. Malone: I suspect our author wrote:
‘all obedience.’ Harness: Perhaps endurance might be more in harmony with
the context; Singer adopted it; and of it Collier (ed. ii) says: ‘It may be a very
good word, but it is not Shakespeare’s; he uses it only twice in his thirty-seven plays,
and then not as applied to the sufferings of a lover; whereas he has “obedience” in
fifty places.’ According to Collier’s ‘old corrector’ it is the preceding ‘observance’ line 96 that is wrong, and that ‘observance’ was changed by him into obedience,
‘which,’ adds Collier, ‘more properly follows “duty” than “trial.”’ This obedience
White also adopted, because: ‘Obedience to the wishes of the beloved is one of the
first fruits and surest indices of love, one which in such an enumeration could not be
passed over; and yet according to the text of the Folio it is not mentioned, while
“observance” is specified twice in three lines. Such a repetition is not in Shake-
speare’s manner, for although he had peculiarities, senseless iteration was not one of
them.’ In his second edition White returns to the Folio with the remark that although
‘the word is corrupt, no acceptable substitute has been suggested.’ Walker (Crit.
i, 280) thinks Ritson’s conjecture preferable. [The Cambridge Edition records
deservance, Nicholson conj.] Whether or not this conjecture is elsewhere in print, I
do not know, nor who is the Nicholson. If it be Dr Brinsley Nicholson, the conjecture
is worthy of all respect, as any conjecture from that source always is. We
shall all agree, I think, that one of these two ‘observances’ must be wrong; for two
reasons it is more likely to be the second than the first: where it occurs in line 96
it is ‘appropriately associated,’ Wright says, ‘with adoration and duty;’ to ‘observe’
meant to ‘regard with respectful attention,’ as where Hamlet is spoken of as ‘the
observed of all observers’; this usage lasted even to Milton’s time; in Par. Lost
(xi, 817) Noah is spoken of as ‘the one just man of God observed.’ Secondly,
there is the composer’s common error of repetition. Of the substitutes that have
been proposed, I think the weight of probability lies with obedience, not alone on the
score of propriety, but on account of the ductus literarum, wherein it much resembles
‘observance’—Ed.]

103, &c. to loue] The infinitive is here used as we have had it several times before
in this play. We should now use the participle with for or in. See I, i, 109.
Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?  105
Rof. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee
to loue you.
Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.
Rof. Pray you no more of this, ’tis like the howling
of Iriish Wolues against the Moone : I will helpe you
if I can : I would loue you if I could : To morrow meet
me altogether : I wil marrie you, if euer I marrie Wo-
man, and Ile be married to morrow : I will satisfie you,
if euer I satisfi’d man, and you shall be married to mor-
row. I wil content you, if what pleases you contents
you, and you shal be married to morrow : As you loue
Rosalind meet, as you loue Phebe meet, and as I loue no

106. Why...too] Ff, Cald. Coll. i, Dyce, Wrigbt, Rife. Whom...to Sing. Who...
to, rowe et cet.  114. to morrow] tomorrow [To Orl.]
Pope et seq. satisfi’d] satisfy Douce, Dyce iii, Huds.  116. to morrow] tomorrow [To Sil.]
Pope et seq.  117. Rosalind] Rosalind [To Orl.]
Johns. et seq. Phebe meet] Phebe meet [To Sil.]
Pope et seq.  113. to morrow] tomorrow [To Phe.]
Johns. et seq.

106. Why...too] Collier (ed. i): This reading is perfectly intelligible when
addressed to Orlando, who replies that he speaks too, notwithstanding the absence of
his mistress. If altered, it need not be altered, as by the modern editors, to bad
English: 'Who do you speak to?' Collier (ed. ii): Here again we follow the (MS),
the old text being: 'Why do you speak too?' The grammar is defective, according
to the strictness of modern rules, but perfectly intelligible, and no doubt what Shake-
peare wrote: 'Whom do you,' &c. is a modern colloquial refinement. [I cannot see
the trace of a sufficient reason for deserting the Folio.—Ed.]

110. Irish Wolues] Malone: This is borrowed from Lodge's Novel: 'I tell
thee, Montanus, in courting Phoebe, thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against
the moone.' [See Appendix.] Caldecott: That is, the same monotonous chime wear-
somely and sickeningly repeated. In the passage to which Malone refers it imports
an aim at impossibilities, a sense, which, whatever may be Rosalind's meaning, can-
not very well be attached to it here. Wright: In Ireland wolves existed as late as
the beginning of the last century. Spenser, in his View of the Present State of Ire-
land (p. 624, Globe ed.), mentions some of the Irish superstitions connected with
the wolf. [The clue to this allusion is probably lost. There were wolves in England
which presumably howled against the moon quite as monotonously or dismally as in
Ireland. We know well that a wolf 'bewolde the moon' on one certain Midsum-
mer's Night. But these are Irish wolves—can there be an admittance of the Irish
wailings? The loan from Lodge, which Malone alleges, is not so manifest. It is a
far cry, or, rather, a far 'bark,' from Syria to Ireland, and, as Caldecott says, the two
phrases are dissimilar in meaning.—Ed.]
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woman, I haie meet: so fare you wel: I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ie not saile, if I liue.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.  Exeunt.  122

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the ioyfull day Audrey, to morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of your world?

Heere come two of the banith'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. Pa. Wel met honest Gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met: come, fit, fit, and a song.

2. Pa. We are for you, fit i' th middle.

1. Pa. Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking,


118. you commands] Allen (MS): I suspect that the composer has left out your here as a repetition: 'I have left you your commands,' just as an officer would now say: 'I have given you your orders.'

5. dishonest] As we have had 'honest' in the sense of chaste in I, ii, 38; III, ii, 15, so here 'dishonest' means unchaste. Wright: In 'the character of the persons' prefixed to Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, Fallace is described: 'She dotes as perfectly upon the courtier, as her husband doth on her, and only wants the face to be dishonest.'

5. world] Steevens: To go to the world is to be married. So in Much Ado, II, i, 331: 'Thus goes every one to the world but I. . . . I may sit in a corner and cry eigh and ho for a husband!' Whiter: So also in All's Well, I, iii, 20: 'If I may have your Ladyship's good will to go to the world.' [Dyce defines it 'to commence housekeeper,' which is good as a hint of what, it may be presumed, is the origin of the phrase: when a young couple married and set up for themselves, they really entered the world and its ways for the first time.—Ed.]

10. sit i' th middle] Dingelstedt (p. 234): This is clearly a reference to an old English proverb [Sprichwort]: 'hey diddle diddle, fool in the middle.' [See Rolle's note below, on line 16.]

11. clap into't] Schmidt: To enter upon, to begin with alacrity and briskness. Thus, Meas. for Meas. IV, iii, 43: 'I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for,
or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only
prologues to a bad voice.

2. Pa. I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two
gipsies on a horse.

Song.
It was a Lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the greene corne feild did passe,

12. the only] only the Cap. conj. 18, 20, 21. As two lines each, Cap.
Huds. your only Wh. i. 19. feild] Feild

look you, the warrant's come'; Much Ado, III, iv, 44: 'Clap's into "Light o’ Love,”
that goes without a burden.'

12. the only] White (ed. i): Hawking and spitting are often only the prologues
to a bad voice; but no one . . . can consider them the only premonitory symptoms
of that inflection, and it does not appear that 'the only' was an old idiom for only
the. Your only, meaning the chief, the principal, was, however, an idiom in common
use; and it seems plain that it is here intended, the printer having mistaken y for y.
White (ed. ii): 'The only,' as if without 'the'; only prologues. [See I, ii, 185.]

14, 15. a tune . . . a horse] That is, one. Compare 'Doth not rosemary and
Romeo both begin with a letter.'—Rom. & Jul. II, iv, 188.

16. Song] The music, with the words, which is here reprinted is taken from Chappell's
Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 205. The transposition of the stanzas
which we find here was also independently made by Dr Johnson, who says that it
had been also made by Dr Thirlby in a copy containing some notes on the margin
which Dr Johnson had 'perused by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole.' Malone's
slightly remark (in reference to Steeves' conjecture), that 'the passage does not
deserve much consideration,' is expanded by Tieck into a very positive sneer.
'Is not impossible,' says Tieck (p. 212), 'that the arrangement of the stanzas of this
utterly silly ditty may have been intentionally adopted in the Folio to produce this
crossed effect.'—Ed. CHAPPELL: [This Song is taken] from a Qto MS, which
has successively passed through the hands of Mr Cranston, Dr John Leyden, and Mr
Heber; and is now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. It contains about thirty-
four songs with words (among them the 'Farewell, dear love,' quoted in Twelfth
Night), and sixteen song and dance tunes without. The latter part of the MS, which
bears the name of a former proprietor, William Stirling, and the date of May, 1639,
consists of Psalm Tunes, evidently in the same handwriting, and written about the
same time as the earlier portion . . . . The words used here are printed from the MS
in the Advocates' Library.

It was a lover, and his lass, with a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonino
AS YOU LIKE IT

ACT V, SC. Ill.]  

[Song]

no, And a hey . non ne no si no. That o'er the green corn-field did pass In

spring time, in spring time, in spring time; The only pretty ring time, When birds do sing, Hey
ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet lovers love the spring.

[In the words which accompany the music, as given by Chappell, the chiefest variations are 'ring tune' instead of 'rang tune'; line 23 reads: 'Then, pretty lovers, take the time'; line 29 is: 'These pretty country fools did lie'; and line 33: 'How that life was but a flower'.]  

KNIGHT: It seems quite clear that this manuscript cannot have been written later than sixteen years after the publication of the present play, and may have existed at a much earlier period; it is, therefore, not straining probability too hard to suppose that this air was, in some form,—most likely as a duet, unless the two Pages sang in unison,—performed in the play, either as it was originally acted or not long after its production. ROFFE (p. 16): Mr Linley has set this poem as a duet for the two Pages; it occurs to me as being very possible that Shakespeare contemplated a trio between the Pages and Touchstone, who, it may be observed, is the first to ask for a song, and upon the Pages making ready to comply, Touchstone is requested to 'sit i' the middle.' It might also strike many that, granting Touchstone and the Pages personated by competent vocalists, the dramatic effect of a trio would be very superior to that of a duet. Should an objection be raised to this view, grounded upon the Pages' ideas as to 'clapping into it roundly,' 'both in a tune,' that objection, even if allowed, would not necessarily shut Touchstone out from joining in the three lines common to every verse, and beginning at 'In the pretty spring-time.' It would be most highly natural, as well as dramatically effective, that Touchstone should do so.

18. WRIGHT: In the Preface to his Ghostly Psalms, Coverdale (Remains, p. 537, Parker Soc.) refers to these meaningless burdens of songs: 'And if women, sitting at their rocks, or spinning at the wheels, had none other songs to pass their time withal, than such as Moses' sister, Gehana's [Elkanah's] wife, Debra, and Mary the mother of Christ, have sung before them, they should be better occupied than with hey nony, nony, hey truly loly and such like phantasies.' [In serious poetry, Sir Philip Sidney reached, I think, the extreme limit in the use of 'such like phantasies,' when he bequeathed to us the following stanza: 'Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan: Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei: While to my mind the outside stood For messenger of inward good.'—Arcadia, p. 486, ed. 1598.—Ed.]
In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Louers love the spring,
And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,
For loue is crowned with the prime.
In spring time, &c.

Betwenee the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:
These prettie Country folks would lie.
In spring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:
How that a life was but a Flower,
In spring time, &c.

Clo. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no
great matter in the dittie, yet y note was very vntunable


30, 34. In] In the F F, Rowe +, Cap. Steev. Dyce i, Clke.
31. This] F. The F F, Rowe +, Cap. Steev.
32. With a hey] With a hoy Fv.

19. W. RIDGEWAY (The Academy, 20 Oct. 1883): Is there not here a reference to the ancient system of open-field cultivation? The corn-field being in the singular implies that it is the special one of the common fields which is under corn for the year. The common field being divided into acre-strips by balks of unploughed turf, doubtless on one of these green balks, ‘Between the acres of the rye These pretty country folks would lie.’

20. rang] STEEVENS: I think we should read ‘ring time,’ i.e. the aptest season for marriage. WHITER (p. 60): Why may not ‘rang time’ be written for ‘range time,’ the only pleasant time for straying or ranging about? [The MS in the Advocates’ Library confirmed Steevens’s conjecture.]

36. vntunable] THEOBALD: It is evident, from the sequel of the dialogue, that the poet wrote untumable. Time and ‘tune’ are frequently misprinted for one another in the old editions. [It may be remarked, too, that time and tune were formerly synonymous.—Dyce, Strictures, &c., p. 70.] JOHNSON: This emendation is received, I
ACT V, SC. III.]  

AS YOU LIKE IT  

1. Pa. you are deceit'd Sir, we kept time, we loth not our time.

Clo. By my troth yes: I count it but time loth to heare such a foolifh song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come Audrie.  

Execut.

37. keep] keep F,F'

40. buy you] F, Cam. b'w'y you Ktly. b' wi' you Wh. Dyce, Huds.


think very undeservingly, by Dr Warburton. M. Mason: The reply of the Page proves to me, beyond any possibility of doubt, that we ought to read untimeable. Steevens: The sense seems to be: 'Though the words of the song were trilling, the music was not (as might have been expected) good enough to compensate their defect.' Caldecott: Though there was so little meaning in the words, yet the music fully matched it; the note was as little tuneable. Collier (ed. i): Touchstone would hardly say that 'the note' of the song was very untimeable. The Page might mistake the nature of Touchstone's remark, and apply to the time what was meant of the tune: the clown subsequently hopes that their voices may be mended, in order that they may sing more tuneably. Collier (ed. ii): Here the (MS) comes materially to our aid; the printed reading is amended to untimeable, which entirely accords with what follows. Walker (Crit. i, 295) would retain 'untunable,' but change 'time' in the Page's reply to tune. White: Shakespeare was a good musician; and the answer of the Page and the reply of Touchstone make it plain that [the word is] untimeable; otherwise the Page's answer is no reply at all. In the manuscript of any period it is very difficult to tell time from tune, except by the dot of the i, so frequently omitted; and as most people think that to be in tune or out of tune is the principal success or the principal failure of a musical performance, it is by no means strange that the word written in the old hand, with the i undotted, should be taken for 'untunable.' I can speak from experience that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred in which time is written, it will be first put in type as tune. One curious instance occurs in King John, III, iii: 'I had a thing to say, But I will fit it with some better time.' The original has 'some better tune.' Wright: Theobald forgot that Touchstone is the speaker. The Page misunderstands him in order to give him an opening for another joke. Cowden-Clarke: 'Untunable' was sometimes used in Shakespeare's day for 'out of time' as well as 'out of tune,' and it is probable that pert Master Touchstone wished to insinuate both defects in the Pages' singing; while the First Page defends himself and his fellow-chorister from the more pardonable musical error of the two. This may be the better comprehended if it be imagined (as we always do when we read this amusing little scene, so pointed in satire as it is upon the affectations of musical amateurs, both performers and listeners) that Touchstone, with the air of a connoisseur, beats time to the music while the song is proceeding; which accounts for the Page's words in answer to the action that preceded the word 'untunable,' and gave it the meaning then often attached to the term. Be it observed that the Second Page's words immediately before the song 'both in a tune,' &c. tend to show that 'in a tune' was sometimes used for 'in time'; as the simile of two fellows jogging along on the same horse implies measure, rhythm, uniform pace.
Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Iaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia.

Du. Sen. Doft thou beleue Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?
Orl. I sometimes do beleue, and somtimes do not, As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

6. feare...[feare] Ff, Rowe, Pope, Theob. Steev. Var. Rann, Cald. Har- ness, Coll. i, Sing. Wh. Dyce, Hal. Sta. Cam. Clke, Neil, Mob. Rife. think they hope, and know they fear Han. fear, they hope, and know they fear Johns. Mal. fear their hope, and know their fear Heath, Cap. fear—they hope and know they fear Knt. fear to hope, and know they fear Coll. (MS) ii, iii, Hud. fear their hope and hope their fear Lettsom, Kitty. fear with hope, and hope with fear or fear, they hope, and now they fear Johns. conj. feign they hope, and know they fear Blackstone. fear, then hope; and know, them fear Musgrave. who fearing hope, and hoping fear M. Mason. fear; they hope, and know they fear Henley, J. Hunter. fear thee, hope, and know thee, fear Rann. conj. fear may hope and know they fearHarness conj. fear that they hope, and know they fear Jervis. fain would hope and know they fear Cartwright.

1. Dyce: This ought, perhaps, to be marked 'Another part of the Forest. Before a Cottage.'

6. As...feare] Warburton: This strange nonsense should be read thus: 'As those that fear their hope, and know their fear,' i. e. As those that fear the issue of a thing when they know their fear to be well grounded. Heath (p. 153): I think it may be better corrected with less alteration, thus: 'As those that fear their hope, and know their fear,' i. e. As those that fear a disappointment of their hope, whose hope is dashed and rendered doubtful by their fear, but who are most undoubtedly certain they fear. Malone: As those who fear,—they, even those very persons, entertain hopes that their fears will not be realized; and yet at the same time they well know that there is reason for their fears. Caldecott: As those, that under a sad misgiving entertain a trembling hope, at the same time that they feel real apprehension and fears. A man might, with propriety, say, I fear I entertain so much hope, as teaches me I cannot be without fear of disappointment. Orlando says he is like that man. Knight: That is, those who fear, they, even they, hope, while they know they fear. Collier: Orlando dares not hope that Rosalind will perform her promise, yet hopes that she will, and knows that he fears she will not. Singer: As those who are alarmed at their own tendency to be sanguine (fear that they are harbouring secret hopes which will lead to disappointment), and are quite aware that they fear. Hope and Fear alternating, they are not quite certain whether they hope, but fear they do. They fear, because to hope is imprudent—they are quite certain that they fear. Dyck (ed. i): I believe that the line now stands as Shakespeare wrote it. White: As
Enter Rosalinde, Silvius, & Phebe.

Rof. Patience once more, whilsts our compact is urg’d:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalinde,
You will bestow her on Orlando here? 10

Du. Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with hir.
Rof. And you say you will have her, when I bring hir? 15

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms King.
Rof. You say, you’ll marrie me, if I be willing.
Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after.

Rof. But if you do refuse to marrie me,
You’ll give your selfe to this moft faithfull Shepheard.
Phe. So is the bargaine.
Rof. You say that you’ll haue Phebe if she will. 20

8. compact Fl.


those who are apprehensive that they are deceiving themselves by indulging a secret hope, although they know they fear the issue,—a state of mind in which few readers of Shakespeare can have failed to be at some time. Apology is surely necessary for offering even a paraphrastic explanation of so simple a passage. Halliwell: As those that fear what they hope, and know very well they fear a disappointment. Staunton: This line, not without reason, has been suspected of corruption. . . . A somewhat similar form of expression is found in All’s Well, II, ii: ‘But know I think, and think I know most sure.’ Keightley: Coleridge thus expresses the same thought: ‘And Fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of Hope; And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear.’ Cowden-Crake: Those who dread that they may be hoping without foundation, knowing that they really fear. Moberly: Of the many conjectures for the emendation of this passage the most likely is Johnson’s [qu. Heath’s]: ‘As they who fear their hope and know their fear.’ Hudson: As those that fear least they may believe a thing because they wish it true, and at the same time know that this fear is no better ground of action than their hope. Who has not sometime caught himself in a similar perplexity of hope and fear? Wright: Who are so diffident that they even hope fearfully, and are only certain that they fear. Rolfe: Whose hopes are mingled with fear, and only their fears certain. [In the preceding notes, it is pleasing to observe, in the general interpretation of the meaning, such a remarkable unanimity.—Ed.]

8. compact See Abbott, § 450, for a long list of words, chiefly derived from the Latin, where the accent is nearer the end than with us.

8. urg’d] Collier: The (MS) has heard for ‘urg’d,’ and the ear may have misled scribe or printer; but as ‘urg’d’ sufficiently well answers the purpose, we refrain from making any change. Dyce: Heard is unnecessary, not to say, foolish.
Sil. Though to have her and death, were both one thing.

Rof. I have promised 'd to make all this matter even:
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,
You yours Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keepe you your word Phoebe, that you'll marrie me,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard:
Keepe your word Silvius, that you'll marrie her
If she refuse me, and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. Exit Rof. and Celia.


ACT V, SC. iv.]

AS YOU LIKE IT

Du. Sen. I do remember in this shepheard boy,

Some lively touches of my daughters fauour.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,

Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:

But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,

And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle,

Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obcured in the circle of this Forrest.

Iaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these

couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre

30. shepheard] shepherds F. o.


38. Enter...] After line 43, Dyce.


nor, when severe, abusive; secondly, he had not the ability, the natural gifts, as he
himself urged, to devise so vast a number of corrections; in none of his previous edit-
ings, and they are voluminous, did he give promise of that fertility of conjecture or of
emendation which the old corrector displays on every page; and thirdly, and mainly
(a ground any criminal lawyer will immediately appreciate), there is an entire absence
of motive. Dishonesty would have copied out all these emendations, flames would
have consumed the original, and the fame fearlessly claimed (and as surely bestowed)
as the keenest editor Shakespeare had ever had. With such a chance before him of
being deemed the author, would a dishonest man be content with the reputation of a
mere transcriber? Does a man 'forge' for the benefit of another who can make him
no return? Does the fame of a mere scribe equal the fame of an author? Had Col-
lier been dishonest he would have seized the latter. He openly assumed the former.
—Ed.]

31. touches] CALDECOTT: That is, traits. See 'the touches dearest priz'd.'—

III, ii, 151. WRIGHT: As Orlando does not recognise Rosalind in her disguise, it is
not surprising that her father fails to do so. But his curiosity is excited, and the
inquiries which must certainly have followed upon Orlando's speech are checked by
the entry of Touchstone and Audrey.

36. desperate] ALLEN (MS): Magical studies (sorcery, &c.) were supposed to be
pursued by men who had made a league with the Devil, and who had, therefore,
already despairs of, or renounced, their salvation; that is, they would not, unless they
had already come to despair of their salvation, have made a league with the Enemy
of mankind. Cf. Friar Bacon, for the union of 'religion' and magic. Observe, too,
this is Orlando's statement; Rosalind says the 'magician was most profound in his
art, and yet not damnable.'—V, ii, 62. [Prospero, in the Epilogue to The Tempest,
says, as a magician, that his 'ending is despair.' Schmidt interprets it as 'forbidden
by law,' which is, I think, far afield.—Ed.]

40. toward] Compare 'O proud Death, What feast is toward in thine eternal cell.'
—Ham. V, ii, 375.
of verie strange beastes, which in all tongues, are call’d FOOLES.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

IAQ. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Motley-minded Gentleman, that I haue fo often met in the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattered a Lady, I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine enemie, I haue undone three Tailors, I haue had foure quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

IAQ. And how was that tane vp?

Clo. ’Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon the seventh cause.

42. verie strange] unclean Han. 53. tane] ta'en Rowe.

Warb.

42. verie strange] WARBURTON: What ‘strange beasts’! and yet such as have a name in all languages! Noah’s ark is here alluded to; into which the cleaen beasts entered by sevenths, and the uncleaen by two, male and female. It is plain then that Shakespeare wrote ‘a pair of uncleaen beasts,’ which is highly humorous. JOHNSON: ‘Strange beasts’ are only what we call odious animals. WHITE: There were female jesters as well as male, and it is possible that there may be here an allusion to that custom,—Andrey being whimsically supposed by Jaques to have assumed the profession as well as the station of her husband. Else why does he call them a pair of Fools?

49. measure] MALONE: Touchstone, to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a ‘measure,’ because it was a very stately, solemn dance. REED: ‘Measures’ were performed at court, and at public entertainments of the societies of law and equity at their halls, on particular occasions. It was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety even for the gravest persons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the Inns of Court it has not been unusual for the first characters in the law to become performers in treading the measures. See Dugdale’s Origines Juridicatae. Sir John Davies, in his poem called Orchestra, 1622, describes them [concluding with]: ‘Yet all the feet wherein these measures go, Are only spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.’ CHAPPELL (p. 626): The ‘measure’ was a grave and solemn dance, with slow and measured steps, like the minuet. To tread a measure was the usual term, like to walk a minuet. [Young Lord Lochevvar has made us familiar enough with the phrase.—Ed.]

52. like] CRAIK (note on ‘is like’.—ful. Cert. I, ii, 175): This form of expression is not quite, but nearly, gone out. ROLFE: It is still vulgarly used, at least in New England.

53. tane] CALDECOTT: That is, made up. Touchstone presently says, an if did it once, ‘when seven justices could not take up a quarrel.’

54. was vpon] JOHNSON: It is apparent from the sequel that we must read, ‘the quarrel was not upon the seventh cause.’ MALONE: By ‘the seventh cause’ Touch-
Iaq. How feuenth caufe? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du. Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God’ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I preffe in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatuiues to sweare, and to forswear, according as mariage binds and blood breaks: a poore virgin sir, an il-fauor’d thing sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honestie dwells like a mi-
fer sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oy-
fter.

Du. Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious.

Clo. According to the fooles bolt sir, and fuch dulcet diseaues.

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stone, I apprehend, means the lie seven times removed; i.e. ‘the retort courteous,’
which is removed seven times (counted backwards) from the lie direct, the last and most aggravated species of lie. See the subsequent note on line 72.


60. copulatuiues] WRIGHT: Who desire to be joined in marriage. For the force of the termination -in in Shakespeare see III, ii, 11.

61, 62. sweare...breakes] HENLEY: A man, by the marriage ceremony, sweares that he will keep only to his wife; when, therefore, he leaves her for another, blood breaks his matrimonial obligation, and he is forsworn. [It is a case of respective construction; ‘to swear’ refers to ‘marriage,’ and ‘to forswear’ refers to ‘blood.’ Dyce or Schmidt will furnish many examples where ‘blood’ means temperament, passion.—Ed.]

62. Weiss (p. 116): We see Touchstone’s good sense, too, in the scene where he brings his wife into the Duke’s company, with such an air of self-possession mixed with a pleased sense that she is his best joke at the punchtio of fashionable life.

64. honestie] Again used as Celia and Audrey have used it before.

67. swift, and sententious] CALDECOTT: Prompt and pithy.

68. fooles] Another variation in the old copies. The CAM. Ed. here records foles in F₂. In my copy it is fooles.—Ed.

68, 69. dulcet diseases] JOHNSON: This I do not understand. For ‘diseases’, it is easy to read discourses; but perhaps the fault may lie deeper. CAPELL: ‘Dulcet diseases’ mean wits or witty people; so call’d because the times were infested with them; they and fools—that is, such fools as the speaker—being all their delight. STEEVENS: Perhaps he calls a proverb a disease. Proverbial sayings may appear to him the surfting diseases of conversation. They are often the plague of commentators. Dr. Farmer would read: ‘in such dulcet diseases,’ i.e. in the sweet uneasiness of love, a time when people usually talk nonsense. MALONE: Without staying to
But for the seuenth cause. How did you finde
the quarrell on the seuenth cause?

Vpon a lye, seuen times remoued: (beare your

examine how far the position last advanced is founded on truth, I shall only add that
I believe the text is right, and that this word is capriciously used for sayings, though
neither in its primary nor figurative sense has it any relation to that word. In The
Mer. of Ven. the Clown talks in the same style, but more intelligibly. M. MASON:
For 'diseases' we should probably read phrases, unless we suppose that Shakespeare
intended that the Clown should blunder; and Touchstone is not one of his blundering
clowns. WRIGHT: The Clown only shares the fate of those, even in modern
times, who use fine phrases without understanding them, and 'for a tricksy word defy
the matter.' WALKER (Crit. iii, 64): He is resuming his former speech; point, if
the names be rightly prefixed to the characters: 'as your pearl in your foul oyster;-
Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious. Touchstone. According to
the fool's bolt, sir;—and such dulce diseases—jaques. But, for the seventh cause;
how did you find,' &c. But I have scarcely any doubt that the parts ought to be dis-
posed thus: '—and sententious. jaques. According to the fool's bolt, sir. Touch-
stone. And such dulce diseases,' &c. [TIESSIN (Englische Studien, II, ii, p. 454)
conjectures that possibly Touchstone means to say 'dulce dixit.' It is such fantas-
tic tricks as this which, now and then, Germans will insist upon playing before
high Shakespeare, that make the judicious English critic grieve, and stone his heart
against all foreign meddling with the language of these plays. Schlegel omitted the
phrase, having detected it,—what no English commentator has detected,—some-
thing which, so he says, had better remain untranslated.—ED.]

72. seuen times remoued] MALONE: Touchstone here enumerates seven kinds
of lies, from the 'Retort courteous' to the seuenth and most aggravatud species of lie,
which he call the 'lie direct.' The courtier's answer to his intended afront he
expressly tells us was 'the Retort courteous,' the first species of lie. When, therefore,
he says that they found the quarrel was on 'the lie seven times removed,' we
must understand by the latter word, the lie removed seven times, counting backwards,
(as the word removed seems to intimate,) from the last and most aggravatud species
of lie,—namely, 'the lie direct.' So, in All's Well: 'Who hath some four or five
removes come short To tender it herself.' Again, in the play before us: 'Your accent
is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling,' i.e. so distant
from the haunts of men. When Touchstone and the courtier met, they found their
quarrel originated in the seventh cause, i.e. on the Retort courteous or the lie seven
times removed. In the course of their altercation after their meeting, Touchstone did
not dare go further than the sixth species, (counting in regular progression from the
first to the last,) the lie circumstantial; and the courtier was afraid to give him the
lie direct; so they parted. In a subsequent enumeration of the degrees of a lie,
Touchstone expressly names the Retort courteous as the first; calling it, therefore,
here 'the seventh cause,' and 'the lie seven times removed,' he must mean distant
seven times from the most offensive lie, the lie direct. There is certainly, therefore,
no need of reading with Dr Johnson in a former passage: 'the quarrel was not in
the seventh cause.' [It is, I am afraid, a waste of time to attempt to reconcile any
discrepancy in Touchstone's category of lies and causes. There can be no doubt that
his 'Lie circumstantial' was not the seventh cause, although the lie may have been
seven times removed. One single, simple question will, I think, show Malone's fal-
bodic more seeming Audry) as thus sir: I did dislike the
cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I
said his beard was not cut well, he was in the minde it
was: this is cally'd the retort courteous. If I sent him
word againe, it was not well cut, he wold sende me word

77. not] Om. F, F4, Rowe i.

lacy. If the Retort courteous be the seventh cause, as he says it is, what was the
eighth cause or the ninth cause, for Touchstone had not exhausted the tale? We may
count the 'lies' backwards, but the 'causes' forwards. And in that case Touch-
stone's computation of causes is wrong. Halliwell, however, makes him out to be
right.—Ed.] Halliwell: In Touchstone's calculation the quarrell really was, or
rather depended upon, the lie direct, or the seventh cause. Six previous causes had
passed without a duel; there were six modes of giving the lie, none of which had
been considered sufficient to authorise a combat; but the seventh, the lie direct, would
have been the subject of the quarrel, and this is also what is to be understood by a
'lie seven times removed.' The absurdity of the dispute just terminating before the
necessity of fighting had arrived, and of there being two lies of higher intensity than
the countercheck quarrelsome 'I lie,' is evidently intentional.

73. seeming] Steevens: That is, seemly. 'Seeming' is often used by Shake-
speare for becoming, or fairness of appearance. [But 'seeming' is here used adverb-
ially, and is not 'often' so found.—Ed.] Daniel (p. 38): No editor, I presume,
would venture to alter 'seeming' in this phrase; but the following passages may sug-
gest a doubt whether we have the right word: 'she, with pretty and with swimming
gait.'—Mid. N. D. II, ii. 'Where be your ribbands, maids? Swim with your
bodies, And carry it sweetly and deliverly.'—Beau. & Fl. Two Noble Kins. III, v.
'Carry your body swimming.'—Massinger, The Bondman, III, iii. 'Come hither,
ladies, carry your bodies swimming.'—Massinger, A Very Woman, III, v. The fol-
lowing passage from Steele's Tender Husband, III, i, may be interesting as showing
the sense in which the phrase was understood at a later period: 'Your arms do but
hang on, and you move upon joints, not with a swim of the whole person.' Elze
(Sh. Jahrbuch, xi, 284): To the passages which Daniel has brought forward in sup-
port of his brilliant conjecture, another may be added which shows unmistakably
that a 'swimming gait' was a fashion of the day. It is as follows: 'Carry your body

73. dislike] Staunton: 'Dislike' here imports not merely the entertaining an
aversion, but the expressing it; so in Meas. for Meas. I, ii, 18: 'I never heard any
soldier dislike it.' Also in [the passage from] Beau. & Fl. Queen of Corinth, IV, i
[quoted by Warburton]: 'has he familiarly Dislik'd your yellow starch? or said your
doubt Was not exactly Frenchified?' [Dyce also gives this especial meaning of
'dislike' here. It escaped Schmidt. The rest of Warburton's quotation from The
Queen of Corinth, p. 457, ed. Dyce, which was cited to illustrate, not this word 'dis-
like,' but Touchstone's degrees of a lie, is as follows: 'has he given the lie In circle,
or oblique, or semi-circle, Or direct parallel? you must challenge him.' See also
Jonson's Alchemist, p. 107, ed. Gifford, where the safety that lies in quarrels is esti-
mated in half-circles, acute and blunt angles, &c., &c., and the whole subject is ridi-
culated.—Ed.]

18
he cut it to please himself: this is call'd the quip modest.  
If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment:  
this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well  
cut, he would answere I spake not true: this is call'd the  
reproofs valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold  
say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelome:  
and so ro lye circumstantial, and the lye direct.

**Iaq.** And how oft did you say his beard was not well  
cut?

**Clo.** I durst go no further then the lye circumstantial:  
nor he durst not give me the lye direct: and so we speak  
meur'sd swords, and parted.

**Iaq.** Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of  
the lye.

**Clo.** O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you

84. *so ro so the Rowe*] *so to the*  
iii, Coll. iii, Huds. Wright, Rifé, Wh. ii.  
85. *et cet.*

78. quip[ Wright: Cotgrave explains 'Sobriquet ' as 'A surname; also, a nickname, or byword; and a quip or cut given, a mockee or flout bestowed, a least broken on a man.' . . . Another form of the word is *quip*, which is found in Coles's *Dict.*, and in Webster it is given on the authority of Tennyson in a quotation from *The Death of the Old Year*, l. 29. I have, however, been unable to find it in any English edition. [And I in any American.—Ed.]

79. disabled] See IV, i, 34: 'disable all the benefits,' &c.

82. booke] Theobald: The boisterous Gallants in Queen Elizabeth's reign did not content themselves with practising at the Sword in the Schools, but they studied the Theory of the Art, the Grounding of Quarrels, and the Process of Challenging, from Lewis de Caranza's *Treatise of Fencing*, Vincentio Saviolo's *Practise of the Rapier and Dagger*, and Giacomo di Grassi's *Art of Defence*. Warburton: The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, 1594. [Only the Second Book is dated 1594; the First is 1595, but as, in *The Epistle Dedicatoria*, the Earl of Essex is requested to accept this book as 'a new yeeres gift,' both books were probably struck off in 1594, and the latest possible date given only to the First. It is from the First Book that we learn the use of the terms that Mercutio ridicules, 'the immortal passado! the punto reverso!' &c. The Second Book treats 'Of Honor and Honorable Quarrels,' and these are the 'quarrels in print' to which it is supposed Touchstone alludes; in especial there is 'A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have regard to their honors touching the giving and receiving of the Lie, whereupon the Duello & the Combats in divers sortes doth issue, & many other inconveniences, for lack only of the true knowledge of honor, and the contrarie: & the right understanding of wordes, which heere is plainly set downe.' Whereupon, to guard us from these 'inconveniences' and impart to us 'a right understanding of wordes;' Saviolo proceeds to discourse 'Of the manner
and diversitie of Lies.‘ First comes ‘Of lies certaine’; this was supposed by Warburton to correspond to Touchstone’s ‘lie direct,’ but erroneously, I think. For a ‘lie certain’ it is requisite ‘that the cause whereupon it is giuen, be particularlye specified and declared.’ It is the quality of the lie, not the terms of the answer, which must be ‘certaine.’ Then comes ‘Of conditionall Lyes.’ Here Warburton was nearer right in finding a correspondence to Touchstone’s ‘lie circumstantial.’ ‘Conditionall lies,’ says Saviolo, ‘be such as are giuen conditionally: as if a man should saie or write these wordes, If thou hast saide that I have offered my Lord abuse, thou lyest: or if thou saiest so hereafter, thou shalt ly. And as often as thou hast or shalt so say, so oft do I and will I say that thou dost lye. Of these kinde of lies giuen in this manner, often arise much contention in words, and divers intricate worthy [sic] batailles, multiplying wordes vpon wordes whereof no sure conclusion can arise.’ ‘By which he means,’ says Warburton, ‘they cannot proceed to cut one another’s throats, while there is an IP between. Which is the reason of Shakespeare’s making the Clown say “I know seven justices,” &c.’ Saviolo, however, utterly disapproved of conditionall lies, of which the issue is always doubtful. ‘Therefore,’ he pluckily concludes, ‘not to fall into any error, all such as haue any regard of their honor or credit, ought by all means possible to shunne all conditionall lies, neuer geuing anie other but certayne Lyes: the which in like manner they ought to haue great regardre, that they giue them not, unless they be by some sure means infallibely assured, that they giue them rightly, to the ende that the parties vnto whom they be giuen, may be forced without further Iisdem et Ands, either to deny or justifie, that which they haue spoken.’ Then follow short chapters, ‘Of the Lye in generall,‘ ‘Of the Lye in particular,’ ‘Of foolish Lyes,’ and finally, ‘A Conclusion touching the Challenger and the Defender, and of the wresting and returning back of the lye, or Dementie.’ Warburton cites this last chapter thus: ‘A conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the lye,’ and thereupon interprets it, ‘or the countercheck quarrelsome,’ —a quotation as its interpretation is unwarranted; the contents of the chapter are clearly defined by its title, and have nothing whatever to do with ‘quarrelsome counterchecks.’ (It is not needless thus to criticise Warburton; he has been blindly followed by more than one editor.) Who will refuse a sympathetic response to Saviolo’s pious sigh of relief as he concludes the whole matter? ‘And so (God be thanked) we finde that almost we haue dispatched this matter, no lesse vnesie (as it is sayd before) to be handled & vnderstand, than necessary to be knowen of all causales and Gentlemen.’ It is doubtful if too much importance has not been attached to this book of Saviolo. Its connection with Touchstone’s speech is really very slight; there is in it nothing of the enumeration of causes, and there can be scarcely a doubt that the names for the ‘degrees’ are wholly Shakespeare’s own. There is, however, another book wherein the ‘causes’ of quarrels, to judge by its title, are expressly mentioned, and it, rather than Saviolo, would seem to be the ‘booke‘ referred to by Touchstone, if he referred to any special book at all. Its title runs: The Booke of Honor and Armes, wherein is discoursed the Causes of Quarrell, and the nature of Injuries, with their Repulses, &c. 4to, 1590. In all likelihood this volume was well sifted by Malone, and the following is apparently the only extract which he found germane to Touchstone’s speech: ‘Another way to procure satisfaction is, that bee who gave the lie, shall say or write unto the partie belied to this effect: I pray you advertise me by this bearer, with what intent you spake those words of injurie whereupon I gave you the lie. The other will answer, I spake them in choller, or with no meaning to offend you. Thereunto
haue bookees for good manners: I will name you the
degrees. The fift, the Retort courteous: the second, the
Quipe-modeft: the third, the reply Churlifh: the fourth,
the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counterchecke quar-
relsome: the fift, the Ly with circumstance: the sea-
uenth, the Lye direft: all these you may auyod, but the
Lye direft: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I
knew when feuen Iuftices could not take vp a Quarrell,
but when the parties were met themselfues, one of them
thought but of an If; as if you faide fo, then I faide fo:
and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is
the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good
at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du. Se. He vifs his folly like a ftalking-horse, and vn-
der the prefentation of that he shoots his wit.

96, 97. [fift...fift] F, fifth...sixth 105. ar] Om. Rowe+., Steev. '85.
100. take] make Quincy (MS).

may be answered by him again that gave the lie thus: If your words were said onlie
in anger and no intent to challenge me, then I do assure you that my lie given shall
not burthen you, for I acknowledge you to be a true speaker and a gentleman of good
reputation: wherefore my desire is that the speech passed between us may be forgot-
ten. This mode of pacification may serve in many cases, and at sundrie occasions.'
Sorry enough, as far as yielding hints for Touchstone's speech is concerned; it is not
even as fruitful as Saviolo's Practise, for all the promise of its title. Wherefore I do
greatly doubt if any particular book was hinted at by Shakespeare, or that there was
any one book in that day which was so widely known that Shakespeare's promisuous
audience would have instantly recognised the allusion. The very essence of a popu-
lar allusion is that what is alluded to, should be popular.—Ed.]

93. bookes for good manners] FURNIVALL has edited for the Early English Text
Society, 1868, many of these 'books of manners,' including Hugh Rhodes's Boke of
Nurture, mentioned by Steevens. It is an invaluable compilation, enriched with
exhaustive Prefaces. Again, for the same Society in the same year the same Editor
reprinted Caxton's Book of Courtesye.—Ed. WRIGHT: These 'books' are like 'the
card or calendar of gentry' to which Osric compares Laertes, evidently in allusion to
the title of some such book.

102. as] WALKER (Crit. i, 129) cites this as an instance of the use of as in the
sense of to wit. Compare Jaques's Seven Ages: 'As first, the infant,' &c.

103. swore brothers] ROLFE: Like the fratres jurati, who took an oath to share
each other's fortunes.

107. stalking-horse] STEEVES (note on Much Ado, II, iii, 95): A horse, either
real or fictitious, by which the Fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of
the game. So in the 25th Song of Drayton's Polyolbion: 'One underneath his horse to
Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Musick.

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made eauen
attone together.


113. attone] attone Rowe.

get a shoot doth stalk.’ REED: Again in New Shreds of the Old Snare, 1624, by John Gee: ‘Methinks I behold the cunning fowler, such as I have known in the fenn countries and else-where, that doe shoot at woodcocks, snipes, and wilde fowles, by sneaking behind a painted cloth which they carrey before them, having pictured in it the shap of a horse; which while the silly fowle gazeth on, it is knockt down with hale shot, and so put in the fowler's budget.’

108. presentation] SCHMIDT: Show (deceptions), semblance.

109. Hymen] JOHNSON: Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen. CAPELL: The following masque-like elucidation, which is wholly of the Poet's invention, may pass for another small mark of the time of this play's writing: for precisely in those years that have been mentioned in former notes [1604 and 1607] the foolery of masques was predominant; and the torrent of fashion bore down Shakespeare, in this play and the Tempest, and a little in Timon and Cymbeline. But he is not answerable for one absurdity in the conduct of this masque, that must lye at his editor's doors; who, by bringing in Hymen in propriis personis, make Rosalind a magician indeed; whereas all her conjuration consisted—in fitting up one of the foresters to personate that deity, and in putting proper words in his mouth. [See Text. Notes.] If, in representing this masque, Hymen had some Loves in his train, the performance would seem the more rational; they are certainly wanted for what is intituled the Song: and the other musical business, beginning: ‘Then is there mirth,’ &c. would come with greater propriety from them, though editions bestow it on Hymen. STEEVES: In all the allegorical shows exhibited at ancient weddings, Hymen was a constant personage. Ben Jonson, in his Hymenae, or the Solemnities of Masque and Barriers, has left instructions how to dress this favorite character: ‘On the other hand, entered Hymen, the god of marriage, in a saffron coloured robe, his under vestures white, his hose yellow, a yellow veil of silke on his left arme, his head crown'd with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a torch of pine-tree.’

110. Still Musick] STAUNTON: That is, soft, low, gentle music: 'then calling softly to the gentlemen who were witnesses about him, he bade them that they should command some still musicke to sound.'—A Pattern of the painfull Adventures of Pericles, prince of Tyre, 1608. Again: ‘After which ensued a still noyse of recorders and flutes.—A true reportarie . . . of the Baptisme of . . . Prince Frederik Henry, &c., 1594.

113. attone] SKEAT: To set at one; to reconcile. Made up of the two words at and one; so that atone means to 'set at one.' This was a clumsy expedient, so much so as to make the etymology look doubtful; but it can be clearly traced, and there need be no hesitation about it. The interesting point is that the old pronunciation of Middle English om (now written one, and corrupted in pronunciation to town) is here
Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from Heauen brought her,
Yea brought her hether.
That thou mightst ioyne his hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosome is.

exactly preserved; and there are at least two other similar instances, viz. in alone (from Mid. Eng. al, all, and one), and only (Mid. Eng. omly), etymologically one-ly [frequently spelled onely in the Folio.—Ed.], but never pronounced uneel in the standard speech. In alone, lit. ‘on one,’ the -on is pronounced as the preposition ‘on,’ never as a pronoun. The use of alone arose from the frequent use of Mid. Engl. at oon (also written at on) in the phrases ‘to be at oon’ = to agree, and ‘set at oon,’ i.e. to set at one, to make to agree, to reconcile. [Hereupon Skeat traces the phrase from Robert of Gloucester to Dryden.] WRIGHT: The verb ‘alone’ does not occur in the Authorised Version, but we have there, in Acts vii, 26; 2 Macc. i, 5, the phrases ‘to set at one’ in the sense of ‘to reconcile,’ and ‘to be at one’ in the sense of ‘to be reconciled,’ from which both are derived. . . . . The spelling of the Folio has given occasion to the conjectural emendation attune.

117. his hand . . . his bosome] MALONE reads ‘her hand’ and ‘her bosom’; he followed the Third and Fourth Folios in reading ‘her hand’; but in reading ‘her bosom’ the change was his own. Of the text (which is his, and not Shakespeare’s) he gives the following paraphrase: ‘That thou mightst join her hand with the hand of him whose heart is lodged in her bosom,’ i.e. whose affection she already possesses. COLLIER (adopting Malone’s text) says ‘his’ is evidently wrong in both instances; ‘the error was, no doubt, produced by the not infrequent custom at that date of spelling “her,” her, which misled the compositor.’ HER is also the correction of Collier’s (MS.). WALKER (if I understand him aright) also (Crit. i, 317) approves of Malone’s text.

On the other hand, CALDECOTT adheres to the Folio, reading ‘his’ in both places, with the following note: Before our attention had been directed to the variance between the old copies and modern editions, we had conceived that our author had repeatedly used the masculine pronoun in reference to the previously assumed character, and ‘doublet and hose’ dress of Rosalind; but it seems now, from this as well as other considerations, that her dress could not have been altered. The Duke, her father, who did not now know or suspect who she was (although he had just before said ‘he remembered some lively touches of his daughter in this shepherd-boy’), must, one would think, have at once recognised her in a female dress; and she must also have delivered the epilogue in a male habit, or she could hardly have used the expression ‘if I were a woman.’ That the text is correct there may be much doubt. The introduction of the words ‘in women’s clothes’ in the modern editions, was probably in consequence of stage practice. [It is not easy to see what leads Caldecott to suppose that the Duke fails to recognise his daughter; he quite forgets, too, that when Rosalind in the Epilogue says ‘if I were a woman,’ it was the boy-actor who spoke. There can be no doubt that from Rowe’s times to the present Rosalind here appears ‘in woman’s clothes’; and it is clear, I think, that Phebe would not at once have
ACT V, SC. iv.]  

AS YOU LIKE IT  

To you I give my selfe, for I am yours.

To you I give my selfe, for I am yours.

If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

If sight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu

Ile haue no Father, if you be not he:

Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he:

Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not thee.

Peace hoa : I barre confusion,

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To ioyne in Hymens bands,

---

renounced her if she had not. The stage-directions in Rowe are to be accepted with the respect due to the directions which most probably governed the stage of Shakespeare himself. At the same time it may be permitted to doubt whether the change to woman's dress has anything to do with a change of 'his' to 'her'. It is by no means certain that when we adopt 'her hand' and 'her bosom' we are following Shakespeare; but our leader may be the admirable, though prosaic, Malone. It is conceivable that the text as we have it is just as it should be. First, on that sound, healthy principle, too often neglected now-a-days, of durior lectio, &c.; and, secondly, since Orlando had wooed his love as a boy, nay, even been married to her as a boy, and had even in very truth once joined his hand to hers, it is not, I think, over-refinement to suppose that the 'mirth in heaven' here prompts this allusion to the past, and by the use of 'his' we are reminded that though we have Rosalind before us, we are not to forget Ganymede.—Ed.]

122. sight] JOHNSON: The answer of Phoebe makes it probable that Orlando says: 'If there be truth in shap', that is, 'if a form may be trusted'; if one cannot usurp the form of another. WALKER (Crit. i. 306): Read shap, to which Phoebe evidently refers. Shap is dress; see Gifford's Massinger [The Emperor of the East, III, iv, p. 294, where the word unquestionably means, as Gifford says, dress. Pulcheria says to Eudocia, whom she had previously caused to be gorgeousely clad in order to win her brother's heart: 'When,... The garments of thy sorrows cast aside, I put thee in a shap as would have forced Envy from Cleopatra, had she seen thee.' It was the dress, and the dress alone, that made the difference to Orlando between his Rosalind and his Ganymede. I yield to Johnson and to Walker as did the conservative Dyce in his last edition. WRIGHT, however, does not accept shap in this sense: he adheres to the Folio. 'Rosalind's woman's shape,' he explains, 'was more fatal to Phoebe's hopes than the mere fact of her identity, whereas her identity was everything to Orlando.'—Ed.].
If truth holds true contents.
You and you, no crosse shall part;
You and you, are hart in hart:
You, to his loue must accord,
Or haue a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are sure together,
As the Winter to fowle Weather:
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,
Feede your selues with questioning:
That reafon, wonder may diminifh
How thus we met, and thefe things finifh.

Song:
Wedding is great Iunos crowne,
O blessed bond of boord and bed:
’Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renowne
To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.

Du. St. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
ACT V, SC. IV.]

AS YOU LIKE IT

Euen daughter welcome, in no lees degree.

Phe. I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2. Bro. Let me haue audience for a word or two:
I am the seconde fonne of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day
Men of great worth reforted to this forrest,
Addresst a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduict, purpofely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,

151. daughter welcome.] F, F2, daugh-
ter welcome, F3, Rowe, Pope, Cam. Rife,
Wh. ii. daughter-welcome, Theob. Warb.
Johns. Dyce iii, Huds. daughter, wel-
Coll. i, ii, Sing. Wh. i, Dyce i, Sta. Kly.
daughter,—welcome, Coll. iii. as a Cap.

dughter Cartwright.

daughter Cartwright.

daughter Cartwright.

daughter Cartwright.

152. [To Sil.] Coll. 154. Scene VIII. Pope +.

155. 2. Bro.] Jaq. de B. Rowe. de B.

151. daughter welcome] Walker (Crit. iii, 64): Read ‘daughter-welcome’; as welcome as a daughter. [Anticipated by Theobald. See Text. Notes.] Dowden (The Academy, 19 Jan. 1884): Is not Shakespeare at his old trick of blundering about no less, and does he not mean ‘Even a daughter is welcome in no higher degree than you, my niece?’ Littledale (The Academy, 26 Jan. 1884): Surely there is no need to explain ‘no less’ as a mere blunder for no higher. A comma after ‘daughter’ (and even so much is not essential) yields the natural sense: ‘O my dear niece . . . nay, my daughter, welcome, in no less (or lower) degree than that of daughter, not in the more distant relation of niece.’ Allen (MS): That is, I address you, not as niece merely, but as daughter, since thou art welcome in no less degree than daughter.

154. Second Brother] Collier: He is thus called to avoid confusion with the ‘melancholy Jaques.’ [The ‘confusion’ could arise only in print, and could not last long even there; he says at once that he is old Sir Rowland’s second son.—Ed.]

156. Addrest] Caldecott: Prepared. White: At this day and in this country it is perhaps necessary to point out that Jaques de Bois means that Duke Frederick made ready a mighty power, not that he made a speech to them.

164. old Religious man] François-Victor Hugo (p. 58): Sous le fac vénérable du solitaire, c’est la nature elle-même qui s’est révélée à Frédéric. C’est la nature qui l’a arrêté au passage et qui, par cette voix sainte, lui a crié: Tyran, tyran, pourquoi me persécutes-tu? Le duc est entré dans la forêt par la route de Damas,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands revert'd to him againe
That were with him exile'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

_Du. Sc._ Welcome yong man:
Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
Firft, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends
That heere vestet well begun, and wel begot:
And after, every of this happie number
That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,

165. to him] Ff, Coll. i. to them Rowe et cet.
166. to be] to prove [Abbott, so quoted,]
§ 354.
169. to be] to prove Abbott, so quoted,

Un rayon d'en haut a perçé la nue, et, éclairé par cette clarté divine, le despote a
reconnu toute l'horreur de son despotisme. Le bourreau du droit en est devenu
l'apôtre. Il s'est prosterné devant les vérités qu'il venait combattre. Usurpateur, il
a renié l'usurpation : porte-sceptre, il s'est défait de la couronne ; homme de guerre,
il a mis bas les armes ; porte-glâive, il a rendu son épée à la nature anachorète et il
s'est constitué prisonnier du désert.

168. to him] Collier in his first edition retained this obvious misprint, on the ground
that the converted Duke restores to the banished Duke all the lands of those
who were exiles with him, in order that the latter might afterwards restore these lands
to their former owners. 'The Duke,' he says, 'afterwards tells his nobles [line 180]
that he will give them back their estates.' Dyce, however, points out (Remarks, p.
64) that Collier mistook the meaning of line 180, where 'states' does not mean
_estates_, but that the line means, 'all my faithful followers shall receive such rewards
as suit their various stations.' Collier afterwards followed his (MS) corrector, who
followed Rowe. White thinks it conclusive that 'him' is a misprint because of the
verb 'were' in the next line. It is not impossible to suppose that the nominative to
'were' is contained in 'their.'—Ed.

168. all . . . restored] Wright: This may be grammatically explained either by
regarding it as a continuation of the sentence in line 165, 'was converted,' the
intervening line being parenthetical; or by supposing an ellipsis of _were_, 'all their lands
were restored'; or, which seems best, as an independent participial clause, 'all their lands
being restored.'

169. This to be true] See Abbott, § 354, for instances of a 'noun and infinitive
used as subject or object.'

177. every] For other examples of 'every' used as a pronoun, see Abbott, § 12.
178. shrew'd] 'The air,' Hamlet says, 'bites shrewdly, it is very cold.' This
Shal sharc the good of our returned fortune, 
According to the meafure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie, 
And fall into our Rufticke Reuelrie:
Play Musike, and you Brides and Bride-gromes all,
With meafeure heap'd in ioy, to'th Meafures fall.

Iaq. Sir, by your patience : if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2. Bro. He hath.

Iaq. To him will I : out of these conuerites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
you to your former Honor, I bequeath

179. \[Arc\] F. Ann Walker, so quoted ed, Fenn. 40.
180. states] 'states Coll.
185. bequeath] bequeath; F. bequeath, Rowe.

allusion to 'shrewd days and nights,' here in the last words of the Duke, recalls to us the first, when he could smile at the churlish chiding of the winter's wind.—Ed.
180. states] White: That is, of course, their estates. Dyce would read 'states,' i. e. conditions. Dyce (ed. iii): I certainly do read 'states,' but as certainly I understand that reading to mean estates. Can Grant White for a moment suppose that when Theobald, Hamner, Capell, Malone, Staunton, &c. printed (and rightly), as I do, 'states,' without a mark of elision, they understood it to mean conditions? [See line 168.]

185. Sir] Capell: To the duke ; putting himself, without ceremony, between him and de Boys, and then addressing the latter: and the subject of this address is the most admirable expedient for Jaques to make his exit in character that ever human wit could have hit upon; nor can the drama afford an example in which Horace's servitor ad imum has been better observed than in this instance.

187. pomposous] Of course, in its original true meaning, full of pomp.
189. conuerites] Colgrave: Covers [a misprint for Convers]: vn con. A conuerite; one that hath turned to the Faith; or is woon vnto religious profession; or hath abandoned a loose, to follow a godlie, a viciouz to lead a vertuous, life.
191. you to your Hon] That this apparent inversion, whereby the Duke is bequeathed to his crown, puzzled the compositors, is clear from the punctuation, revealing, as it does, their attempts to grapple with the meaning. The compositor of the Second Folio was more successful, and has been universally followed. Schmidt, in the closing pages of his Lexicon (p. 1424), has given a list of passages, of which the present is one, where he says 'the whole relation of ideas is inverted.' It is likely that he is correct in thus interpreting the present passage. It is, however, not impossible that the inversion is here intentional. There may be a covert, cynical intimation to the Duke that his crown is more substantial than he, that he is a mere chattel to be passed by bequest; and, therefore, Jaques so phrases it that instead of bequeathing a legacy to a legatee he bequeaths a legatee to a legacy.—Ed.

191. bequeath] Wright: Loosely used in the sense of 'leave,' as above, line
your patience, and your vertue, well deservies it. 192
you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and loue, and great allies:
you to a long, and well-deferued bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage
Is but for two moneths victuall’d: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing measure.

Du. Se. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Iaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,
Ile slay to know, at your abandon’d cause. Exit.

Dyce iii, Huds. 196. [To the Clown] Rowe.
193. [To Orl.] Rowe. 197. moneths] months F.
194. [To Oli.] Rowe.

167. Properly, like the A. S. becwæban, it signifies only to give by will, and is applied to personal property. This passage is not quoted by those who insist upon Shakespeare’s intimate technical knowledge of law. [But we must remember that Jaques was about to join the Duke, who by ‘putting on a religious life’ became dead to the world. By the use of this very word ‘bequeath’ Jaques intimates to us that he too will become the same.—Ed.]

192. deservies] For this singular after two nominatives, see Abbott, § 336, if necessary; or Shakespeare, passim.

201. Steevens: Amid this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unrescinded to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and to the last preserves that respect which is due to him as a consistent character and an amiable, though solitary, moralist. It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakespeare has, on this occasion, forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master. Farmer: It is the more remarkable that old Adam is forgotten; since, at the end of the novel, Lodge makes him ‘captaine of the king’s guard.’ [Or, in other words, William Shakespeare was not Thomas Lodge.—Ed.] Maginn (p. 90): Whether he would or not, Jaques departs from the stage with the grace and easy elegance of a gentleman in heart and manners. He joins his old antagonist, the usurping Duke, in his fallen fortunes; he had spurned him in his prosperity; his restored friend bequeaths to his former honour, deserved by his patience and his virtue,—he compliments Oliver on his restoration to his land, and love, and great allies,—wishes Silvius joy of his long-sought and well-earned marriage,—cracks upon Touchstone one of those good-humoured jests to which men of the world on the eve of marriage must laughingly submit,—and makes his bow. Moerby: It is remarkable that Jaques himself had been convicted by the Duke of being a ‘convertite,’ whose new-born morality was not likely to do much good to the world. Thus, therefore, he ends as he began; learning from profisacy, and cherishing as if it were wisdom, that contempt of mankind and their affairs which came to Hamlet only through misery, and was hated by him as a fresh misery. He has failed to learn the
Du. Sc. Proceed, proceed: we'll begin these rights,
As we do truft, they'll end in true delights. Exit
Ros. It is not the fashion to fee the Ladie the Epi-
logue: but it is no more vnhandome, then to fee the
Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs
no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue.

202. toe] Wh. i. we will Ff et cet. 203. truft, they'll end] trust they'll
rights] Fi. rites Rowe. end, Pope.
Knt. Cap.

lessons either of prosperity or of adversity; has, to the last, eyes for nothing but the
meanness of human nature; and is, to the last, the type of the man characterised in
Bacon's striking sentence: 'He that is prudent may seek to have a desire; for he who
does not strive after something with eagerness finds everything burdensome and
tedious.'

203. As] In Reed's Variorum of 1803 this appears as And. It is probably a mere
misprint, but its vitality is surprising.—Ed.
203. Exit] Collier: The universal modern stage-direction here [see Text. Notes]
is 'a dance,' which probably followed the Duke's speech. . . [There seems no suf-
cient reason why the Duke should go out before the conclusion of the Epilogue—
nevertheless, according to the custom of our old stage, he may have done so. [Appa-
rently, he did not do it in 1632. See Text. Notes.—Ed.] White: It appears that
this 'Exit' is an accidental repetition of that intended for Jaques just above.
204. not the fashion] G. S. B. (The Prologue and Epilogue, &c. p. 13): The
dramatists of the early age of our drama did not begin (habitually, at least) to assign
their Prologues and Epilogues to the characters of the play so soon as we should sup-
pose from the instances of such a practice which we find in As You Like It, the
Tempest, and in several other plays of Shakespeare. Some contemporaries of Shake-
speare, no doubt, adopted the practice; but, though by the time of Congreve and
Wycherley, and even of Dryden, it had become usual, it was rather the exception
than the rule in the sixteenth century. . . . The next decided novelty, as regards
the character of the person deputed to speak the Prologue, was introduced in 1609,
when a female character (not a woman, of course, as women had not begun to act at
this time, but a boy-actor personating a female) spoke the Prologue to Every Woman
in her Humour. The stage-directions are: 'Enter Flavia, as a Prologue'; and, hav-
ing entered, she says, 'Gentles of both sexes, and of all sorts, I am sent to bid ye
welcome. I am but instead of a Prologue, for a she-Prologue is as rare as a usher's
alms.' So also Rosalind feels bound to justify what was not yet an established usage.
. . . Not long after the introduction of Killigrew's and D'Avenant's actresses at the
Restoration, we find women, instead of boys, in female characters, speaking both Pro-
logues and Epilogues. Nell Gwynne, Mrs Mountford, and Mrs Bracegirdle became
particularly noted for their art in this respect, and one or other of them was often
selected for the purpose by Dryden and his fellow-dramatists.
207. bush] Steevens: It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a
tuft of ivy at the door of a vintner. I suppose ivy was chosen rather than any other
plant, as it has relation to Bacchus. So in Gascoigne's Glass of Government, 1575:
Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good playes prove the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a cafe am I in then, that am neither a good Epilog-
logue, nor cannot intinuate with you in the behalfe of a
good play? I am not furnisht'd like a Begger, therefore
to begge will not become mee. My way is to conjure
you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O
women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much
of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men)
for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your
fimping, none of you hates them) that betwenee you,

211. nor cannot] nor can Pope, them Steev. '85.
216. And I] and so I Steev. '93.
Rowe, Pope, Theob. Johns. Mal. pleases them that them to like as much

all through the passage, not once introducing the epithet bad, made use of by Dr
Johnson, nor hinting at the antithesis which the editor conceives so necessary to the
sense. 'Tho', at the end of a sentence, is commonly used in discourse for however,
and has the same meaning as but at the beginning of it. Thus it is the same thing
as if the speaker had said, 'But what a case,' &c.

211. insinuate with] Schmidt supplies other instances of this use in the sense of
ingratatiating one's self.

212. furnish'd] JOHNSON: That is, dressed; so before [III, ii, 240] he was furnisht
like a huntsman.

216. please] ABBOTT, § 367, gives this as an example of the 'subjunctive used
indefinitely after the Relative.' WRIGHT gives as a parallel instance: 'Yes, faith, it
is my cousin's duty to make curtsey and say, 'Father, as it please you.'"—Much Ade,
II, i, 56, where it is used impersonally. But WALKER (Crit. i, 206) well suggests
that there may be a double meaning here: as may be acceptable to you: and so,
indeed, it seems to have been interpreted by the older editors down to Steevens.

216, 218. please you: that betwenee] WARBURTON: This passage should be
read thus, 'to like as much of this play as pleases them: and I charge you, O
men, for the love you beare to women (as I perceive, &c.), to like as much as pleases
them, that betwenee you,' &c. Without the alteration of 'you' into them the invo-
cation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words to like as much as pleases
them, the inference of 'that betwenee you and the women the play may pass' [sic],
would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been
struck out by some senseless Player, as a vicious redundancy. HEATH (p. 155): As
[Warburton] hath managed his cards, the poet is just between two stools. The men
are to like only just as much as pleased the women; and women only just as
much as pleased the men; neither are to like anything from their own taste; and if both
of them disliked the whole, they would each of them equally fulfil what the poet
desires of them. ... But Shakespeare did not write so nonsensically; he desires the
women to like as much as pleased the men, and the men to set the ladies a good
example; which exhortation to the men is evidently enough implied in these words,
'that betwenee you and the women, the play may please.' [Although CAPELL must
have seen Heath's criticism (he refers more than once to Heath with commendation,
as well he might), he was nevertheless borne down by Warburton's confidence, and
and the women, the play may please. If I were a Wo-

not only 'subscribes to his reasoning very heartily,' but actually inserted Warburton's words in the text. JOHNSON did not follow Warburton in his text, but of the change of 'please you' into please them, he says: The words you and th', written as was the custom in that time, were in manuscript scarcely distinguishable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. MALONE: The text is sufficiently clear without any alteration. Rosalind's address appears to me simply this: 'I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to approve as much of this play as affords you entertainment; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women [not to set an example to, but] to follow or agree in opinion with the ladies; that between you both the play may be successful.' The words 'to follow, or agree in opinion with, the ladies,' are not, indeed, expressed, but plainly implied in those subsequent: 'that, between you and the women, the play may please.' In the Epilogue to Henry IV the address to the audience proceeds in the same order: 'All the gentlewomen here have forgiven [i.e. are favourable to] me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.' GRANT WHITE: Warburton's suggestion would be plausible, were not the whole speech a bit of badinage. [Heath seems to have disposed of Warburton's suggestion once and for ever.—Ed.]

219. If I were a Woman] HAMMER: Note that in this author's time the parts of women were always performed by men or boys. [There can be no doubt that Hamner is right. There is, however, one unfortunate little phrase in Tom Coryat's Crudities which has never been explained, except by conjecture. Coryat was in Venice in August, 1608, and writes as follows (p. 247, ed. 1611; vol. ii, p. 16, ed. 1776): 'I was at one of their play-houses where I saw a Comedie acted. The house is very beggarly and base in comparison of our stately Play-houses in England; neither can their Actors compare with vs for apparell, shewes, and musick. Here I observed certaine things that I never saw before. For I saw women acte, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath beene sometime used in London, and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a Player, as ever I saw any masculine Actor.' Collier explains this allusion to actresses in London by supposing that Coryat refers to companies of foreign actors. But were this so, Coryat's contrast between the English stage and the Venetian stage would lose its point. Still, for lack of any better, this explanation of Collier's must suffice. We know that some years after this, foreign actors did perform in London. COLLIER (Annals of the Stage, vol. i, p. 451, ed. 1879) says substantially as follows: The year 1629 is to be especially marked as the first date at which any attempt was made in this country to introduce female performers upon our public stage. The experiment was tried, though without success, by a company of French comedians at the Blackfriars' Theatre. On the 4th of November, 1629, Sir H. Herbert received 2l. as his fee 'for the allowing of a French company to play a farce at Blackfriars.' In Pynne's Hispomattix (1633, p. 414) is inserted a marginal note in these words: 'Some French-women, or monsters rather, in Michaelmas term, 1629, attempted to act a French play at the playhouse in Blackfriars, an impudent, shameful, unwomanish, graceless attempt.' [From a private letter written by one Thomas Brand, which Collier discovered among some miscellaneous papers in the library of the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth, bearing date the 8th of November, the following extract is given:] 'Furthermore you should know, that last daye certaine vagrant French
players, who had been expelled from their own country, and those women, did attempt, thereby giving just offence to all virtuous and well-disposed persons in this town, to act a certain lascivious and unchaste comedy, in the French tongue at the Blackfriers. Glad I am to say they were hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage, so as I do not think they will soon be ready to trie the same again. Brande was mistaken in supposing that their failure would deter them from renewing their attempt. A fortnight later they again appeared 'for a day' at the Red Bull. More than three weeks elapsed before they ventured once more to face an English audience, when they chose the Fortune playhouse. But failure attended them here as elsewhere, and the Master of the Revels remitted half his fee on a representation of the unprofitableness of the speculation. 'Some stress,' adds Collier, in a footnote, 'has been recently laid upon a MS in the British Museum, dated 1582, as showing that, even then, an actress had appeared in London; but it only means that a boy "without a voice" had unsuccessfully played the part of a "virgin" at the theatre in that year.' Peck (Memoirs of Milton, p. 233) suggests that the ladies may have acted at Court before women appeared in public, and hence may have arisen any allusions which precede in date the year when we know with certainty that women first took part in public performances. Ward (ii, 422) says that 'in the masks at Court ladies constantly took part as performers; so that when in Christmas, 1632-3, the Queen with her ladies acted in a Pastoral at Somerset House, there was no real novelty in the proceeding.' Langbaine (p. 117), speaking of King John and Matilda, a Tragedy, 'printed in quarto, Lond. 1655,' says that it was published by Andrew Pنسicke, who acted the part of Matilda, Women in those times not having appear'd on the stage.' It seems not unlikely that in this, as in other things, the change was gradual, and it is extremely probable that it arose from necessity. During the eighteen years, from 1642 to 1660, while the theatres were suppressed, the young boys who had been trained to act as women had grown to man's estate, with valanced faces. The incongruity, therefore, between the actor and his part must have been monstrous. As Jordan, in 1662, said:

'For to speak truth, men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
With bone so large, and nerve so incompliant,
When you call Desdemona—enter Giant.'

Of course, reform was necessary, and what innovation could be more natural than that women should assume the roles of women? Accordingly, very soon after the re-opening of the theatres, possibly at the very re-opening, or within a few months at least, we find Pepys (as noted by Wright) thus recording: 'January 3, 1660. To the Theatre, where was acted "Beggar's Bush," it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage.' Again, 'Feb. 12, 1660-1. By water to Salsbury Court play-house, where not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the Theatre, and there saw "The Scornful Lady," now done by a woman, which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me.' It needs no great penetration to see that a change which made a 'play please much better than ever it did' before was likely to become permanent. It is, I believe, generally conceded that the first play in which it was openly announced that women would take part is Othello, for which a Prologue heralding the fact was printed in 1662,
man, I would kiffe as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'de not: And I am sure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'fie, bid me farewell.  

Exit.  

FINIS.

224. curt'fie] my curtsey Kdy.  


and from which some lines have just been quoted. Who was the first performer of Desdemona remains in doubt. Dyce (Shirley's Works, v, 353) found evidence, though he does not give it, which satisfied him that it was Mrs Hughes. Malone (Var. '21, iii, 126) says that it is 'the received tradition that Mrs Saunderson was the first English actress.' (See Othello, p. 397, of this edition, where the subject is more fully discussed.)—Ed.

221. lik'd me] See Schmidt, s. v. 2, for many other instances of this use in the sense of to please.

222. defi'de] NARES: To reject, refuse, renounce.

224. farewell] BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE (April, 1833): But Rosalind,—she is the Star, the Evening and the Morning Star,—setting and rising in that visionary, sylvan world,—and we leave her,—unobscured,—but from our eyes hidden,—in that immortal umbrage.
APPENDIX

THE TEXT

The text of this play is derived from the First Folio of 1623; no copy of it in a separate form, or Quarto in shape, is known to exist. That its publication in such a form was at one time intended, we learn from The Stationers' Registers.

The early volumes of these Registers are designated by the letters of the alphabet. The volume C, containing entries of books from 1595 to 1620, has in the beginning a couple of leaves containing sundry somewhat promiscuous notes, the earliest dated August, 1595, and the last, May, 1615; in all about sixteen or seventeen in number. With two or three exceptions all these notes, when they refer to the entries of books, contain a caveat, or warning that permission to print is not accorded unless upon better proof of ownership than the printer offers at the time the note is made. In the meantime the printer is restrained or 'staid' from issuing the book. These two leaves look, in fact, like a 'Blotter,' or a rough 'Check-list' to help the clerk's or the Master Warden's memory in the granting of future entries; and, moreover, it looks as if the clerk had begun this special list at the top of the third page, and after two or three entries had gone back to the first. With the exception of the very first note of all, at the top of the first page, which is dated 1596, and does not refer to the printing of books, but is merely a memorandum of a business detail of the Stationers' Company, every item on the first and second pages is of a date subsequent to that at the top of the third page. This detail, trivial though it be, is not unimportant if we learn from it what carelessness all these items were set down, and consequently how much uncertainty in the matter of chronology must attend every entry on these leaves where the exact date is not explicitly set forth—a misfortune which happens to be true of the item containing the title of the present play. It is among these irregular items on this fly-leaf, as it were, of the Register that the memorandum containing the title of As You Like It is to be found, and it is dateless.

The last entry at the foot of the second page (Arber's Transcript, iii, 36) is of a ballad, 'to be stayed,' of the 'Erle of Essex going to Cales'; its date is 'vltimo maij [1603].' The top of the third page begins, and continues as follows: [Be it observed that the entry to Thomas Thorp and William Aspley, which follows the As You Like It item, and is here reprinted merely to show the way in which that item falls in with the others on the page, is quoted by Malone as of the 23 January, an error (that is, if Arber's Reprint is correct) quite insignificant, it is true, but which has been followed by Halliwell, Stokes, and all other later editors who have referred to the item];
APPENDIX

my lord chamberlens mens plaies Entred

viz

27 may 1600
To master
Robertes
27 May
To hym

A moral of clothe breches and velvet hose

Allarum to London/

4 Augusti

As you like yt/a booke
Henry the Fift/a booke
Every man in his humour/a booke
The commedie of muche A doo about nothing
a booke/

to be staied

Thomas Thorpe
William Aspley

23 Junij/1603

This is to be their copy gettinge authority for it, &c.

It is to be noticed that there is, as I have already mentioned, no date in the margin opposite this As You Like It item, nor any date following 'August.' Malone (Var. 'as, vol. ii, p. 367) says that 'it is extremely probable that this '4 of August' was of 'the year 1600; which, standing a little higher on the paper, the clerk of the Sta-

tioners' Company might have thought unnecessary to be repeated,' especially, too, if, as I have suggested, these leaves were a mere rough check-list for his own use and

behoof. But the Registers themselves, further on, supply us with evidence which is

abundantly satisfactory that this is the August of the year 1600. On the 14th of August

in the '42 Regine' (i. e. 1600) we find that certain books were entered to Thomas

Pavyer (Arber, iii, 169), and among them is 'The historye of Henry the Vth with the

' bateell of Agencourt.' 'These Copies followinge,' says the entry, 'beinge things

'formerlye printed and sett over to the sayd Thomas Pavyer.' On the same day in

this month of August Master Burby and Walter Burre entered 'a booke called Every

man in his humour.' And nine days later, on the 23d, there was 'entred to Andrewo

Wyse and William Aspley ' Two bookees. the one called Muche a Doo about nothinge.

' The other the second parte of the history of king Henry iiiith with the humours of

'Sir John Fiallstaff: Wrytten by master Shakespere.'

Unfortunately, no mention can elsewhere be found of As You Like It. But the

appearance in 1600 of the other plays settles the date of the August item in 'the

check-list;' and we may be sure that in that year the present comedy existed, in some

shape or other.

There still remains to be considered in the As You Like It item that mysterious

little sentence 'to be staid.' On this we may exercise our ingenuity to our heart's

content; the field of our conjectures need be neither a desert nor unpeopled.

Collier (Introduction to Much Ado about Nothing) supposes that 'the object of

the "st" probably was to prevent the publication of Henry V, Every Man in his

Humour, and Much Ado by any other stainers than Wise and Aspley.'

With this supposition Staunton agrees, and adds that 'as the three other "books"
THE TEXT

were issued by them in a quarto form, probabilities are in favour of the fourth having been so published also. At all events, there are sufficient grounds for hope that a quarto edition may some day come to light.'

WRIGHT: 'We can only conjecture that As You Like It was not subsequently entered, because the announcement of its publication may have been premature and the play may not have been ready. [To this conjecture Wright is led, because] even in the form in which it has come down to us there are marks of hasty work, which seem to indicate that it was hurriedly finished. For instance, the name of Jaques is given to the second son of Sir Rowland de Boys at the beginning of the play, and then when he really appears in the last scene he is called in the Folios 'second Brother,' to avoid confounding him with the melancholy Jaques. Again, in the First Act there is a certain confusion between Celia and Rosalind which is not at all due to the printer, and gives me the impression that Shakespeare himself, writing in haste, may not have clearly distinguished between the daughter and niece of the usurping Duke. I refer especially to I, ii, 78, 79: "Clo. One that old Fred- icerke your Father loues. Ros. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him," &c.

Theobald was the first to see that the last speaker must be Celia and not Rosalind, while Capell proposed to substitute Ferdinand for 'Frederick' in the Clown's speech, supposing the former to be the name of Rosalind's father. It may be said, of course, that this is a mere printer's blunder, and I cannot assert that it may not have been. But it would be too hard upon the printer to attribute to him the slip in Le Beau's answer (I, ii, 271) to Orlando's inquiry, which of the two was daughter of the Duke: "But yet indeede the taller is his daughter," when it is evident from the next scene (I, iii, 121) that Rosalind is the taller. Again, Orlando's rapturous exclamation, "O heavenly Rosalind!" comes in rather oddly. His familiarity with her name, which has not been mentioned in his presence, is certainly not quite consistent with his making inquiry of Le Beau, which shewed that up to that time he had known nothing about her. Nor is Touchstone, the motley-minded gentleman, one that had been a courtier, whose dry humour had a piquancy even for the worn-out Jaques, at all what we are prepared to expect from the early description of him as "the clownish fool" or "the roynish clown." I scarcely know whether to attribute to the printer or to the author's rapidity of composition the substitution of "Juno" for Venus in I, iii, 78. But it must be admitted that in the last scene of all there is a good deal which, to say the least of it, is not in Shakespeare's best manner, and conveys the impression that the play was finished without much care.'

FLEAY, in his Introduction to Shakespearean Study, 1877 (p. 24), says that this "staying" was probably carried out, because the play was still acting at the Globe; and in his Life and Work of Shakespeare, 1886, he somewhat modifies this opinion. On p. 40, speaking of the "staying" of the plays mentioned in the As You Like It item, he says: "They were probably suspected of being libellous, and reserved for further examination. Since the "war of the theatres" was at its height, they may have been restrained as not having obtained the consent of the Chamberlain, on behalf of his company, to their publication. . . . As You Like It was not allowed to appear, the company probably objecting that it had only been on the stage for one year." And again on p. 140: "I think [the staying] likely to have been caused by the supposed satirical nature of the plays."

Wright's conjecture would carry conviction, if, in the course of time, after the "staying," a Quarto had actually appeared bearing all these marks of haste which Wright detects in the play as we now have it; then all these oversights would make assur-
ance double sure, and from this proven haste we might be not unreasonably certain that it was to gain time and thwart injurious stealth that the booke had been 'staid.' But no Quarto appeared at all, complete or incomplete; and for twenty-three years the play carried these marks which Wright, and with much probability, attributes to haste. Rapid, miraculously rapid, the composition of As You Like It must have been, but the connection is not so obvious between this rapidity of execution on Shakespeare's part and a refusal to permit the play to be printed on the Warden's part. If the play could be acted, an unscrupulous printer might suppose it could be printed, and make the attempt to enter it at Stationers' Hall; and if the author or legitimate owner had power enough to 'stay' the printing of this play and the others for a time, he would have, one would think, enough power to stay their printing altogether. But, as we see, the 'stay' was of the shortest in the case of Henry V. The prohibition lasted only ten days; on 14th of August, Thomas Pavier received permission to print that play; and nine days after that, Andrew Wyse received permission to print Much Ado.

It is this same expeditious removal of the caveat which is also fatal, it seems to me, to Fleay's conjecture that the plays were 'stailed' because they were satirical or libellous. However libellous Every Man in his Humour or Henry V might be, I cannot recall a single accusation of libel or of even keen satire in As You Like It, except the one or two accusations of satire against Jonson, which Tieck urges; and these charges were born and died in the learned German's brain. Certainly, Fleay himself specifies no libel in this play. And yet this is the very play of all where the 'stay' is permanent. The libellous or satirical character ceased to be operative in the case of all the others within the month.

Of course, in cases like the present, where all our speculations must be, necessarily, of the vaguest and most shadowy character, it is easy to criticise and pick flaws. All the influences at work in connection with the printing of Shakespeare's plays we do not know and probably never shall know. Accordingly, in this realm of pure speculation a critic is a chartered libertine, and he may take up with any theory he may chance to meet. Wherefore, in the exercise of this right, I scarcely shrink from suggesting that one of the causes of all this 'staying' (I have hinted at another one in 'The Source of the Plot'), and at the bottom of all this entanglement over the printing of As You Like It, was James Roberts. If we look back at the entries in the Stationers' Registers, we shall see that his is the last name before the As You Like It item set down as an applicant for an entry; and the same needlessness which deterred the clerk from repeating, on this informal sheet, the date of the year, deterred him from repeating in the margin opposite the titles of these new 'bookes' the name of the applicant; who was (is it not probable?) this very same James Roberts. Now, this James Roberts was far from being one of the best of the Stationers, at least if we can judge from the fact that he came more than once under the ban of the Wardens and was fined by them. Perhaps it was that he violated the professional etiquette of the Stationers, which forbade a trespass on a neighbour's manor even when that neighbour had merely a prescriptive right to his manor and did not hold it by Letters Patent. The right to print certain books and certain classes of books was secured by Letters Patent to certain printers; thus Letters Patent secured to Richard Tottell the exclusive right to print Law books, and to Tallis to print Music, and to Bowes to print Playing Cards, &c., &c., and to James Roberts, this same James Roberts, the right to print 'Almanackes and Pronosticacyons.' But there were no Letters Patent guarding the
right to print 'plaine bookes'; only prescription could confer that, and courtesy guard it, especially as this branch of the trade may not have been in the best repute. Now, it looks much as if James Roberts felt at times that his horizon of Almanackes and Pronostycayons was too restricted. (He held the privilege for only twenty-one years, and the term had more than half expired in 1600.) He once made an attempt on the Queen's Printer's realm of Catechisms, and was promptly repressed by the Master Wardens of the Stationers' Company, and fined. Next he seems to have turned his attention to the stage, and clasped itching palms with some of my Lord Chamberlain's men. In a mysterious way he gained possession of a copy of The Merchant of Venice, and would have incontinently printed it, had not the Wardens 'stayed' it, and stayed it for two years too, at the end of which time James sold his copy to young 'Thomas hailes,' and at once proceeded to print a second and better copy for himself. Clearly, James Roberts was what the Yankees would call 'smart,' or rather, in the true Yankee pronunciation, which gives a more admiring tone to it, 'smah't.' I believe he had made some friends with the mammon of unre当中ness among my Lord Chamberlain's men, and by underhand dealings obtained possession of stage copies of sundry plays of Shakespeare which happened to be unusually popular. His name does not appear often in the Registers in these years. After he was foiled in his attempt to print The Merchant of Venice in 1598, he made one other entry towards the close of that year, and succeeded in getting permission to print Marston's Satires. Then in March of the next year he tried to enter a translation of Stephan's Herodotus, but was 'stayed.' Again in the following October he was permitted to print a History of Don Frederigo, but with the permission was coupled the very unusual condition that he should print 'only one impression and pay six pense in the pound to the use of the poore'; manifestly, James Roberts was in ill repute. His next venture was in May, when he tried to enter 'A morall of Clothe breches and velvet hose, As yt is Acted by my lord Chamberlens servantes,' but there follows the proviso 'that he is not to put it in prynce Without further and better Authority.' Two days later, on the 29th of May, he again tried to enter a book: 'the Alliarum to London,' and again there follows the inevitable caveat 'that yt be not printed without further Authoritie.' These two items, which appear in their proper order in the main body of the Registers, the clerk, as I suppose, briefly jotted down on the blank page at the beginning of the book, as a reminder to keep his eye on James Roberts. When, therefore, on the 4th of August, James Roberts brought forward four more plays that were performed by 'my lord chamberlen's menn,' the clerk noted them down on his fly-leaf under the others, and did not take the trouble to repeat James Roberts's name, which was already there in the margin opposite the 'Clothe breches and velvet hose,' but added (what was almost the synonym of James Roberts) 'to be staid.'

This it was, the bad reputation of James Roberts, which caused the printing of these plays when first offered to be forbidden. Be it remembered that all this, on my part, is merely conjecture. What the circumstances were which, within the month, gave to Thomas Pavier and Andrew Wyse and others the privilege of printing these very plays, we do not know, and cannot know unless some new sources of information are discovered. We must remember that Heminge and Condell, when they issued the First Folio, denounced every one of these printers as 'injurious imposters,' who had abused the public with 'stolne and surreptitious copies.' Where the line was among the printers, which the Master Wardens of the Stationers drew, blessing some and banning others, we cannot know. Only it looks as though where
all were bad James Roberts was somehow among the worst, and that to his unsavory reputation is due the fact that we have no Quarto edition of As You Like It.

Staunton expressed the hope that a Quarto might yet be discovered. But I fear the hope is groundless. When Master Blounte and Isaak Jaggard received permission in 1623 to print the First Folio, a list of plays was made of such as 'are not formerly entred to other men,' that is, of such of which there were no Quarto copies. In this list stands As You Like It.

The conclusion, therefore, is safe that the only Text we shall ever have for this play is that of the First Folio, and we may well congratulate ourselves that it is, on the whole, unusually good.

The only voice dissenting from this opinion in regard to the excellence of the First Folio is that of Joseph Hunter, and his voice is very dissenting indeed. 'The text has come down to us,' he says (i, 331), 'in a state of very gross corruption. Sometimes speeches are assigned to the wrong characters. Sometimes the corruptions are in particular passages. There are within the compass of this play at least twenty passages in which the corruption is so decided that no one would for a moment think of defending the reading: and there are about fifteen where the probability of corruption is so great that the most scrupulous editor would think it his duty, if not to substitute a better text, yet to remark in his notes the text as delivered to us and the text as it probably should be.' I am afraid that the excellent Hunter has here said more in a minute than he could stand to in a month. We might reasonably expect that after this prologue, which roars so loud of gross corruption and thunders in the index, he would help us bravely to a purer text in the fifteen or twenty passages which he had in mind. But, omitting his notes purely illustrative, in which he is always happy, bringing forth for us, from the stores of his great learning, things new and old,—omitting these, his notes on the text, as such, amount to four in number, and of these four, two sustain and uphold the Folio.

Knight's opinion is that 'the text of the original Folio is, upon the whole, a very correct one;' and Grant White, much more emphatic in his praise, says that 'the text of As You Like It exists in great purity in the original Folio. Few of its corruptions are due to any other cause than the lack of proof-reading; and those few it is not beyond the power of conjectural criticism to rectify.' Of the two extremes, I think, Grant White is nearer the truth than Hunter. Every student, however, with the Textual Notes in the present edition before him, can solve the question for himself, and with decidedly more profit than if it were solved for him. Those who can find any pleasure in such a task will make the examination for themselves; and for those who do not care for it, it would be a waste of time to prepare it.

Halliwell (p. 261) notes the somewhat singular fact that 'a copy of the First Folio many years in the possession of the late James Baker of King's Arms Yard, contains two cancelled leaves of As You Like It in sheet R, or rather two leaves, each of which has been cancelled on account of one of the pages being wrongly printed. The first is a cancel of sig. R, comprising pp. 193, 194, the first page being erroneously given as 203, and the signature as R 2. The second is the last leaf of the sheet, pp. 203, 204, the second page of which is misprinted 194. There do not appear to be any textual variations in consequence of these cancels, which are chiefly curious as showing that the work received some corrections while in the process of
THE TEXT

being passed through the press. In another copy of the First Folio, at p. 204, col. "I, the Clown's speech, "a ripe age," is given to Orlando, and William's speech, immediately following it, is assigned to the Clown." I am inclined to think that what Halliwell has here attributed to two copies is true of only one. The 'Baker copy' to which he refers is now in the Lenox Library in New York; it is the celebrated copy which is supposed to be dated 1622 instead of 1623; and it is on the cancelled page 204, misprinted 194, of this copy that the Clown's speech, 'A ripe age,' &c. is given to Orlando, and William's speech given to the Clown; so that to this extent there were textual variations in consequence of these cancels, and they are the only ones, in this play, mentioned by Lenox (p. 36) in his printed collation.

In all copies, I believe, p. 189 is misprinted 187; and on p. 197 the running title is As You Like It.

Practically, the text of the Four Folios is one and the same. The discrepancies between the First and the Fourth are mainly such as we might expect in the changes of the language within the dates of publication. In the last century Steevens professed to give to the Second Folio a preference over the First. But I doubt if this preference sprang from any very deep conviction; I am not sure that Steevens did not profess it mainly for the sake of annoying Malone, whose 'learning and perspicacity' Steevens extolled chiefly for the purpose. I am afraid, of calling him in the same sentence his 'Hibernian coadjutor,' a cruel stab at one who had tried to obliterate his nationality, it is said, by dropping, with the letter y, the accent on the final vowel of his name. In the present play there are two or three instances where unquestionably the Second Folio corrects the First. For instance, Oliver says (IV, iii, 150): 'I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke'; this trifling typographical error is corrected in the Second Folio to 'in brief he,' &c. Again, in line 163 of the same speech, Oliver says 'this napkin died in this blood;' where the Second Folio reads 'died in Air blood.' But these are insignificant, and not beyond the chance corrections of a good compositor, who, however, overshot the mark when he changed Rosalind's words (IV, iii, 71) from 'false strains' to 'false strings,' and did even worse for Orlando, when one of the finest sentences in the whole play was converted into limitless bombast. 'I will chide no breather in the world,' says Orlando in the Second Folio, 'but myself, against whom I know no faults.' It is a little singular that what is always in the First Folio 'Monsieur' is in the Second and following Folios, Monsieur. Whether this indicates a change in general pronunciation from Elizabeth's time to Charles the First's, or is merely peculiar to one compositor, I do not know.

The evidences of haste in this play, which Wright points out, such as the same name for two characters, the use of 'Juno' for Venus, and the like, are chargeable, I am afraid, to the author rather than to the printer. The conclusion then remains unshaken in that in the First Folio we have an unusually pure text, and that in this, as in everything else about this delightful comedy, it is exactly As You Like It.
APPENDIX

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The Date of the Composition of a Play may be approximated by External and by Internal evidence. External evidence, which is generally documentary, gives us a date before which a play must have existed in some shape or other, and Internal evidence, which consists of allusions, in the play itself, direct or indirect, to contemporary events, gives us a date after which the play must have been written.

First, the External evidence in the case of As You Like It is the provisional entry in the Stationers' Registers, which was discovered by Steevens. Although no publication of the play followed this entry on the 4th of August, 1600, yet this record has been accepted, not unnaturally, as sufficient proof that the play in some shape or other was in existence at that date. Wright thinks that 'the play was probably written 'in the course of the same year,' and conjectures that the reason why it was not afterward entered for publication, in due form, is that 'the announcement of its publication may have been premature and the play may not have been ready.' With the exception of Capell (who knew nothing of this entry in the Stationers' Registers), and, perhaps, of Knight, no editor oversteps the date of this year, but all concede that the latest limit for the Date of Composition is 1600. Other External evidence, than this in the Stationers' Registers, there is none.

For the earliest limit we must look to Internal evidence, with which the Play itself must supply us. From this source, however, we gain nothing either satisfactory or decisive, at least so decisive as to carry instant conviction. Before Steevens had discovered the memorandum in the Stationers' Registers, Capell conjectured that the Date of Composition was about 1607, and on two grounds: first, because at about that date 'the foolery of masques was predominant;' and secondly, because in Jaques's 'lean and slipper'd Pantalone' he found an allusion to an obscure play of that date, called The Travels of Three English Brothers, wherein Will Kempe proposes to act the part of 'an old Pantalone.' This is a good illustration of the small reliance which is in general to be placed on this Internal evidence. Had not the entry in the Stationers' Registers been subsequently discovered, probably no arguments could have conclusively disproved this far-fetched conjecture of Capell's.

In another piece of Internal evidence Capell was more successful. He discovered the 'dead Shepherd' to be Marlowe, whose saw: 'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight.' Thebe found to be of might. (Capell has not received the credit of this discovery; it is always accorded to Malone. Capell gives, on p. 66 of his 'School,' the extract containing this line from Hero and Leander.) Marlowe's poem was published in 1598. It was entered in the Stationers' Registers on the second of March, in that year. This seems to afford the earliest date after which the play was written, thus narrowing down the range to the years 1598, 1599, and 1600. Some slight doubt, however, can be cast on 1598 as the very earliest date. Marlowe died in 1593; and in the five years that passed before his Hero and Leander, with Chapman's conclusion, was printed, it is not impossible that Shakespeare may have read the line before it was published, — nay, even before Marlowe's death, while the poem was still in manuscript in Marlowe's hands. It is generally conceded that Lodge must have read the Tale of Gamelyn in some manuscript. Why may not Shakespeare, as Malone surmises, have thus read Hero and Leander, or, as Halliwell suggests, have heard it recited? I cannot say that I think either supposition likely. The mere fact that the quotation is put in the mouth of Thebe implies that the poem, at that time, was well known and popular, and would be recognised by the audience. Still, these
are suppositions which all have a right to make, and that we can make them, or others like them, in regard to allusions thus detected in this play, helps to reveal the unsure, shifting character of Internal evidence.

Again in Orlando’s verses: ‘From the East to farthest Ind, No jewel is like Rosalind; Her worth being mounted on the wind Through all the World bears Rosalind.’ CHALMERS (p. 382) sees ‘obvious allusions to the frequent voyages for distant discovery, which seem to have ended, for a time, in 1596.’ Again, on p. 383, Chalmers continues: ‘It seems to be more than probable that the intrigues at Court, which became apparent to every eye, after the return of Essex from Ireland, on the 28th of September, 1599, may have extorted the sarcasm of the Duke’s question: ‘Are ‘‘not these woods more free from peril than the envious Court?’’ ‘If there be any allusion,’ Chalmers goes on to say, ‘in these reflections, to the fall of Essex, who was sequestered from Court soon after his arrival, the epoch of As You Like It must be fixed in the winter of 1599. There can be no doubt that it was imitated by ‘Drayton in his Ode, which was first published in 1604.’

Again, the negative proof is adduced that if the play had been acted before 1598, FRANCIS MERE would have enumerated it, with the others which he mentions, in his well-known reference to Shakespeare. Cuthbert Burbie entered the Palladis Tamia on the 7th of September, 1598; of course Mere must have written it before that date, and although it does seem highly improbable that Meres should have mentioned such a play as The Comedy of Errors or Titus Andronicus, and omitted As You Like It, yet we must remember that Meres did not undertake to give a complete list; it is to be presumed that only the most popular plays are there given, and if the play had only just then been brought out, its popularity could hardly have been sufficiently tested. Moreover, Meres’s list of the plays of Shakespeare is longer than his list of any other poet, and he may not have cared to swell it.

Again, in Rosalind’s words, ‘I will weep for nothing like Diana in the fountain,’ WHALLEY detected an allusion to a statue of Diana set up on the Eleanor Cross in Cheapside, ‘with water prilling from her naked breast’ (see notes on IV, i, 147). According to HALLIWELL, Stowe, in his edition of 1598, described this statue as perfect and in use; but in his edition of 1603 Stowe says that the statue is ‘now decayed.’ ‘It is evident, therefore,’ says Halliwell, ‘that if Shakespeare alludes to the Cheapside fountain, the words of Rosalind must have been penned somewhere in the year 1596, when it was erected, and 1603, when it had been allowed to go to ruin. At the same time, it should be remembered that the image of a fountain-figure weeping was an exceedingly common one, and that Diana was a favorite subject with the sculptors for such an object.’

I think Shakespeare is entitled to more respect, to say the very least, than to suppose that in Rosalind’s words he made any allusion to the Cheapside Diana. If that statue was perfectly familiar to his audience, and in running order, it is almost inconceivable that any hearer in that audience could ever have associated, for one single instant, this statue with Rosalind’s weeping, or that any amount of poetic license can so ludicrously defy the laws of physiology.

Again, WRIGHT says (p. vii), ‘there may possibly be a reference in V, ii, 71 (“By ‘‘my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician’’) to the severe statute against witchcraft which was passed in the first year of James the First’s reign [1603]. Again, in IV, i, 180 (“by all pretty oaths that are not danger-“ous”) we might imagine the Act to Restrain the Abuses of Players (3 Jac. I, chap. 21, 1605) to be pointed at. But both these would give dates too late, and they may
easily have been added at some subsequent representation of the play, which was
mainly composed, as I think, in the year 1600, and after the other plays which are
mentioned with it in the entry at Stationers' Hall.'

Tieck is positive in his date of the composition. In his Notes (p. 308) he speaks
of this comedy as 'the most daring and defiant of all Shakespeare's comedies; here
Shakespeare, with his palms and lions and snakes, laughs at time and place, and
derides all rules of composition; nay, the very rules which he himself devised and
eelsewhere practises he here parodies, and wends his wild and wanton way to make a
pure, free, joyous Comedy, which was assuredly first performed in the summer of
1599. Therefore shortly after Twelfth Night!' Even if Tieck be correct in his
conclusion, and other critics have adopted the same year, 1599, yet the reasons which
have led him to it are, to say the least, fanciful. Tieck's knowledge of our early
drama was remarkable, very remarkable for a foreigner and at that early date, in the
first quarter of this century, but he can scarcely be accepted as a safe guide now.
He had no drama nor early literature at home to study, and so was driven, as his coun-
trymen ever since have been driven, to study those of other nations. In the present
case he discovered that 'B. Jonson, in Every Man Out of his Humour, ridicules
'the freedom from all rules which Shakespeare displayed in As You Like It.' This
ridicule was infused not only into the Prologue, where it is pointedly said that 'Art
hath an enemy called Ignorance,' but throughout the running commentary in the play
itself the rules which ought to govern comedy are pedantically laid down. 'The play
'was a failure,' says Tieck, 'and so in the year 1600 Jonson brought out another com-
edy, Cynthia's Revels, wherein he spoke even more offensively of himself as the great
'reformer of the stage,' and throughout, so says Tieck, referred to Shakespeare; but
pre-eminently in the Epilogue, where Jonson vaunts himself, and, in contemptuous
regard of his audience, says of his own work: 'By —— 'tis good, and if you like 't
you may.' 'The title of his play,' says Tieck, 'which was not perhaps, at first, As
'You Like It, Shakespeare intended as a jest on Jonson's boastfulness and braggart
'treatment of his audiences. In effect, Shakespeare says: 'If you like it, and as you
'like it, it is a comedy. It is not so in itself, but only after you, the spectators, have
'so pronounced it by your applause.' It is almost needless to call attention to the
visionary supposition to which Tieck is forced to resort in order to support his theory,
—viz.: that this comedy bore originally a different name; without some such postulate
his dates will not fadge. Tieck asserts that Every Man Out of his Humour was 'a
'failure, which greatly irritated its author'; a sequence entirely credible when 'B.
'Jonson's' temperament is remembered; but that the play was a failure escaped the
research of Gifford, who says of it: 'its merits are unquestionable; but I know not
'its success.'

W. W. Lloyd suspects that Shakespeare's creation of Rosalind followed that of
'Portia, and pretty closely'; it undoubtedly followed Portia, but if the date of The
Merchant of Venice be about 1596, and if the line from Marlowe be taken from the
volume published in 1595, then at least two very busy years must have separated the
Forest of Arden from the Garden of Belmont.

Moherly says: 'This charming comedy was probably represented in 1599, the
'year when Essex was Lord Lieutenant in Ireland, and when a new Spanish Armada
'was expected. . . . A period which may be called that of Shakespeare's highest
'genius. He was then thirty-five years old; his powers of thought were maturing,
'and his language was pure, manly, and simple in the highest degree.'

Fleay also adopts this year, 1599, as that wherein this comedy was written. The
DATE OF COMPOSITION

Globe Theatre was opened in the spring of that year, and among the plays produced after the opening was Henry V, and soon after in this year As You Like It.—Shakespeare's Life and Work, p. 138. Again, on p. 208, Fleay says, 'The date may, I think, be still more exactly fixed from I, ii, 84, 'the little wit that fools have was silenced,' which alludes probably to the burning of sardonic books by public authority 1st of June, 1599. Every indication points to the latter part of 1599 as the date of production. . . . The comparison of the world to a stage in II, vii, suggests a date subsequent to the building of The Globe, with its motto, Tóth mundus agit histrionem; and the introduction of a fool proper, in place of a comic clown, such as is found in all the anterior comedies, confirms this: the 'fools' only occur in plays subsequent to Kempe's leaving the company. I have no great faith in the allusion to the burning of the sardonic books, but that the change from 'clowns' to 'fools' should follow the retirement from my lord Chamberlain's men of Will Kempe, the pre-eminent 'clown,' is one of those shrewd, happy inferences which Fleay's through and through familiarity with the stage-history of Shakespeare's day enables him at times to make, with so much force.

To the two kinds of evidence, External and Internal, concerning the Date of Composition there may be added a third,—viz.: that derived from a close scrutiny and comparison of the metre of the different plays. It is assumed that certain peculiarities of style or methods of poetic treatment will mark the growth of the dramatist, and that, in general, the Seventeen Ages will prove true of the inner as of the outer man. This idea had been floating dimly in men's minds ever since it was first put forth by Edwards in his criticism of Warburton, in the last century. But it attracted little attention, despite the pleas put forth in its behalf by such fine minds as Speeding in England and Hering in Germany, until the New Shakespeare Society arose and Fleay came to the fore with his laborious results of years of silent study. Since then a fierce light has beat on 'weak endings' and 'light endings,' on 'end-stopped lines' and 'pauses,' until now we have all of Shakespeare's plays as elaborately, if not as accurately, tabulated and calculated as the Ephemerides of the Nautical Almanac. If the results have not been quite commensurate with the outlay, it is not for a moment to be thought that the time for all the workers has been lost. Like the magic book of the physician Douban in the Arabian Tale, by merely turning the leaves of Shakespeare a subtle charm is imparted and absorbed. If in the first flush of accomplished work the advocates of this new test somewhat exaggerated their claims for its accuracy, surely with Burke, who could 'pardon some things to the spirit of Liberty,' we may pardon some things to the zeal for Shakespeare. And we should surely remember such temperate words as these of Dr. Ingram's, which we may accept as a summary of the best thought on the subject: 'I quite recognise the necessity of subordinating verse-tests in general to the ripe conclusions of the higher criticism, if these two sorts of evidence should ever be found at variance. But I believe that the more thoroughly the former are understood, and the more Scientifically they are used, the more they will be found in accordance with the best aesthetic judgements. What appears to me surprising is, not that the verse-tests should sometimes appear to sanction wrong conclusions, but that they should, to such a remarkable extent, agree amongst themselves, and harmonize with every other mode of investigation which can be applied to the same questions.'

Bathurst, who was the first, I believe, to apply systematically to all the plays the test of metre as a means of determining their chronology, says (p. 76): 'As You Like
'It is in a more advanced style of metre than *Much Ado* [which was printed in 1600]; see, particularly, the speech of Jaques about the Fool, Orlando's speech, 'If you have,' &c. Double endings not unusual. Rhymes at the end of speeches occur. One speech is in alternate rhymes, III, i. The "Seven Ages" are well known. The verse there broken, though it is an enumerative passage. Weak endings: "Swearing that we || Are mere usurpers." "For 'tis || The royal disposition of that "beast." The speeches often end on a half-line, which is, I believe, always regularly taken up. This is perfectly the reverse of an historical or political play. I would put it as early as possible. So say 1598 or 1599.'

INGRAM, however, places it, according to its proportion of 'Light and Weak Endings,' after *Much Ado*. In his List (*New Shakespeare Society's Transactions*, 1874, Series I, p. 450) *Much Ado* is No. 14, *As You Like It*, No 15, and *Twelfth Night*, No 16. *The Merchant of Venice* is No. 9. This would put the date of *As You Like It* well into 1600, and to that extent confirms Wright's conjecture.

FURNIVALL divides all the plays into 'Periods,' and the 'Periods' into 'Groups.' This play is placed in 'the Second Period,' and in a Group of 'Three Sunny' or 'Sweet-Time Comedies: *Much Ado* (1599–1600); *As You Like It* (1600); *Twelfth Night* (1601).'

DOWDEN divides the Histories, Comedies, and Tragedies into Early, Middle, and Later each, and subdivides into Groups. The same three plays, just enumerated, he places in a Group of 'Musical Sadness,' with Jaques as a link to the next Group of 'Discordant Sadness.'

To recapitulate:

The Date of Composition of *As You Like It* is assigned by

- **Collier** to 'summer of' 1598
- **Dyce** 1598 or 1599
- **Neil** 1598
- **Bathurst, Grant White** 1598 or 1599
- **Hudson** 'between' 1598 and 1599
- **Malone, Skottowe, Staunton, Halliwell, Cowden-Claire**, *Moberly, Rolfe, Fleay* 1599
- **Rev. John Hunter** 1599 or 1600
- **Chalmers, Drake, Wright, Furnivall** 1600
- **Knight** 1600 or 1601
- **Cepell** 1607

In conclusion, there is on this Date of the Composition a happy unanimity, which centres about the close of the year 1599; if a few months carry it back into 1598, or carry it forward almost to 1601, surely we need not be more clamorous than a parrot against rain over such trifles. As I have said before, and shall repeat until I change my opinion, the whole subject is one which to my temperament has absolutely no relation whatsoever to the play itself or to the enjoyment thereof. An exact knowledge, to the very day of the week, or of the month, when Shakespeare wrote it, can do no more heighten the charm of Rosalind's loveliness and wit than would the knowledge of the cost per yard of her doublet and hose. Does ever a question concerning the Date of Composition arise in our thoughts when we are sitting at the play? Still, it would be a very grey, sombre world if we all thought alike, and undoubtedly to
many minds of far higher reach than mine the Date of the Composition has charms: for such as seek information about it, in the foregoing pages a full and, I trust, impartial account of what has been written thereon will be found.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

In 1754 Dr Zachary Grey (Critical, Historical, and Explanatory Notes on Shakespeare, vol. i, p. 156) wrote: 'Several passages in this play were certainly borrowed from the Cok's Tale of Gamelyn in Chaucer,' and thereupon proceeded to give an abstract of this Tale of Gamelyn, reciting the passages wherein Shakespeare had followed Chaucer, as Grey supposed.

Some time after, both Capell and Farmer, in the same year, 1767, announced what was more nearly the truth, that As You Like It was founded, not on the Tale of Gamelyn, but on a novel by Lodge.

Capell, in the Introduction to his edition (p. 50), writes as follows: 'A novel or (rather) pastoral romance, intitl'd "Euphues' Golden Legacy," written in a very fantastical style by Dr Thomas Lodge, and by him first publish'd in the year 1590, in quarto, is the foundation of As you like it. Besides the fable, which is pretty exactly follow'd, the out-lines of certain principal characters may be observ'd in the novel; and some expressions of the novelist (few, indeed, and of no great moment) seem to have taken possession of Shakespeare's memory, and thence crept into the play.'

Dr Farmer's note is to be found in his Essay On the Learning of Shakespeare (one cannot but think, from the style and contents of this Essay, that a more exact title would have been On the Learning of Richard Farmer, and the Ignorance of William Shakespeare). On p. 15 the essayist says: 'As You Like It was "certainly "borrowed,"' if we believe Dr Grey and Mr Upton, from the Cok's Tale of Gamelyn, which, by the way, was not printed till a century afterwards; when, in truth, the old Bard, who was no hunter of M.S.S., contented himself with Dr Lodge's Rosalynde or Euphues' Golden Legacy.'

Steevens supplemented Farmer's remark with: 'Shakespeare has followed Lodge's Novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketched some of his principal characters and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c., however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription. It should be observed that the characters of Jaques, the Clown, and Audrey are entirely of the poet's own formation.'

This judgement of Steevens stirred Collier's indignation; in the Poetical Decameron (vol. ii, p. 176, ed. 1820) Collier exclaims, in reference to it, 'Steevens was a tasteless pedant, and nothing better could be expected from him.'

Knight, too, was no less angered, and after quoting the remark of Steevens, which I have just given, bursts forth: 'All this is very unscrupulous, ignorant, and tasteless. Lodge's Rosalynde is not a worthless original; Shakspeare's imitations of it are not insignificant. Lodge's Novel is, in many respects, however quaint and pedantic, informed with a bright poetical spirit, and possesses a pastoral charm which may occasionally be compared with the best parts of Sidney's Arcadia.'

When Collier reprinted Rosalynde in his Shakespeare Library, he again replies to Steevens: 'Comparing Rosalynde with As You Like It, the former may indeed be
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"termed "worthless," inasmuch as Shakespeare's play is so immeasurably superior to it; . . . but placing Lodge's Novel by the side of other productions of the same class, we cannot hesitate to declare it a very amusing and varied composition, full of agreeable and graceful invention (for we are aware of no foreign authority for any of the incidents) [Does "foreign authority" exclude the Tale of Gamelyn?—Ed.], and with much natural force and simplicity in the style of the narrative. That it is here and there disfigured by the faults of the time, by forced conceits, by lowness of allusion and expression, and sometimes by inconsistency and want of decorum in the characters, cannot be denied. There are errors which the judgement and genius of Shakespeare taught him to avoid; but the admitted extent and nature of his general obligations to Lodge afford a high tribute to the excellence of that "original," which Steevens pronounced "worthless." It may be almost doubted whether he had even taken the trouble to read carefully that performance upon which he delivered so dogmatical and definitive a condemnation.

GRANT WHITE rates Lodge's Novel differently. "Although," he says (ed. i), there is this identity in the plots of the tale and the comedy, Shakespeare's creative power appears none the less remarkably in the latter. The personages in the two works have nothing in common but their names and the functions which they perform. In the tale they are without character, and exist but to go through certain motions and utter certain formally constructed Complaints and Passions. The ladies quote Latin in a style and with a copiousness which would delight a Women's Rights Convention, and quench, in any man of flesh and blood the ardor of that love which is the right most prized of woman. Rosalind, for instance, musing upon her dawning passion for Rosader and his poverty, says: "Doth not Horace tell thee what "methode is to be used in love? Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus;" There was a model for the traits and language of Shakespeare's Rosalind!

Nor did age mellow White's judgement. In his second edition he reiterates:
The comedy is, in fact, a mere dramatization of the tale—an adaptation it would now be called—the personages, the incidents, most of the names, and even some of the language, being found in Lodge's Novel. The chief difference between the two—more remarkable, even, than that one is a tale and the other a drama—is that the ambitious tale is one of the dullest and dreariest of all the obscure literary performances that have come down to us from past ages, and the comedy, written as journey-work by a playwright to please a miscellaneous audience, is the one bright, immortal woodland poem of the world.

DYCE (ed. iii): 'If Steevens somewhat undervalues [Lodge's Rosalynde], Mr Collier greatly overrates it.'

W. C. HAZLITT, on the other hand, in his reprint of Collier's Shakespeare Library, says: 'It appears to me that Mr Collier states the matter fairly enough.'

'Never,' says CAMPBELL, 'was the proximity and pedantry of a prosaic narrative transmuted by genius into such magical poetry. In the days of James I, George Heriot, the Edinburgh merchant, who built a hospital still bearing his name, is said to have made his fortune by purchasing for a trifle a quantity of sand that had been brought as ballast by a ship from Africa. As it was dry, he suspected from its weight that it contained gold, and he succeeded in filtering a treasure from it. Shakespeare, like Heriot, took the dry and heavy sand of Lodge and made gold out of it.'

As we have seen, Steevens, by his supercilious reference to Lodge, stirred Knight's anger, and Dr Farmer was equally unfortunate when he said that 'the old bard was
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'no hunter of MSS.' 'Thus,' exclaims Knight, "the old bard," meaning Shakespeare, did not take the trouble of doing, or was incapable of doing, what another 'old bard (first a player and afterwards a naval surgeon) did with great care—consult the manuscript copy' of the Tale of Gamelyn. Thereupon, Knight undertakes to show that both Shakespeare and Lodge made use of the Tale of Gamelyn. That Lodge was indebted to Gamelyn will be, I think, conceded by all, but Shakespeare's indebtedness to that source is founded by Knight on three incidents wherein Lodge and Shakespeare do not agree, and wherein Shakespeare took the hint, so Knight thinks, from Gamelyn: First, Lodge represents Rosader (pronounced, by the way, with the accent on the first syllable: Rosader) as having had bequeathed to him the largest share of his father's estate. That to Orlando should have been devised the smallest, Knight maintains is due to the hint which Shakespeare took from the deliberations of the old Knight's friends in Gamelyn. To this difference in treatment Knight thinks is due the entirely different conception of the two characters, Rosader and Orlando. Secondly, in Gamelyn, the old man, whose sons are fatally injured by the Wrestler, began bitterly his hondes for to wrygne.' In Lodge's Novel the father 'never changed his countenance.' Wherefore, when Shakespeare represents the old father as making 'pitiful dole' over his boys, Knight detects therein the direct traces of Gamelyn. Thirdly, in Lodge, when the Champion approaches Rosader, he simply gives him a shake by the shoulder'; in As You Like It he mocks Orlando with taunting speeches; and so in Gamelyn be starts towards the youth, 'and sayde "who is thy fader, and who is thy sire? For sothe thou art a gret fool, that thou come hire."'

The force of these proofs is, I think, weakened by the following considerations: Had the largest share of the father's estate been bequeathed, contrary to English custom, to the youngest son, Orlando, Oliver's jealousy and envy would not have been motiveless; it would have been scarcely unnatural. Secondly, the bitter lamentations of a father over the violent deaths of his sons, or, thirdly, the mocking jeers of a braggart, are none of them of so unusual or of so extraordinary a character that Shakespeare need have hunted round for authority or suggestion.

In The New Shakespeare Society's Transactions (Part ii, p. 277, 1882) W. G. Stone compares As You Like It and Rosalynde. In addition to Knight's three points of resemblance between Gamelyn and Orlando, Stone, in this good essay, detects 'fve 'other parallelisms, more or less clear,' as follows: 'After his father's death, Johan, Gamelyn's eldest brother, 'clothed him [Gamelyn] and fed him yest and eek ywoth' 'see l. 73, post'. Orlando complains to Adam that Oliver's 'horses . . . are faire' 'with their freeding . . . . bee lets mee feede with his Hindes.' Lodge only says, 'generally, that Saladyn made Rosader his foote boy for the space of two or three 'yeares, keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the sonne of any 'country vassal.' When Oliver called Orlando a 'villaine,' the latter replied: "I 'am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir Rowland de Boys, he was my father, "and he is thrice a villaine that saies such a father begot villaines.' Gamelyn answered the epithet "gadelyng," thus: "I am no worse gadelyng ne no worse "wight, But born of a lady and geten of a knight" (ll. 107, 108). As Gamelyn rode away to the wrestling-match, Johan [hoped] "He mighte breke his necke in "that wanstylng" (l. 104). In commending Orlando to Charles's "discretion," 'Oliver said: "I had as lief thee didst breke his necke as his finger." 'The wrestler "thus taunted Gamelyn: "Come thou ones in myn hond, schalt thou never the" (l. '234). Duke Frederick said: "You shall trie but one fall." Charles answered:
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"No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second." Lastly, the forest of Arden and that to which Gamelyn and Adam betook themselves are described by the same adjective. Adam remarked: "That lever me were keyes for to bere, Then walken in this wilde woode my clothes for to tere." [See post.] Compare "And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he [Duke Frederick] came."

I cannot say that I think these five additional instances carry much weight. The phrases common to the Tale and the Drama are in no respect either unusual or striking. It is only fair to add that the author of the paper by no means insists on their parallelism, and that they are given only incidentally to the main purpose of his Essay, which, as I have stated, is a comparison between Shakespeare and Lodge.

W. W. Lloyd, whose Critical Essays form by far the most valuable portion of Singer's second edition, shares to some extent Knight's belief that Shakespeare had at least read Gamelyn. On p. 114 he says: 'There can be no doubt that [Lodge] Novel was carefully gone through by the poet, and it is not improbable that he had also in his hands the Tale of Gamelyn. Still, in this case, as in others, we must not rashly conclude that we possess all the sources. We have only negative proof that Shakespeare was the first to dramatise Rosalynde, and in those days of originality we shall make a great mistake if in eagerness to elevate Shakespeare we disable the inventive resources of his predecessors and contemporaries. Hence we tread but on uncertain ground when in comparing novel and play we too broadly assume that the improvements in the latter are necessarily more than adoptions from another source, an intermediate mind. Still, duly guarded, the value of comparison remains; the glory of Shakespeare rests in any case not on the taste or judgement of particular alterations, but on the completeness with which, among multitudes of alternatives, he has gone right where he might so easily have been tempted wrong; and in the comparison of the finished work with the remoter rudiment, however many links of intermediate development are lost, the attention is invariably guided to the spirit in which irregularities were corrected, relief supplied, and crudity or coarseness refined or suppressed.'

There is no evidence in As You Like It which is to me at all conclusive that Shakespeare drew any the smallest inspiration from The Tale of Gamelyn. The atmospheres of the two works are heavenwide apart, and as for mere verbal repetitions, it is not impossible that a number of phrases might be found common to As You Like It and the Book of Job. As between Lodge and Shakespeare, however, the case is different; there can be no doubt that the Novel is interwoven in the drama, but whether by Shakespeare’s hand, or, as Lloyd suggests, by another’s, who can tell? Whether Shakespeare went directly to the Novel itself, or gilded with his heavenly alchemy some pale, colorless drama which had been tried and failed, but whose dramatic capabilities Shakespeare’s keen eye detected, I find it impossible to decide. The trivial blemishes in As You Like It which have been ascribed with probability, by Wright and others, to haste on Shakespeare’s part, may be attributed, it seems to me, quite as plausibly to the outcroppings of the original play, which Shakespeare remodelled, and their presence would still be due, more or less, to haste. Among these, there is one, however, for which, I think, haste is hardly a sufficient explanation, and this is, the character of Touchstone. If there is one quality in which Shakespeare is forever Shakespeare, it is in the unity of his characters, in their thorough individuality, in their absolute truth to themselves. A hundred and fifty years ago Pope said that to prefix names to the speeches in Shakespeare’s plays was almost superfluous; the
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speeches themselves unerringly proclaimed the speakers. We also know that either before the entrance of an important character, or very soon after, Shakespeare is wont to give either a prelude or a keynote, as it were, of that character, and with this keynote we all know how absolutely every subsequent trait or utterance is in harmony. If, then, this test be applied to Touchstone (or, why not say, this touchstone to Touchstone), will his character from first to last stand it? Is the 'clownish fool' and the 'roynish clown' of the First Act, with his bald jests of knights and pancakes, the Touchstone of the Fifth Act, who had trod a measure, flattered a lady, been politic with his friend and smooth with his enemy? Is the simpleton of the First Act, 'Nature's natural' as he is in truth, the same with the Touchstone who can cite Ovid and quarrel in print, by the book? Are there not here two separate characters? These two clowns cannot be one and the same. The true Touchstone we meet for the first time in the Forest of Arden, and although when Jaques speaks of him we have already seen him and heard him, yet it is Jaques who gives us the keynote of his character; and in the Touchstone of the last Act we recognise our old acquaintance, who solemnly pondered that 'from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and then from hour to hour we rot and rot, and thereby hangs a tale.'

However rapid may have been Shakespeare's composition, I cannot suppose—it is to me unthinkable—that from the very first instant each character was not present before him in perfect symmetry and absolute completeness. For any discrepancy, therefore, any distortion in the character of Touchstone, haste in composition is hardly, I think, an adequate explanation, and I humbly suggest one of two courses as a possible solution: First, either we have, in the Clown of the Second Scene of the play, the genuine roynish fool of the original old play which Shakespeare rewrote, and who here crops out, perhaps through an oversight (here, at least, due to haste), or perhaps purposely retained to please the groundlings; or else, secondly, that the Clown who cracks his joke about beards and mustard was not Touchstone, but a separate and very different character, and who should never have been called Touchstone. Theobald, be it observed, was the first (and this, too, not till his second edition) to call this Clown Touchstone. He is our sole authority for it. This Clown Rosalind threatens with the whip—would she ever have thus menaced Touchstone?

Although this latter suggestion will relieve Touchstone's character from inconsistency,—an inconsistency which all must have felt, and to which Wright expressly calls attention,—yet the other trifling blemishes remain, such as styling Rosalind at one time the 'shorter,' and at another time the 'taller,' or speaking of 'Juno's swans,' &c. For these, I think, we must fall back on the explanation that they are the survivals of the older play. Theobald's error in nomenclature (that is, in calling the Clown of the Second Scene Touchstone) may account for the most serious of all; but for the others, I think, we can account by supposing that there was an older drama, which was intermediate between our As You Like It and Lodge's Novel.

Moreover, the weakness which we all feel here and there in the last scene, in passages which, as Wright slyly says, 'are not, to say the least, in Shakespeare's best manner,—all these imperfections will be readily accounted for if we suppose them to be remnants of the old play, which Shakespeare was either too hurried, or too indifferent, to erase. The chiefest objection to this lies in the uncritical method which is herein implied, whereby we attribute, as a rule, whatever is good to Shakespeare, and whatever is less good to some one else. Still, I think, the rule may be, for the nonce, applied with due propriety to the close of this play.

Furthermore, is there not a mystery hanging over the staying of As You Like It
by the Wardens of the Stationers' Company? It is not utterly beyond the pale of possibility that a clue to the mystery might be found in a clashing of pecuniary interests between the owners of the old play and of the new, and which was never set at rest until the ownership of both passed into the same hands before the First Folio was entered on the Stationers' Registers and permitted to be printed.

The student will find elaborate comparisons between Lodge's Novet and this play in the Shakespeare Jahrbuch, vol. vi, pp. 226–249, by Delius; also an extremely valuable analysis of the Tale of Gamelyn, in the Shakespeare Jahrbuch, vol. xxi, pp. 69–148, by Zupitza; and again in the New Shakspere Society's Transactions, Part ii, pp. 277–293, 1882, by W. G. Stone, wherein the writer examines Shakspeare's treatment of Lodge's Rosalynde from a negative point of view; and instead of showing his agreement therewith, dwells upon his divergence therefrom in varying the plot 'and in modifying the characters.' All these valuable Essays are designed for the benefit of those who have no access to the originals, and it is needful here merely to give their titles. In reprinting on the following pages both The Tale of Gamelyn and Lodge's Rosalynde, the original material is supplied from which the student, with best profit to himself, can make his own deductions and comparisons.

THE TALE OF GAMELYN

The Tale of Gamelyn is here reprinted from Skeat's admirable edition (Clarendon Press Series, Oxford, 1884). The following few facts, all that are germane to this play, are wholly derived from that editor's excellent Introduction, and as much as possible in his very words: We may roughly date the Tale of Gamelyn near the middle of the fourteenth century. It so happens that all the copies of it which have been preserved occur in MSS of the Canterbury Tales; in three of the best MSS, however, it does not appear; but when it does appear it is always in the same place, i. e. in the gap left in Chaucer's work by his omission to finish the composition (or, more probably, the revision) of the Cook's Tale. There is, in fact, no connection between Gamelyn and any work of Chaucer, and no reason for connecting it with the Cook's Tale in particular, beyond the mere accident that the gap here found in Chaucer's work gave an opportunity for introducing it. 'I cannot but protest,' says Skeat, 'against the stupidity of the botcher whose hand wrote above it "The Cokes Tale of Gamelyn."' That was done because it happened to be found next after the Cook's Tale, which, instead of being about Gamelyn, is about Perkin the reveller, 'an idle apprentice.'

It so happens that none of the black-letter editions of Chaucer contain the Tale, which was, in fact, never printed till 1721, but MSS of Chaucer circulated among readers, and in this way Thomas Lodge became acquainted with it. He certainly made use of a MS, which gave the name of the old Knight as Sir John of Burdeux; a Cambridge MS is the only one known to Skeat which has the spelling burdeux. Whence Lodge obtained the latter part of his Rosalynde does not appear, but it is not improbable that he had it from some Italian novel. Gamelyn is remarkable as being a story without a heroine; no female name is even mentioned in it, and it is only in the fifth line from the end that we are told that the hero 'wedded a wife both good and fair.' Hence it is not surprising that Lodge thought it necessary to expand the story, and to provide a Rosalind for his Rosader.
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The footnotes are wholly taken from Skeat's Notes and Glossary. In reprinting, the only liberty I have taken is to change the character ʒ into ʒ at the beginning, and into ȝ in the middle, of a word.

1. Litheth, Hearken ye. The imperative plural.
2. Boundys. It is not clear what is meant by 'Boundys,' nor is there any clear indication of the supposed locality of the story. 'Boundys,' a place-name, is perhaps = bounds, marches, border-land; or possibly Bona, near Falaise in Normandy.
3. He was sufficiently instructed in right bringing up, and knew much about sport.
4. Schrēwe, wicked man.
5. Some he bygan, viz. to make good his reputation.
7. Pierre, a long time.
8. Then they left the knight lying there, who was not in health.
10. To apportion them all to one, that was their plan.
11. And for, And because.
12. Dalten, divided.
13. Whan he good cowde.
14. When he knew what was good, viz. when he was old enough to know right from wrong; or, as we now say, when he came to years of discretion. Observe that the division of land here proposed was not final; the good knight, being still alive, altered it.
16. A plough of land was as much as could be ploughed with one plough.
17. Wright, a. Skeat.
18. On lyne, in life; alive.
19. Purchas, i. e. purchases. Still applied, in law, to all property obtained otherwise than by descent.
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Having thus disposed of his land, he lay stone still and died when his time came.

When he was buried under the grass,

Sone the elder brother · gyled the yonge knaue; 70
He took into his hond · his lond and his leede, 71
And Gamelyn himselfe · to clothen and to feeede.
He clothed him and fedde him · yuel and eek wrothe,
And leet his londes for-fare · and his houses bothe,
His parkes and his woodes · and dede nothing wel;
And setthen he it aboughte · on his faire fel. 76

Now Gamelyn waxed strong, so that neither man nor boy dared vex him.

Gamelyn stood on a day · in his brotheres yerdve,
And bygan with his hond · to handlen his berde;
He thoughte on his londes · that layen vnaawe,
And his faire okes · that down were i-drawe;
His parkes were i-broken · and his deer byreued. 85

Not a single good steed did he have left. Soon after his brother came up, and asked Gamelyn if the meat was ready, which enraged Gamelyn, who ‘swore by goddes book Thou shalt go bake thyself; I will not be thy cook.’ His brother is astonished at such language, and Gamelyn rehearsest his grievances, thou-ing his brother instead of using the respectful you, and winds up with cursing him. Whereupon his quick-tempered brother replied:

‘Stond stille, gadelyng · and hold right thy pees;’
Thou schalt be fayn for to haue · thy mete and thy weede;
What spekest thou, Gamelyn · of lond other of leede?’
Thanne seyde Gamelyn · the child that was ying,
‘Cristes curs mot he haue · that clepeth me gadelyng!
I am no worse gadelyng · ne no worse wight,
But born of a lady · and geten of a knight.’

The brother dared not approach Gamelyn, but bade his men get staves to beat the boy, who, when he saw them, all thus armed, draw near, looked round for some means of defence, and his eye lit on a large pestle standing up against a wall; this he seized, and looking like a wild lion he laid round him lustily, and soon had all the men lying in a heap. His brother, not relishing this turn of affairs, fled up into a loft and shut the door fast. Gamelyn looked everywhere for his brother, and finally espied him looking out at a window. Then began a parley which ended in the brother’s coming down and making his peace, and promising that all of Gamelyn’s inheritance should be restored, and more too if he wanted it. ‘But the knight thoughte on tresses and Gamelyn on none, And wente and kiste his brother when they were at oon,’ i. e. at one, i. e. reconciled. Alas, young Gamelyn, nothing he wist with what a false treasson his brother him kissed!

70. gyled, beguiled the young boy.—71. leede, people, serfs.—73. yuel and eek wrothe, badly, nay abominably.—74. leet his londes for-fare, let his lands go to ruin.—76. ‘And afterwards he paid for it in his fair skin.’ We should now say, his recompense fell upon his own head.—81. yerdve, yard, courtyard.—83. eek, unknown.—84. i-drawe, pulled down to the ground.—85. byreued, stolen.—102. gadelyng, fellow; a term of reproach. But observe that the sarcasm lies in the similarity of the sound of the word to Gamelyn. Hence Gamelyn’s indignant reply.—103. ‘Thou shalt be glad to get mere food and clothing.’—104. other, either.—105. ying, young.—107. wight, man.
THE TALE OF GAMELYN

Litheth and listeth · and holdeth your tonge
And ye schul heere talkynge · of Gamelyn the yonge.
Ther was ther bysiden · cryed a wrastlyng,
And therfor ther was set vp · a ram and a ring;
And Gamelyn was in wille · to wende therto
For to preuen his might · what he cowthe do.

'Brother,' sayde Gamelyn · 'by seynyt Richer,
Thou must lene me to-nyght · a litel courser
That is freisch to the spores · on for to ryde;
I most on an erande · a litel her bysiden.'

'By god!' sayde his brother · 1 of steedes in my stalle
Go and chese the the best · and spare non of alle
Of steedes or of courser · that stonden hem biaysde;
And tel me, goode brother · whider thou wolt ryde.'

'Her bysiden, brother · is cryed a wrastlyng,
And therfor schal be set vp · a ram and a ryng;
Moch worship it were · brother, to vs alle,
Might I the ram and the ryng · bring home to this halle.'

A steede ther was sadede · smertely and skeet;
Gamelyn did a paire spores · fast on his feet.
He sette his foot in the strop · the steede he bysrood,
And toward the wrastlyng · the yonge child rood.

Tho Gamelyn the yonge · was riden out at gat,
The false knyght his brother · lokked it after that,
And bysoughte Iesu Crist · that is heuen kyng,
He mighte breke his nekke · in that wrastlyng.

As sone as Gamelyn com · ther the place was,
He lighte doun of his steede · and stood on the gras,
And ther he herd a frankeleyn · wayloway synge,
And bigan bitterly · his bondes for to wryngye.

'Goode man,' sayde Gamelyn · 'why makestow this fare?
Is ther no man that may · you helpe out of this care?'

'Alas!' sayde this frankeleyn · 'that euer was I borne!
For tweye staworthye sones · I wene that I haue lore;
A champioun is in the place · that hath i-wroght me sorwe,
For he hath slayn my two sones · but-if god hem borwe,
I would yeue ten pound · by Iesu Crist! and more,
With the none I fand a man · to handelen him sore.'

'Goode man,' sayde Gamelyn · 'wilt thou wel doon,
Hold myn hors, whil my man · draweth of my schoon,

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176. lene, loan. 177. spores, spurs. 178. her bysiden, close by here. 180. chese, choose. 185. worskip, honour. 187. smertely and skeet, quickly and swiftly. 191. The, when. 193. ther, where. 197. mayloway, wellaway. For Ang. Sax. me ld me, lit. 'woe! he! I woe!' 199. makestow, makes thee. 199. farre, behavour. 202. hors, last. 203. sorwe, sorrow. 204. but-if, &c., unless God be surety for them, &c. ensure their recovery. The two are not slain, but greatly disabled. 206. With the none, on the occasion that, provided that. For the none, for the occasion, stands for for then ones, for the once; so here with the none = with then ones, with the once. 207. will thou, &c., if thou wisthe to do a kind deed.
And help my man to kepe · my clothes and my steede,
And I wil into place go · to loke if I may speede.'

'By god!' sayde the frankelyne · 'anon it schal be doon;
I wil my-self be thy man · and drawn of thy schoon,
And wende thou into place · Jesu Crist the speede,
And drede not of thy clothes · nor of thy goode steede.'

Barfoot and vngert · Gamelyn in cam,
Alle that weren in the place · heede of him they nam,
How he durste auntre him · of him to doon his might
That was so doughty champioun · in wraintyng and in fight.
Vp sterte the champioun · rapely anoon,
Toward yonge Gamelyn · he bigan to goon,
And sayde, 'who is thy fader · and who is thy sire?
For sotho thou art a gret fool · that thou come hire!'
Gamelyn answerde · the champioun tho,

'Thou knewe wel my fader · whil he couthe go,
Whiles he was on lyue · by seint Martyn l
Sir Iohan of Boundys was his name · and I Gamelyn.'

'Felaw,' sayde the champioun · 'al-so mot I thryue,
I knew wel thy fader · whil he was on lyue;
And thysel, Gamelyn · I wil that thou it heere,
Whil thou were a yong boy · a moche schrewew thou were.'
Than seyde Gamelyn · and swere by Cristes ore

'Now I am olde wexe · thou schalt fynde me a more!'

'Be god!' sayde the champioun · 'welcome mote thou be l

'Come thou ones in myn hond · schalt thou neuer the.'

The time was night and the moon was shining when the wrestling began. Many
a trick did the champion try on Gamelyn, but in vain. Then said Gamelyn to the
champion: 'I have withstood many tricks of thine, now you must try one or two of
mine.' Whereupon, of all his tricks he showed him only one, 'and cast him on the
left side, that three ribsbe to brak.' And thereto one of his arms that gave a great
crack. Then said the Franklin: 'Blessed be thou, Gamelyn, that ever thou wast
born,' and being no longer in awe of the champion he scoffed at him for being beaten
by so young a man. But the champion answered that Gamelyn was the master of all,
and that never in his life had he been so roughly handled. And Gamelyn stood
there shirtless, and dared any one to encounter him, satirically remarking that the
champion did not appear to want any more. Not a soul came forward. At last two
gentlemen, the overseers of the games, told Gamelyn to put on his shoes and stock-
ings, for the fair was over. Then said Gamelyn: 'So mote I well fare, I have not yet
sold out the half of my ware.' Whereupon the champion grimly spoke up: 'He is a
fool that thereof buyeth, thou sellest so dear.' 'Fellow,' said the Franklin, 'why
dost thou blame his ware? what thou boughtest thou hadst too cheap.' Then the
wardens that were of that wrestling came and brought Gamelyn the ram and the ring,
and he went, with much joy, home in the morning. His brother saw him coming with a great route, and bade shut the gate, and hold him without. The porter of his lord was full sore against, and started at once to the gate, and locked it fast.

[The chief points of resemblance between As You Like It and The Tale of Gamelyn here cease. In what remains only the name Adam, and Adam's flight with Gamelyn to a forest where they find outlaws feasting, can be at all considered common to both. I have been careful to retain, as far as possible, the phraseology of the original in the following abstract of the remaining six hundred lines of The Tale. It is of necessity brief, and gives merely an outline of the story, from which it can be seen that there are no situations, except possibly the forest-scene, wherein young Gamelyn could have served in the least as the direct prototype of Orlando.]

When Gamelyn flushed with victory, returned home with the ram and the ring and a disorderly crew of friends, he found the gate shut against him. Whereupon he kicked the gate in, caught the porter, broke his neck, and threw him down a well. His friends were cordially invited by him to help themselves to meat, and for drink five tuns of wine were hospitably placed at their disposal. His brother meanwhile lay hid in a 'litel toret' of the castle and saw them 'wasting his good,' but 'durst he not speke.' This carousal lasted for eight days, then the guests took their leave, and when they had 'riden and i-goone, Gamelyn stood alone, friends had he noon.' His brother ventured then from his hiding-place, which he had apparently changed, though we are not told why, from the 'toret' to the 'selleer.' The treacherous knight forgave Gamelyn, and even went so far as to tell him that because 'of my brother, brother, hein geten have I noon, I will make thee mine heir, I swear by St Johan.' Gamelyn was, of course, very grateful, but nothing wist of his brother's gyle. Under the plea of an oath which he had made when from his hiding-place he had seen Gamelyn throw the porter down the well, the brother persuaded Gamelyn to be bound hand and foot, merely out of formality, that his oath should not be broken. But as soon as he was bound and securely fettered, his brother told everybody that Gamelyn was mad. For two days and two nights, without meat or drink, was the young fellow fastened to a post. Then he appealed privately to Adam, who was the spencer, or officer of the household who dispensed the provisions, to succour him, which Adam, the spencer, did, with food and drink. It was then agreed between them that Adam should unlock Gamelyn's fetters, and when the feasting and revelry was at its height, with all the Abbots and Priors on Sunday, Gamelyn should make an appeal to all the men of holy Church for help, and if they refused he should break forth, and he with a good staff, and Adam with another, fight for freedom. And it so befell, the men of holy Church banned him instead of blessing him, whereupon he cast away his fetters and began to work, and with such good effect that there was none of them all that with his staff met but he made him overthrow, and quit them his debt. 'Gamelyn,' said Adam, 'do them but good; they are men of holy church, draw of them no blood, take heed of the tonsure, and do them no harms, but break both their legs, and after that their arms.' This provident advice was followed until at last Gamelyn got at his brother; him he struck in the neck, and also a little above the girdle, and bruised his backbone, and set him in the fetters. The sheriff was summoned by those who escaped, and when Gamelyn saw him and his posse approach he fled with Adam, so that when the sheriff got to the castle he found a nest, but no egg; however, he found the brother fettered, and anon sent for a doctor to heal his backbone.

Gamelyn and Adam meanwhile marched steadily into the wood; but the latter
took it ill, and at last said: 'I see now that it is better to be a spencer. It is far
preferable keys for to bear than to walk in this wild wood, my clothes for to tear.'
'Adam,' said Gamelyn, 'dismay thee right nought; many a good man's child into
care is i-brought.' And as they were walking together they heard talking of men
near by. Then Gamelyn under the wood looked aight, and seven score of young
men he saw well a-dight, that is, accoutered; all sat at meat in a circle about. 'Adam,'
said Gamelyn, 'now have we no doubt, after ill cometh good, through grace of God
'almight; me thinketh of meat and drink that I have a sight.' Adam looked then
under wood-bough, and when he saw meat he was glad enow; for he hoped to God
to have his share or deel, and he was sore alonged after a good meal. The master
outlaw, after finding out who they were, bade them sit there adown for to take rest,
and bade them eat and drink, and that of the best. In the course of time Gamelyn
rose to be king of the outlaws. Meanwhile his false brother had risen to be sheriff,
and caused Gamelyn to be proscribed as an outlaw and summoned to appear at the
next sessions. 'Alas,' said Gamelyn, 'that ever I was so slack As not to break his
neck, though I did break his back.' However, Gamelyn was thrust in prison. His
brother Ote now appeared, and became surety for Gamelyn's appearance on the next
court day. On that day Gamelyn entered the court with a band of his merry men,
and finding that his false brother had suborned a jury to condemn to death his brother
Ote, as a forfeit for his absence, he seized the Judge, the sheriff (his brother), and
the jury, and hanged them all. This act of summary justice seemed somehow to
strike the king very favourably, for he not only made Ote a Justice, but Gamelyn a
Chief Justice. The latter thus recovered his land and his serfs; brother Ote made
him his heir, and Gamelyn wedded a wife both good and fair. And they lived
together, while that Crist wold, Until Gamelyn was buried under the mold. And so
shall we all; that none may flee: God bring us to the joy, that ever shall be.

LODGE'S ROSALYNDE

The Text of Rosalynde here given is from a copy issued by the Hunterian
Club, and placed, with alacrity, at my disposal by my kind friend, Mr Alexander
Smith, of Glasgow. In the Fifth Annual Report, 1878, of this excellent Club, that
has done, and is still doing, such fine work in its especial field, this issue of Lodge's
Novel is thus spoken of: 'In regard to "Rosalynde," it may be noted that the first
edition, 1590, has never until now been reprinted. For the use of the unique original
(unfortunately imperfect) in the Britwell library, the Club is indebted to the kindness
of Mr S. Christie-Miller. The deficiency (Sig. R, 4 leaves) has been supplied from
the second edition, 1592, in the collection of Mr Henry Huth.'

Marginal references are placed opposite those passages only which have been
specifically mentioned by critics in the preceding Commentary on the Play.

The Novel is so long, and demands so many pages, that I have compressed its
form, not its substance, in all possible ways, running into the text when practicable
lines of poetry, titles of chapters, &c., &c., which in the original stand out in the
page with generous margins. For the same reason I have not followed the original
in printing every name in small capitals. Be it remembered, therefore, that the sub-
stance alone is here reproduced; the form is quite disregarded.

TO THE RIGHT HON- || onourable and his most esteemed || Lord the Lord of Hunsdon, || Lord || Chamberlain of her Maiesties || household, and Governor of || Towne || of Barwicke : || T. L. G. wisheth increafe || of all honourable ver- || tues. ||

SVh Romane (right Honourable) as delighted in martiall expoytes, attempted their actions in the honour of Augustus, because he was a Patron of soldiers: and Virgil dignified him with his poemes, as a Mecenas of scholars; both soynly aduanc- ing his royaltie, as a Prince warlike and learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas, pre- fent her with bayes as she is wife, and with armour as she is valiant; observing herein that excellent τρεπτην which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the person. VVhen I entred (right honourable) with a deep insight into the con- feration of these premisse, seeing your L. to be a Patron of all martiall men, and a Mecenas of such as appoy themselues to studie; wearing with Pallas both the launce and the bay, and ayming with Augustus at the fauour of all, by the honourable vertues of your minde: being my selfe first a Student, and after falling from books to armes, even vowed in all my thoughts dutifullly to affect your L. Having with Capt: Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Tercenas & the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I wrot this booke; rough, as hatcht in the stormes of the Ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perilous seas. But as it is the worke of a soldier and a scholar, I presumed to showe it under your Honors patronage, as one that is the fautor and fauourer of all vertuous actions; and whose honourable Loves grown from the generall applause of the whole Commonwolth for your higher deserts, may keep it fro the mallice of every bitter tounge. Other reasons more particular (right Honourable) challenge in me a speciall affection to your L. as being a scholar with your two noble sons, Master Edmond Carew & M. Robert Carew, (two sons worthie of so honorabele a tree, and a tree glorious in suche honourable fruites) as also being scholler in the Vniversitie under that learned and vertuous Knight Sir Edward Hobbe, when he was Batcheler in Arts, a mad as well lettered as well borne, and after the Eymologic of his name soaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happie euerie way, & the more fortunate, as blessed in the honor of so vertuous a Ladie. Thus (right honourable) the dutie that I owe to the fones, chargeth me that all my affection be placed on the father; for where the branches are so precious, the tree of force must be most excellent. Commanded and emboldned thus with the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my Booke to your Lordship; I humbly intreate, your Honour will vouch of my labours, and fauour a soldiers and a scholler a pen with your gracious acceptance; who ansueres in affection what he wants in eloquence; so denoted to your Honour, as his onely desire is, to end his life under the fauour of so martiall and learned a Patron.

Reesting thus in hope of your Lordships courtesie, in deyning the Patronage of my worke, I crave : wishing you as many honourable fortunes as your Lordship can desire, or I imagine.

Your Honours soldier
humbly affectionate:

Thomas Lodge.
APPENDIX

To the Gentlemen Readers.

GENTLEMEN, look not here to find anie sprigs of Pallas bay tree, nor to heare the humour of any amorous Lawreaste, nor the pleasing vaine of anie eloquent Orator: Nolo alium fopere, they be matters abowe my capacitie; the Coblers checke shall never light on my head, Ne futor ultra crepidam, I will goe no further than the latchet, and then all is well. Here you may perhaps find som leaves of Venus mil- tle, but heavne down by a fouldier with his curlesaxe, not bought with I, iii, 124 the allurement of a filed tongue. To be briefe Gentlemen, roome for a fouldier, & a failer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrought in the Ocean, when euerie line was wet with a surge, & euerie humorous paision counter-checkt with a storme. If you like it, so: and yet I will be yours in duetie, if you be mine in fauour. But if Memus or anie fquint-cied asse that hath mightie cares to conceive with Midas, and yet little reason to judge; if hee come aboord our Barkke to find fault with the tackling, when he knows not the throwdes, Ile downe into the bold, and fetch out a ruffie pollax, that faue no funne this feauen yeare, and either well be baft him, or heane the cockccombe over boord to feede cods. But courteous Gentlemen that fauour most, backbite none, & pardon what is overslipt, let fuch come & welcome, Ile into the Stevwards roome, & fetch them a kan of our beft brandge. VVell Gentlemen, you haue Euphuet Legacie. I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of Tercers, and therefore read it; censure with fauour, and farewel.

Yours T. L.

Rofalynd.

There dwelled adjoyning to the cite of Bourdeaux a Knight of moft honorable parentage, whom Fortune had grace with manie fauours, and Nature honored with fundrie exquisite qualities, so beautifull with the excellency of both, as it was a question whether Fortune ou Nature were more prodiggall in deciphering the riches of their bounties. Wife hee was, as holding in his head a suprême concept of policie, reaching with Nestor into the dephth of all ciuill governement; and to make his wife-dome more gracious, he had that Ialem ingeniij and pleasan eloquence that was so highlie commended in Vlises: his valour was no leffe than his wit, nor the strocke of his Launce no leffe forcible, than the sweetnesse of his tongue was perfwasive: for he was for his courage choosen the principall of all the Knights of Malta. This hardie Knight thus enricht with Vertue and Honour, furnamed Sir John of Bourdeaux, hauing pass'd the prime of his youth in fundrie battailes against the Turkes, at laft (as the date of time hath his courte) grew aged: his hairies were siluer hued, and the map of age was figured on his forehead: Honour fat in the furrowes of his face, and many yeres were pourtraied in his wrinkled lianiaments, that all men might perceive his glasse was runne, and that Nature of necesseity chambered her due. Sir Iohn (that with the Phenix knewe the tearme of his life was now epyred, and could with the Swanne discouer his end by her songs) hauing three fones by his wife Lynida, the verie pride of all his forepaied yeres, thought now (seeing deatth by constraint would compel him to leaue them) to beftowe vpon them such a Legacie as might bewray his loue, and increafe their enuing amitie. Calling therefore thes yong Gentlemen before him in the presence of all his fellowe Knights of Malta, he resolve to leaue them a memoriall of his fatherlie care, in setting downe a methode of their brotherlie dueties. Hauing therefore death in his lookes to mooue them to pitee, and teares in his eyes to point out the depth of his passions, taking his eldrest fonne by the hand, hee began thus.—Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux Legacie he gaue to his Sonnes.—
Lodge's Rosalynde

Oh my Sonnes, you see that Fate hath set a period of my yeares, and Deftinies have determined the full end of my daies: the Palm tree waxeth away ward, for he floogeth in his height, and my plumes are full of sicke feathers touched with age. I muet to my grave that diachargeth all cares, and leave you to the world that encreseth many forowes: my siluer haires conteneth great experience, and in the number of my yeares are pend downe the subtilties of Fortune. Therefore as I leave you some fading pelle to counterchecke powertime, fo I will bequeste you infallible precepts that shall leade you vnto vertue. First therefore vnto thee Saladyne the eldeft, and therefore the chiefest piller of my houfe, wherein shoulde be ingraven as well the excellence of thy fathers qualitie, as the essentiale forme of his proportion, to thee I gie foureeteen ploughlands, with all my Manor houfes and richeft plate. Next vnto Fernadynge I bequeath twelve ploughlands. But vnto Rosader the yongeft I gie my Horfe, My Armour and my Lauce, with sixtene ploughlands: for if the inward thoughts be decouvered by outward shadowes, Rosader will exceed you all in bountie and honour. Thus (my Sonnes) haue I parted in your portions the substanctie of my wealth, wherein if you bee as prodigall to spend, as I haue beene carefull to get, your friends will grieue to see you more wastfull than I was bountifull, and your foes smilie that my fall did begin in your exceffe. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the Loadfrarre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Ayme your deedes by my honorable endeavours, and shewe your fulnes simelie of fo florishing a tree: leaft as the birds Halcyones which exceede in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that surpass in blacknisse. Clime not my fonne: aspiring pride is a vapour that ascended hie, but soone turneth to a smoake: they which flare at the Starres, stumble upon stones; and such as gaze at the Sunne (vnelie they bee Eagle eyed) fall blinde. Soare not with the Hobbie, leaft you fall with the Larke; nor attempt not with Phaeton, leaft you drowne with Icarus. Fortune when shee wills you to flie, tempers your plumes with waxe, and therefore either fit still and make no wing, or els beware the Sunne, and holde Dedalus axione authenticall (medium tenere tutissimum). Low shrubbea haue deepe roots, and poore Cottages great patience. Fortune lookes euer vpward, and enuie aspired to needles with dignitie. Take heede my fonne, the meane is sweetest melodie; where strings high fretstetch, either soone cracke, or quicklie growe out of tune. Let your Countries care be your hearts content, and thinke that you are not borne for your felues, but to leuell your thoughts to be loyall to your Prince, careful for the Common weale, and faithfull to your friends: so shal France say, these men are as excellent in vertues, as they be esquisite in features. Oh my fonne, a friend is a precious Iewell, within whose bosome you may unloade your forowes and unfold your secretes, and bee either will releceu with counsaille, or periwade with reason: but take heede in the choyce, the outward shew makes not the inward man, nor are the dimples in the face the Calenders of truth. When the Liquorice leafe looketh most drie, then it is most wet. When the flooares of Lepanthus are most quiet, then they forepoint a storne. The Baaran leafe the more faire it lookes, the more infectious it is, and in the sweetest words is oft hid the most trecherie. Therefore my fonne, choose a friend as the Hiperborei do the mettals, feuer them from the ore with fire, & let them not bide the flamp before they be currant; so trie and then truft, let time be touchtone of friendship, & then friends faithfull lay them vp for Iewells. Be valiant my fonne, for cowardlie is the enemie to honour; but not too rash, for that is an extreme. Fortitude is the meane, and that is limited within bonds, and prescrib'd with circumsistance. But above all, and with that he fecht a deepe sigh, beware of Loue, for it is farre
more perilous than pleasant, and yet I tell you it allureth as ill as the Syrena. Oh my fonnes, fancie is a fickle thing, and beauties paintings are trickt vp with times colours, which being set to drie in the Sunne, perih with the same. Venus is a wanton, & though her lawes pretend libertie, yet there is nothing but loffe and glistering miserie. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie, and his arrowes where they pearce, inforce nothing but deadly desires: a womans eye as it is precious to behold, so it is prejudicial to gaze vp; for as it afoordeth delight, so it snareth vnto death. Trueth not their fawning favours, for their loues are like the breath of a man vpon steale, which no sooner lighteth on but it leapeth of, and their passions are as momentarie as the colours of a Polipe, which changeth at the fight of euerie objeit.

My breath waxeth short and mine eyes'dimme, the houre is come and I must away: therefore let this suffice, women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therefore if you loue, choice her that hath her eyes of Adamant, that will turne only to one poyn; her heart of a Diamond, that will receiue but one forme; her tongue of a Sethin leafe, that neuer waggis but with a Southeast winde: and yet my fonnes, if she haue all these qualities, to be chaste, obedient, and silent; yet for that she is a woman, shalt thou finde in her sufficiens vanities to counteruale her vertues. Oh now my fonnes, even now take these my last words as my lastef Legacie, for my thrid is sponne, and my foote is in the graue: keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsaisles, and let them bee lodged in the secrete of your hearts; for wifesdome is better than wealth, and a golden fentence worth a world of treasure. In my fall fee & marke my fonnes the follie of man, that being duft climbeth with Biare to reach at the Heauens, and readie euerie minute to dye, yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh mans life is like lightning that is but a flash, and the longeast date of his yearees but a bauens blaze. Seeing then man is so mortall, bee carefull that thy life bee vertuous, that thy death may be full of admirable honours; so shalt thou challenge fame to bee thy fautor, and put oblivion to exile with thine honorable actions. But my Sonnes, leaff thou shoulde forget thy fathers axioms, take this scroule, wherein readie what your father dying, wils you to execute liuing. At this bee shrunk downe in his bed and gae vp the ghost.

Iohn of Bourdeaux being thus dead, was greatlie lamented of his Sonnes and bewayed of his friends, especiallie of his fellowe Knights of Malta, who attended on his Funerals, which were performed with great solemnitie. His Obsequies done, Saladyne caufed next his Epitaph the contents of the scroule to be pourtraied out, which were to this effect.

The contents of the freoudle which Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux gaeve to his Sonnes.

MY Sonnes, behold what portion I doe giue;
I leaue you goods, but they are quicklie lost;
I leaue advice, to schoole you how to liue;
I leaue you wit, but wonne with little cost:
But keepe it well: for counsaile fyll is one,
When Father, friends, and worldlie goods are gone.

In choice of thrift let honour be thy garne,
Winne it by vertue and by manly might;
In doing good esteeme thy toyle no paine,
Protect the fatherlesse and widoues right:
Fight for thy faith, thy Countrie and thy King,
For why f this thrift will prose a blifsed thing.
LODGE'S ROSALYNDE

In choice of wife, preferre the modest shaft,
Lillies are faire in shew, but soule in smell;
The sweetest looks by age are soome defaith:
Then choose thy wife by wit and living well.
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withall,
Presents thee home, mixt with bitter gall.

In choice of friends, beware of light belief,
A painted tongue may shroud a subtil heart;
The Syrena tears do threaten mickle griefe,
Forsce / my sonne, for feare of sodaine smart:
Chuse in thy wants: and he that friends thee then,
When richer grown, befriend him thou aye.

Learne of the Ant in sommer to provide;
Driue with the Bee the Droome from out thy hius;
Buiilde like the Swallowe in the sommer tyme;
Spare not too much (my sonne) but sparing thrive:
Be poore in solite, rich in all but sonne:
So by thy death thy glory shall beginne.

Saladine hauing thus fet vp the Scedule, and hangd about his Fathers heare many passionate Poems, that France might suppose him to be passyng sorowfull, he clad him selfe and his Brothers all in black, & in fuch fable futes discouers his grieue: but as the Hiena when she mournes is then most guillefull, fo Saladine under this shew of grieue shadowed a heart full of contented thoughtes: the Tyger though bee hide his clawes, will at laft discouer his rapine: the Lions looks are not the mappes of his meaning, nor a mans phthonomie is not the display of his secrets. Fere cannot bee hid in the straw, nor the nature of man fo concealed, but at laft it will haue his course: noughture and art may doo much, but that Naturam naturaui which by propagation is ingrafted in the heart, will be at laft perforce predominant according to the olde verfe. Naturam expellas furca licet, tamen utque recurret. So fared it with Saladyne, for after a months mourning was past, he fell to consideracion of his Fathers testamento, how he had bequeathed more to his younger brothers than himselfe, that Rosader was his Fathers darling, but now under his tuition, that as yet they were not come to yeres, & he being their gardin, might (if not defraud them of their due) yet make fuch hauock of their legacies and lands, as they should be a great deale the lighter: whereupon bee began thus to meditate with himselfe.——Saladynes meditation with himselfe.——Saladyne, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, & perplexed with a world of reftlesse paffions, hauing thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy Fathers testamento, and thy heart fiered with the hope of prefent preferment by the one, thou art counsald to content thee with thy fortunes; by the other, perfwaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladyne) is a great royalty, & there is no sweeter philck thia flore. Aulchen like a foole forgot in his Aphiromnes to say, that golde was the most precious reforatue, and that treasure was the moft excellent medecine of the minde. Oh Saladyne, what were thy Fathers precepts breathed into the winde? haft thou so soone forgot his principles? did he not warne thee from coueting without honor, and cliiming without vertue? did he not forbid thee to aime at any action that should not be honourable? & what will bee more prudicall to thy credit, than the carelesse ruine of thy brothers welfare? why shouldst thou not bee the piller of thy brothers prosperitie; and wilt thou become the subuerion of their fortunes? is there
any sweeter thing than concord, or a more precious jewel than amity? Are you not fons of one father, fons of one tree, birds of one nest, and wilt thou become so unnatural as to rob them, whom thou shouldst relieve? No Saladyne, intreate them with favours, and intreat them with loue; for shalt thou have thy conscience cleare and thy renowne excellent. Truth, what words are these base fool; farre vnfit (if thou be wise) for thy humour. What though thy Father at his death talked of many frivolous matters, as one that dosed for age, and raged in his sicknesse: shall his words be axioms, and his talke be so authenticall, that thou wilt (to obserue them) prejudice thy selfe? No no Saladyne, sicken wills that are parole, and have neither hand nor seale, are like the lawes of a Citie written in duft; which are broken with the blast of euerie wind. What man thy Father is dead, and hee can neither helpe thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions: therefore bury his words with his carkasse, and bee wife for thy selfe. What, tis not fo olde as true: Non est, qui ibi non est. Thy Brother is young, keepe him now in awe, make him not chuse mate with thy selfe: for Nymia familiaris is contemptum parit. Let him knowe little, for shall he not be able to execute much; suppreffe his wittes with a base eftate, and though hee be a Gentleman by nature yet forme him a new, and make him a peasan by nourture: for shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and rainge thy selfe sole Lord over all thy Fathers possessions. As for Fernandyne thy middle brother he is a scholler, and hath no minde but on Aristotle, let him reade on Galen while thou rife with gold, and pore on his booke till thou doof purchase lands: wit is great wealth, if hee haue learning it is enough; and so let all reit.

In this humoure was Saladyne making his brother Rosader his foot boy, for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in fuch feruile subjection, as if hee had been the fone of any countreie vaillall. The yong Gentleman bare al with patience, till he日在 the garde by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the son of John of Bourdeaux, a knight renowned for many victories, & a Gentleman famosted for his virtues, how contrary to the testament of his father, he was not only kept from his land, and intreated as a feruant, but fmothered in fuch secret flauerie, as he might not attaine to any honourable actions. Ah quoth he to himselfe (nature working these effectuall passions) why should I that am a Gentleman borne, passe my time in such vnnatural drudgerie? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a fouldier, than to liue a foote boy to my own brother: nature hath lent me wit to cocrue, but my brother denied me arte to contemplete: I haue strength to perfore any honorable exployte, but no libertie to accompliwh my vertuous endevours: thofe good partes that God hath bestowed upon me, the enue of my brother dooth smother in obscuritie: the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnesse. With that cattling vp his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiving his head to bud, for scholler hee began to blushe, and swore to himselfe he would bee no more sufficent to fuch flauerie. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholies passions, in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne studye, and to forget his wonted reuerence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha (quoth hee) what is your heart on your halfe penye, or are you faying a Dirge for your fathers soule? what is my dinner readie? At this question Rosader turning his head aface, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, he made this replie. Doest thou ask me (Saladyne) for thy Cates? ask some of thy Churles who are fit for such an office: I am thine equall by nature, though not by birth; and though thou haue more Cardes in the bunch, I haue as many trumps
in my hands as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou haft feld my Woods, spoyled my Manner houes, and made hauch of such vtenals as my father bequeathed unto me? I tell thee Saladyne, either answere me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemy.

At this replie of Rosader, Saladyne smiled as laughing at his presumption, & frowned as checking his folie: he therefore tooke him vp thus shortlie. What sirf, well I see earlie pricks the tree that will prooue a thorne: hath my familiar conferring with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remeide such a fault, and I will bende the tree while it is a wand: In faith (for boy) I haue a sinall for such a headifrog colt. You firs lay holde on him and binde him, and then I will give him a cooling card of his choller. This made Rosader haffe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, he laide such loadde vpon his brothers men that he hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne seeing Rosader so refolute, and with his reolution so valiant, thought his hees his belte safetie, and tooke him to a loafe adjoyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotlie. Saladyne afdraie of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus. Rosader bee not so rash, I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I haue done thee wrong Ile make thee amends: reuenge not anger in bloud, for so shalt thou flaine the vertue of olde Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontente and thou shalt be satisfied. Brothers frownes ought not to be periods of wrath: what man looke not so fowerlie, I knowe we shall be friends, and better friends than we have been. For, Amanium ira amoris redint egratio of.

These wordes appealled the choller of Rosader, (for hee was of a milde and courteous nature) so that he laide downe his weapons, and vpon the faith of a Gentleman affered his brother he would offer him no prejudice: wherevpon Saladyne came downe, and after a little parley they imbraced each other and became frendes, and Saladyne promising Rosader the restitution of all his lands, and what favour els (quoth he) any waies my abilitie or the nature of a brother may performe. Vpon these fuged recollisions they went into the boutte arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old seruants of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the frawe, till it chauened that Torismond King of France had appoynted for his pleasure a day of Wrestling and of Tournament to bufie his Commons heads, least being idle their thoughts should runne vpon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished King; a Champion there was to stand against all commers a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strengthe; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely overthrowing them which he encountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them out-right. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead: first by secret meanes consuited with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes he should never more returne to quarrell with Saladyne for his possession. The Norman defirous of pelle, as (Quis mei mentis inope oblivam rejgit auriun.) taking great gifts for little Gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the firstagem. Hauing thus the Champion tied to his vilaneous determination by oath, he prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus. Hee went to young Rosader, (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower than vertue commannde him) and began to tell him of this Tournament and Wrestling, how the King shoulde be there, and all the chiefe Peeres of France, with all the beautifull damofels of the
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Countrey: now brother (quoth he) for the honor of Sir John of Bourdeaux our renowned father, to famous that house that never hath been found without men approoued in Cheualrie, sheweth thy resolution to be peremptorie. For my selfe thou knowest though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deeds of Armes, I am youngest to performe any Martiall expoytes, knowing better how to suruey my lands, than to charge my Launce: my brother Fernandyne he is at Paris poring on a fewe papers, hauing more insight into Sophistrie and principles of Philosophie, than any warlike iuendeurs: but thou Rosader the youngest in yeares, but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength and darest doo what honour allowes thee; take thou my fathers Launce, his Sword, and his Horfe, and he thee to the Tournament, and either there valiantlie crack a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of actuitie. The words of Saladyne were but fureres to a free horfe; for he had scarce vittered them, ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that he promised in what he might to requite his courtezie. The next morowe was the day of the Tournament, and Rosader was so defirous to shew his heroycall thoughts, that he past the night with little sleepe: but affoone as Phoebus had vailed the Curteine of the night, and made Aurora bluff with giuing her the besolet labres in her siluer Couch, he gazt him vp; and taking his leave of his brother, mounted himselfe towards the place appoynted, thinking every mile ten leagues till he came there. But leaving him so defirous of the journey: to Torismond the King of France, who hauing by force banished Gerismond their lawfull King that lived as an outlaw in the Forrest of Arden, fought now by all meanes to kepe the French bufied with all sportes that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne Tournament, whereunto he in most solemne manner resorted, accompanied with the twelue Peeres of France, who rather for feare than loute graced him with the shew of their dutifull favours: to feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistening objectes, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, & the faire Rosalynde daughter unto Gerismond, with all the beautifull damofels that were famous for their features in all France. Thus in that place did Loue and Warre triumph in a simpatiche: for such as were Martialis, might see their Launce to bee renowned for the excellence of their Cheualrie; and such as were amorous, might glut themselues with gazing on the beauties of most heavenly creatures. As euerie mans eye had his feueral suruey, and fancie was partiall in their lookes, yet all in generall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynd: for vpon her cheekes there seemed a bataille betwene the Graces, who should bestow most favours to make her excellent. The bluff that gloried Luna when the kift the thepheard on the hills of Latmos was not taintt with such a plesant dye, as the Vermillion flourisht on the siluer hue of Rosalynys countenance; her eyes were like thefe lampes that make the weathie couert of the Heauens more gorgeous, sparkling favour and disdaine; courteous and yet coyse, as if in them Venus had placed all her amoires, and Diana all her chastitie. The tramells of her hayre, fouled in a call of golde, so farre surpaft the burnisht glister of the mettal, as the Sunne dooth the meanest Starre in brightnesse: the treffes that foldes in the browes of Apollo were not halfe so rich to the sight; for in her haires it seemed loue had laide her selfe in ambush, to intrappe the proudest eye that durft gaze vpon their excellence: what should I need to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all the was the paragon of all earthly perfection. This Rosalynd sat I say with Alinda as a beholder of thefe sportes, and made the Causaliers crack their lances with more courage: many deeds of Knight-
hoode that day were performed, and many prizes were given according to their several defers: at last when the tournament ceased, the wraffling began; and the Norman presented himself as a challenger against all comers; but he looked like Hercules when he adusunnt himself against Acheolus; so that the fury of his countenance amazed all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of actitute: till at last a lustful Francklin of the Countrie came with two tall men that were his Sonnes of good lyniaments and comely perfonage: the eldest of these doing his obeysance to the King entered the lyft, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glory of his strength, roufed himselfe with such furie, that not onely he gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent perfonage: which the younger brother seeing, kept presently into the place, and thristie after the reuenge, assayed the Norman with such valour, that at the first encounter hee brought him to his knees; which repulsed so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so farrely to the young Francklin, that taking him vp in his armes he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broke his neck, and so ended his days with his brother. At this vnslookt for maffeacre, the people murmured, and were all in a depe passion of pittie; but the Francklin, Father unto these, never changed his countenance; but as a man of a courageous resolution, took vp the bodies of his Sonnes without any shew of outward discontent. All this while fowde Rosader and fawe this tragedie: who noting the vndoubted vertue of the Francklin minde, alighted of from his horfe, and presentlie fat downe on the graffe, and commanded his boy to pull off his bootes, making him readie to trie the strength of this Champion; being furnished as he would, hee clapt the Francklin on the shoulder and faide thus. Bolde yeoman whose sonnes have ended the tearme of their yeares with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and twartest the inurye of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy Sonnes: stand a while and either fee mee make a third in their tragedie, or else reuenge their fall with an honourable triumph; the Francklin seeing so goodlie a Gentleman to give him such courteous comfort, gave him hartie thanks, with promife to pray for his happie successe. With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the King, and lightlie left within the lyfts, where noting more the companie than the combatant, hee cast his eye vpon the troupe of Ladies that glittered there like the starres of heauen, but at last Loue willing to make him as amourous as he was valiant, presented him with the fight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beautie fo inueagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee fowde and fed his looks on the favour of Rosalynds face, which the perceuing, blufht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bathfull red of Aurora at the fight of vnacquainted Phaeton was not halfe fo glorious: The Norman seeing this young Gentleman fettered in the lookes of the Ladies, draue him out of his memento with a shake by the shouder; Rosader looking back with an angrie browne, as if he had been wakened from some plesant dreame, discovered to all by the furie of his countenance that he was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweeteneffe of his vifage, with a general applause of favours, they grieued that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action: but seeing it were to his dithonour to hinder him from his enterprize, they wifht him to be graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, hee roughlie clapt to him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe: in which spase the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whom Saladyne
had appoynted him to kil; which conieckture made him stretche every limb, & trie
every finew, that working his death he might recover the golde, which so bountifully
was promis'd him. On the contrarie part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle,
but full cast his eye vpon Rosalynd, who to encourage him with a fauour, lent him
such an amorous looke, as might have made the moft coward defperate: which
glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate defires of Rosader, that turning to the
Norman hee ran vpon him and braued him with a strong encounter; the Norman
receiv'd him as valiantly, that there was a fore combat, hard to judge on whose fide
fortune would be prodigall. At laft Rosader calling to minde the beautie of his new
Miftreffe, the fame of his Fathers honoures, and the dignace that should fall to his
houfe by his mifffortune, routed himselfe and threw the Norman againft the ground,
falling vpon his Cheft with fo willing a weighe, that the Norman yelded nature her
due, and Rosader the victorie. The death of this Champion; as it highelie contented
the Francklin, as a man ratified with reuenge, so it dree the King and all the Peeres
into a great admiration, that fo young yeares and so beautifull a peronage, shou'd
containe such martall excellence: but when they knew him to be the youngf Sonne
of Sir John of Bourdeaux, the King rofe from his feate and embraced him, and the
Peeres intreated him with al fauourable courtife, commending both his valour and
his vertue, whifhing him to goe forward in fuch haughtie deedes, that he might attaine
to the glorie of his Fathers honourable fortunes. As the King and Lordes graced
him with embracing, fo the Ladies favoured him with their lookees, especially Rosalynd,
whome the beautie and valour of Rosader had alreadie touched; but
she accounted loue a toye, and fancie a momentarie passion, that as it was I, ii, 25
taken in with a gaze, might bee shaken off with a winck; and therefore
feared not to daille in the flame, and to make Rosader knowe the affected him; takeke
from his neck a Jewell, and sent it by a Page to the young Gentleman. The Prizze
that Venus gave to Paris was not halfe fo pleasing to the Troian, as this Iemne was
to Rosader: for if fortune had sworne to make him soe Monark of the world, he
would rather have refused such dignitie, than haue loft the iewell sent him by Rosalynd.
To retourn her with the like he was vnfurnifhed, and yet that hee might
more than in his lookees discouer his affection, he ftept into a tent, and taking pen
and paper writ this fancie.

Two Sonnes at once from one faire heaven there fhinde,
Ten branches from two boughes tipt all with rose,
Pure lockes more golden than is golde refinde,
Two pearled rows that Natures pride incloys:
Two mounts faire marble white, doune-soft and daintie,
A snow died orbe; where love increas by pleasure
Full woeful makes my heart, and bodie daintie:
Hir faire (my wee) exceeds all thought and meaure.
In lines confus'de my buckefte harme appeareth;
Whom forrow clouds, whom pleafant smiling cleevereth.

This sonnet he fent to Rosalynd, which when the read, the blufht, but with a
sweete content in that the perceaued loue had alotted her fo amorous a fervant. Leau-
ing her to her new intertained fancies, againe to Rosader; who triumphing in the
glory of this conquête, accompanied with a troup of young Gentlemen, that were
defirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother Saladyes, who was walking
before the gates, to heare what successe his brother Rosader shoulde haue, asuring him selfe of his death, and Duffyng howe w't diffimueld forrow, to celebrate his funerals; as he was in this thought, hee cast vp his eye, & fawe where Rosader returned with the garlande on his heade, as hauing won the prize, accompanied with a crew of boone companions; greeued at this, hee stepped in and shut the gate. Rosader fying this, and not looking for such vniude intairneyment, bluht at the difgrace, and yet spreading his griefe with a smile, he turned to the Gentlemen, and defred them to holde his brother execused, for hee did not this vpon any malicious intent or nigardize, but being brought vp in the country, he abseted him selfe, as not finding his nature fit for such youthfull companie. Thus hee fought to shalow abuses profred him by his brother, but in vayne, for he could by no meanes be suffered to enter: whereupon hee ran his foote against the doore, and brake it open; drawing his fwoorde and entering boldly into the Hall, where hee founde none (for all were fled) but one Adam Spencer an English man, who had been an olde and truffie servant to Sir John of Bourdeaux: hee loose he bare to his deceaede Maister, favored the part of Rosader, and gave him and his fuch intairneyment as he could. Rosader gave him thanks, and looking about, feeing the hall empty, saide, Gentlemen, you are welcome, frolick and be merie, you shall be sure to have Wine enough, whatsoever your fare be, I tell you Causiers my brother hath in his house, fine tunne of wine, and as long as that lasteth, I brewe him that spares his liquor With that he burft open the butterie dore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer, covered the Tables, and set downe whatsoever he could finde in the house, but what they wanted in meat, Rosader supplied with drinke, yet had they royall cheere, and withall such a barte welcome, as would haue made the courtest meates, ferme delicats. After they had feastted and frolicked it twife or thrife with an vpsey freeze, they all tooke their leaues of Rosader and departed. Afoone as they were gone Rosader growing impatient of the abuse, drewe his fwoorde, and swore to be reuenged on the difcourteous Saladyn: yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendship and amitie betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submision of Saladyn, they were once agayne reconciled, & put vp all fowne injuries, with a peaceable agreement, living together for a good space in such brotherly loue, as did not onely reioyce the servants, but made all the Gentlemen and bording neighbours glad of such friender concord. Saladyn biding fire in the flour, and concealing a poysoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter opportunitie, he shewed him felfe a great fanoer of his brothers vertuous endeavours: where leaung them in this happy league, let vs returne to Rosalynde.

Rosalynde returning home from the triumph, after the waxed solitarie, loue presented her with the Idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discouer, strooke her so depe, as she felt her felle grow passing passionate: she began to call to minde the comelinaesse of his perfon, the honor of his parents, and the vertues that Excelling both, made him so gracious in the eies of evry one. Sucking in thus the hony of loue, by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, she began to surft with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions, but when the cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, & fancy to vale bonnet, that betweene a Cæsar of confused thoughtes, she began to debate with her felle in this manner.—Rosalynde passion.—Infortunate Rosalynde, whose misfortunes are more than thy yeeres, and whose passions are greater than thy patience. The bloffomes of thy youth, are mixt with the frostes of enuie, and the hope of thy ensuing frutes, perish in the bud. Thy father is by Toriamond banisht from the
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crowne, & thou the unhappie daughter of a King detained captive, liuing as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontetted in his exile. Ah Rosalynd what cares wait vpon a crown, what griefes are incident to dignitie? what forrowes haunt royal Palaces? The greatest feas haue the forest florres, the highest birth subiect to the most bale, and of all trees the Cedars foonefte shake with the winde: small Currents are uuer calme, lowe valleys not fcorcht in any lightnings, nor bale men tyed to anye balefull prelude. Fortune flies, & if the touch poute, it is with her heele, rather disdayning their want with a browne, than ensuing their wealth with disparging. Oh Rosalynd, hadst thou been borne low, thou hadst not fallen so high: and yet being great of blood, thine honour is more, if thou brookeft misfortune with patience. Suppoze I contrary fortune with content, yet Fates vnwilling to hauie me any way happie, haue forced loue to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Loue Rosalind becometh it women in diffirese to thinke of loue? True, desire hath no respect of persons, Cupid is blinde and shooteth at randon, as foone hittinge a rag, as a robe, and percing aloone the boforme of a Captive, as the breast of a Libertine. Thou speakest it poore Rosalynd by experience, for beinguerie way diffirese, furcharged with cares, and ouergrown with forrowes, yet amimid the heape of all these mishaps, loue hath lodged in thy hart the perfection of young Rosader, a man every way absoloute as well for his inward life, as for his outward lyniaments, able to content the eye with beauty, and the eare with the report of his vertue. But confuder Rosalind his fortunes, and thy present estate, thou art poore and without patronimie, and yet the daughter of a Prince, he a younger brother, and void of such poiffions as eyther might maintayne thy dignities, or revenge thy fathers injuries. And haft thou not learned this of other Ladies, that louers cannot liue by lookees; that womens cares are sooner content with a dram of ginne me, than a pound of heare me; that Gould is sweeter than eloquence; that loue is a fire, & wealth is the fewell; that Venus Coffers should beuer full. Then Rosalynd, seeing Rosader is poore, thinke him leffe beautifull, becaufe he is in want, and account his vertues but qualities of courfe, for that hee is not indued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what methode is to be vaed in loue, Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

True Rosalynd, be not ouer raft; leape not before thou looke; eyther loue such a one as may with his landes purchase thy liberty, or els loue not at all. Choose not a fauye face with an empitie purse, but say as moft women vfe to say, Si nihil altulatoris, ibi Homere foras.

Why Rosalynd, can such bale thoughtes harbour in such high beauties? Can the degree of a Princes, the daughter of Gerismond harbour such ferule conceltes, as to prize gold more than honor, or to measure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. No Rosalynd, blith at thy bale resolution, and say if thou loue, either Rosader or none: and why? because Rosader is both beautifull and vertuous. Smiling to her lefte to thynke of her new entertayned pasions, taking vp her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this dittie.

Rosalynd Madrigal.

Louse in my boforme like a Bee

doeth sucke his favoure.

Now with his wings he plays with me,

now with his feete.

Within mine eyes he makes his meast,

His bed amidst my tender breast,
LODGE'S ROSALYNDE

My kissey are his daily feast;
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah wanton, will ye?

And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he
With pretie flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The liuelong night.

Strike I my lute he tunes the string,
He musichke playes if so I sing,
He lends me euerie louelte thing;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.

Whist wanton still ye?

Els I with royes euerie day
Will whip you hence;

And binde you when you long to play,
For your offence.

Ille fast mine eyes to kepe you in,
Ille make you fast it for your sinn,
Ille count your power not worth a pinne;
Ahlas what hereby shall I winne,

If he gainsay me?

What if I beate the wanton boy
With mantie a rod?

He will repay me with annoy,
Because a God.

Then fit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosome be:
Lurke in mine eyes I like of thee:
Oh Cupid so thou pitie me.

Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalynde ended her Madrigale, before Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda, and manie of the Peeres of France, who were enamoured of her beautie: which Torismond perceiuing, fearing leaft her perfeccion might be the beginning of his prejudice, and the hope of his fruites ende in the beginning of her blossomes, hee thought to baniish her from the Court: for quoth he to himselfe, her face is so full of savour, that it pleases pitie in the eye of euerie man; her beautie is so heavenly and divine, that she will proonse to me as Helen did to Priam: some one of the Peeres will syme at her sone, ende the marriage, and then in his wises right attempt the kingdome. To prevent therefore had I will in all these actions, the tarryes not about the Court, but shall (as an exile) either wandr to her father, or els seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a steeane countenance full of wrath, hee breathed out this censure vnto her before the Peeres, that charged her that that night fhee were not sene about the Court: for (quoth he) I have heard of thy aspiyng speaches, and intended treasons. This doome was straenge vnto Rosalynde, and pefrectly couered with the shield of her innocenc, thee boldly brake out in reverend tearmes to have cleared her selfe: but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durft his Lordes plead for Rosalynde, although her beautie had made some of them
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passionate, seeing the figure of wrath portrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynde amazed, Alinda who loved her more than her selfe, with grieffe in her heart, & tears in her eyes, falling downe on her knees, began to intreat her father thus:—Alinda's oration to her father in defence of faire Rosalynde.—If (mightie Torismond) I offende in pleading for my friend, let the law of amity craue pardon for my boldnes; for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priuledge. Rosalynde and I have beene sorred vp from our infancies, and nurtured vnder the harbour of our conuenting together with such private familiarities, that custome had wrought an union of our nature, and the sympathie of our affections such a secrete loue, that we have two bodies, and one soule. Then meruaille not (great Torismond) if seeing my friend distressed, I finde my selfe perplexed with a thousand sorrowes: for her vertuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that makest women excellent) they be such, as may challenge loue, and race out fulpitio: her obedience to your Maiestie, I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered all grieues with patience, and in the absencye of nature, hath honoured you with all dutie, as her owne Father by nouriture: not in word vtering anie discontent, nor in thought (as farre as coniecture may reach) hammering on reuenge; onely in all her actions seeking to please you, & to winne my fauour. Her wifedome, silence, chaflitie, and other such rich qualitie, I need not decryper: onely it reft for me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, Fortune who triumphs in variety of miseries, hath presented some enioys person (as minifter of her intended stragagem) to taint Rosalynde with anie furnifs of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusacion by witnesse; which proued, let her die, and Alinda will execute the massacree. If none can auouch anie confirmed relation of her intent, vie Jutice my Lord, it is the glorie of a King, and let her live in your wonted fauour: for if you banisht her, my selfe as copartner of her hard fortunes, wil participate in exile some part of her extremities.

Torismond (at this speach of Alinda) couered his face with such a frowne, as Tyrannie feemed to fit triumphant in his forehead, and checkt her vp with such taunts, as made the Lords (that onlie were hearers) to tremble. Proude girle (quoth he) hath my looks made thee fo light of tung, or my fauours encouraged thee to be so forward, that thou darest presume to preach after thy father? Hath not my yeares more experience than thy youth, and the winter of mine age deeper insight into ciuil policie, than the prime of thy florishing daies? The olde Elon suoides the toyles where the yong one leapes into the net: the care of age is prouind and foresees much: fulpitio is a vertue, were a man holds his enemie in his boforme. Thon fonde girle meafureth all by present affection, & as thy heart loves thy thoughts censure: but if thou kneweth that in liking Rosalynd thou hatchefth vp a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wilt intreate as much for her I, iii, 83 absence, as now thou delightest in her presence. But why do I alledge policie to thee? Sit you downe huwife and fall to your needle: if idlenesse make you fo wanton, or libertie fo malpert, I can quicklie tie you to a sharper taffe: and you (maide) this night be packing either into Arden to your father, or whether beft it shall content your humour, but in the Court you shal not abide. This rigorous replie of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for all the prosecuted her plea in the defence of Rosalynd, withing her father (if his censure might not be reuerft) that he would appoint her partner of her exile; which if he refused to doo, either she would (by some secret meanes) fleale out and followe her, or els end her daies with some despera kindo of death. When Torismond heard his daughter fo refolute, his heart
was so hardened against her, that he set down a definitive and peremptory sentence that they should both be banished: which prefentlie was done. The Tyrant rather choosing to hazard the losse of his only child, than any waies to put in question the state of his kingdom: so fufpicious and feareful is the confience of an vforper. Well, although his Lords perfwaded him to Retaine his owne daughter, yet his resolution might not bee reuerfl, but both of them must away from the court without either more companie or delay. In he went with great melancholie, and left these two Ladies alone. Rosalynd waxed very sad, and fat downe and wept. Alinda the smiled, and fitting by her friende began thus to comfort her.—— Alinda comfort to perplexed Rosalynd.——Why how now Rosalynd, difmaide with a frowne of contrarie fortune? Haue I not oft heard thee say that high minds were discouered in fortunes contempt, and heroycall feene in the depth of extremities? Thou wert wont to tell others that complained of diftreffe, that the sweeteste false for miferie was patience; and the onlie medicine for want, that precious implantier of content: being such a good Phisition to others, wilt thou not minifter receipts to thy selfe? But perchance thou wilt saie: Confidenti nunquam caput doluit.

Why, then, if the patients that are sicke of this difne can finde in themselves neither reason to perfwade, nor arte to cure; yet (Rosalynd) admit of the counfailie of a friend, and apply the failures that may appeafe thy passion. If thou grieueft that beeing the daughter of a Prince, and enuie thwarthe thee with fuch hard exigents, thinke that royaltie is a faire marke; that Crownes haue croffes when mirth is in Cottages; that the fairer the Roe is, the sooner it is bitten with Catterpillers; the more orient the Pearle is, the more apt to take a blemens; and the greatefl birth, as it hath moft honour, fo it hath much enuie. If then Fortune aimeth at the fairest, be patient Rosalynd; for perft by thine exile thou goeft to thy father; nature is higher prifed than wealth, & the loue of ones parents ought to bee more precious than all dignities: why then doth my Rosalynd grieue at the frowne of Torismond, who by offering her a preijudice, proffers her a greater pleasure: and more (mad laffe) to be melancholie, when thou hath with thee Alinda a frend, who will be a faithfull copartner of all thy miffortunes, who hath left her father to followe thee, and chooefeth rather to brooke all extremeties than to forfake thy preference. What Rosalynd: Solamen misferis socios habuiffe doloris.

Cheerlie woman, as wee haue beene bedfellowes in royaltie, we will be fellowe mates in pouerie: I will euer bee thy Alinda, and thou shalt euer reft to me Rosalynd: so shall the worlde canonize our friendhip, and speake of Rosalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pilades and Orestes. And if euer Fortune smyle and wee returne to our former honour, then folding our felues in the sweete of our friendhip, wee shall merelie saie (calling to minde our forepastedom miferies); Olim hac meminisse tuabant.

At this Rosalynd began to comfort her; and after thee had wept a fewe kind tears in the boforme of her Alinda, she gave her heartie thanks, and then they fat them downe to confult how they should trauell. Alinda grieuied at nothing but that they might haue no man in their companie: saying, it would be their greatefe preijudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tuff (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and haft not a fodaine shift to preuent a miffortune?] I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very I, ill, [321] well become the perfon and apparel of a page, thou shalt bee my Minfris, and I will play the man fo properly, that (truit me) in what company fo euer I come I will not be discouered; I will buy mee a fuite, and haue my rapier very handfonely at my side, and if any knaue offer wrong, your page will shew him the point of his
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weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and prefentlie gathered vp all their Jewels, which they trussed vp in a Casket, and Rosalynd in all haste provided her of roabes, and Alinda (from her royll weedes) put her selfe in more homelie attire. Thus fitted to the purpose, away goe thefe two friends, having now changed their names, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd I, iii, 131 Ganimede: they trauniled along the Vineyards, and by many by-waies; at last got to the Forrest side, where they trauniled by the space of two or three daies without seeing anie creature, being often in danger of wild beasts, and payned with many passionate forrowes. Now the black Oxe began to tread on their feete, and Alinda thought of her wonted royaltie: but when she caft her eyes on her Rosalynd, she thought euerie danger a step to honour. Fasting thus on alon, about midday they came to a Fountaine, compact with a grove of Cipreffe trees, so cunninglie and curioulifie planted, as if some Goddesse had intreated Nature in that place to make her an Arbour. By this Fountaine sat Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fed as merlie as if they had been in Paris with all the Kings delicates: Aliena onely grieving that they could not so much as meete with a shepheard to discouer them the way to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganimede casting vp his eye espied where on a tree was ingrauen certaine verfes: which affoone as he espied, he cried out; bee of good cheer Mifris, I spie the figures of men; for here in these trees bee ingrauen certaine verfes of shepheards, or some other swaines that inhabit here about. With that Aliena start vp joyfull to heare these newes; and looked, where they found carued in the barke of a Pine tree this passion.

Montanus passion.

Hadst thou been borne whereas perpetuall cold
Makes Tanais hard, and mountaines fituer old:
Had I complain'd unto a marble stone;
Or to the flouds bewraside my bitter mone,
I then could beare the burden of my grieue.
But euen the pride of Countries at thy birth,
Whil't heauen's did smile did new away the earth
With flowers chiefe.
Yet thou the flower of beautie blest borne,
Hadst pretie lookses, but all attir'd in scorn.
Hadst thou the power to wepe sweet Mirrhas tears;
Or by my plaints to pearce repining ears;
Hadst thou the heart to smite at my complaint;
To scorn the woes that doth my heart attainst,
I then could beare the burden of my grieue.
But not my teares, but truth with thee presuasles,
And seeming fowre my forowes thee affailes:
Yet small reliefe.
For if thou wolt thou art of marble hard;
And if thou pleasure shall some be heard.

No doubt (quoth Aliena) this poeifie is the passion of some perplexed shepheard, that being enamoured of some faire and beautefull Shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulfe, and therefore complained of the crueltie of his Mifris. You may see (quoth
LODGE'S ROSALYNDE

Ganimede) what mad cattell you women be, whose hearts sometyme are made of Adamant that will touch with no imprellion; and sometyme of waxe that is fit for euerie forme: they delight to be courted, and then they glorie to seeme coy; and when they are most desir'd then they freee with difdaine: and this fault is so common to the sex, that you fee it painted out in the shepheards passions, who found his Mifries as froward as he was enamoured. And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your rostes were off, what mettall are you made of that you are so fayrycall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles the owne neft? Beware IV, i, 195 (Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not; if he doo, perchance you will make him leape so far from loue, that he wil anger euery vain in your hart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum, I speake now as I am Alienas page, not as I am Gerismonds daughter: for put me but into a peticoate, and I will stand in defiance to the uttermost that women are courteous, confident, vertuous, and what not. Stay there (quoth Aliena) and no more words; for yonder be Caracters grauen vpon the barke of the tall Beech tree: let vs fee (quoth Ganimede): and with that they read a fancie written to this effect.

First fhall the heauens want farrrie light;
The sease be robbed of their waues;
The day want summe, and summe want bright;
The night want shade, the dead men grave;
The Aprill flowers and loafe and tree,
Before I falsie my faith to thee.

First fshall the tops of higheft hills
By humble plains be overpride;
And Poets fcorne the Muses quills,
And fish forfake the water glide;
And Iris lofe her coloured weed,
Before I faile thee at thy need.

First direfull hate fshall tume to peace,
And love relent in deepe disdaine;
And death his fallall stroakes fshall cease,
And enue pitie every paine;
And pleasure mourne, and sorrow smile,
Before I talk of any guile.

First time fshall stay his playleffe race,
And winter bleffe his broues with cornes;
And snow kemosben Julies face;
And winter fpring, and summer mourne,
Before my pen by helpe of fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

Montanus.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grewe from one full of passions. I am of that mind too (quoth Aliena) but fee I pray, when poore women seeke to keepe themselfes chaft, how men woo them with many fained promises, alluring with sweet words as the Syrens, and after proouing as trothlesse as AEnees. Thus promied Demophoon to his Phills, but who at last grewe more faile? The reasoun was (quoth Ganimede) that they were womens forsyms, and tooke that fault of their mother; for if man had growen from man, as Adam did from the earth, men had never been
troubled with inconstancie. Leave off (quoth Aliena) to taunt thus bitterly, or els Ile pul off your pages apparell and whip you (as Venus doth her wantons) with net-
tles. So you will (quoth Ganimeede) perfwade me to flattrie, and that needs not: but
come (seeing we haue found here by this Fount the trackt of Shepheards by their
Madrigals and Roundelais) let vs forward; for either we shall finde some foldes,
sheepcoates, or els some cottages wherein for a day or two to rest. Content (quoth
Aliena) and with that they rofe vp, and marched forward till towards the euen: and
then comming into a faire valley (compaSSFed with mountaines, whereon grewe many
pleasant shrubbs) they might descrye where two flocks of sheepe did feede. Then
looking about, they might perceiue where an old shepheard fat (and with him a yong
swaine) vnder a couért most pleasentlie fictuated. The ground where they fat was
dispred with Floras riches, as if the ment to wrap Tellus in the glorie of her ve-
ments: round about in the forme of an Amphitheater were most curiouSlie planted
Pine trees, interfemed with Limons and Citrons, which with the thicknesse of their
boughes so shadowed the place, that Phoebus could not prie into the secret of that
Arbour; so united were the tops with fo thicke a clouere, that Venus might there in
her loUitie haue dailied vneene with her decente paramour. Faft by (to make the
place more gorgeous) was there a Fount fo Christalline and cleere, that it seemed
Diana with her Driades and Hemadriades had that spring, as the secrete of all their
batthings. In this glorious Arbour fat these two shepheards (seeing their sheepe feede)
playing on their pipes many pleasent tunes, and from musick and melodie falling into
much amorous chat: drawing more nigh wee might descrye the countenance of the
one to be full of sorowe, his face to be the verie pourtraiture of discontent, and his
eyes full of woes, that liuing he seemed to dye: wee (to heare what these were) follo
pruille behind the thicke, where we overheard this discoure.

A pleasant Eglog betweene Montanus and Coridon.

Coridon.

Say shepheards boy, what makes thee greeet so sore?
Why leaues thy pipe his pleasue and delight?
Yong are thy yeares, thy cheeks with roses dight:
Then sing for joy (sweet swaine) and fgh no more.
This milke white Poppie and this climbing Pine
Both promise shade; then sit thee downe and sing,
And make these woods with pleasent notes to ring,
Till Phoebus daire all Westward to decline.

Montanus.

Afh Coridon unmeet is melodie
To him whom proud contempt hath ouerborne:
Slaine are my joys by Phoebes bitter sorne,
Farre hence my wole and ner my seapardie.
Lowe burning brand is coucht in my breth,
Making a Phoenix of my faintfull hart:
And though his furie doe inforce my smare,
Ay byth am I to honoure his behest.

Prepare to woes since so my Phoebe vntills,
My looks dismaid since Phoebes will disdaines:
I banish blisse and welcome home my paine;
So streame my tears as showers from Alpine hills.
Lodge's Rosalynde

In errors make I blindness judgements eye,
J fether reason in the snares of lust,
J seeme secure, yet know not how to trust:
J liue by that, which makes me liuing die.

Devoid of rest, companion of distress,
Plague to myselfe, consumed by my thought;
How may my voyce or pipe in tune be brought?
Since I am reft of solace and delight.

Coridon.

Ah Lorrell lad, what makes thee Henry lose?
A jagred harme, a payon full of pleasure,
A painted shrine full-fuld with rotten treasure,
A heauen in shew, a hell to them that prowe.

Againe, in seeming shadowed still with want,
A broken staffe which folly doth upholdes,
A flower that fades with euerie frostie coldes,
An orient rofe springing from a wrythed plant.

A minutes toy to gaine a world of greefe,
A subtil not to spare the idle minde,
A seeing Scorpion, yet in seeming blinde,
A poor rejoyce, a plague without releefe.

For thy Montanus follow mine arreede,
(Whom age hath taught the traynes that fancie useth)
Leave foolish loue; for beautie wil abuseth,
And drownes (by follee) vertues springing feede.

Montanus.

So blames the childe the flame, because it burnes;
And bird the snare, because it doth intrap;
And foolees true loue, because of forrie hap;
And sayers cursse the ship that overturnes:

But would the childe forbeare to play with flame,
And birdes beware to trust the fowlers ginne,
And foolees foresee before they fall and finne,
And masters guide their ships in better frame;

The childe would praise the fire, because it warthen;
The birds reioyce, to see the fowler faile;
And foolees present, before their plagues prevaine;
And sayers blame the barke that faues from harms.

Ah Coridon, though manie be thy yeares,
And crooked cide hath some experience left;
Yet is thy minde of judgement quite bereft
In view of loue, whose power in me appeares.

The ploughman little wots to turne the plow,
Or bookeyn rede to guide the ploughmans cart,
Nor can the cobler count the tearsmes of Art,
Nor save men judge the thoughts of mightie men;
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Nor wrythered age (unmeet for beauties guide,
Vncoape of loues impression)
Discourse of that, whos choysce possesion
May never to so base a man be tied.

But I (whom nature makes of tender molde,
And youth most pliant yesteds to fancies fire)
Doo builde my hauen and heaven on sweete defire,
On sweete defire more deere to me than golde.

Thynke I of loue, & how my lines aspire?
How hast the Muses to imbrace my browes,
And hem my temples in with lasurel bureaues,
And fill my braines with chaft and holy fire?

Then leave my lines their homely equipage,
Mounted beyond the circle of the Sunne;
Amar'd I read the stile when I have done,
And Henry Loue that sent that heavenly rage.

Of Phocbe then, of Phoeb then I sing,
Drawing the puritie of all the sphares,
The pride of earth, or what in heaven appeares,
Her honourned face and fame to light to bring.

In fluent numbers and in pleasant vaine,
I rob both sea and earth of all their state,
To praise her parts: I charme both time and fate,
To blehe the Nymph that yeldes me loue and sike paines.

My sheepe are turned to thoughts, whom froward will
Guides in the restlesse Labyrinth of loue,
Feare lends them pasture wheresoere they move,
And by their death their life remueth still.

Hy sheephooke is my pen, mine eaten reede
My paper, where my manie woes are written;
Thys sily sowaine (with loue and fancie bitten)
I trace the plains of paine in woefull wordes.

Yet are my cares, my broken sheepe, my tears,
My dreams, my doubts, for Phoeb be sweete to me:
Who wayseth heaven in sorrowes vale must be,
And glorie shines where danger most appeares.

Then Coridon although I blythe me not,
Blame me not man, since sorrow is my sweete;
So willeth Loue, and Phoeb be thinkes it meet,
And kinde Montanus liketh well his lot.

Coridon.

Oh fraylere youth, by erroour so misguidde;
Where will prescribeth loves to perfect wits,
Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,
And folie paysoneth all that time provided.
LODGE'S ROSALYNDE.

With wofull blindness bearde, preparde to shame,
Prone to neglect Occasion when she smiles:
Alas that Loue (by fond and forward guiles)
Should make thee tract the path to endless blame.

Ah (my Montanus) cursed is the charm
That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes:
Leave off in time to like these vanities;
Be forward to thy good, and fly thy harme.

As manie bees as Hilda daily fields,
As manie frie as fleete on Oceana face,
As manie heardes as on the earth doo trace,
As manie floures as decke the fragrant fields,

As manie firees as glorious heaven containes,
As manie formes as wayward winter weepes,
As manie pagues as hell incloed keepes;
So manie grefes in loue, so manie paines.

Suirceptions, thoughts, defisers, opinions, praiers,
Mistakes, misterdes, fond eyes, and feigned peace,
Illusions, dreams, great paines, and small increase,
Vowes, hopes, acceptance, sorowes, and deep e desparees,

True, warre, and woe doo waite at beauties gate;
Time loft, lament, report, and private grudge,
And left, fierce Loue is but a partial judge,
Who yeeldes for servise shame, for friendship hate,

Montanus.
All Adder-like I stop mine cares (fond fusaine)
So charme no more; for I will never change.
Call home thy flockes in time that fragling range:
For loe, the Sunne declineth hence amaine.

Terentius.

\textit{In amore has omnia insunt vitia, inducia, inimicitia, bellum, pax rursum: incerta has si tu postules, ratione certa fieri nihil plus agas, quam si des operam, ut cum ratione in/annis.}

The shepheards hauing thus ended their Eglogue, Aliena stept with Ganimede from behinde the thicke: at whole foldeaine sight the shepheards arose, and Aliena faluted them thus: Shepheards all haile, (for fuch wee deeme you by your flockes) and Louers, good lucke; (for fuch you feeme by your paffions) our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our cares of the other. Although not by Loue, yet by Fortune, I am a diltrefled Gentlewoman, as sorrowful as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts: wandring this way in a forrest vnknown, onely I and my Page, wearied with travaile would faine haue some place of reft. May you appoint vs anie place of quiet harbour, (be it neuer fo meane) I shall be thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whosoeuer shall bee mine hoste. Coridon hearing the Gentlewoman speake to courteousely returned her mildly and renurentlie this sunfwere.

Faire Milfres, we returne you as heartie a welcome, as you gaue vs a courteous
APPENDIX

salute. A shepheard I am, & this a lourer, as watchful to please his wench, as to feed his sheep: full of fancies, and therefore (sai I) full of follies. Exhort him I may, but perwade him I cannot; for Loue admits neither of counfuie, nor reasen. But leaving him to his passions, if you be diftreft, I am forrowfull such a faire creature is croft wth calamitie: pray for you I may, but releave you I cannot: marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to throwd your felues in a shepheardes cottage, my loufe (for this night) shall be your harbour. Aliena thankst Coridon greatly, and presently fate her downe and Ganimede by her. Coridon looking earnesty vpon her, and with a curious furuesy viewing all her perfections, applauded (in his thought) her excellence, and pitying her diftreff, was deiresous to heare the caufe of her misfortunes, began to question with her thus.

If I should not (faire Damofell) occasionate offence, or renue your griefes by rubb- bing the fearre, I would faine craue so much favoure, as to know the caufe of your misfortune: and why, and whether you wander with your page in so dangerous a for- reft. Aliena (that was as courteous as she was faire) made this reply; Shepheard, a friendlie demaund ought neuer to be offensive, and quefions of courteous carriage pru- ledged pardsns in their forheads. Know therfore, to difcouer my fortunes were to renue my forwres, and I shoulde by difcouring my mishaps, but rake fier out of the cinders. Therefore let this suffice (gentle shepheard) my diftreffe is as great as my troull is dangerous, and I wander in this forreft, to light on some cottage where I and my Page may dwell: for me to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardesse, meaning to liue low, and content me with a countrie life: for I haue heard the swaynes saie, that they drunke without fulpiton, & slept without care. Marry Miftres (quothe Coridon) if you meane so you came in a good time, for my landlord intents to fell both the farme I till, and the flocke I keepe, & cheap you may haue them for readie money: and for a shepheardes life (oh Miftreffe) did you but liue a while in their content, you would faye the Court were rather a place of for- rowe, than of solace. Here (Miftreffe) shall not Fortune thwart you, but in meane mifffortunes, as the luffe of a few sheepe, which, as it breeds no beggerie, so it can bee no extreme prejudice: the next yeare may mend al with a fresh increas. Enuie flirres not vs, wee couet not to clime, our defires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doo our homely couches know broken flumbers: as we exceede not in diet, so we haue inough to fatifie: and Miftres I have fo much Latin, Satis est quod sufficit.

By my troth shepheard (quothe Aliena) thou makest me in loue with your countrie life, and therefore fende for thy Landlord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flockes, & thou shalt fill (vnder me) be ouerfeer of them both: onely for pleasurefaie I and my Page will ferue you, lead the flockes to the field, and folde them: thus will I liue quiet, vknown, and contented. This newes fo gladded the hart of Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that (putting off his shepheardes bonnet) he did her all the reuereence that he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a mufe thinking of the crueltie of his Phoeb, whom he woed long, but was in no hope to winne. Ganimede who fill had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughts, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionete, laughing at loue that in all his actions was so imperious. At laft when thee had noted his teares that stole downe his cheekes, and his fighes that broke from the center of his heart, pittyng his lament, the de- maunded of Coridon why the young shepheard looked so sorrowfull? Oh sir (quothe he) the boy is in loue. Why (quothe Ganimede) can shephards loue? I (quothe Montanus) and ouerloue, els shouldst not thou see me so penfuie. Loue (I tell thee)
is as precious in a shepheard's eye as in the lookes of a King, and we country swaynes intertaine fancie with as great delight, as the proudest courtier doth affection. Opportunity (that is the sweetest freind to Venus) harboureth in our cottages, and loyaltie (the chiefeft realtie that Cupid requires) is found more among shepheardes than higher degrees. Then ask not if such silly swaynes can loue? What is the cause then, quoth Ganymede, that Loue being fo sweete to thee, thou lookeft fo sorrowfull? Because, quoth Montanus, the partie beloued is froward: and hauing courtesie in her lookes, boldeth difdaine in her tongues ende. What hath she then quoth Aliena, in her heart? Defire (I hope Madame) quoth he: or els my hope loft, despaire in Loue were death. As thus they chatted, the Sunne being readie to set, and they not hauing folded their sheepe, Coridon requested she would fit there with her Page, till Montanus and he lodged their sheepe for that night. You shal goe quoth Aliena, but firft I will intreate Montanus to sing some amorous Sonnet, that hee made when he hath been deeply passionate. That I will quoth Montanus: and with that he began thus.

Montanus Sonnet.

Phoebe's fate
Sweete she's fate,

Sweete fate Phoebe when I saw her,
White her brow,
Coy her eye:

Brow and eye how much you please me?
Words I spent,
Sighes I sent,

Sighes and words could never draw her.

Oh my love
Thou art lost,

Since no sight could ever ease thee.

Phoebe's fate
By a fount; 

Sitting by a fount I spied her:

Sweet her touch,
Rare her voice;

Touch and voice what may distaine you?

As she sung,
I did sing,

And by sight whilst that I tride her.

Oh mine eyes
You did loose

Her first sight whose want did paine you.

Phoebes flocks
White as wooll,

Yet were Phoebes locks more whiter.

Phoebes eyes
Dowetlike mild,

Dowetlike eyes both mild and cruel.

Montan sweares
In your lamps:

He will die for to delight her.
Montanus had no sooner ended his sonnet, but Coridon with a lowe courtese rose vp and went with his fellow and shut their sheepe in the foldes: and after returning to Aliena and Ganimeede, conducted them home weare to his poore Cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loues; he refoluing Aliena that Phoebe was the fairest Shepherdice in all France, and that in his eye her beautie was equall with the Nimps. But (quoth hee) as of all stones the Diamond is moft cleerest, and yet moft hard for the Lapidory to cut; as of all flowers the Rofe is the fairest, and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles: fo of all our Countrey Lasses Phoebe is the brighteft, but the moft coy of all to floope vnto desire. But let her take heed quoth he, I haue heard of Narcissus, who for his high disdain against Loue, perished in the follee of his owne loue. With this they were at Cordons cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to reft. Alinda and Ganimeede glad of so contented a shelter, made merrie with the poore fwayne: and though they had but countrey fare and courfe lodging, yet their welcome was so great, and their cares fo little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had been in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearied with the toyle of vnaccustomed travaile: but affoone as they got vp, Aliena refolved there to fet vp her reft, and by the helpe of Coridon II, iv, 97 swept a barga ne with his Landlord, and so became Miftres of the farme & the flocke: her selfe putting on the attire of a shepheardeffe, and Ganimeede of a yong fwayne: euerie day leading forth her flocks with such delight, that she held her exile happie, and thought no content to the blife of a Countrey cottage. Leaving her thus famous amongst the shepheerds of Arden, againe to Saladyne.

When Saladyne had a long while conceale a secret resolution of reuenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flax, nor oyle in the flame; (for enuy is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fogge). It chaunced on a morning verie early he calde vp certaine of his ferrauants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, he entred with his crue, and surprised his brother beeing a sheepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midit of his hall chained him to a poast. Rosader amazed at this strange chaunce, began to reason with his brother about the caufe of this odaine extremity, wherein he had wrongd & what fault he had committed worthie so sharpe a penance. Saladyne anwered him onely with a looke of disdain, & went his way, leaving poore Rosader in a deepe perplexitie. Who (thus abused) fell into fundrie passions, but no meannes of releefe could be had: whereupon (for anger) he grew into a discontented melancholy. In which humour he continued two or three daies without meate: insomuch, that seeing his brother would give him no fooe, he fell into despaire of his life. Which Adam Specher the olde ferrauant of Sir John of Bourdeaux seeing, touched with the dutie and love he ought to his olde Matter, felt a remorfe in his conscience of his fones mihap: and therefore, although Saladyne had given a generall charge to his ferrauants, that none of them vpon paine of death shoulde give either meate or drinke to Rosader, yet Adam Specher in the night arofe secretely, and 'brought him such victualls as hee could proouide, and vnlockt him and fet him at libertie. After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt he was looe, straight his thoughts aymed at reuenge, and now (all being a sleepe) hee would haue quit Saladyne with the methode of his owne mishief. But Adam
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Spencer perfwaded him to the contrarie, with these reasons; Sir quoth he, be content, for this night go againe into your olde fetters, so shall you trie the faith of friends, and faue the life of an olde seruant. To morrow hath your brother invited all your kindred and alayes to a solempne breakfast, onely to see you, telling them all, that you are mad, & faie to be tied to a poast. Aftorne as they come, make complaint to them of the abufe proffered you by Saladyne. If they redrefe you, why so: but if they paffe oyer your plaints, ficco pede, and holde with the violence of your brother before your innocence, then thus: I will leave you vnlockt that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the ende of the hal shall you fee fland a couple of good pollaxes, one for you, and another for me. When I giue you a wink, shake off your chaynes, and let vs play the men, and make hauocke amongst them, driue them out of the house and maintaine poelitcione by force of armes, till the King hath made a redrefe of your abuses. Thefe wordes of Adam Spencer so perfwaded Rosader, that he went to the place of his punishment, and stood there while the next morning. About the time appoynted, came all the guefts bidden by Saladyne, whom he intreated with courteous and curious intertainment, as they al perceiued their welcome to be great. The tables in the hal where Rosader was tyed, were cowered, and Saladyne bringing in his guefts together, shewed them where his brother was bound, and was inchainde as a man lunaticke. Rosader made replie, and with some inuictuelles made complaints of the wrongs proffered him by Saladyne, desiring they would in pitie seeke some meanes for his reliefe. But in vaine, they had flott their eares with Vlisses, that were his words neuer fo forceable, he breathed onely his passions into the winde. They careleffe, sat down with Saladyne to dinner, being verie frolicke and pleasan, washing their heads well with wine. At laft, when the fume of the grape had entred peale meale into their braines, they began in fatorycle speachses to raile against Rosader: which Adam Spencer no loner brooking, gaue the signe, and Rosader shaking off his chaynes got a pollax in his hand, and flew amongst them with fuch violence and fury, that he hurt manie, flew some, and drave his brother and all the reft quite out of the house. Seeing the coale cleare, he shut the doores, and being fore an hungreed, and feeing fuch good victuals, he fate him downe with Adam Spencer and fuch good fellows as he knew were honeste men, and there feasted themselfes with fuch prouifion as Saladyne had prepared for his frieuds. After they had taken their repaft, Rosader rampierd vp the house, leaff vp a sodaine his brother should raife some crue of his tenaunts, and furprife them vnawares. But Saladyne tooke a contrarie courfe, and went to the Sheriffe of the fhyre and made complaint of Rosader, who guing credite to Saladyne, in a determined resolucion to reuenge the Gentlemans wrongs, tooke with him fие and twentie tall men, and made a vowe, either to breake into the house and take Rosader, or els to coope him in till he made him yeeld by famine. In this determination, gathering a crue together he went forward to fet Saladyne in his former effate. Newes of this was brought unto Rosader, who smilling at the cowardize of his brother, brookt all the injuries of Fortune with patience, expecting the coming of the Sheriffe. As he walke vp the battlements of the house, he defcryed where Saladyne and he drewe neare, with a troupe of luftie gallants. At this he finilde, and calde vp Adam Spencer, and shewed him the enuous treacherie of his brother, and the folly of the Sheriffe to bee fo credulous: now Adam, quoth he, what shall I doo? It refte for me, either to yeeld vp the house to my brother and seeke a reconclemcnt, or els if you out, and breake through the company with courage, for coope in like a coward I will not bee. If I submit (a Adam) I di honour my felfe, and that is worde than death; for by fuch
open disgraces the fame of men growes odious: if I issue out amongst them, fortune may fauour me, and I may escape with life; but suppose the worst: if I be slaine, then my death shall be honourable to me, and so inequall a revengue infamous to Saladyne. Why then Matter forward and feare not, out amongst them, they bee but faint hearted lozella, and for Adam Spencer, if he die not at your foote, say he is a daftard. These words cheered up fo the hart of yong Rosader, that he thought himselfe sufficient for them all, & therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were ready to intertaine the Sheriffe: for no sooner came Saladyne and he to the gates, but Rosader vnlookt for leapt out and affailed them, wounded manie of them, and caufed the reft to give backe, fo that Adam and hee broke through the preafe in despite of them all, and tooke theyr way towards the forrest of Arden. This repulse fo set the Sheriffes heart on fire to revengue, that he straight rayfed al the country, and made Hue and Crie after them. But Rosader and Adam knowing full well the secret wayes that led through the vineyards, stole away priuely through the province of Bourdeaux, & escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thether, they were glad they had so good a harbour: but Fortune (who is like the Camelion) variable with euerie object, & constant in nothing but inconstancy, thought to make them myrrours of her mutabilitie, and therefore still croft them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the byways to get to Lions, they chaunced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandred five or sise dayes without meat, that they were almost famished, finding neither sheepheard nor cottage to relieve them: and hunger growing on fo extreame, Adam Spencer (being olde) began fisft to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feebles and as ill perplexed: which fight made him shedde tears, and to fall into thes bitter tearmes.—Adam Spencers speech.—Oh how the life of man may well be compared to the state of the Ocean seas, that for euerie calme hath a thousand storms: resembling the Rofe tree, that for a few faire flowers, hath a multitude of sharpe prickle: all our pleasures ende in paine, and our higheft delights, are crofed with deepeft discontents. The joyes of man, as they are few, so are they momentarie, scarce ripe before they are rotten; and wythering in the blossome, either parched with the heat of enui, or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friend, that in all thy deeds are froword and fickle, delighting in the pouerie of the lowest, and the ouerthrow of the higheft, to decypher thy inconstancie. Thou standst vpon a gloabe, and thy wings are plumt with times feathers, that thou maist ever be reflmfitt; thou art double faced like Janus, carrying frowness in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray; thou profferest an Eele, and perfouermet a Scorpion; and where thy greatest fauours be, there is the fear of the extremest misfortunes; fo variable are all thy actions. But why Adam dost thou exclame against fortune & she laughs at the plaints of the deftressed; and there is nothing more pleasing vnto her, than to heare foolees boast in her fading allurements, or forrowfull men to discouer the fower of their passions. Glut her not Adam then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishapnes with patience. For there is no greater checke to the pride of fortune, than with a refolute courage to passe ouer her crofses without care. Thou art olde Adam, and thy haires wax white, the III, ii, 174 Palme tree is alreadie full of bloomes, and in the furrowes of thy face appeares the Kalenders of death? Wreth thou bleffed, by fortune thy yeares could not be manie, nor the date of thy life long: then fith Nature must have her due, what is it for thee to refigne her debt a little before the day. Ah, it is not this which grieueth mee: nor doo I care what mishaps Fortune can wage against me: but
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the sight of Rosader, that galleth unto the quicke. When I remember the worships of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himself; then doo I say, that fortune and the fates are most injurious, to censure so hard extremes, against a youth of so great hope. Oh Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thy yeares, buxomme and full of May. Nature hath prodigiously inrith thee with her favours, and vertue made thee the myrour of her excellence: and now through the decree of the vanity flarres, to have all these good partes nipped in the blade, and blemish by the inconveniency of Fortune. Ah Rosader, could I helpe thee, my grieve were the leffe, and happie shoulde my death be, if it might be the beginning of thy relieve: but seeing we perish both in one extreme, it is a double forrowe. What shall I do? prevent the sight of his further misfortune, with a present dispatch of mine owne life. Ah, despair is a mercifull sinne.

As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him change colour, he rife vp and went to him, and holding his temples, faide, What cheere matter? though all faile, let not the heart faile: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these words Rosader lifted vp his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer began to wepe. Ah Adam quoth he, I forrowe not to die, but I grieve at the manner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemie, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wilde beast, and perish as his prey, I were satisfied; but to die with hunger, O Adam, it is the extremest of all extremes. Matter (quoth hee) you see wee are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meat, seeing therefore we can find no foode, let the death of the one preferre the life of the other. I am old, and ouerworne with age, you are young, and are the hope of many honour: let me then die, I will presently cut my yeunes, & matter with the warme bloud relieve your fainting spirit: fuchen on that till I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage (though verie faint) rofe vp, and wifht Adam Spencer to fit there till his retourne: for my minde gues me quoth he, I shall bring thee meat. With that, like a mad man he rofe vp, and ranged vp and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or els pledge his life in pawn of his loyalty. It chanced that day, that Gerismond the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of Outlawes liued in that forrest, that day in honour of his Birth made a Feast to all his bolde yeomen, androlfik it with flore of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table vnder the shadowe of lymon trees. To that place by chance Fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of braue men hauing flore of that, for want of which he and Adam perished, he seapt boldly to the boords end, and faluted the companie thus.

Whatsoeere thou bee that art master of these lustie squires, I salute thee as graciously, as a man in extreme distresse may; knowe that I and a fellow friend of mine, are here familiished in the forrest for want of food: perish we must vnlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore if thou be a Gentleman, give meat to men, and to such men as are euerie way worthie of life; let the proudest squire that sittes at thy table, rife & encounter with me in anie honourable point of activitie what soever, and if he and thou proue me not a man, fende me a way comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather will I die valiantly, than perish with so cowardly an extreme. Gerismond looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a Gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moued with so great pitie; that riling from the table, he tooke him by the hand and bad him
welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eate his fill, but be Lord of the feast. Gramercie sir (quoth Rosader) but I have a feele friend that lieth hereby famished almost for food, aged and thence lef off able to abide the extremity of hunger than my selfe, and his dishonour it were for me to taste one crum, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tells him the newes, who was glad of so happy fortune, but so feele he was that hee could not goe: whereupon Rosader got him vp on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond & his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader hauing Gerismonda place affinid him, would not fit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. Well to be short, tho hauing thes fell to their victualls, and feasted themselvese with good delicaties, and great flore of wine. Afoone as they had taken their repast, Gerismond (dehrous to heare what hard fortune draue them into thes bitter extrematies) requested Rosader to discouer, (if it wer not anie way prejudiciall unto him) the cause of his trauell. Rosader (dehrous anie way to fatifie the courte of his faouurable hoff, firstt commencing hys exordium with a vollect of fighe, and a feow luke warne teares) prococted his discouer, & told him fro point to point all his fortunes; how he was the youngst Sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother funderie times had wronged him, and lastly, how for bating the Sheriffe, and hurting his men, he fled; and this olde man (quoth he) whom I so much love and honour, is furnamed Adam Spencer, an old feruant of my fathers, and one (that for his love) never sayled me in all my misfortunies. When Gerismond hearde this, hee fell on the necke of Rosader, and next discouering unto him, how he was Gerismond their lawfull King exiled by Torismond, what familiartie had euer been betwixt his father Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux and him, how faithful a subject he liued, and how honourable he died; promising (for his sake) to give both him and his friend such courteous entertainment, as his present estate could minifter: and vpon this madde him one of his forrefters. Rosader seeing it was the King, cr paedion for his boldneffe, in that he did not doo him due reverence, and humly gave him thankes for his faouurable courte of. Gerismond not satified yet with newes, began to enquire if he had been lately in the court of Torismond, and whether he had seene his daughter Rosalynde, or no? At this, Rosader fetched a deep sigh, and shedding manie tears, could not anwvere: yet at last, gathering his spirites together, hee revealed unto the King, how Rosalynde was banished, and how there was such a limpathie of affections betweene Alinda and her, that shee chos rather to be partaker of her exile, than to part fellowship: whereupon the vnatural King banished them both; and now they are wandred none knowes whether, neither could anie learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes drivi the King into a great melancholy, that presentely he arose from all the company, and went into his priuie chamber, to secreet as the harbor of the woods would allow him. The company was all dafht at these tidings, & Rosader and Adam Spencer hauing such opportunitie, went to take their rest. Where we leaue them, and returne againe to Torismond.

The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladyne was sole heire of the landes of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, dehrous to poisse fuch faire reueneuws, found lust occasion to quarrell with Saladyne, about the wrongs hee proffered to his brother: and therefore dispatching a Hereault, he sent for Saladyne in all post hast. Who meruailing what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein he had offended his Highbournie: but imbostened with his innocence,
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hee boldly went with the Herehault vnto the Court. Where afoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the King, but prefently sent to prisone. This greatly amazed Saladyne, chiefly in that the Tayler had a straight charge ouer him, to see that he shoulde be clofe prisioner. Manie passionate thoughts came in his head, till at laft he began to fall into consideratyon of his former follies, & to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbowe on his knee, full of sorrow, griefe and disquieted passions, he resolued into these tearmes.—Saladyne's complaunt.—Unhappie Saladyne, whome folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton defires wrap't within the laborinth of these calamities. Are not the heauens doomers of mens deedes? And holdes not God a balancie in his sft, to reward with souver, and reuenge with iustice? Oh Saladyne, the faults of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule; and not onely discovered little noutrture, but blemishing the excellencie of nature. Whelpes of one, II, vii, 102 lyttler are euer most louing, and brothers that are fonnese of one father, shoulde lie in frindship without iarre. Oh Saladyne, so it shoulde bee: but thou haft with the deere fedde against the winde, with the Crab frouse against the streame, and fighted to peruert Nature by vnkindnesse. Rosaders wrongs, the wrongs of Rosader (Saladyne) cries for reuenge, his youth pleades to God to inflict some penuance vpon thee, his vertues are pleas that inforce writs of displeaure to croffe thee: thou haft highly abused thy kinde & naturall brother, and the heauens cannot spare to quite thee with punishment. There is no fling to the worme of conscience, no hell to a minde toucht with guilt. Euerie wrong I offered him (called now to remembrance) wringeth a drop of bloud from my heart, euerie bad looke, euerie frowne pinchetth me at the quicke, and fayes Saladyne thou haft find against Rosader. Be penitent, and assigne thy felte some penuance to discouer thy forrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, he was sent for to the King: who with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladyne made aunfwere, that vpon some ryot made against the Sheriffe of the thyre, he was fled from Bourdeaus, but he knew not whether. Nay villain (quoth he) I haue heard of the wrongs thou haft proffered thy brother since the death of thy father, and by thy meanes haue I loft a moft braue and refolute Cheualier. Therefore, in Iustice to punishe thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banishe thee for euere from the Court and Countrey of France, and fee thy departere bee within tenne dayes, els truft me thou shalt loohe thy head, & with that the King flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladyne greatly perplexed. Who grieuung at his exile, yet determined to beare it with patience, and in penuance of his former follies to trauell abroade in euerie Coaft, till hee had founde out his Brother Rosader. With whom now I begin.

Rosader beeing thus preferred to the place of a Forester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers vnkindnes by continual exercize, trauering the groues and wilde Forrests: partly to heare the melodie of the sweete birds which recorded, and partly to fwayne his diligent indevour in his masters behalfe. Yet whatsoever he did, or howsoever he walked, the lively Image of Rosalynde remained in memorie: on her sweete perfections he fedde his thoughts, prouing himselfe like the Eagle a true born bird, since as the one is known by beholding the Sunne: so was he by regarding excellent beautie. One day among the ret, finding a fit opportunite and place convenient, defirous to discouer his woes to the woodes, hee engraven with his knife on the barke of a Myrtle tree, this pretie estimage of his Miftres perfection.
APPENDIX

Sonnetto.

Of all chast birds the Phoenix doth excell,
Of all strong beasts the Lion bears the bell,
Of all sweet flowers the Rose doth sweeter smell,
Of all faire maides my Rosalynde is fairest.

Of all pure metals gold is onely fairest,
Of all high trees the Pine hath highest crest,
Of all soft sweetes I like my Mistres breast,
Of all chast thoughts my Mistres thoughts are rarest.

Of all proud birds the Eagle pleases most,
Of all sweete I like Venus am the most,
Of trees Minervas doth the Olivemost,
Of all sweete Nymphes I honour Rosalynde.

Of all her gifts her weddome pleaseth most,
Of all her graces vertue she doth boaste:
For all these gifts my life and joy is lost,
If Rosalynde prove cruel and unkinde.

In these and such like passions, Rosader did euerie daye eternize the name of his Rosalynde: and this day so plesed when Aliena and Ganimede (informed by the heate of the Sunne to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arrived in that place, where this amorous forrester registred his melancholy passions; they saw the sodaine change of his looks, his folded armes, his passionate sighes; they heard him ofte abruptly call on Rosalynde: who (poore soule) was so hotly burned as himselfe, but that her shrouded her paines in the cinders of honorable modestie. Whereupon, (gelying him to be in loue, and according to the nature of their fexe, being pitifull in that behalfe) they sodainly brake off his melancholy by their approach: and Ganimede shooke him out of his dumpe thus.

What newes Forrester? haft thou wounded some deer, and loft him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse, thy fees was but the skinne, IV, H, 12 the shoulder, and the horns: tis hunters lucke, to syrne faire and miste: and a woodmans fortune to strike and yet goe without the game.

Thou art beyond the mark Ganimede, quoth Aliena, his passions are greater, and his sighs dicsouers more losse; perhaps in trauering these thicketts, he hath seen some beautifull Nymph, and is grown amorous. It may bee so (quoth Ganimeade) for heere he hath newly ingrauen some bonnet: come and see the dicsouer of the Forrester poems. Reading the bonnet over, and hearing him name Rosalynde, Aliena looke on Ganimeade and laught, and Ganimeade looking backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was Rosader bluft, yet thinking to shroude all under his pages apparell, he boldely returned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tell me Forrester, what is this Rosalynde, for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is thee some Nymph that waites vpon Diana in traine, whose chastete thou hast decyphred in such Epethites? Or is thee some shepeareste, that haunts these plains, whose beautie hath so bewitched thy fancie, whose name thou shaddoweit in couert vnder the figure of Rosalynde, as Ouid did Iulia vnder the name of Corinna? Or say mee for sooth, is it that Rosalynde, of whom we shepearde haue heard talke, thee Forrester, that is the Daughter of Gerimond, that once was King, and now an Outlaw in this Forreft of Arden. At this Rosader fetcht a deepe
LODGE'S ROSALYNE

figh, and said, It is fhee, O gentle fwayne, it is fhe, that Saint it is whom I serue, that Goddesse at whose shrine I doo bend all my devotiones: the most fairest of all faires, the Phenix of all that fexe, and the purifie of all earthly perfection. And why (gentle Forrester) if the bee so beautifull and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happely the refembleth the rofe, that is sweete but full of prickers? or the serpent Regius that hath scales as glorious as the Sunne, & a breath so infectious as the Aconitum is deadly? So thy Rosalynde, may be most amiable, and yet vnkinde; full of favour, and yet froward: coy without wit, and disdainedfull without reason.

O shepheard (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her perfonage graced with the excelence of all perfection, beeing a harbour wherein the Graces shroude their vertues: thou wouldst not breathe out such blaspheemie against the beaufeous Rosalynde. She is a Diamond, bright but not hard, yet of most chaft operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be flaine with no blemish: a rofe without prickers, and a Princeffe absolute atwell in beautie, as in vertue. But I, vnhappie I, haue let mine eye soare with the Eagle against so bright a Sunne, that I am quite blinde; I haue with Apollo enamoured my selfe of a Daphne, not (as fhee) disdainfull, but farre more chaft than Daphne; I haue with Ixion laide my loue on Iuno, and fall (I feare) embrace nought but a clowde. Ah shepheard, I haue reaht at a star, my defires haue mounted aboue my degree, & my thoughts aboue my fortunes. I being a peafant haue ventred to gaze on a Princeffe, whose honors are too high to vouchsafe such base loves.

Why Forrester (quoth Ganimeede) comfort thy selfe: be blythe and frollick man, Loue soweth as low as the florist high: Cupide shooes at a ragge sifeone as at a roabe, and Venus eye that was so curious sparkled favor on pole footed Vulcan. Fear not man, womens looks are not tied to dignities feathers, nor make they curious efteeeme, where the flone is found, but what is the vertue. Fear not Forrester, fmale heart never wonne faire Ladie. But where lyes Rosalynde now, at the Court?

Oh no (quoth Rosader) the lyes I knowe not where, and that is my sorrow; baniift by Torismond, and that is my hell: for might I but find her sacred perfonage, & plead before the barre of her pitie the plaint of my passions, hope tells mee fhee would grace me with some favour; and that would suffice as a recom pense of all my former miseries. Much haue I heard of thy Miftries excellence, and I know Forrester thou canst deffcribe her at the full, as one that haft furuayd all her parts with a curious eye: then doo me that fauour, to tell mee what her perfecions bee. That I will (quoth Rosader) for I glorie to make all eares wonder at my Miftries excellence. And with that he pulde a paper forth his boosome, wherein he read this.

Rofalynde's description.

Like to the cleere in highest spheare
Where all imperially glorie shines,
Of selfe same colour is her hair
Whether unfolded or in twines:
Heigh ho faire Rosalynde.
Her eyes are Saphires set in snow,
Refining heauen by euerie wanks;
The Gods doe feare when as they glow,
And I doe tremble when I thinke.
Heigh ho, would she were mine.
APPENDIX

Her cheeks are like the blushing clouds
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the flower crimson crowne
That Phoebus smiling lookseth doth grace:
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Her lips are like two budding roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nie,
Within which bounds she balme incloset,
Apt to instice a Deite:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke like to a stately towre,
Where Love him selfe imprisioned lies,
to watch for glaunces everie hour,
From her divine and sacred eyes,
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Her pappes are centers of delight,
Her pappes are orbs of heauenlie frame,
Where Nature moldest the deaw of light,
To feede perfection with the same:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With orient pearle, with rubie red,
With marble white, with saphire blew,
Her bodye everie way is fed;
Yet soft in touch, and sweete in vue;
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Nature her selfe her shape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her sight,
And Love forakes his heauenlie fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Then muste not Nymphes though I bemoane
The absence of faire Rosalynde:
Since for her faire there is faither none,
Nor for her vertues so divine.
Heigh ho faire Rosalynde:
Heigh ho my heart, would God that she were mine.

Perij, quia deperibat.

Beleeue me (quoth Ganimeode) either the Forrester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalynde faire abowe wonder: so it makes me bluh, to heare how women shoulde be so excellent, and pages so vnderperfeete.

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly (gentle page) thou hast cause to complaine thee, wert thou the substance: but resembling the shadow, content thy selfe: for it is excellence enough to be like the excellence of Nature. He hath answered you Ganimeode (quoth Aliena) it is enough for pages to waite on beautifull Ladies, & not to be beautifull themselfes. Oh Miftres (quoth Ganimeode) holde you your peace, for you are partial: Who knowes not, but that all women haue desire to tie fouereinto their peticoats, and ascribe beautie to themselfes, where if boyes might
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put on their garments, perhaps they would prooque as comely; if not as comely, it may be more curteous. But tell mee Forrester, (and with that thee turnde to Rosader) vnnder whom maintaineft thou thy walke? Gentle swaine vnnder the King of Outlaws saide he, the vnfortunate Gerismond: who hauing loft his kngdome, crowneeth his thoughts with content, accompiting it better to gouern among poore men in peace, than great men in danger. But haft thou not saide the, (hauing fo melancholie opportunitie as this Forrester affoordeth thee) written more Sonnets in commendations of thy Mistres? I haue gentle Swaine quoth he, but they be not about me: to morrow by dawne of daye, if your flockes feede in thefe pastures, I will bring them you: wherein you shall reade my passions, whilste I seele them; judge my patience when you read it: till when I bid farewell. So giuing both Ganimeode and Aliena a gentle good night, he reforted to his lodge: leauing Aliena and Ganimeode to their prittle prattle. So Ganimede (saide Aliena, the Forrester beinge gone) you are mightely beloued, men make ditties in your praife, spende fighes for your sake, make an Idoll of your beautie: beleue mee it greeues mee not a little, to fee the poore man so penifie, and you fo pittleffe.

Ah Aliena (quothe se) be not peremptorie in your judgments, I heare Rosalynde praifeth as I am Ganimeode, but were I Rosalynde, I could answere the Forrester: If hee mourne for loue, there are medicines for loue: Rosalynde cannot be faire and vnkinde. And so Madame you fee is it time to folde our flockes, or els Coridon will frowne, and fay you will neuer prooque good hufwife. With that they put their Sheepe into the coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage, Aliena as merrie as might be, that she was thus in the companie of her Rosalynde: but fée poore soule, that had Loue her load farre, and her thoughts set on fire with the flame of fancie, could take no ref, but being alone beganne to consider what passionable peneunce poore Rosader was enioyed to by loue and fortune: that at last she fell into this humour with her selfe._—Rosalynde generous alone._—Ah Rosalynde, how the Fates haue set downe in their Synode to make thee unhappie: for when Fortune hath done her worke, then Loue comes in to begin a new tragedie; thee seeketh to lodge her fenne in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy boforme. Beware fonde girl, he is an vnruely gueft to harbour; for cutting in by intreats he will not be thruef out by force, and her fires are fed with such suel, as no water is able to quench. Seet thou not how Venus seeketh to wrappe thee in her Laborynth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrowes, cares, and discontent: she is a Syren, flote thine ears at her melodie; and a Basilifcke, thife thine eyes, and gaze not at her leaff thou persif. Thou art nowe placed in the Country content, where are heavenly thoughts, and meane defires: in the Lawnes where thy flockes feede Diana haunts: bee as her Nymphe, chaffe, and enemie to Loue: for there is no greater honour to a Maide, than to accompte of fancie, as a mortall foe to their fexe. Daphne that bonny wench was not tourned into a Bay tree, as the Poets faine: but for her chalitie her fame was immortal, refembling the Lawrell that is ever greene. Follow thou her flpes Rosalynde, and the rather, for that thou art an exile, and banished from the Court: whole diftreffes, as it is appealed with patience, so it woulde be newed with amorous passions. Haue minde on thy forepaied fortunes, feare the work, and intangle not thy felle with preuent fancies: leaft louing in haft thou repent thee at leaure. Ah but yet Rosalynde, it is Rosader that courts thee; one, who as thee is beautefull, fo he is vertuous, and harrouereth in his minde as manie good qualities, as his face is shadowed with gracious favours: and therefore Rosalynde stoope to Loue, leaft beeing either too coy, or too cruell, Venus waxe wrothe, and plague thee with the reward of didlaine.

Rosalynde thus passionate, was wakened from her dumpes by Aliena, who faide it
was time to goe to bedde. Coridon swore that was true, for Charles Wayne was rifen in the North. Whereupon each taking leave of other, went to their rest all, but the poore Rosalynde: who was so full of passions, that shee coulde not possesse anie content. Well, leaving her to her broken slumbers, expecct what was perfourmed by them the nexte morning.

The Sunne was no sooner steppt from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganimeede: who reftlesse all night had tossed in her passions: saying it was then time to goe to the field to vnfold their shepee. Aliena (that spied where the hare was by the hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasant with her Ganimeede, & therafore replied thus: What wanton? the Sun is but new vp, & as yet Iris riches lies folded in the boforme of Flora, Phoebus hath not dried vp the pearled dew, & so long Coridon hath taught me, it is not fit to lead the shepee abroad: leaft the dew being vnwholefome, they get the rot: but now see I the old prowerbe true, he is in haft whom the diuel driues, & where lone pricke forward, there is no worfe death than delay. Ah my good page, is there fancie in thine eie, and passions in thy heart? What, haft thou wrapt loue in thy looks & fet all thy thoughts on fire by afection? I tell thee, it is a flame as hard to be quencht as that of Atala. But nature must haue her course, womans eyes haue facultie attractuie like the ieat, and retenue like the diamond: they dallie in the delight of faire objectes, til gazing on the Panthers beautifull skaine, repenting experience tell them hee hath a devoursing paunch. Come on (quothe Ganimeede) this fermion of yours is but a substiltie to lie still a bed, because either you thinke the morning colde, or els I being gone, you would steele a nappe: this shifte carries no pauleme, and therefore vp and away. And for Loue let me alone, Ile whip him away with nettles, and fet defdaene as a charme to withfand his forces: and therefore looke you to your selfe, be not too bolde, for Venus can make you bend; nor too coy, for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie Peccati. And that is it (quothe Aliena) that hath rayfed you fo early this morning. And with that she flipt on her peticoate, and start vp: and asfoone as she had made her readie, and taken her breakfust, away goe thefe two with their bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of mind, than euer they were in the Court of Torismond. They came no sooner nigh the foldes, but they might see where their discontents Forrester was walking in his melancholy. Asfoone as Aliena saw him, the smiled, and sayd to Ganimeede; wipe your eyes sweetening: for yonder is your sweet hart this morning in deepe prayers no doubt to Venus, that she may make you as pitifull as hee is passionate. Come on Ganimeede, I pray thee letts have a little sport with him. Content ( quothe Ganimeede) and with that, to waken him out of his deepe memento, he began thus.

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions, what makes you so early abroad this morne, in contemplation, no doubt of your Rosalynde. Take heede Forrester, step not too farre, the foord may be deepe, and you slip ouer the shooses; I tell thee, flies have their spleene, the ants choller, the leaf haire thinowe, & the smallete loues great desires. Tis good ( Forrester) to loue, but not to ouerloue: leaft in louing her that likes not thee, thou folde thy selfe in an endlesse Laborynth. Rosader seeing the fayre shepheardeffe and her pretie fwayne, in whose companie he hee felt the greatete ease of his care, he returnned them a falute on this manner.

Gentle shepheards, all haile, and as healthfull bee your flockes, as you happie in content. Loue is refleffe, and my bedde is but the cell of my bane, in that there I finde buffe thoughtes and broken slumbers: heere ( although euerie where passionate) yet I brooke loue with more patience, in that euerie obieete feedes mine eye with
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varietie of fancies; when I looke on Flores beauteous tapestrye, checkered with the pride of all her treasure, I call to minde the fayre face of Rosalynde, whose heavenly hiew exceeds the Rofe and the Lilly in their higheste excellence; the brightnesse of Phoebus shine, puts me in minde to thinke of the sparkling flames that flew from her eies, and set my heart first on fire; the sweete harmonie of the birds, puts me in remembrance of the rare melodie of her voyce, which like the Syren enchaunteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I false my forrowes, with applying the perfection of euery obiect to the excellence of her qualities.

She is much beholding vnto you (quoth Aliena) and so much, that I have oft wifht with my selfe, that if I should euer prooue as amoreuse as Oenone, I might finde as faithfull a Paris as your felde.

How say you by this Item Forester, (quoth Ganimede) the faire shepheardeffe fauours you, who is mittreffe of so manie flockes. Leave of man the supposition of Rosalynds loue, when as watching at her, you rone beyond the Moone; and cast your lookes vpon my Miftres, who no doubt is as faire though not so royall; one birde in the hand is woorthe two in the wood; better poseffe the loue of Aliena, than catch friuously at the shadow of Rosalynde.

Ile tell thee boy (quoth Ganimede) so is my fancie fixed on my Rosalynde, that were thy Miftres as faire as Laeda or Danae, whome loue courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to intertaine their beautyes: and so hath Loue lockt mee in her perfecions, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beautyes, than absolutly poseffe the excellence of anie other. Venus is too blame (Forester) if hauing so true a servaunt of you, the reward you not with Rosalynde, if Rosalynde were more fairer than her felde. But leauing this prattile, nowe Ile put you in minde of your promis, about thofe bonnets which you saide were at home in your lodge. I have them about me (quoth Rosader) let vs fit downe, and then you shall heare what a Poeticall furie Loue will infuse into a man: with that they saue downe vpon a greene bank, shadowed with figge trees, and Rosader, fetching a deepe figh read them this Sonnet.

Rofaders Sonnet.

In fowrows cell I laid me downe to sleepe:
But waking woes were jealous of mine eyes,
They made them watch, and bend themselves to weep:
But weeping teares their want could not suffice:
Yet since for her they wept who guides my hart,
They weeping smile, and triumph in their mart.

Of these my teares a fountaine fiercely springs,
Where Venus baynes her selfe incenst with loue;
Where Cupid bowseth his faire feathred wings.
But I behold what paines I must approwe.
Care drinks it drie: but when on her I thinkes,
Loue makes me wepe it full vnto the brinkes.

Meane while my figges yield truce vnto my teares,
By them the windes increast and fiercely blow:
Yet when I figh the flame more plaine appears,
And by their force with greater power doth glow:
Amids these paines, all Phenix like I thrive,
Since Loue that yeilds me death, may life reuive.

Rofader en esperance.
APPENDIX

Now surely Forrester (quoth Aliena) when thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither too fearfull, as despairing of thy Mistres fauours: nor too gleeceive, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile (quoth Ganimeede) at the Sonnetes, Canzones, Madrigales, rounds and roundelayes, that thefe penfue patients powre out, when their eyes are more ful of wantonness, than their hearts of passions. Then, as the simulcra put the sweetest bate to the fairest fife: fo thefe Ouidians (holding Amo in their tongues, when their thoughts come at hap hazarde, write that they be wrapt in an endless labourmint of sorrow, when walking in the large leas of libertie, they onely haue their humours in their inckapot. If they finde women fo fond, that they will with fuch painted lures come to theyr luft, then they triumph till they be full gorge with pleasures: and then fly they away (like ramage kytes) to their owne content, leaving the tame foole their Mistres full of fancie, yet without euery feather. If they miff (as dealing with fome wary wanton, that was not fuch a one as themselves, but fpies their subtiltie) they ende their amours with a few fained figthes: and fo there excufe is, their Mistres is cruel, and they smother paifions with patience. Such gentle Forrefter we may deeme you to bee, that rather paffe away the time heree in thefe Woods with writing amorets, than to bee deeply enamoured (as you faye) of your Rosalynde. If you bee fuch a one, then I pray God, when you think your fortunes at the highest, and your defires to bee moft excellent, then that you may with Ixion embrace Juno in a clowde, and haue nothing but a marble Mistres to release your martyrdome: but if you be true and trufite, eypaid and hart ficke, then accurred bee Rosalynde if thee proove cruel: for Forrester (I flatter not) thou art woorthie of as faire as thee. Aliena fying the florme by the winde, smilled to fee how Ganimeede flew to the fift without anie call: but Rosader who tooke him flat for a thepheards Swayne made him this anfwere.

Truft me Swayne (quoth Rosader) but my Canzon was written in no fuch humour: for mine eye & my heart are relatius, the one drawing fancie by fught, the other enteraining her by forrowe. If thou saweft my Rosalynde, with what beauties Nature hath fauoured her, with what perfection the heauen hath graced her, with what qualities the Gods haue endued her; then wouldft thou fay, there is none fo fickle that could be fleeting vnto her. If she had ben Aeneas Dido, had Venus and Iuno both fold his him from Carthage, yet her excellence defpite of them, wold haue detained him at Tyrr. If Philis had been as beauteous, or Ariadne as vertuous, or both as honourable and excellent as fhe; neither had the Philbert tree forrowed in the death of despairing Philis, nor the fares haue been graced with Ariadne: but Demophoon and Theseus had been truftie to their Paragons. I will tell thee Swaine, if with a deepe infight thou couldft perce the secrete of my loues, and fee what deepe impreffions of her Idea affection hath made in my heart: then wouldft thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no leffe indued with admirable patience. Why (quoth Aliena) needes there patience in Loue? Or els in nothing (quoth Rosader) for it is a refleffe foare, that hath no eafe, a cankar that fill frets, a disease that taketh awake all hope of fleape. If then fo manie forrowes, sodain ioces, momentarie pleasures, continuall feares, daylie griefes, and nightly woes be found in Loue, then is not he to be accompted patient, that smoothers all these passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth Ganimeede) and therefore wee holde all thy words for Axions: but is Loue fuch a lingering maladie? It is (quoth he) either extreme or meane, according to the minde of the partie that entertaines it: for as the weedes growe longer vnotuchte than the pretie flowers, and the flint lies fale in the quarrie, when the Emeraude is sufering the Lapidaries toole: fo meane men are freed from Venus.
injuries, when kings are enyroned with a laborynth of her cares. The whiter the
Lawne is, the deeper is the moale, the more purer the chryfolite the sooner stained;
and such as have their hearts ful of honour, haue their loues full of the greatest for-
rowes. But in whomsoever (quoth Rosader) he fixeth his dart, hee neuer lesueth to
assailt him, till either hee hath wonne him to folie or fancie: for as the Moone neuer
goes without the starre Lunisequa, so a Louer neuer goeth without the vnreft of his
thoughts. For proove you shall heare another fancie of my making. Now doo gentle
Forrefter (quoth Ganimeede) and with that hee read ouer this Sonetto.

Rofaders second Sonetto.

Turne I my looks unto the Skies,
Lone with his arrowes wounds mine eies:
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Lone then in euerie flower is found.
Search if the shade to flee my paine:
He meetes me in the shade againe:
Wend if to walke in secret grove,
Euen there I meete with sacred Lone.
If so I byyne me in the spring,
Euen on the brinke I heare him sing:
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moane.
If so I mourne, he weepes with mee,
And where I am, there will he bee.
When as I talke of Rosalynede,
The God from coyneffe wauneth kinde,
And stemes in selfe same flames to fire,
Because he loues as well as I.
Sweete Rosalynede for pitye rue,
For why, then Lone I am more true:
Hit if he feste will quicklie flie,
But in thy lone I live and dye.

How like you this Sonnet, quoth Rosader? Marrie quoth Ganimeede, for the penne
well, for the passion ill: for as I praiue the one; I pitie the other, in that thou shoul-
deth hunt after a clowde, and loue either without reward or regarde. Tis not her
frowardneffe, quoth Rosader, but my hard fortunes, whose Deftenies haue croft me
with her absence: for did thee seele my loues, she would not let me linger in these
roweses. Women, as they are faire, so they respect faith, and esteeme more (if they
be honourable) the wil than the wealth, hauing loyaltyte the obiect whereat they aymes
their fancies. But leaueing off these interparyles, you shall heare my last Sonnetto,
and then you haue heard all my Poetrie: and with that he fight out this.

Rofaders third Sonnet.

Of vertueus Lone my selfe may boaste alone,
Since no speret my seruice may attaint:
For perfect faire face is the onely one,
Whom I esteme for my beloved Saint:

Thus for my faith I onely heare the bell,
And for her faire she onely doth excell.
Tham let fond Petrarch shrouve his lawre's praise,
And Tasso cease to publish his affect;
Since mine the faith confirm'd at all affairs,
And hers the faire, which all men doe respect:
My lines her faire, her faire my faith affures;
Thus J by Loue, and Loue by me endures.

Thus quoth Rosader, here is an ende of my Poems, but for all this no release of my passions: so that I remembre him, that in the deapth of his diitrefe hath none but the Eecho to sunfwere him. Ganime de pitying her Rosader, thinking to drie him out of this amorous melancholie, faid, that now the Sunne was in his Meridionall heat, and that it was high noone, therefore we thepheardes say, tis time to goe to dinner: for the Sunne and our flamackes, are Shephardea dialls. Therefore Forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrippes, III, ii, 161 welcome shall sunfwere whatsoeuer thou wantst in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and told Rosader he shou'd be her guest. He thanked them heartely, and fete with them downe to dinner: where they had such cates as Countrye flate did allow them, fawft with fuch content, and fuch sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweete, than all their Courtly junctets.

Affoone as they had taken their repast, Rosader giuing them thanks for his good cheere, would have beene gone: but Ganime de, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus; Nay Forrester quoth he, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou faist thou art so deeply in loue, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art Rosader; see in some amorous Eglogue, how if Rosalynde were present, how thou coul'dst court her: and while we sing of Loue, Aliena shal tune her pipe, and playe vs melody. Content, quoth Rosader. And Aliena, thee to shew her willinglyse, drewe foorth a recorder, and began to winde it. Then the louing Forrester began thus.

The wooing Eglogue betwixt Rosalynde and Rosader.

Rosader.

I praye thee Nymph by all the working words,
By all the teares and sighes that Louers know,
Or what or thoughts or faillring tongue affords,
I crave for mine in riping up my wo.
Sweete Rosalynde my loue (would God my loue)
My life (would God my life) ay pitie me;
Thy lips are kinde, and humble like the dove,
And but with beautie pitie will not be.
Looke on mine eyes made red with ruffull teares,
From whence the raine of true remorse descends,
All pale in looks, and J though young in yeares,
And nought but loue or death my daies befrendeth.
Oh let no stormie rigour knit thy brawes,
Which Loue appointed for his mercie feate:
The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes,
The yron yeelds with hammer, and to heaste.
Oh Rosalynde then be thou pitifull,
For Rosalynde is onely beautifull.
Lodge's Rosalynde

Rosalynde.
Loves wants armed their traitorous forces with tears,
With vows, with oaths, with looks, with showers of gold:
But when the fruit of their affects appears,
The simple heart by subtlest sleights is sold.
Thus juchs the yealding eare the pois’d bait,
Thus feeds the hart upon his endless harms,
Thus gluts the thoughts themselves on self deceit,
Thus blinde the eyes their sight by subtle charms.
The lovely looke, the sighs that forms so sore,
The dew of deep dissembl’d doubleness:
These may attempt, but are of power no more,
Where beautie leaves to wait and meets fastness.
Oh Rosader then be thou witfull,
For Rosalynde scornes foolish pittfull.

Rosader.
If pray thee Rosalynde by those sweete eyes
That staine the Sunne in shine, the morn in cleare;
By those sweete cheeks where Loue incamped lies
To kisse the roses of the springing yeare.
If tempt thee Rosalynde by ruthfull plaints,
Not season’d with deceit or fraudfull guile,
But firme in paine, farre more than tongue depaints,
Sweete Nymph be kind, and grace me with a smile.
So may the heauenly preferue from hurstfull food
Thy harmellse flockes, so may the Summer yeild
The pride of all her riches and her good,
To fat thy sheepe (the Citizens of field).
Oh leave to arm me lovelie brows with scorn:
The birds their beake, the Lion hath his taile,
And Louers sought but sighes and bitter mourns,
The footlesse fort of Junctie to affaile.
Oh Rosalynde then be thou pittfull:
For Rosalynde is owly beautfull.

Rosalynde.
The harnefed steale by fire is brought in frame:
Rosader.
And Rosalynde my love than anie wooll more soften;
And shall not sighes her tender heart inflame?
Rosalynde.
Were Louers true, maides would believe them after.
Rosader.
Truth and regard, and honour guide my love.
Rosalynde.
Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie.
Rosader.
Oh pittie me sweete Nymph, and doe but prove.
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Rofalynde.
* I would refite, but yet I know not why.

Rofader.
* Oh Rofalynde be kind, for times will change,
  Thy looks ay will be faire as now they be,
  Thine age from beautie may thy looks estrange:
  Ah yeilde in time sweete Nymph, and pitie me.

Rofalynde.
* Oh Rofalynde thou must be pitifull,
  For Rofader is yong and beautifull.

Rofader.
* Oh gaine more great than kingdomes, or a crowne.

Rofalynde.
* Oh trust betrayed if Rofader abuse me.

Rofader.
* First let the heavens conspire to pull me downe,
  And heaven and earth as abject quite refuse me.
  Let sorrowes freame about my hatefull brower,
  And restlefe horror hatch within my breast,
  Let beauties eye afflicte me with a loure,
  Let deepes despair purge me without rest;
  Ere Rofalynde my loyaltye disproue,
  Ere Rofalynde accuse me for unkinde.

Rofalynde.
* Then Rofalynde will grace thee with her love,
  Then Rofalynde will have thee still in minde.

Rofader.
* Then let me triumph more than Thithons deere,
  Since Rofalynde will Rofader respect:
  Then let my face exile his forrie cheere,
  And frolick in the comfort of affect:
  And say that Rofalynde is onely pitifull,
  Since Rofalynde is onely beautifull.

When thus they had finisht their courting Eglogue in such a familiar claue, Gani-medee as Augure of some good fortunes to light uppon their affections, beganne to be thus pleasant; howe now Forrester, hauie I not fitted your turn? have I not plaid the woman handomely, and thewed my selfe as coy in graunts, as courteous in defires, and been as full of suspiotion, as men of flattery? And yet to salue all, lump't not all vp with the sweete union of loue? Did not Rosalynde content her Rosader? The Forrester at this speaking, thooke his head, and folding his armes made this merrie replie.

Truth gentle Swaine, Rosader hath his Rosalynde: but as Ixion had Iuno, who thinking to possesse a goddesse, onely embraced a crowde: in these imaginarie fruitions of fancie, I remembre the birds that fed themselfes with Zeuxis painted grapes; but they grewe so lean with pecking at shaddowes, that they were glad with Aesops Cocke to scrape for a barley cornell: so fareth it with me, who to feede my selfe with the hope of my Mistres favours, foot my self in thy futes, and onely in conceit reape
LODGE'S ROSALYNDE

a wifhed for content: but if my food be no better than such amorous dreams, Venus at the yeares ende, shall finde mee but a leane louver. Yet doo I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections doo deuine some unfained ende of enuing fancies. And thereupon (quoth Aliena) Ile play the prieft, from this day forth Ganime de shall call thee Husband, and thou shalt call Ganime de wife, and fo weere haue a marriage. Content (quoth Rosader) and laught. Content (quoth Ganime de) and changed as redde as a rofe: and fo with a smile and a bluift, they made vp this ialfting match, that after prooude to a marriage in earneft; Rosader full little thinking he had wooed and wonne his Rosalynde. But all was well, hope is a sweete fying to harpe on: and therefore let the Forrefter a while shape himselfe to his fhadow, and tarrie Fortunes leasure, till she may make a Metamorphosis fit for his purpoe. I digreffe, and therefore to Aliena: who said, the wedding was not worth a pinne, unless there were some cheere, nor that bargain well made that was not striken vp with a cuppe of wine: and therefore the wild Ganime de to set out such cates as they had, and to drawre out her bottle, charging the Forrefter as hee had imagined his loues, fo to conceipt these cates to be a most fumptuos banquet, and to take a Mazer of wine and to drinke to his Rosalynde: which Rosader did; and fo they pased awaye the day in manie pleafant deuices. Till at laft Aliena perceiued time would tarrie no man, and that the Sunne waxed verie lowe, readie to set: which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and ende the Banquet with a freth Carrowe; which done, they all three rofe, and Aliena broke off thus.

Now Forrester, Phoebus that all this while hath been partaker of our sports; seeing euerie Woodman more fortunate in his loues, than hee in his fancies; seeing thou haft wonne Rosalynde, when he could not woee Daphne, hides his head for shame, and bids vs adiew in a clowde: our sheep they poore wantons wander towards their foldes, as taught by Nature their due times of reft: which tells vs Forrester, we mus depart. Marrie, though there were a marriage, yet I mus Carrie (this night) the Bryde with me, and to morrow morning if you meete vs heere, Ile promife to deluier her as good a maide as I finde her. Content quoth Rosader, tis enough for me in the night to dreame on loue, that in the day am fo fond to doate on loue: and fo till to morrow you to your Foldes, and I will to my Lodge; and thus the Forrester and they parted. He was no fooner gone, but Aliena and Ganime de went and folded their flockes, and taking vp their hookes, their bagges, and their bottles, hied homeward. By the waye, Aliena to make the time seeme short, began to prattle with Ganime de thus; I haue heared them fay, that what the Fates foerpoint, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period, that the flarres are flicklers in Venus Court, and defire hangs at the heele of Deftenie; if it be fo, then by all probable coniecutures, this match will be a marriage: for if Augurifme be authenticall, or the deuines doomes principles, it cannot bee but such a fhadowe portends the issue of a subfauence, for to that ende did the Gods force the concept of this Eglogue, that they might discouer the enuing content of your affections: fo that eare it bee long, I hope (in earneft) to daunce at your Wedding.

Tuft (quoth Ganime de) al is not malte that is caft on the kill, there goes more words to a bargaine than one, loue feele no footing in the aire, and fancie holdes it flipperie harbour to nettle in the tongue: the match is not yet fo surely made but he may meffe of his market; but if Fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe: and fo I pray you (gentle Miftreffe Aliena) take it. I take all things well (quoth shee) that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours: for now I hope your thoughts will be at quiet; your eye that euer looked at Loue, will nowe lende a glaunce on your Lambs: and then they will proue more buxforme and you more blythe, for the eyes
of the Maister feedes the Cattle. As thus they were in chat, they spied olde Coridon where hee came plodding to meete them: who told them supper was readie: which newes made them speeke them home. Where we leaue them to the next morrow, and returne to Saladyne.

All this while did poore Saladyne (banished from Bourdeaux and the Court of France by Torismond) wander vp and downe in the Forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lions, and so trauell through Germanie into Italy: but the Forrest being full of by-pathes, and he vnskillfull of the Countrey coast, spoi out of the way, and chaunced vp into the Defart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne wareie with wandring vp and downe, and hungrie with long fasting; finding a little case by the side of a thicket, eating such frute as the Forrest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had prouided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleep.

As thus he lay, a hungrig Lion came hunting downe the edge of the greate for prey, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that Lions hate to pray on dead carcasses; and yet desirous to haue some foode, the Lion IV, iii, 109 lay downe and waught to see if hee would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful ouer her champion, began to smile, and brought it so to paffe, that Rosader (having striken a Deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grous with a Boare speare in his hand in great haft, he spied where a man lay a sleepe, and a Lion faft by him: amazed at this sight, as hee stood gazing, his nofe on the foddaine bled; which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, hee might easely dizerne his visage, and perceiued by his phisnomy that it was his brother Saladyne: which drave Rosader into a deepse passion, as a man perplexed at the fight of so vnexpecked a chaunce, maruellung what shoulde driue his brother to trauere those secrete Defarts without any companie in such diffresse and forlornse fort. But the present time craued no such doubting ambages: for either he must refolue to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else stave awaye, and leave him to the crueltie of the Lion. In which doubt, he thus briefly debated with himselfe—Rosaders meditation.

Now Rosader, Fortune that long hath whipt thee with nettles, meanes to false thee with roes; and hauing crost thee with manie frownes, nowe the presents thee with the brightnesse of her favours. Thou that didst count thy felse the most distresself of all men, maist accompt thy felse now the most fortunate amongst men; if fortune can make men happy, or sweete reuenge be wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou feete Saladyne thine enemie, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subiect to the crueltie of a mercifull Lion: brought into this miserie by the Gods, that they might feeme luft in reveuing his rigour, and thyjuries. Seest thou not how the flares are in a fauourable aspect, the plannes in some pleasing coniunctiun, the fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the defenies perfoormers of thy desires, in that Saladyne shal die, and thou free of his bloud; he receive meede for his amiffe, and thou erect his Tombe with innocent hands. Now Rosader shalt thou returne to Bourdeaux, and enjoye thy posseions by birth, and his reuenewes by inheritaunce: now maist thou triumph in loue, and hang Fortunes Altare with garlandes. For when Rosalynde heares of thy wealth, it will make her loue thee more willingly: for womens eyes are made of Chrisecoll, that is euuer perfect vnleffe tempred with golde: and Jupiter soonest enjoyed Danae, because he came to her in so rich a shower. Thus shalt this Lion (Rosader) end the life of a miser-
able man, and from distresse raise thee to bee most fortunate. And with that casting
his Boare speare on his neck, away he began to trudge. But hee had not stept backe
two or three paces, but a new motion stroke him to the very hart, that raising his
Boare speare against his breast, hee fell into this passionate humour.

Ah Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux, whose vertues ex-
ceeded his valour, and yet the most hardieft Knight in all Europe? Should the honour of the father shine in the actions of the sonne? wilt thou diuohnour thy
parentage, in forgetting the nature of a Gentleman? Did not thy father at his last
gaspe breathe out this golden principle; Brothers amitie is like the drops of Balja-
mum, that salueth the most dangerous fores? Did hee make a large exhort vnto con-
cord, and wilt thou shewe thy selfe carelesse? Oh Rosader, what though Saladyn hath
wronged thee, and made thee liue an exile in the Forrest? shal thy nature be so
cruell, or thy nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so sauage, as to suffer so dimmall a
revenge what, to let him be devoured by Wilde beasts? Non fati, qui non sed
fati is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Looffe not his life Rosader to winne
a world of treasure: for in havinge him thou hast a brother, and by hazardinge for his
life, thou gettest a friend, and reconcillest an enemie: and more honour shalt thou pur-
chase by pleasuring a foe, than reuenginge a thousand injuries.

With that his Brother began to sille, and the Lion to rowe himselfe: whereupon
Rosader sodainely charged him with the Boare speare, and wounded the Lion verie
fore at the first stroke. The Beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at
Rosader, and with his paws gave him a fore pinch on the breast, that he had almost
fallen: yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparker of Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux
remained, he recovered himselfe, and in shorte combat flew the Lion: who at his death
roared so lowde, that Saladyn awaked, and starting vp was azazed at the fodyane
fight of so monstrous a beast lie flaine by him, and so sweete a Gentleman wounded.
He presently (as hee was of a ripe conceit) began to coniecture, that the Gentleman
had slaine him in his defence. Whereupon (as a man in a trauence) he stood staring
on them both a good while, not knowing his Brother being in that disguife: at last
hee burst into these tearmes.

Sir whatsoever thou bee, (as full of honour thou must needs be, by the view of thy
preuent valour) I perceiue thou hast redreft my fortunes by thy courage, and faued my
life with thine owne losse: which ties me to be thine in all humble seruice. Thankes
thou shalt haue as thy due, and more thou canst not haue: for my abilitie denies to
performe a deeper debt. But if anie wayes it please thee to command me, vfe me
as farre as the power of a poore Gentleman may stretch.

Rosader feeing hee was vn Knowne to his brother, wondred to heare such courteous
words come from his crabbed nature; but glad of such reformed noyourte, hee made
this anfwere. I am sir (whatsoever thou art) a Forrester and Ranger of these
walkes: who following my Deere to the fall, was condueted hether by some affenting
Fate, that I might faue thee, and dispare my selfe. For comming into this place, I
fawe thee a sleepe, and the Lion watching thy awake, that at thy risinge hee might
prey vpon thy carkasse. At the firste fight, I coniectured thee a Gentleman, (for all
mens thoughts ought to be fauourable in imagination) and I counted it the hart of a
refolute man to purchase a Strangers reliefe, though with the losse of his owne blood:
which I haue perfourmed (thou felest) to mine owne prejudice. If therefore thou be
a man of such worth as I value thee by thy exteriour liniaments, make discourse vnto
me what is the caufe of thy present fortunes. For by the furrowes in thy face thou
feemest to be crost with her frowns: but whatsoever or howsoever, let me craue that
APPENDIX

...to heare the tragickie caufe of thy eftate. Saladyne fiting downe, and fetch-
ing a deepe figh, began thus...—Saladyne difcourfe to Rosader vn-
known.—Although the difcourfe of my fortunes, be the renewing of my for-
rowes, and the rubbing of the scar, will open a fesh wound; yet that I may not
prooue ingratitude to fo courteous a Gentleman, I will rather fitte downe and figh out
my eftate, than gue anie offence by fmoothering my griefe with silence. Know there-
fore (fr) that I am of Bourdeaux, and the fonne and heire of Syr Iohn of Bour-
deuax, a man for his vertues and valour fo famous, that I cannot thinke, but the fame
of his honours, hath reach farther than the knowledge of his Perfonage. The infor-
tunate fonne of fo fortunate a Knight am I, my name Saladyne: Who fucceeding my
Father in poffeffions but not in qualities, hauing two Brethren committed by my Father
at his death to my charge, with fuch golden principles of brotherly concord, as might
haue pierft like the Syrens melodie into anie humane care. But I (with Vlysses
became deafe againft his Philofophicall harmony, and made more value of proife
than of vertue, efteeming golde fufficient honour, and wealth the fitteft title for a gen-
tleman dignifie: I fet my middle brother to the Vnuerfitie to be a Scholler, counting
it enough if he might pore on a booke, while I fed vpon his reuenues: and for the
yongeft (which was my fathers ioye) yong Rosader. And with that, naming of Ros-
der, Saladyne fate him downe and wept.

Nay forward man (quoth the Forrefter) teares are the vnfitteft falne that anie man
can applie for to cure forowes, and therefore ceafe from fuch feminine follies, as
shoulde droppe out of a Womans eye to deceiue, not out of a Gentlemans looke to
difcover his thoughts, and forward with thy difcourfe.

Oh fir (quoth Saladyne) this Rosader that wringes teares from mine eyes, and
bloud from my heart, was like my father in exterior perfonage and in inward quali-
ties: for in the prime of his yeares he aimed all his acls at honor, and coveted rather
to die, than to Brooke anie inuie vnworthie a Gentlemans credite. I, whom enuie
had made blinde, and couetoufnffe marked with the vaile of felle loue, feeing the
Palm tree grow ftraight, thought to fuppreffe it being a twig: but Nature will have
her couerfe, the Cedar will be tall, the Diamond bright, the Carbuncle glittering, and
vertue will shine through it be never fo much obturde. For I kept Rosader as a flame,
and vfed him as one of my feruile bindes, vntil age grew on, and a fecrete
infight of my abufe entred into his minde: infomuch, that hee could not Brooke it,
but coveted to haue what his father left him, and to liue of himfelfe. To be fithe fir,
I repined at his fortunes, and he countercheckt me not with abilitie but valour, vntil
at laft by my friends and aid of fuch as followed golde more than right or vertue, I
baniift him from Bourdeaux, and he pore Gentleman liues no man knowes where in
fome diiftressed difcontent. The Gods not able to fuffer fuch impietie vnrequenged, fo
wrought, that the King pickt a caufelc quarrell againft me, in hope to haue my lands,
and fo hath exiled me out of France for ever. Thus, thus fir, am I the most miferable
of all men, as hauing a blemife in my thoughtes for the wrongs I proffered Rosader,
and a touche in my flate to be thrown from my proper poffeffions by injuice.
Pas-
ionate thus with manie griefes, in penaunce of my former follies, I goe thus pilgrime
like to feke out my Brother, that I may reconcile my felfe to him in all submiſion,
and afterward wend to the holy Land, to ende my yeares in as manie vertues, as I
haue spent my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader hearing the resolution of his brother Saladyne began to compatiionate his
forrowes, and not able to fmoother the fparks of Nature with fained feecle, he burft
into thefe louing fppeches. Then know Saladyne (quoth he) that thou haft met with
Lodge's Rosalynde

Rosader; who grieues as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feel the burden of thy miserie. Saladyne casting vp his eye, and noting well the phisnomie of the Forracter, knew that it was his brother Rosader: which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him. Which he did in such fort, yet he shewed how highly he held revenge in scorne. Much a doo there was betweene these two Brethren, Saladyne in cruauing pardon, and Rosader in forguing and forgetting all former inuries; the one submisse, the other curteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kinde & lousing; that at length Nature working an union of theyr thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of vnkindnesse, to talk of the Countrye life, which Rosader fo highly commended, that his brother began to have a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humour Rosader conducted him to Gerismond's Lodge, and presented his brother to the King; discoursing the whole matter how all had happened betwixt them. The King looking vppon Saladyne, found him a man of a moost beautifull personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of enuious honours, gave him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconcilement, promised such favours as the povertie of his estate might afford: which Saladyne gratefully accepted. And fo Gerismond fell to question of Torismonds life? Saladyne briefly discours'd unto him his injustice and tyrannies: with such modestie (although hee had wronged him) that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the yong Gentleman.

Manye questions paft, but at laft Gerismond began with a deepe sigh, to inquire if there were anie newes of the welfare of Alinda or his daughter Rosalynde? None fir quoth Saladyne, for since their departure they were never heard of. Inurious Fortune (quoth the King) that to double the Fathers miserie, wrongt the Daughter with misfortunes. And with that (furchargt with forrowes) he went into his Cel, & left Saladyne and Rosader, whom Rosader freight conducted to the fight of Adam Spencer. Who seeing Saladyne in that estate, was in a browne studie: but when hee heard the whole matter, although he grieu'd for the exile of his Master, yet hee loyed that baniishment had fo reform'd him, that from a licentious youth hee was pouzed a vertuous Gentleman. Looking a longer while, and seeing what familiaritie past betwixt them, and what favours were interchanged with brotherly affection, he said thus; I marrie, thus shou'd it be, this was the concord that olde Sir John of Bourdeaus wifht betwixt you. Now fulfill you these precepts he breathed out at his death, and in obferuing them, looke to liue fortunate, and die honourable. Wel said Adam Spencer quoth Rosader, but haft anie victualls in store for vs? A pece of a red Deere (quoth he) and a bottle of wine. Tis Forracters fare brother, quoth Rosader: and fo they fare downe and fell to their gates. Asfoone as they had taken their repast, and had well dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladyne by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the Forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that meanse estate. Thus for two or three daies he walked vp and down with his brother, to shewe him all the commodities that belonged to his Walke. In which time hee was mist of his Ganymede, who mused greatly (with Aliena) what should become of their Forrest. Some while they thought he had taken some word vnkindly, and had taken the pet: then they imagined some new louse had withdrawen his fancie, or happily that he was sicke, or detained by some great businesse of Gerismonds, or that he had made a reconcilement with his brother, and fo returned to Bourdeaus. These coniectures did they cast in their heads, but especiallie Ganymede: who hauing Louse in her heart pouzed restlesse, and halfe without patience, that Rosader wronged him with so long abstinence: for Louse measur'd euerie minute, and thinkes howers to be
dayes, and dayes to be mouthis, till they feed their eyes with the sight of their defined object. Thus perplexed liued poore Ganimeia: while on a day fitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast vp her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his forest bill on his necke. At that sight her I, ii, 117 colour chaungde, and she said to Aliena; See Mistrefe where our iolly Forreffer comes. And you are not a little glad thereof (quoth Aliena) your nose bewrayes what porrudge you lowe, the windse cast not bee tied within his quarter, the Sunne shadowed with a vaille, Oyle hidden in water, nor Loue kept out of a Womans lookes: but no more of that, Lupus est in fabula. As soon as Rosader was come within the reach of her tungs ende, Aliena began thus: Why how now gentle Forreffer, what winde hath kept you from hence? that being so newly married, you have no more care of your Rosalynde, but to abstent your selfe so manie dayes? Are thefe the passions you painted out so in your Sonnets and roundelaiies?

—I see well hote loue is foone colde, and that the fancie of men, is like to a looke feather that wandreth in the aire with the blast of euerie winde. You are deceived Mistres quoth Rosader, twas a coppie of vndermynde that kept me hence, in that I being married, you carried away the Bryde: but if I haue gien anie occasion of offence by abstenting my selfe these three dayes, I humble fat for pardon: which you must grant of course, in that the fault is fo friendly confest with penceance. But to tell you the truth (faire Mistrefe, and my good Rosalynde) my eldest Brother by the injuriue of Torismond is banithed from Bourdeaux, and by chaunce hee and I met in the Forrest. And here Rosader dicourto vs to what he had hapned betwixt them: which reconcilment made them gladder, especielly Ganimede. But Aliena hearing of the tyrannie of her father, grieved inwardly, and yet smotherd all things with such secresie, that the concealing was more frowor than the conceit: yet that her estate might be hid still, thee made faire weather of it, and so let all passe.

Fortune, that saw how these parties valued not her Deitie, but helde her power in scorn, thought to haue about with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine Rafcals that liued by prowling in the Forrest, who for fear of the Prouoett Marshall had causes in the groves and thickettes, to throwd themselues from his traines; hearing of the beautie of this faire Shepheredesse Aliena, thought to fleale her away, and to give her to the King for a present; hoping, because the King was a great lechour, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons: and thence came to take her and her Page away. Thus refolued, while Aliena and Ganimede were in this sad talk, they came rushing in, and laid violent hands vpon Aliena and her Page, which made them crie out to Rosader: who hauing the valour of his father stamped in his heart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, than anie way be touche with the least blemish of dishonour; and thence dealt such blowes amongst them with his weapon, as he did witneffe well vpon their carcasses, that he was no coward. But as

Ne Hercules quidem contra duos, fo Rosader could not resift a multitude, hauing none to backe him; so that hee was not onely rebatted, but fore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimea had beene quite carried away by these Rafcals, had not Fortune (that ment to turne her frowne into a fauour) brought Saladyne that way by chaunce; who wandring to finde out his Brothers Walke, encountred this cru: and seeing not onely a shepheredesse and her boy forced, but his brother wounded, hee heaued vp a forest bill he had on his necke, and the first hee stroke had neuer after more neede of the Phisition: redoubing his blowes with such courage, that the flaus were amazed at his valour.

Rosader espying his brother so fortunately arrived, and seeing how valiantly he
LODGE'S ROSALYNDE

behaued himselfe, though fore wotted, ruthed amongst them, and laid on such load, that some of the crie were slaine, and the reft fled, leaving Aliena and Ganimede in the possession of Rosader and Saladyne.

Aliena after she had breathed a while and was come to her selfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where Ganimede was bufie dressing vp the wounds of the Forrester; but she cast her eye upon this courteous champion that had made so hot a refuge, and that with such affection, that shee began to measureuerie parte of him with favoure, and in her selfe to commend his perfonage and his vertue, holding him for a refolute man, that durst affaire such a troupe of vnbridled villaines. At last gathering her spirites together, she returned him these thankes.

Gentle sir, whatsoever you be that have aduentured your flesh to relieue our fortunes, as we holde you valiant, so we esteeme you courteous, and to have as manie hidden vertues, as you have manifeft resolutions. Wee poore Shepheards have no wealth but our flockes, and therefore can we not make requital with anie great treasures; but our recompence is thankes, and our rewardes to our friends without failling. For ranfone therefore of this our refuge, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde gramerie, as a poore Shepherdesse and her Page may give: with promise (in what wee may) neuer to prooue ingratefull. For this Gentleman that is hurt, yong Rosader, he is our good neighbour and familiar acquaintance, weepe pay him with smilies, and feede him with loue-lookes: and though he bee neuer the fatter at the yeares ende, yet wele fo hamper him that he shall holde himselfe satified.

Saladyne hearing this Shepherdesse speake so wisely began more narrowly to prie into her perfection, and to survey all her lieniements with a curious infight; so long dallying in the flame of her beautie, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent: for Loue that lurked in all these broiles to have a blowe or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountred them both with such a venie, that the stroke pierfeth to the heart so deepe, as it could neuer after be rased out. At last after he had looked so long, till Aliena waxe red, he returned her this anwere.

Faire Shepherdesse, if Fortune graced mee with such good hap, as to doo you anie favoure, I holde my selfe as contented, as if I had gotten a great conquest: for the reliefe of diffrefted women is the speciall point, that Gentlemen are tied vnto by honour: seeing then my hazard to refuce your harmes, was rather dutie than curtefy, thankes is more than belongs to the requital of such a favoure. But lest I might seeme either too coye or too carelesse of a Gentlemans proffer, I will take your kinde gramerie for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganimede lookt earneftly upon him, and said; Truele Rosader, this Gentleman favours you much in the feature of your face. No meruaile (quoth hee, gentile Swaine) for tis my eldest brother Saladyne. Your brother quoth Aliena? (And with that he blufht) he is the more welcome, and I holde my selfe the more his debter: and for that he hath in my behalfe done such a peece of seruice, if it please him to doo me that honour, I will call him fervant, and he shall call me Miftrasse. Content sweet Miftrasse quoth Saladyne, and when I forget to call you so, I will be vnmindfull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of loue quoth Rosader, and give me some drinke, for I am passing thristie, and then will I home for my wounds bleede fore, and I will haue them dreft. Ganimede had tears in her eyes, and paffions in her heart to fee her Rosader fo pained, and therefore stopt hastily to the bottle, and filling out some wine in a Mazer, thre spiced it with such comfortable drugs as she had about her, and gave it him; which did comfort Rosader: that rising (with the helpe of his brother) he tooke his leave of them, and went to his Lodge. Ganimede asfoone
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as they were out of sight ledde his flockes downe to a vale, and there vnder the shaddow of a Beech tree sate downe, and began to mourn the misfortunes of her sweete heart.

And Aliena (as a woman passing discontent) feuering her felse from her Ganimeade, sitting vnder a Lymon tree, began to figh out the passion of her newe Loue, and to meditate with her felse on this manner. — Alienæs meditation. — Ay me, now I see, and forrowinge figh to see that Dianæs Lawrells are harbours for Venus Dones, that there trace as well through the Lawnes, wantons as chaft ones; that Calisto be the neuer so charie, will caft one amorous eye at courting Loue: that Diana her felf will change her shape, but thee will honour Loue in a shaddow: that maidens eyes be they as hard as Diamonda, yet Cupide hath drugs to make them more pliable than waxe. See Alinda, howe Fortune and Loue have interleaued themselues to be thy foes: and to make thee their subiect or els an abiect, have inveigled thy figh with a moft beautifull obiect. Alate thou didst holde Venus for a giglot, not a goddesse; and now thou shalt be forst to fuye suppliant to her Deitie. Cupide was a boy and blinde, but alas his eye had aime inough to pierce thee to the heart. While I liued in the Court, I belede Loue in contemp, and in high festes I had small desires. I knewe not affection while I liued in dignitie, nor could Venus counterchecke me, as long as my fortune was maiestie, and my thoughtes honour: and shall I nowe bee high in defires, when I am made lowe by Deftenie?

I haue hearde them saye, that Loue lookes not at lowe cottages, that Venus settes in Roaches not in ragges, that Cupide flies so high, that hee scorues to touche pueretie with his heele. Thu Alinda, thefe are but olde wises tales, and neither authentical precepts, nor infallible principles: for Experience tells thee, that Peafants haue theyr passions, as well as Princes, that Swayneys as they haue their labours, fo they haue theyr amours, and Loue lurkes affoone about a Sheepcoate, as a Pallaice.

Ah Alinda, this day in avoiding a preludice thou art fallen into a deeper mischiefe; being recovered from the robbers, thou art become captiue to Saladyne: and what then? Women muft loue, or they muft cease to liue: and therefore did Nature frame them faire, that they might be subiects to fanchise. But perhaps Saladyne eye is leuelde upon a more freemeler Saint. If it be fo, beare thy passions with patience, say Loue hath wrongd thee, that hath not wrongd him; and if he be proud in contemp, bee thou rich in content; and rather die than discouer anie desire: for there is nothing more precious in a woman, than to conceale Loue, and to die modest. He is the sonne and heire of Sir John of Bourdeaux, a youth comely enough: ob Alinda, too comely, els hadst not thou been thus discontent; valiant, and that settered thine eye; wife, els hadst thou not been nowe wonne: but for all thefe vertues, banifhed by thy father; and therefore if bee know thy parentage, he will hate the fruite for the tree, and condempe the yong fien for the olde flocke. Well, howsoever, I muft loue: and whomsoever, I will: and whatsoever betide; Aliena will thinke well of Saladyne: suppofe he of me as he please. And with that fetching a deeppe sigh, the rife vp, and went to Ganimeade: who all this while sat in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader; but now Aliena began to comfort her, her felse beeing ouer grown with forrowes, and to recall her from her melancholie with manie pleasaunt perfuasions. Ganimeade tooke all in the best part, and fo they went home together after they had folded their flockes, supping with olde Coridon, who had prouided there cates. He after supper, to paffe away the night while bedde time, began a long discouerfe, how Montanus the yong Shepheard that was in loue
with Phoebe, could by no meanes obtaine anie fauour at her hands: but still pained in reflcete passions, remained a hopeleffe and perplexed Loue. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once fee that Phoebe, is shee so faire, that the thinkes no shepheard worthie of her beautie: or so froward that no loue nor loyaltie will content hir: or so coy, that she requires a long time to be woode: or so foolish that shee forgets, that like a fop shee must have a large barcet for a little corn: 

I cannot distinguis (quoth Coridon) of these nice qualities: but one of these dayes I will bring Montauus and her downe, that you may both see their persons, and note their passions: and then where the blame is, there let it reft. But this I am sure quoth Coridon, if all maidens were of her minde, the world would growe to a madde passe; for there would be great store of wooing, and little weddind, manie words and little worship, much follie and no faith. At this sad sentence of Coridon so solemnly brought forth, Aliena smaild: and because it was late, she and her page went to bed, both of them hauing fleas in their ears to keep the awake, Ganimeede for the hurt of her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection she bore to Saladyne. In this discontented humor they past away the time, till falling on sleep, their fenfes at reft, Loue left them to their quiet flumber: which were not long. For asoon as Phoebus rofe from his Aurora, and began to mount him in the Skie, summoning the Plough-fwaines to their handie labour, Aliena arofe; and going to the couche where Ganimeede laye, awakened her page, and paid the morning was farre spent, the deaw smal, and time called them awaye to their foldes. Ah, ah (quoth Ganimeede) is the winde in that doore? then in faith I perceiue there is no Diamond so harde but will yeeld it to the file, no Cedar so strong but the winde will shake, nor anie minde so chast as Loue will change. Well Aliena, must Saladyne be the man, and will it be a match? Trust me he is faire and valiant, the fomne of a worthie Knight; whome if hee imitate in perfection as hee representes him in proportion, he is worthie of no leffe than Aliena. But he is an exile: what then? I hope my Mifres respect the vertues not the wealth, and measures the qualities not the substance. Those dames that are like Danae, that like loue in no shape but in a shawer of golde; I with them husband with much wealth and little wit; that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It shoule (my Aliena) staine the honour of a Shepheardes life to set the end of passions upon pelfe. Loues eyes looks not so low as gold, there is no fees to be paid in Cupids Courtes: and in elder time (as Coridon hath tolde me) the Shepheards Loue-gifts were apples and chestnuts, & then their desires were loyall and their thoughts content. But now Quaerenda pecunia primum, post numinos virtus. And the time is grown to that which Horace in his Satyres wrote on:

omnis enim res
Virtus fama decus diesina humanaque pulchris
Diuitiis parent: quas qui-constrinerit tille
Clarris erit, fortis, iustus, fapiens, etiam & rex
Et quic quis volet-

But Aliena let it not be so with thee in thy fancyes, but respect his faith, and there an ende. Aliena hearing Ganimeede thus forward to further Saladyne in his affections, thought the kif the childe for the nursetes sake, and woode for him that the might please Rosader, made this replie; Why Ganimeede, whereof growes this persuasion? Haft thou scene Loue in my lookes? Or are mine eyes grown so amorous, that they discover some new entertained fancyes? If thou measurest my thoughtes by my countenance, thou maist proue as ill a Phisiognomer as the Lapi-
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darie, that aymes at the secrete vertues of the Topace, by the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the Agate is not known by the strakes, nor the Diamond prized by his brightnesse, but by his hardnesse. The Carbuncle that shineth most, is not ever the most precious: and the Apothecaries choose not flowers for their coulours, but for their vertues. Women's faces are not always Kalenders of fancie, nor doo their thoughts and their looks ever agree: for when their eyes are ful of favours, then they are most emptie of desire: and when they seeme to frown at thidaine, then are they most forward to affection. If I bee melancholie, then Ganimede tis not a consequence that I am entangled with the perfeccion of Saladyne. But seeing fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor Loue kept so couert but it will bee spied, what should friends conceale fancies? Know my Ganimede, the beautie and valour, the wit and prowesse of Saladyne hath fettered Aliena so farre, as there is no obiect pleasing to her eyes, but the sight of Saladyne: and if loue haue done me jutice, to wrap his thoughts in the folds of my fare, and that he be as deeply enamoured as I am passionate; I tell thee Ganimede, there shall not be much wooing, for she is alreadie wonne, and what needs a longer batterie. I am glad quoth Ganimede that it shall be thus proportioned, you to match with Saladyne, and I with Rosader: thus have the Deftines favoured vs with some pleasing affeect, that haue made vs as priviate in our loues, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this Ganimede start vp, made her readie, & went into the fields with Aliena: where unfolding their flockes, they fate them downe vnder an Oliue tree, both of them amorous, and yet diversifie affeed; Aliena ioying in the excellence of Saladyne, and Ganimede forrrowing for the wounds of her Rosader, not quiet in thought till the might heare of his health. As thus both of them fate in theyr dumpes, they might efpie where Coridon came running towards them (almost out of breath with his hafi). What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such poft? Oh Miftres (quoth Coridon) you have a long time defired to see Phoeb the faire Shepheardeffe whom Montanus loues: so nowe if it plesse you and Ganimede but to walke with me to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her fittig by a Fountain; he courting with his Countrey ditties, and she as coy as shee the heide Loue in disdaine.

The newes were fo welcome to the two Louers, that vp they rofe, and went with Coridon. Affone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might efpie where Phoeb fate, (the fairest Shepheardeffe in all Arden, and he the frollickst Swaine in the whole Forrest) she in a peticoate of scarlet, couered with a greene mantle; and to shrowde her from the Sunne, a chaplet of rofes: from vnder which appeared a face full of Natures excellence, and two fuch eyes as might have smasted a greater man then Montanus. At gaze upon this gorgeous Nymph fat the Shepheard, feeding his eyes with her favours, wooing with fuch piteous lookes, & courting with fuch deep strained fighs, as would haue made Diana her felle to haue been compassionate. At last, fixing his looke on the riches of her face, his head on his hande, and his elbow on his knee, he fung this mournefull Dittie.

Montanus Sonnet.

A Turtle fat upon a leauleffe tree,
Mourning her afent phears
With sad and forrie cheare:
About her wonderous flood
The citizens of Wood,

11, i, 23
And whilst her plumes she rents
And for her lorn laments,
The stately trees complain them,
The birds with sorrow pains them;
Each one that doth her view
Her paine and sorrow doth hue.
But were the sorrows known
That me hath overthrown,
Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if she did looke on me?

The lowe sicke Polyphemus that could not see,
Who on the baraine shore
His fortunes doth deplore,
And melteth all in mone
For Galatea gone :
And with his piteous cries
Affliceth both earth and skies :
And to his woe betooke
Doth breake both pipe and hooke;
For whom so complaines the Morne,
For whom the Sea Nymphs mourne.
Alas his paine is nought :
For were my woe but thought,
Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if she did looke on mee?

Beyond compare my paine
yet glad am I,
If gentle Phoebe daine
to see her Montan die.

After this, Montanus felt his passions so extreme, that he fell into this exclamation against the injustice of Loue.

Helas Tirant plein de rigueur,
Mordre vn peu la violence :
Que te fort si grande defense?
C'est trop de flammes pour un ceur.
Espargues en une efin celle,
Puis soy ton effort d'oeurdioir,
La ferre qui ne veut point voir,
En quel fu je brulfe pour elle.
Execute Amour ce deffein,
Et rabaisse vn peu ton audace,
Son cuer me doit estre de glace.
Bien que elle ait de Niege le fein.

Montanus ended his Sonet with such a volley of sighs, and such a fireame of tears, as might have mooned any but Phoebe to have graunted him favour. But she meauring all his pasions with a coye disdaine, and triumphing in the poore Shepheardes patheticall humour, smailing at his martyrdome, as IV, i, 183 though loue had been no maladie, foroefully warbled out this Sonnet.
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Phoebes Sonnet a replie to Montanus passion.

Downe a downe.

Thus Phillis sung
by fancie once distrest:
Who so by foolish Love are flung,
are worthily oppressed.

And so sing I. With a downe, downe, &c.

When Love was first begot,
And by the mouers will
Did fall to humane lot
His folace to fulfill.
Dewd of all deceit,
A chast and holy fire
Did quicken mans conceit,
And womens breast inspire.
The Gods that saw the good
That mortals did approve,
With kinde and holy mood
Began to talke of Love.

Downe a downe,

Thus Phillis sung
by fancie once distrested, &c.

But during this accord,
A wonder strange to heare:
Whilst Love in deed and word
Most faithfull did appeare.
False semblance came in place
By teasonie attended,
And with a double face
Both love and fancie blended.
Which made the Gods forfake,
And men from fancie flie,
And maidens sorne a make;
For foot and so will I.

Downe a downe.

Thus Phillis sung
by fancie once distrested;
Who so by foolish Love are flung
are worthily oppressed.

And so sing I.

with downe a downe, adowne downe, adowne a,

Montanus hearing the cruel resolution of Phoebe, was so overgrown with passions,
that from amorous Ditties he fell flat into thes tearmes; Ah Phoebe quoth he, where-
of art thou made, that thou regardest not thy maladie? Am I so hatefull an obiection
that thine eyes condemn me for an obiection? or so base, that thy desires cannot floor
so lowe as to lende mee a gracious looke? My passions are manie, my loves more,
my thoughts loyalty, and my fancie faith: all devoted in humble devoire to the fer-
LODGE'S ROSALYND

uite of Phoebe: & shal I reape no reward for such fealties. The Swaines daylie labours is quit with the evenings hire, the Ploughmans toyle is eased with the hope of corne, what the Ox sweateth out at the plough he fatneth at the cribbe: but infortunate Montanus hath no fauce for his sorrowes, nor anie hope of recupence for the hazard of his perplexed passiones. If Phoebe, time may plead the proofe of my truth, twice feuen winters haue I loued faire Phoebe: if confancie bee a cause to farther my fute, Montanus thoughtes haue beene sealed in the sweete of Phoebe's excellence, as farre from change as she from loute: if outward passiones may difcouver inward affections, the sorrowes in my face may decipher the sorrowes of my heart, and the mappe of my lookes the griefes of my minde. Thou feest (Phoebe) the teares of despoyre haue made my cheekes full of wrinkles, and my scalding fighes haue made the aire Eccho her pitie conceived in my plaints: Philomele hearing my passions, hath left her mournefull tunes to listen to the difcourse of my miseries. I haue pourtrayed in euerie tree the beautie of my Mistresse, & the despaire of my loues. What is it in the woods cannot witnes my woes? and who is it would not pitie my plaints? Onely Phoebe. And why? Because I am Montanus, and the Phoebe; I a worthie Swaine and thee the moft excellent of all faires. Beautiful Phoebe, oh might I say pitifull, then happie were I though I tafted but one minute of that good hap. Measure Montanus not by his fortunes but by his loues; and ballance not his wealthie, but his defires, and lend but one gracious looke to cure a hespe of disquieted cares: if not, ah if Phoebe can not loute, let a forme of frownes ende the discontent of my thoughts, and fo let me perifh in my defires, because they are aboue my deferts: onely at my death this fauour cannot be denied me, that all shall say, Montanus died for loute of harde hearted Phoebe. At thefe words the fild her face full of frownes, and made him this short and sharp replie.

Importunate Shepheard, whose lones are lawlefe, because refliffe: are thy passions fo extreame that thou canft not conceale them with patience? Or art thou so folly-fick, that thou must needes be fancie-ficke? and in thy affection tied to such an exigent, as none ferues but Phoebe. Well sir, if your market may be made no where els, home again, for your Mart is at the fairest. Phoebe is no leetice for your lipses, and her grapes hangs so high, that gaze at them you may, but V, i, 38 touch them you cannot. Yet Montanus I speake not this in pride, but in dildaine; not that I scorne thee, but that I hate Loue: for I count it as great honour to triumph ouer Fancie, as ouer Fortune. Reft thee content therefore Montanus, ceafe from thy loutes, and bridle thy lookes: quench the sparkles before they grow to a further flame: for in louing me thou shalt lute by loffe, & what thou vterest in words, are all written in the winde. Wert thou (Montanus) as faire as Paris, as hardie as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as louting as Leander; Phoebe could not loute, because she cannot loute at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with Phoebus, I must flee with Daphne.

Ganimede ouer-hearing all thef passions of Montanus, could not brooke the crueltie of Phoebe, but startyng from behinde the buft faid: And if Damzell you fled from me, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt tranpole your branches vnder my feete. Phoebe at this fodaline replie was amazed, especially when she faw fo faire a Swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore, shee would have beene gone: but that he held her by the hand, and procecuted his replie thus. What Shepherdefle, fo fayre and fo cruel? Difdale beames not cottages, nor coynes maides: for either they be condemnped to bee too proude, or too froward. Take heed (faire Nymph) that in despying Loue, you be not ouer-reacht with Loue, and in shacking off
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all, shape your selfe to your own shadow: and so with Narcissus proone passionate & yet vnпитed. Oft have I heard, and sometimes have I seen, high disdain turn'd to hot desires. Because thou art beautiful, be not so coy: as there is nothing more faire, so there is nothing more fading, as momentary as the shadowes which growes from a cloudie Sunne. Such (my faire Shepheardeffe) as disdaine in youth desir'd to age, and then are they hated in the winter, that might have been lusted in the prime. A wrinkled maide is like to a parched Rofe, that is cast vp in coffers to please the smell, not wonne in the hand to content the eye. There is no follie in Loue to had I wif: and therefore be rude by me, Loue while thou art young, least thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot bee recalde, and if thou loue, like of Montaus: for as his desires are manie, so his defects are great.

Phoebe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeplie enamoured on his perfection, as Montanus inweigled with hers: for her eye made suruay of his excellent feature, which the found so rare, that she thought the ghost of Adonis had beene leap't from Elizium in the shape of a Swaine. When she bluft at her owne follie to looke fo long on a stranger, the mildlie maden aunwvere to Ganimede thus. I cannot denie sir but I have heard of Loue, though I never felt Loue; and haue read of such a Goddesse as Venus, though I never saw anie but her picture: & perhaps, and with that she waxed red and bashful, and with all slient: that Ganimede perceiuing, commended in her selfe the bashfulnesse of the maide, and desir'd her to goe forward. And perhaps sir (quoth she) mine eye hath ben more prodigall to day than euer before: and with that she said againe, as one greatly passionate and perplexed.

Aliena seeing the hare through the maze, bade her forwarde with her prattle: but in vaine, for at this abrupt periode she broke off, and with her eyes full of tears, and her face couered with a vermillion die, she fale downe and flight. Whereupon, Aliena and Ganimede seeing the Shepheardeffe in such a strange plight, left Phoebe with her Montanus, with her friendly that shee would be more pliant to Loue, least in penance Venus ioyned her to some sharpe repentance. Phoebe made no replie, but fethch such a sighe, that Eccho made relation of her plaint: giving Ganimede such an adieu with a piersing glaunce, that the amorous Girle-boyce perceiued Phoebe was pinch't by the heele.

But leaving Phoebe to the follies of her new fancie, and Montanus to attend vpon her; to Saladyne, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of Aliena: in somuch that he framed awteete conceipted sonnet to content his humour, which he put in his bofome: being requested by his brother Rosader to go to Aliena and Ganimede, to signifie vnto them that his wounds were not daungerous. A more happie meffage could not happen to Saladyne, that taking his Forreft bil on his necke, he trudgeth in all haft towards the plains, where Alienas flocks did feede: comming iuft to the place when they returned from Montanus and Phoebe. Fortune so conducted this iollie Forrefller, that he encountered them and Coridon, whom he presently saluted in this manner.

Faire Shepheardeffe, and too faire, vplease your beautie be tempred with courteffe, & the linaments of the face graced with the lowlineffe of minde: as manie good fortunes to you and your Page, as your felues can defire, or I imagine. My brother Rosader (in the grieve of his greene wounds) still mindful of his friends, hath sent me to you with a kind salute, to shew that he brookes his paines with the more patience, in that he holds the parties precious in whose defence he received the preijusde. The report of your welfare, will bee a great comfort to his distempered bodie and diffretted thoughts, and therefore he sent mee with a strict charge to visit you.
LODGE'S ROSALYNE

And you (quoth Aliena) are the more welcome in that you are messenger from so kind a Gentleman, whose paines we compassionate with as great sorrowe, as be breakes them with grieve; and his wounds breedes in vs as manie passions, as in him extremities: so that what disquiet bee feelis in bodie, wee partake in heart. Wishing (if wee might) that our mishap might chance his maladie. But seeing our wills yields him little ease, our orisons are never idle to the Gods for his recoverie. I pray youth (quoth Ganime德e with tears in his eies) when the Surgeon searcht him, behold he his wounds dangers? Dangerous (quoth Saladyne) but not mortall: and the sooner to be cured, in that his patient is not impatient of anie paines: whereupon my brother hopes within these ten dayes to walke abroad and visite you himselfe. In the meantime (quoth Ganime德e) say his Rosalynde commendes her to him and bids him be of good cheere. I know not (quoth Saladyne) who that Rosalynde is, but whatsoever she is, her name is newer out of his mouth: but amidst the deepes of his passions be vieth Rosalynde as a charm to appease all forrows with patience. Infomuch that I conceive my brother is in loue, and the some Paragon that holds his hart perplexed: whose name he oft records with sights, sometymes with tears, straight with joy, then with smiles; as if in one peron Loue had lodged a Chaos of confuded passions. Wherein I have noted the variable disposition of fancie, that like the Polype in colours, so it changeth into sundrie humours: being as it should come a combate mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweete perviulice, like to the Sinopel tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruite infects the tast. By my faith (quoth Aliena) sir, you are deepe in loue, or growes your insight into affection by experience? Howsoever, you are a great Philosopher in Venus principles, els could you not discover her secrete aphorisme. But sir our countrie amours are not like your courtly fancyes, nor is our wooing like your fuing: for poore shepheardes neuer plaine them till Loue paine them, where the Courtiers eyes is full of passions when his heart is most free from affection: they court to discouer their eloquence, we wooe to ease our forrows: euerie faire face with them must have a new fancie sealed with a forefinger kiffe and a fare fetcht figh; we heere loue one, and lise to that one so log as life can maintain loue, vning few ceremonies because we know fewe fubilities, and little eloquence for that wee lightly accont of flattery: only faith and troth that shepheardes wooing, and fir howe like you of this? So (quoth Saladyne) as I could tie my selfe to such loue. What, and looke so low as a Shepheardesse, being the Sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux: such desires were a disgrace to your honours. And with that surveying exquitely euerie part of him, as vittering all these words in a deepe passion, he epists the paper in his bofome: whereupon growing jealous that it was some amorous Sonnet, fhee fainest mastech it out of his bofome, and asked if it were any secret? She was bashful, and Saladyne blust: which the perceiving sayd: Nay then fir, if you waxe redd, my life for yours tis some Loue matter: I will see your Mifstress name, her praisis, and your passions. And with that she looke on it: which was written to this effect.

Saladynes Sonnet.

If it be true that heavens eternall course
With restlesse swaye and ceaselesse turning glides,
If aire inconstant be, and swelling foure,
Turne and returns with many fluent tides,
If earth in winter summers pride estrange,
And Nature seemeth ousely faire in change.

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If it be true that our immortall /bright
Derride from heavenly pure, in wandering still
In nouelitie and strange se doth delight,
And by discouerent power discerneth still,
And if the boodie for to worke his best
Doth with the season change his place of rest:

Whence comes it that (in forst by furious Skies)
I change both place and joye, but not my hart?
Yet false not in this change my maladies?
Whence grows it that each object worsens my smart?
Alas I see my faith procureth my misde,
And change in love against my nature is.

Et florid pungunt.

Aliena having read over his fonnet, began thus pleasently to descant upon it. I see Saladyne (quoth thee) that as the Sunne is no Sunne without his brightnesse, nor the diamond accounted for precious vnlesse it be hard: fo men are not men vnlesse they be in loue; and their honours are measured by their amours not their labours, counting it more commendable for a Gentleman to be full of fanchie, than full of vertue. I had thought Otiis & tellas periere Cupidinis arcus, Contemptae tacent, & fine luce facies: But I see Ouid's axiome is not authentically, for even labor hath her loues, and extremitie is no pumice stone to race out fanchie. Your selfe exiled from your wealth, friends & countrey by Torismond, (forrowes enough to supppresse affectiones) yet amidst the depth of these extremities, Loue will be Lord, and shew his power to bee more predominant than Fortune. But I pray you sir (if without offence I maye crave it) are they some new thoughts, or some olde desires? Saladyne (that now saw opportunitie pleasaunt) thought to strike while the yron was hote, and therefor taking Aliena by the hand fete downe by her; and Ganimen to give them leaue to there Loues, founde her selfe buie about the foldes, whilest Saladyne fell into this prattle with Aliena.

Faire Mistres, if I bee blunt in discouering my affectiones, and vs little eloquence in levelling out my loues: I appeale for pardon to your owne principles that say, Shepheardes vs feue ceremonies, for that they acquaint theselues with feue subtillities: to frame my selfe therefore to your countrey fashion with much faith and little flatterie, knowe beautifull Shepheardesfe, that whilest I liued in the court I knew not Loues cumber, but I held affection as a toy, not as a maladie; vsing fanchie as the Hiperborei do their flowers, which they ware in their bosome all day, and cast them in the fire for full all night. I liked al because I loved none, and who was mosst faire on her I fed mine eye: but as charily as the Bee, that affoone as she hath suckt honnie from the rofe, flies straight to the next Marigold. Liiuing thus at mine owne will, I wondred at such as were in loue, & when I read their passions, I tooked them only for poems that flowed from the quicknesse of the wit not the forrowes of the heart. But nowe (faire Nymph) since I became a Fosterer, Loue bath taught me such a lesson that I must confesse his deitie and dignitie, and fayre as there is nothing so precious as beautie, fo there is nothing more piercing than fanchie. For since first I arrived in this place, and mine eie tooke a curious survey of your excellence, I have been so fettered with your beautie and vertue, as (sweet Aliena) Saladyne without further circunstance loues Aliena. I coulde paint out my desires with long ambages, but seeing in manie words lies mirth, and that truth is euer naked; let this suffice for a countrey wooing, Saladyne loues Aliena, and none but Aliena.
LODGE'S ROSALYNDE

Although these words were most heavenly harmonie in the ares of the Shepheardesse: yet to seeme caye at the first courting, and to disdaine Loue bowhowser thee defered Loue, she made this replie.

Ah Saladyne, though I seeme simple, yet I am more subtile than to swallow the hook because it hath a painted bait: as men are willie so women are warie, especially if they have that wit by others harms to beware. Doo wee not knowe Saladyne, that mens tongues are like Mercuries pipe, that can inchaunt Argus with an hundred eies; and their words as prejudicial as the charmes of Circes, that transfrome men into monsters. If such Syrens sing, wee poore Women had neede stoppe our ares, leaft in hearing we proue so foolish hardie as to beleue them, and so perish in trustyng much, and suspecting little. Saladyne, Piscator itus apud, he that hath been once payfoned & afterwards fears not to bowse of enerie potion, is worthie to suffer double penance. Gius me leaue then to mistrust, though I doo not condempne. Saladyne is now in loue with Aliena, he a Gentleman of great Parentage, she a Shepheardesse of meane Parents; be honourable, and thee poore? Can Loue consist of contrarities? Will the Fawlcon pearch with the Kiltreffe, the Lion harbour with the Wulfes? Will Venus loyne roakes and rags together? Or can there be a sympathie betweene a King and a beggar. Then Saladyne how can I beleue thee that loue should incline our thoughts, when Fortune hath fet such a difference betweene our degrees? But suppose thou likest of Alinace beautie, men in their fancie resembe the waspe, which forses that flower from which she hath fetched her waze; playing like the inhabitantes of the Ilande Tenerifa, who when they have gathered the sweete spieces, vse the trees for fuel; so men when they have glutted themselves with the faire of womens faces, holde them for necessarie euilla; and wearied with that which they seemed so much to loue, cast awaie fancie as children doo their rattles; and loathing that which soo deepelie before they likte, especially such as take loue in a minute, & haue their eyes attraeciue like leste apt to entertaine anie object, are as readie to let it slip againe. Saladyne hearing bowe Aliena harpt still yppon one string, which was the doubt of mens confancie, bee broke off her sharp inuective thus.

I graunt Aliena (quoth bee) manie men haue doone amisse in prouing foone ripe and foone rotten, but particular incidences inferre no generall conclusions: and therefore I hope what others haue faulted in shall not prejudice my fauours. I will not vse sophistry to confirme my loue, for that is subtiltie; nor long discourses, leaft my words might bee thought more than my faith: but if this will suffice, that by the honour of a Gentleman I loue Aliena, and woze Aliena not to crop the blossomes and reject the tree, but to consummate my faithfull desires, in the honourable ende of marriage.

At this word marriage: Aliena stood in a maze what to anfwere: fearing that if she were too caye to drue him away with her disdaine; and if she were too courtesous to disfouer the heate of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to doo, at last this she fad. Saladyne euer since I saw thee, I fauoured thee, I cannot dissemble my desires, because I fee thou doost faithfully manifest thy thoughtes, and in liking thee I loue thee so farre as mine honour holde fancie fill in Suspence: but if I knew thee as vertuous as thy father, or as well qualified as thy brother Rosader, the doubt should be quicklie decided: but for this time to give thee an anfwere, assure thy selfe this, I will either marrie with Saladyne, or still liue a virgine: and with this they strained one anothers hand. Which Ganimepe epyping, thinking he had had his Mistres long enough at thrift, faid; what, a match or no? A match (quoth Aliena) or els it were an ill market. I am glad (quoth Ganimepe) I would Rosader
were well here to make vp a meffe. Well remembred (quoth Saladyne) I forgot I left my brother Rosader alone: and therefore leaft being solitarie he should increase his forrowes I will haft me to him. May it pleafe you then to command me anie蕨ice to him, I am readie to be a duetifull meffenger. Oney at this time commend me to him (quoth Aliena) & tell him, though wee cannot pleasure him we pray for him. And forget not (quoth Ganimede) my commendations: but say to him that Rosalynde sheds as manie tears from her heart, as he drops of bloud from his wounds, for the sorow of his misfortunes; feathering all her thoughts with disquiet, till his welfare procure her content: say thus (good Saladyne) and so farewell. He hauing his meffage, gave a courteous adieu to them both, especially to Aliena: and so playing loath to depart, went to his brother. But Aliena, the perplexed and yet joyfull, past away the day pleasantly till praising the perfection of Saladyne, not ceasing to chat of her new Loue, till evening drew on; and then they folding their sheepe, went home to bed. Where we leafe them and returne to Phebe.

Phebe fiered with the vacouch flame of loue, returned to her fathers house; so galled with reflexion passions, as now she began to acknowledge, that as there was no flower so fresh but might bee parched with the Sunne, no tree so strong but might bee shaken with a storme; so there was no thought so chaste, but Time armde with Loue could make amorous; for thee that helde Diana for the Goddesse of her deuotion, was now faire to file to the Altare of Venus; as suppliant now with prayers, as she was froward afores with diffaine. As she lay in her bed, she called to minde the feueral beauties of yong Ganimede, first his locks, which being amber hue, paffeth the wreath that Phoebus puts on to make his front glorious; his browe of yuorie, was like the feate where Loue and Maieftie fits inthrone to enchaye Fancie; his eyes as bright as the burnifhing of the heauen, darting forth frownes with diffaine, and smiles with favour, lightning such lookes as would enflame desire, were faire wrapt in the Circle of the frozen Zoane; in his cheeks the vermilion teinture of the Rose flourifhed vpon naturall Alabaftr, the blufh of the Morne and Lunaes fluer showe were so liuely portrayed, that the Troyan that fits out wine to Jupiter was not halfe so beautifull; his face was full of pleasance, and all the rest of his liniaments proportioned with such excellence, as Phebe was fettred in the sweetnes of his feature. The Idea of these perfections tumbling in her minde, made the poore Shepherdfife so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure tempered with intolerable paines, and yet a difquiet mixed with a content, she rather withfode to die, than to live in this amorous anguish. But wifhing is little worth in such extreames, and therefore was she for to pine in her maladie, without anie faue for her forrowes. Reuauel it she durt not, as daring in such matters to make none her secretarie; and to conceale it, why it doubled her grieffe: for as fire supprefte grows to the greater flame, and the Current flopt to the more violent fireame; so Loue smothered wrings the heart with the deeper passions.

Perplexed thus with fundrie agonies, her foode began to faile, and the difquiet of her minde began to worke a diatemperature of her bodie, that to be short Phebe fell extreme sick, and so sicker, as there was almoft left no recouerie of health. Her father seeing his faire Phebe thus difreft, sent for his friends, who fought by medicine to cure, and by counfaile to pacifie, but all in vaine: for although her bodie was feeble through long fasting, yet she did magnif agrotare animo quam corpore. Which her friends perceiued and forrowed at, but faue it they could not.

The newes of her sickneffe was bruted abroad thorough all the Forrest: which no
Lodge's Rosalynde

sooner came to Montanus ear, but he like a madde man came to visite Phoebe. Where sitting by her bedde side, he began his Exordium with so manie tears and sighes, that the perceiuing the extremitie of his forrowes, began now as a louer to pitie them, although Ganimeede helde her from redresting them. Montanus craved to knowe the caufe of her sicknesse, tempred with secrete plaints: but she aunswered him (as the ref) with silence, hauing full the forme of Ganimeede in her minde, & conceiuing how she might reualse her loues. To vter it in words she found her selfe too baf-hfull, to discouer by anie friend shee would not truist anie in her amours, to remayne thus perplexed full and conceale all, it was a double death. Whereupon for her last refuge she refouled to write vnto Ganimeede: and therefore desired Montanus to absente him selfe a while, but not to depart: for she would see if she could steale a nappe. He was no sooner gone out of the chamber, but reching to her standifh, she tooke penne and paper, and wrote a letter to this effect.—Phoebe to Ganimeede with what she wanteth her selfe.—Faire Shepheard (and therefore is Phoebe infortuneate becaufe thou art so faire) although hetherto mine eies were adaments to refist Loue, yet I no sooner saw thy face but they became amorous to intertaine Loue: more devoted to fancie than before they were repugnant to affeccion, addicled to the one by Nature, and drawen to the other by beautie; which being rare, and made the more excellent by manie vertues, hath so snared the freedome of Phoebe, as she refst at thy mercie, either to bee made the moist fortunate of all Maidens, or the moist miserable of all Women. Measurement not Ganimeede my loues by my wealth, nor my desires by my degrees: but thinke my thoughts are as full of faith, as thy face of amiable favours. Then as thou knowest thy selfe moist beautifull, suppoze me moist constant. If thou deemeest me hardhearted because I hated Montanus, thinke I was forst to it by Fate: if thou faile I am kinde hearted because so lightly I loue thee at the first looke, thinke I was driven to it by Deftenie, whose influence as it is mightie, so it is not to be refist. If my fortunes were anie thing but infortuneate Loue, I would have with Fortune: but he that wretches against the will of Venus, seekes to quench fire with oyle, and to thrut out one thorne by putting in another. If then Ganimeede, Loue enters at the eie, harbours in the heart, and will neither bee driven out with Phisick nor reason: pitie me, as one whose maladie hath no false but from thy sweete selfe, whose griefe hath no eafe but through thy graunt, and thinke I am a Virgine, who is deepely wronged, when I am forced to weep: and conceiue Loue to bee strong, that is more forceable than Nature.

Thus diffretted vnlesse by thee eathed, I expect either to liue fortunate by thy favoure, or die miserable by thy denial. Luing in hope. Farewell.

She that must be thine, or not be at all.

Phoebe.

To this Letter she annexed this Sonnet.

Sonnetto.
My boate doth passe the straights
of seas incensit with fire,
Filde with forgetfulness:
amidst the winters night,
A blinde and carelesse boy
(brought vp by false desire)
Doth guide me in the sea
of sorrow and deslight.
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For euerie care, he sets
a ranke of foolish thoughts,
And cutes (in stead of wone)
a hope without diuerte;
The windes of my deepe sighs
(that thunder fell for moughts)
Have sprice my sayles with faire,
with care, with heauynesse.

A mightie forme of tears,
a blacke and hideous cloud,
A thousand fierce disdaines
doone flocke the halwayes eft:
Till ignorance doo pull
and errour hole the throvodes
Nor flares for saefte faines,
no Phorebe from aloft.

Time hath subdued arte,
and joy is flame to woe:
Alas (Loues guide) be kinde;
what shall I perishe so?

This Letter and the Sonnet being ended, she could find no fitte mesenger to sende it by; and therefore she called in Montanus, and intreated him to carie it to Ganime.de. Although poore Montanus saw day at a little hole, and did perceiue what passion pinch her: yet (that he might seeme dutifull to his Mistres in all seruice) be disposed the matter, and became a willing mesenger of his owne Martyrdom. And so (taking the letter) went the next morne verie early to the Plaines where Aliena fed her flockes, and there shee found Ganime.de sitting under a Pomegranade tree forrowing for the hard fortunes of her Rosader. Montanus saluted him, and according to his charge delivered Ganime.de the letters, which (he said) came from Phorebe. At this the wanton blith, as being abash'd to thinke what newes she should come from an vnknown Shepheardesse, but taking the letters vpript the feales, and read over the discourse of Phorebe's fancies. When shee had read and overread them, Ganime.de began to smyle, & looking on Montanus fell into a great laughter: and with that called Aliena, to whom she shewed the writings. Who hauing perused them, conceipted them vere pleasanly, and smil'd to see how Loue had yoake her, who before disdained to songue to the lure, Aliena whispering Ganime.de in the eare, and saying: Knowe Phorebe what want there were in thee to perfoure her will, and how vntil thy kinde is to bee kinde to her, she would be more wife and lesse enamoured: but leaving that, I pray thee let vs siopt with this Swaine. At that worde, Ganime.de turning to Montanus, began to glaunce at him thus.

I pray thee tell me Shepheard, by those sweet thoughts and pleasing sighes that grow from my Mistres favours, art thou in loue with Phorebe? Oh my Youth, quoth Montanus, were Phorebe so farre in loue with me, my Flockes would be more fat and their Master more quiet: for through the forrowes of my discontent grows the leanesse of my shepe. Alas poore Swaine quoth Ganime.de, are thy passions so extreme or thy fumle so resolute, that no reasoun will blemish the pride of thy affection, and raine out that which thou stroue for without hope? Nothing can make me forget Phorebe, while Montanus forget himselfe: for those characters which true Loue hath
flamped, neither the enue of Time nor Fortune can wipe awaye. Why but Montan us quoth Ganime de, enter with a deepe insight into the despaire of thy fancies, and thou shalt fee the depth of thine owne follies: for (poore man) thy progresse in 

loue is a regresse to loffe, swimming against the freame with the Crab, and flying with Apis Indica against winde and weather. Thou sekeft with Phoebus to winne Daphne, and thee flies faster than thou canst followe: thy desires soare with the Hobbie, but her difdaine reacheth higher than thou canst make wing.

I tell thee Montanus, in courting Phoebe thou barkeft with the Wolves \textit{V, ii, 110} of \textit{Syria} against the Moone, and roueft at such a mark with thy thoughtes, as is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to Loue when Loue is pitilete, and thy maladie remedileffe. For profe Montanus read these letters, wherein thou shalt fee thy great follies and little hope.

With that Montanus tooke them and perused them, but with such sorrow in his lookes, as they bewrayed a fourre of confused passions, in his heart: at euerie line his coulour changed, and euerie sentence was ended with a periode of sighs.

At last, noting Phoebes exerme defire toward Ganime de, and her difdaine towards him, giuing Ganime de the letter, the Shhepherd floude as though hee had neither -- wonne nor loft. Which Ganime de perceuing, wakened him out his dreame thus; Now Montanus, dooft thou fee thou voweft great servise, and obsteineft but little reward: but in lieu of thy loyalite, the maketh thee as Bellerophon carrie thine owne bane. Then drinke not willinglie of that potion wherein thou knoweft is poyson, creepe not to her that cares not for thee. What Montanus, there are manie as faire as Phoebe, but moft of all more counterous then Phoebe. I tell thee Shepheard, fauour is Loues fuel: then since thou canst not get that, let the flame vanishe into smoke, and rather sorrow for a while than repent thee for euer.

I tell thee Ganime de (quoth Montanus) as they which are stung with the Scorpion, cannot be recouered but by the Scorpion, nor hee that was wounded with Achilles lance be cured but with the same trunchion: so Apollo was faine to crie out, that Loue was onely eased with Loue, and fancie healed by no medecin but fauor. Phoebus had hearts to heale all hurts but this passion, Cyrrces had charmes for all chancouches but for affection, and Mercurie fubtil reasons to refell all griefes but Loue. Perfwasions are bootleffe, Reaftion lends no remedie, Counsfale no comfort, to fuch whom Fancie hath made rotolute: and therefore though Phoebe loues Ganime de, yet Montanus muft honor none but Phoebe.

Then quoth Ganime de, may I rightly tearme thee a defpaying Louer, that liuest without joy, & loueft without hope: but what shall I doo Montanus to pleasure thee? Shall I defpise Phoebe as the difdaines thee? Oh (quoth Montanus) that were to renew my griefes, and double my sorrowes: for the fight of her discontent were the censure of my death. Alas Ganime de, though I perifi in my thoughts, let not her die in her defires. Of all passions, Loue is moft impatient: then let not to faire a creature as Phoebe finke under the burden of so deepe a diftresse. Being loue sicke she is proued heart sicke, and all for the beautie of Ganime de. Thy proportion hath entangled her affecthon, and she is snaered in the beautie of thy excellence. Then sith the loues thee doo deere, mislike not her deadly. Bee thou paramount to such a paragon: thee hath beautie to content thine eye, and fockes to enrich thy store. Thou canst not with for more than thou shalst winne by her: for shee is beautifull, vertuous and wealtie, three deepe perfwasions to make loue frollicke. Aliena seeing Montanus cut it against the haire, and plead that Ganime de ought to loue Phoebe, when his onely life was the loue of Phoebe: anwered him thus. Why Montanus dooost thou
further this motion; seeing if Ganimede marrie Phoebes thy market is clean mard. Ah Mifires (quoth he) for hath Loue taught mee to honour Phoebes, that I would preside my life to pleasure her, and die in despaire rather than she should perish for want. It shall suffice me to see him contented, and to feed mine eye on her favour. If she marrie though it be my Martyrdom: yet if thee bee pleased I will brooke it with patience, and triumph in mine owne flares to see her desires satified. Therefore if Ganimede bee as courteous as hee is beautiful, let him shew his vertues, in redressing Phoebes miseries. And this Montanus pronounst with such an affured countenance, that it amazed both Aliena and Ganimede to see the resolution of his loues: so that they pited his passions and commended his patience; deuising how they might by anie subtilitie, get Montanus the favour of Phoebes. Straight (as Womans heads are full of wyles) Ganimede had a fetch to force Phoebes to fancie the Shepheard Malgrado the resolution of her minde hee prosecuted his policie thus. Montanus (quoth he) seeing Phoebes is so forlorn, how I might bee counted vnkinde, in not saluting to faire a creature, I will goe with thee to Phoebes, and there heare her selfe in worde vutter that which she hath discovr'd with her penne, and then as Loue wills me, I will set downe my censure. I willроме by our house, and send Coridon to accompanie Aliena. Montanus seemed glad of this determination, and away they goe towards the house of Phoebes. When they drew nigh to the Cottage, Montanus ranne afore, & went in and tolde Phoebes that Ganimede was at the dore. This word Ganimede finding in the ears of Phoebes, drew her into such an extasie for joy, that risning vp in her bed she was halfe reuied, and her wan colour began to waxe red: and with that came Ganimede in, who saluted Phoebes with such a courteous looke, that it was halfe a false to her forrowes. Sitting him downe by her bed side, shee questioned about her disease, and the paine chiefly helde her? Phoebes looking as louely as Venus in her night geere, tainting her face with as ruddie a blufh as Clitia did when shee bewrayed her Loues to Phoebus: taking Ganimede by the hand began thus. Faire shepheard, if loue were not more strong then nature, or fancie the sharpest extremes: my immodesty were the more, and my vertues the leffe: for nature hath framed womens eyes bashful, their hearts full of feare, and their tongues full of silence: But Loue, that imperious Loue, where his power is predominant, then he peruerst all and wreteth the wealth of nature to his owne will: an Infance in my selfe faire Ganimede, for such are the hee kindled in my thoughts, that to finde eafe for the flame, I was forced to paule the bounds of modestie and fecke a faule at thy handles for my secret harmes, blame mee not if I bee ouer bolde for it is thy beautie, and if I be too forward it is fancie, & the deepe inlight into thy vertues that makes me thus fond. For let me fay in a word, what may be contayned in a volume, Phoebes loues Ganimede: at this she held downe her head and wept, and Ganimede rofe as one that would suffer no fish to hang on his fingers made this reple. Water not thy plants Phoebes, for I doe pitie thy plaintes, nor fecke not to discouery thy Loues in teares: for I confertrce thy truth by thy passions: forrow is no false for loues, nor sighes no remedie for affectio. Therefore frolick Phoebes, for if Ganimede can cure thee, doubt not of recoverie. Yet this let me say without offence, that it greeues me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires haue ben fo refolute, and his thoughts fo loyall: But thou alledgest that thou art forft from him by fate; so I tell thee Phoebes either some flarre or else some deflinie fits my minde rather with Adonis to die in chafe, than be counted a wanton in Venus knee. Although I pitie thy Martyrdom, yet I can grant no mariage; for though I held thee faire, yet mine eye is not fettered, Loue growes not like the hearb Spattanna to his perfection in one night but
LODGE'S ROSALYNDE

creepes with the snail, and yet at last attaines to the top Pstina Lente especially in Loue: for momentarie fancies are oft times the fruities of follies: If Phoebe I shoule like thee as the Hiperborei do their Dates, which banquet with them in the morning and throw them awaie at night, my folly should be great, and thy repentance more, Therefore I will have time to turne my thoughts, and my Loues shall growe vp as the water Creffer, flowly but with a deepe roote. Thus Phoebe thou maist fee I disdaine not though I desire not, remaining indifferant till time and loue makes me resolute. Therefore Phoebe fekke not to suppresse affection, and with the Loue of Montanus quench the remembrance of Ganimeede, strue thou to hate me as I fekke to like of thee, and ever haue the duties of Montanus in thy minde, for I promise thee thou mayst haue one more welpthe but not more loyall. These words were coraftus to the perplexed Phoebe, that foobbing out fighes and flarynig out teares thee blubbered out these words.

And shall I then have no faule of Ganimeede, but sufence, no hope but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but bee poffed off to the will of time? ifly haue the Gods ballet my fortunes, who beeing cruel to Montanus found Ganimeede, as vnkinde to my selfe: so in forcing him perith for loue, I shall die my selfe with ouermuch loue. I am glad (quoth Ganimeede) you looke into your owne faults, and see where your foote wrings you, meuring now the pains of Montanus by your owne passions. Truth quoth Phoebe, and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnese toward the Shephearde, that could I ceafe to loue Ganimeede, I would refolute to like Montanus. What if I can with reafon perfwade Phoebe to miflike of Ganimeede, will the then fauour Montanus? When reafon (quoth she) doth quench that loue that I owe to thee, then will I fancie him: conditionallie, that if my loue can bee supprest with no reafon, as beeing without reafon, Ganimeede wil onely wed himselfe to Phoebe. I graunt it faire Shephearde quoth he: and to feede thee with the sweetnese of hope, this refolute on: I will never marrie my selfe to woman but vnto thy selfe: and with that Ganimeede gaue Phoebe a fruiteleffe kiffe & such words of comfort, that before Ganimeede departed he arose out of her bed, and made him and Montanus such cheere, as could be found in such a Country cottage. Ganimeede in the midst of their banquet rehearing the promises of either in Montanus fauour, which highly pleased the Shephearde. Thus all content, and footed vp in hope, Ganimeede tooke his leaue of his Phoebe & departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. But poore Ganimeede, who had her thoughtes on her Rosader, when the calde to remembrance his wounds, fille her eyes full of teares, and her heart full of forrowes, plodded to finde Aliena at the Foldes, thinking with her preence to druiue away her passions. As she came on the Plaines, she might espie where Rosader and Saladyne fate with Aliena vnder the shade: which sight was a false to her grieue, and such a cordiall vnto her heart, that she tript alongfit the Lawnes full of joy.

At laft Coridon who was with them spied Ganimeede, and with that the Clowne rofe, and running to meete him cried, Oh sir, a match, a match, our Misfres shall be maried on Sunday. Thus the poore peasant frolickt it before Ganimeede, who comming to the crue faluted them all, and especially Rosader, saying that he was glad to fee him so well recovered of his wounds. I had not gone abroade so foone quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which on Sunday next muft bee solenmized betwenee my brother and Aliena. I fee well where Loue leads delay is loathsome, and that small wooing ferues, where both the parties are willing. Truth quoth Ganimeede: but a happie day shoulde it be, if Rosader that day might be maried to Rosalynde. Ah good Ganimeede (quoth he) by naming Rosalynde renue not
my forrowes: for the thought of her perfections, is the thrall of my miferies. Tush, bee of good cheere man quoth Ganime de, I haue a friend that is deeply experiens in Negromancie and Magick, what arte can doo shal bee actted for thine avantage: I will cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or anie bordering Nation har-
bour her; and ypper that take the faith of a young Shepeheard. Aliena smlide to fee how Rosader frownde, thinking that Ganime de had iefted with him. But breaking off from thofe matters, the Page (fome what pleafant) began to discouere vnto them what had paff betwenee him and Pheobe: which as they laught, fo they wondred at; all confef ting, that there is none fo chaft but Loue will change. Thus they paff away the day in chat, and when the Sunne began to fet, they tooke their leaues and departed: Aliena prouidng for their marriage day such folempe cheere and hand-
some roabes as fitted their countrie eflate, & yet fome what the better, in that Rosader had promis'd to bring Gerismond thether as a guet. Ganime de (who then meant to discouer her felfe before her father, had made her a gowne of greene, and a kirtle of the fineft fendall, in fuch fort that she seemed fome heauenely Nymph honour'd in Countrie attire.

Saladyne was not behind in care to fet out the nuptials, nor Rosader vnmindfull to bid guets, who inuited Gerismond and all his Followers to the Feaft: who willinglye graun ted; fo that there was nothing but the daye wanting to this marriage. In the meneue while, Pheobe being a hidden guet, made her felfe as gorgeous as might be to pleafe the eye of Ganime de; and Montanus futed himselfe with the cost of many of his focks to be gallant againft that day; for then was Ganime de to give Pheobe an anfwer of her loues, and Montanus either to heare the doome of his miferie, or the cenfure of his happyffe. But while this geare was a bruing, Pheobe paff not one day without visiting hir Ganime de, fo farre was fhee wrapt in the beauties of this louely Swaine. Much prattle they had, and the discouere of manie passions, Pheobe withning for the daye (as fhee thought) of her welfare, and Ganime de fingling to thinke what vnexpectted events would fall out at the wedding. In thofe humours the weeke went away, that at laft Sundaye came.

No sooner did Phoebus Hench man appeare in the Skie, to gue warning that his masters horses fould be trapt in his glorious couch, but Coridon in his holiday fue meriouslous feemely, in a ruffet jacket welth with the same, and faced with red worfted, hauing a paire of blew chamlet fleeces, bound at the wretfs with foure yelow laces, clofed afore verie richly with a doffen of pewter butto ns: his hofe was of gray karlie, with a large flop bard onerthwart the pocket holes with three fair gards, flichet of either fide with red thred, his fock was of the own fewed clofe to his breech, and for to beautifie his hofe, he had truft himselfe round with a doffen of new threden points of medley coulour: his bonnet was greene whereon flood a copper brooch with the picture of Saint Denis: and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his olde daies, he had a fayre fytin band of fine lockram, whipt ouer with Courntrey blew, of no small coft.

Thus attired, Coridon beftird himselfe as chiefe fickler in these actions, and had frowed all the house with flowers, that it feemed rather fome of Floraes choyce bowers, than anie Countrye cottage.

Theether repaired Phoeb with all the maides of the forrest to fet out the bride in the moft feemelieft fort that might be: but howfoeuer she helpt to pranke out Aliena, yet her eye was fill on Ganime de, who was fo neate in a fute of gray, that he feemed Endymion when hee won Luna with his lookes, or Paris when he plaide the Swaine to get the beaulie of the Nymph Oenone. Ganime de like a prettie Page waited on
his Mistresse Aliena, and overlook that she was in a readinesse against the Bridegroom she should come. Who attired in a Forrester's suit came accompanied with Gerismond and his brother Rosader early in the morning; where arrived, they were solemnly entertained by Aliena and the rest of the Countrye Swaines, Gerismond verie highly commending the fortunate choyce of Saladyne, in that he had chosen a Shephearde, whose vertues appeared in her outward beauties, being no lese faire than seeming modest.

Ganimeo comming in and seeing her Father began to blush, Nature working affects by her secret effects; scarce could she abaine from tears to see her Father in so lowe fortunes: he that was wont to fit in his royall Pallace, attended on by twelve noble peers, now to be contented with a simple Cottage, and a troupe of revelling Woodmen for his trouve. The consideracion of his fall, made Ganimeede full of sorrows: yet that shee might triumph ouer Fortune with patience, and not anie way dash that merrie day with her dumpes, shee smothered her melancholy with a shadow of mirth: and verie reverently welcomed the King, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence, as Gerismond began to commend the Page for his exquisite person, and excellent qualities.

As thus the King with his Forresters frolick it among the Shepheards, Coridon came in with a faire mazer full of Sidar, and presented it to Gerismond with such a clownish salute, that he began to smile, and tooke it of the old Shepheard verie kindly, drinking to Aliena and the rest of her faire maides, among whom Phoebe was the formost. Aliena pledged the King, and drunkne to Rosader: so the carrowife went round from him to Phoebe, &c. As they were thus drinking and readie to goe to Church, came in Montanus apparaized all in tawney, to signifie that he was forfaken; on his head he wore a garland of willowe, his bottle hanged by his side whereon was painted despaire, and on his sheephooke hung two bonnets as labels of his loyes & fortunes.

Thus attired came Montanus in, with his face as full of grieve, as his heart was of sorrows, loving in his countenance the map of extremities. Asfoone as the Shepheards saw him, they did him all the honour they could, as being the flower of all the Swaines in Arden: for a bonnier boy was there not seene since the wanton Wag of Troy that kept sheeple in Ida. He seeing the king, and geesing it to be Gerismond, did him all the reverence his country curtesie could afford. Informed that the King wondering at his attire, began to question what he was. Montanus overhearing him made this replie.

I am Sir quoth he Loues Swaine, as full of inward discontents as I feeeme fraught with outward follies. Mine eyes like Bees delight in sweete flowers, but fucking their full on the faire of beautie, they carry home to the Hiue of my heart farre more gall than honnie, and for one droppe of pure deaw, a tunne full of deadly Aconitum. I hunt with the Flee to pursue the Eagle, that flying too nigh the Sunne, I perishe with the Sunne: my thoughts are aboue my reach, and my desires more than my fortunes; yet neither greater than my Loues. But daring with Phaeton, I fell with Irras, and seeking to passe the means, I dye [for being so mean, my night sleeps are waking fombers, as full of sorrows as they be far from rest, & my dayes labors are fruitlese amors, flaring at a flar and fombling at a faufe, leaving reaoun to follow after repentance: yet evry passion is a pleasure though it pinch, because love hides his wormespise in figs, his poysions in sweet potions, & shadows preiidize with the mafeke of pleasure. The wifeye counsellors are my deep discontents, and I hate that which should false my harm, like the patient which ftung with the Tarantula loaths mufick, and yet the disease incurable but by melody. Thus (Sir) reflitte I hold my selfe remedies, as louing without either reward or regard, and yet louing, bicaufe there is
none worthy to be loued, but the mistresse of my thoughts. And that I am as full of passions as I have discours’d in my plaintes, Sir if you please see my Sonnets, and by them censur’d of my forrowes.

These wordes of Montanus brought the king into a great wonder, amazed as much at his wit as his attire: insomuch that he tooke the papers off his booke, and read them to this effect.

Montanus first Sonnet.
Atas how wunder I amidst these woods,
Whereas no day bright shone doth finde acceffe:
But where the melancholy fleeting floods
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
Dismemde of reason, spoilde of natures goods,
Without redresse to save my heauinesse
I walke, whilst thought (too cruel to my harmes)
With endless grief my heedles judgement charmes.

My silent tongue affaileth by secret feare,
My traitorous eyes imprisyned in their toy,
My fatall peace desouerd in fained cheare,
My heart inforst to harbour in annoy,
My reason robbed of power by yielding care,
My fond opinions flawe to every toy.
Oh Loue thou guide in my uncertaine way,
Woe to thy bow, thy fyr, the cause of my decay.

Et florinda pungunt.

When the King had read this Sonnet, he highly commended the device of the shepheard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a shaddow, and so couerly conceal that which bred his chiefest discontent: affirming, that as the least shrubs hame — their tops, the smalllest haires their shadowes: so the meanest swaines had their fancies, and in their kynde were as charie of Loue as a King. Whetted on with this device, he tooke the second and read it: the effects were thefe.

Montanus second Sonnet.
When the Dog
Full of rage,
With his irefull eyes
Frownes amidst the skies
The Shepheard to affwange
The fury of the heat,
Himselfe doth safely feat
By a fount
Full of faire,
Where a gentle breath
(Mounting from beneath)
Tempest the aire.
There his flocks
Drinks their fill,
And with ease repose
Whilst sweet sleep doth close
Eyes from toys some ill.
Gerismond seeing the pithy vaine of thofe Sonets, began to make further enquire what hee was: Whereupon Rosader discourt vnto him the loue of Montanus to Phoebe, his great loialtie & her deep crueltie: and how in revenge the Gods had made the curious Nymph amorous of yong Ganimeede. Vpon this discourse, ye king was defirous to see Phoebe: who being brought before Gerismond by Rosader, shadowed the beauty of her face with such a vermillion teinture, that the Kings eyes began to dazzle at the puritie of her excellence. After Gerismond had fed his looks a while vpon her faire, he questioned with her, why she rewarded Montanus loue with so little regard, seeing his defertes were many, and his passions extreame. Phoebe to make reply to the Kings demandand, anwered thus: Loue (fir) is charitie in his lawes, and whatsoeuer hee fets downe for iustice (bee it neuer so vniue) the sentence cannot be reuerit: womens fancies lende fauours not euer by defert, but as they are inforit by their desires: for fancy is tied to the wings of Fate, and what the flares decree, stands for an infallible doome. I know Montanus is wife, & womens eares are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly escaping the charm of a pleasant toong, as Vlisses the melody of the Syrens. Montanus is bewtiful, and womens eyes are fauned in the excellence of obiects, as defirous to feede their lookes with a faire face, as the Bee to fuck on a sweet floure. Montanus is welthy, and an ounce of glue me perfwades a woman more than a pound of heare me. Danas was won with a golden flower, when she could not be gotten with all the intreaties of Jupiter: I tell you fir, the ftring of a womans heart reacheth to the pulfe of her hand, and let a man rub that with gold, & tie hard but the wil prooue his hearts gold. Montanus is yong, a great claufe in fancies court: Montanus is vertuous, the richeft argument that Loue yeelds: & yet knowing all thefe perfections I praife them, and wonder at them, louing the qualities, but not affecting the perfon, because the Deftenies haue set downe a contrary cenfure. Yet Venus to ad revenge, hath giue me wine of ye fame grape, a fip of the fame fauce, & firing me with the like passio, hath croft me with as il a penance: for I am in loue with a fhepeards swaine, as coy to mee as I am cruel to Montanus, as peremptory in difdain as I was peruerfe in desire, & that is (quoth she)Alienaes page, yong Ganimeede.
APPENDIX

Gerismond defrous to prosecute the ende of these paffions, called in Ganimede: who knowing the cause, came in graced with such a blushe, as beautified the Chrifall of his face with a rusdie brightneffe. The King noting well the phismy of Ganimede, began by his fauvours to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetch a deepe sigh. Rosader that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he fighed so fore? Because Rosader (quoth he) the favour of Ganimede puts mee in minde of Rosalynde: At this word, Rosader fight fo deepely as though his heart would haue burft. And whatsis the matter (quoth Gerismond) that you quite mee with such a figh? Pardon mee sir (quoth Rosader) because I louse none but Rosalynd. And vpon that condition (quoth Gerismond) that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make vp a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Allen turnd her head and smilde vpon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keep countenance.

Yet shee faueld all with frecemie, and Gerismond to drive away such dumpes, questioned with Ganimede, what the reason was he regarded not Phoebe's louse, seeing she was as faire as the wanto that brought Troy to ruine. Ganimede mildly answered, If I shuld affect the faire Phoebe, I should offer poor Montanus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many moneths. Yet haue I promis to the bewaylful shepheardesse, to wed my self neuer to woman except vnto her: but with this promise, yf I can by reason suppreffe Phoebe loue towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus. To yf q. Phoebe I stand, for my louse is so far beyond reason, as it will admit no perfusion of reason. For injustice q. he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his cenfure wil I stand q. Phoebe. And in your victory q. Montanus flanda the hazard of my fortunes: for if Ganymede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit lous Monarch, if Phoebe winne, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controuerzie q. Gerismond, & then we will to church: therefore Ganimede let vs heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while (quoth shee) and you shall see one in flore. In went Ganimede, and dreft her self in womans attire, hauing on a gowne of greene, with kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the Forrest: vpon her head she wore a chaplet of Roses, which gave her such a grace, yf she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her flores. Thus attired came Rosalind in, & presented her self at her fathers feete, with her eyes full of tears, cruding his blessing, & discouraging vnto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how euer since she liued in that country disguised.

Gerismond seeing his daughter, rofelq from his feat & fel vpon her hecke, vittering the paffions of his joy in watryplaints druen into such an extat of content, that hee could not vtt one word. At this fight, if Rosader was both amazed & joyfull, I refer my selfe to the judgement of such as haue experience in louse, seeing his Rosalynd before his face whom fo long and deeply he had affected. At last Gerismond recouered his spirites, and in most fatherly teares entertained his daughter Rosalynd, after many questions demanding of her what had past betweene her and Rosader. So much fir (quoth he) as there wants nothing but your Grace to make vp the marriage. Why then (quoth Gerismond) Rosader take her, shee is thine, and let this day Solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptials, Rosader beyond mesure cotent, humbly thanked the king, & imbraced his Rosalynde, who turning to Phoebe, demanded if she had shewn suffisent reason to suppreffe the force of her lounces. Yea quoth Phoebe, & fo great a perfwuie, that if it please you Madame and Allena to giue vs leaue, Montanus and I will make this day the third couple in marriage. She had no sooner spake this word, but Montanus, threw away his garland of willow, his
bottle, where was painted dispose, & cast his fonnets in the fire, shewing himself as frollicke as Paris when he hanfeled his louse with Helena. At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded that Montanus and Phoebe should keep their wedding with the two brethren. Alieena seeing Saladyne stand in a dumpe, to wake him from his dreame began thus. Why how now my Saladyne, all a mort, what melancholy man at the day of marriage & perchaunce thou art forrowfull to thinke on thy brothers high fortunes, and thyne owne base defires to chufe to meane a thepheardize. Cheare vp thy hart man, for this day thou shalt bee married to the daughter of a King: for know Saladyne, I am not Alieena, but Alinda the daughter of thy mortal enemie Torismond. At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who rifting vp, tooke Alinda in his armes, and said to Rosalynde: is this that faire Alinda famous for so many vertues, that forfoke her fathers court to liue with thee exilde in the country? The same q. Rosalynde. Then quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladine, outlaw Forretter be frollick, for thy fortunes are great, & thy defires excellent, thou haft got a princesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. And she bath with her beauty won (quoth Saladyne) an humble feruant, as full of faith, as she of amiable fauour. While every one was amazed with thefe Comical euentes, Coridon came fkippering in, & told them that the Prieft was at Church and tarried for their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, & the rest followed, where to the admiration of all the countrey swains in Arden, their marriges were solemnly solemnized. As soone as the Prieft had finisshed, home they went with Alinda, where Coridon had made all things in readiness. Dinner was prouided, & the tables being sproved, and the Brides fett downe by Gerismond, Rosader, Saladyne, & Montanus that day were founders: homely cheare they had, such as their country could afford: but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat, and many discourses of their loues and fortunes. About mid dinner, to make them mery Coridon came in with an old crowne, and plaid them a ffit of mirth, to which he fung this pleafant fong.

Coridon’s Song.
A blith and bonny country Laffe,
heigh ho the bonny Laffe:
Sate fighing on the tender graft,
and weeping said, will none come woo me?
A fminor boy, a byther Swaine,
heigh ho a fminor Swaine:
That in his Louse was wanton faine,
with smiling looks ftraight came unte her.

When as the wanton wench efhide,
heigh ho when she efhide
The meanes to make her felfe a bride,
she fimpred smooth like bonny bell:
The Swaine that saw her fquint eyd kind
heigh ho fquint eyd kind,
His armes about her body twind,
and f Suite Laffe, how fare ye, well?

The country kit faid well forfooth,
heigh ho well forfooth,
But that I have a longing tooth,
a longing tooth that makes me erie:
APPENDIX

Alas sayd he what garres thy griefe?
heigh ho what garres thy griefe?
A wound quoth she without reliefe,
I feare a maid that I shall die.

If that be all the fayrheard sayd
heigh ho the fayrheard sayd,
Ile make thee wise it gentle maidie,
and so recure thy maladie.

Hereon they kist with manie a oath,
heigh ho with manie a oath,
And fore God Pan did plight their trooth,
and to the Church they hied them fast.

And God send euerie pretie peate
heigh ho the pretie peate
That feares to die of this concerte,
so kinde a friend to helpe at last.

Coridon hauing thus made them merrie: as they were in the midst of all their iollitie, word was brought in to Saladyne and Rosader, that a brother of theirs, one Fernadyne was arrivied, and desir'd to speake with them. Gerismond ouer hearing this newes, demaund'd who it was? It is fir (quothe Rosader) our middle brother, that lyues a Scholler in Paris: but what fortune hath druen him to seek vs out I know not. With that Saladyne went and met his brother, whom he welcommed with all curteisie, and Rosader gau'e him no leffe friendly entertainment: brought hee was by his two brethren into the parlour where they al fate at dinner. Fernadyne as one that knewe as manie manners as he could points of sophisfrie, & was aswell brought vp as well lettered, saluted them all. But when hee epied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee he did him what reverence belonged to his estate: and with that burft forth into these speaches. Although (right mightie Prince) this day of my brethren mariege be a day of mirth, yet time craves another course: and therefore from daintie cates rife to sharpe weapons. And you the sones of Sir John of Bourdeaux, leau'e your amors & fall to armes, change your loues into lances, and now this day shew your felues as valiant, as hetherto you have beenne passionate. For know Gerismond, that hard by at the edge of this forrest the twelue Peers of France are vp in Armes to recover thy right; and Torismond troup't with a crue of desperate runnagates is ready to bid them battle. The Armies are readie to ioyne: therefore shew thy selfe in the field to encourage thy subiects; and you Saladyne & Rosader mount you, and shewe your felues as hardie foelders as you have been heeritie louers: so shal you for the benefite of your Coutrie, discouer the Idea of your fathers vertues to bee flaim'd in your thoughts, and prove children worthe of so honourable a parent. At this alarum gien by Fernadyne, Gerismond leapt from the boord, and Saladyne and Rosader betook themselues to their weapons. Nay quoth Gerismond, goe with me I haue horfe and armour for vs all, and then being well mounted, let vs shew that we carrie reuenge and honour at our fawchions points. Thus they leau'e the Brides full of forrow, especially Alinda, who desir'd Gerismond to be good to her father: he not returning a word because his haft was great, bied him home to his Lodge, where he deliuer'd Saladyne and Rosader horfe and armour, and himsellf armed royally led the way: not hauing ridden two leagues before they discouered
where in a Valley both the battailes were ioyned. Gerismond seeing the wing wherein the Peeres fought, thron in there, and cried Saint Denis, Gerismond laying on such loades aspon his enemies, that hee shewed how highly he did effume of a Crowne. When the Peeres perceiued that their lawfull King was there, they grewe more eager: and Saladyne and Rosader so behaued themselfes that none durft stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons. To be short, the Peeres were conquerours, Torismondas armie put to flight, and himselfe slaine in bataile. The Peeres then gathered themselfes together, and saluting their king, conducted him royallyl into Paris, where he was receiued with great joy of all the citizens. Afoone as all was quiet and he had receiued againe the Crowne, hee sent for Alinda and Rosalynde to the Court, Alinda being verie passionate for the death of her father: yet brooking it with the more patience, in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladyne. Well, afoone as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royall Feast for the Peeres and Lords of his Lande, which continued thirtie dayes, in which time summoning a Parliament, by the consent of his Nobles he created Rosader herre apparant to the kingdom he restored Saladyne to all his fathers lande, and gave him the Dukedom of Namours, he made Fernandyne principall Secretarie to himselfe; and that Fortune might euerie way feeme frolicke, he made Montanus Lord over all the Forrest of Arden: Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings Gard, and Coridon Master of Alindas Flocks.

Here Gentlemen may you see in Euphues golden Legacie, that such as neglect their fathers precepts, incurr much prejudice; that diuision in Nature as it is a blemish in nurture, so tis a breach of good fortunes; that vertue is not measured by birth but by action; that yonger bretheren though inferior in yeares, yet may be superiour to honours: that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amitie betwixt brothers more forceable than fortune. If you gather any frutes by this Legacie, speake well of Euphues for writing it, and me for fetching it. If you grace me with that favoure, you encourage me to be more forward: and afoone as I haue overlookt my labours, expect the Sailers Kalender.

T. Lodge.
DURATION OF THE ACTION

In Othello and in The Merchant of Venice of this edition, Shakespeare's remarkable, artistic management of Time in The Duration of the Action is duly noted and set forth. In Othello the requirements of the Tragedy demand the utmost haste; there must be given to the Moor and to Desdemona not a chance for mutual explanations, the blow must fall swift as lightning in the collied night, and yet before our eyes the show of a slow and reluctant growth of jealousy must gradually pass, and every faint unfolding of the passion be presented. Accordingly, when Desdemona is murdered within thirty-six hours after her arrival in Cyprus, Shakespeare's art has induced the belief that her ill-starred career has been watched by us for weeks and months.

Again, in The Merchant of Venice I endeavored to show that the term of a Bond for three months is made to run its full course within twenty-four hours after it is signed and sealed, and yet so consummate and so potent is Shakespeare's art that this monstrous absurdity is enacted before our very eyes without our being aware of it; on the contrary, it all seems as natural as if we had watched month by month the slow flight of time, and marked the smug Antonio slowly change into the haggard bankrupt. This is no chance effect, no happy accident, in these two plays alone, but this same legerdemain deals with the time, or the duration of the action, in As You Like It also. (I noticed it cursorily in the Preface to Hamlet, as also true of that play.) That it is pure, genuine, cunningly devised and constructed art, and not hap-hazard chance, we know, because we can by close examination detect the steps whereby the end is gained, we can trace out and spell the syllables of the charm by which the mighty Magician sways our moods and makes us think we count the hours we do not. It is, however, by careful scrutiny alone that we can wring the secret from these plays; we need not hope to do it while they are acted before us on the stage. Then it is, as Christopher North says, that 'a good-natured Juggler has cheated our eyes. We ask him to show us how he did it. He does the trick slowly,—and we see. "Now, good Conjurer, do it slowly and cheat us." "I can't. I cheat you by doing it quickly. To be cheated you must not see what I do; but you must think that you see."' When we inspect the Play in our closets, the Juggler does his trick slowly. "We sit at the Play, and he does it quickly.'

This 'trick' is Shakespeare's art in dealing with Time. By one series of allusions to time we are either hurried forward with that speed which is an essential element of dramatic action, or else the past is brought vividly before us as the present; by another series we are thrust back, Time's foot is made inaudible and noiseless, the present recedes and we hear only echoes from the past; and then before us slowly and deliberately unfolds the gradual growth of character.

Although from the very nature of the plot this dual treatment of time does not enter as largely into As You Like It as in the other plays which I have mentioned, yet Shakespeare's artistic dealing with it may be traced as distinctly here as elsewhere. But in order to appreciate the need in this play of any such use of dual time, let me first very briefly note the dramatic treatment of the plot and mark the development of an idea, which I shall not call 'central,' lest I be understood as intimating that this delightful comedy is that thing of shreds and patches, a 'tendentious drama,' a drama with a purpose,—and yet this idea comes in as a motive for much of the action. Other motives there are which modify the action, but in order to see
DURATION OF THE ACTION

the need of this dual time I wish to regard as one of the main springs Marlowe’s ‘saw of might: “Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?”’

Let us suppose, then, that this ‘love at first sight’ is to be treated dramatically. We must see its first flash, then mark its slow and steady confirmation, and, finally, its triumph. This love is to be pure, absolute, boundless both in the man and in the woman. Orlando is to fall in love with Rosalind’s ‘heavenly’ beauty, and Rosalind is to fall in love with Orlando’s manly strength and physical prowess. This strength and this prowess can be shown best by contrast. Hence a wrestling match with the professional champion of the land. But wrestling with a professional champion is hardly the sport for a gentleman. Hence Orlando is to be of gentle birth, but temporarily abused. A father’s authority carries with it so much respect that were Orlando thus degraded by his father, he could not but fall somewhat in our estimation. Hence Orlando, who has been decidedly a favorite of his father’s, is now degraded unjustly, and only for a time, by a cruel elder brother. If this play were to be a tragedy, this is the point where the circumstances must be devised which are to make the loves of the young couple ill-starred, and raise an almost insurmountable barrier between the lovers; but as it is to be a comedy, a sufficient obstruction will be found in the degradation of the lover.—a degradation which had to be, but which while it lasts will effectually debar Orlando from wooing the high-born Rosalind. Hence they must both be made to meet where the distinctions of rank are obliterrated. It is not a difficult problem to drive off Orlando to the Forest of Arden. But how to get Rosalind there? It is no easy matter to drive from court an innocent, guileless young girl so that not the faintest stain shall attach to her name. Of course it cannot be for any actual misdeed, but only on suspicion,—suspicion absolutely groundless, but fostered by one who is powerful enough to drive her forth. Here, again, for the same reason as in Orlando’s case, it must not be a father who banishes her; this would partake of tragedy. Hence it is an uncle who exiles her, and the only suspicion, absolutely groundless, under which an artless, innocent young girl could fall would be that of treachery against the throne. This could be aroused only in the breast of one who felt his claim to the throne to be unjust, and whose usurped position he imagined to be so insecure that a slight, frail girl could disseat him. Hence the peremptory sentence of banishment pronounced on Rosalind by a most suspicious usurping uncle. The flight of Ganymede and Aliena follows, and as naturally follows the flight of Orlando from his ruthless elder brother, and in the Forest of Arden the course of love can flow on without a ripple. The most difficult problem of the dramatist is now solved. A knot which seemed too intrinsic to unloose has been untied. And be it observed most especially that the suspicion felt by the usurping Duke is, in that solution, a most important, a most vital, indeed, a most indispensable, element. Without it Rosalind could never have been sent to Arden in doublet and hose. It is comparatively easy for a dramatist to send a man, disguised or undisguised, to the ends of the earth, but for a lovely young girl to be sent forth disguised in man’s apparel, without the faintest forfeiture of our respect, this is the labor, this the toil. And her uncle’s suspicion is, of all others, the potent factor to effect this.

However stirring may have been the action before we reach the Forest of Arden, as soon as we have entered within that ‘immortal umbrage’ where no care comes, there must be a calm,—the calm of a long settled repose.

Of course we all know that Shakespeare found the leading features of this story made to his hand in Lodge’s Novel, if not (which I think quite likely) in some weakling drama that he remodelled. But then he it was who discerned the dramatic
capabilities of the Novel or of the play, and how fold on fold the drama must disclose probabilities in a natural sequence. It is in his dealing with this sequence that we can mark his treatment of Time, and, perchance, discover why the necessity was imposed on him of offering us here a 'fair enchanted cup.'

It is to help in the discovery of Shakespeare's 'two clocks' that I have just exposed, in rude, rough style, the framework of the play, wherein it now remains to note the allusions to time past, or to time present, which are interwoven.

When the play opens it is necessary that the senior Duke's banishment should be recent, so recent that the usurping Duke feels his grasp of the sceptre most insecure. Time can have given to the traitor no prescriptive right. 'What is the new news at the new court?' asks Oliver. 'There's no news,' answers Charles, 'but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother, the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him.' The impression here conveyed is clear enough. The banishment is spoken of almost in the present tense. And if the news is called 'old,' it may be so called on the assumption that its limit of life is nine days. At any rate, it is not so 'old' but that the 'younger brother' is called the 'new Duke,' and the report of the banishment has not yet had time (and such news travels fast) to reach Oliver in all its details. Oliver's residence cannot be far removed from the ducal court, the wrestling match was quite in his neighborhood, and yet Oliver neither knows where the banished Duke has gone, nor whether Rosalind has accompanied her father. 'She is at the court,' Charles informs him, 'and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter.' 'Where will the old Duke live?' asks Oliver. 'They say,' replies Charles, 'he is already in the Forest of Arden—they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day.'

There can be no shadow of a doubt that the Duke's banishment is most recent. Sufficient time has not elapsed wherein to obtain exact information of his whereabouts. Had the Duke's banishment lasted many months, or even many weeks, some authentic reports would have come back from him, and the public would be fully aware whether he was acquiescing in his exile or gathering forces to resist. The vagueness of the information concerning his movements or his habitation proves conclusively that he had only just been driven from his throne. The 'new court' cannot be many weeks old. It is so 'new' that the only news in it is the event which created it. There had been no time for even another piece of gossip to be started. That Charles's ignorance was shared by the public, and was not due to his exclusion from the inner court circle, is clear from the fact that in regard to Rosalind and her position in the new court he was fully informed; on any point that could be positively known his information is positive.

It is impossible, it seems to me, to evade the impression which is conveyed in this opening scene, that the old Duke has only just been banished. Since we are studying the conjurer's trick in our closets and making him do it slowly, it is of great importance not only to mark well this first deep impression regarding the recent banishment of the Duke, but also to discern clearly why it is important, and then after we have seen it serve its purpose we must watch the cunning conjurer waive it back into the past, and the colors, now bright and fresh as from the dyer's hand, become before our very eyes worn and faded with the 'seasons' difference.'

Accepting then, as Shakespeare intended we should, the Duke's banishment to be recent, it will be manifest that sufficient time has not elapsed to allow the social upheaval to subside, and there will be no need to tell us that the treacherous usurper eats his meal in fear and sleeps in the affliction of terrible dreams that shake him
nightly. This follows as of course, and gives us the clue to understand why the mere mention to the usurping Duke by Orlando of Sir Rowland de Boys's name is sufficient to kindle the spark which blazes into a fury of suspicion against Rosalind. How essential to the plot this suspicion against Rosalind is, we have seen. It is an indispensable element. It is one of the main springs. This suspicion against a gentle girl can be accounted for only by the usurper's extreme terror. This extreme terror is accounted for by his feeling of insecurity. His insecurity arises from the newness of his position. And the newness of his position is due solely to the fact that his elder brother has only just been banished. This recent banishment supplies the motive which drives Rosalind from court to the Forest of Arden. It is vital to the movement of the First Act. But how long are its effects to last? Clearly, not long. Social upheavals are dangerous to meddle with, on or off the stage. 'Abysmal inversions of the centre of gravity,' as Carlyle terms them, belong to tragedy, if anywhere; and if their memories were kept up here, the turbulence of the times would show its effects on the exiled Duke, and we should find him in the Forest of Arden still distraught and dishevelled after his compulsory banishment. The peaceful quiet of a woodland comedy cannot breathe amid such scenes. Therefore after the explosion of wrath and suspicion from the usurper which drives forth both Rosalind and Oliver, there is no longer need of this present impression of the recent civil strife; indeed, it would be destructive of the comedy; and so, having woven its spell around us and solved dramatic difficulties, it is gently effaced by vague, misty allusions to the past; and that which happened but yesterday begins to recede into the dark backward of time; days take place of hours, and months of days, and we count the time by the chimes of another clock which the cunning conjurer, before our very eyes but without our seeing it, has substituted for the old one.

Perhaps the first faint intimation of the lapse of time—and it is very faint but still marked enough to create an impression—is after the wrestling, when the usurping Duke says to Orlando, 'The world esteemed thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy.' This must refer to old Sir Rowland's loyalty to the senior Duke and his hostility to the usurper during the recent crisis, the only time as far as we know when any proofs of enmity could have been evoked. But the first impression concerning old Sir Rowland which we receive, in the very opening of the play, is that he has been dead several years, at least long enough to account for Orlando's neglected education. This passing reference, then, to Sir Rowland's enmity during his lifetime to the usurping Duke weakens the impression that the coup d'état is so very recent, and for one second carries that event with it back into the past, and there is a fleeting vision of unflinching loyalty long years ago to the exiled Duke in the stress that then drove him from his throne.

This allusion, which has swiftly come and swiftly gone, is closely followed by another allusion to time long past, more marked, as it ought to be, than the former, and which can scarcely fail to leave a still more decided impression. Le Beau says to Orlando immediately after the wrestling: 'But I can tell you that of late this duke Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece, Grounded upon no other argument But that the people praise her for her virtues.' Charles, the Wrestler, told us that Rosalind was 'no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter.' To turn love thus deep into 'displeasure' time will be required; and visions arise before us of a blameless life lived by Rosalind in the sight of all men, week by week, and month by month, full of patient submission and deeds of gentle kindness, and not alone winning all hearts,
but winning them so strongly that the murmurs of applause swell till at last they reach the throne.

Deep as this impression is of the slow flight of time, and remote as the banishment of the Duke is beginning to grow, this impression is followed up by another still deeper. When the usurping Duke, half crazed by suspicion, wrathfully banishes Rosalind, Celia intercedes for her cousin, and recalls to her cruel father that when he 'stay'd Rosalind,' and she had not 'with her father ranged along,' he had done it out of pity and of love for his own daughter, but, pleads Celia, 'I was too young that time to value her; But now I know her,' and then she goes on to picture the years that have passed since that time in her unconscious childhood when the Duke was banished, and how since then she and Rosalind have grown up together, how they had learned their lessons together, played together, slept together, rose at an instant, ate together, and wherever we went 'like Juno's swans still we went coupled and inseparable.' It is necessary only to cite this passage; comment on it is impertinent; no one can evade the impression of years, passing and passed, which it conveys.

But to one fact attention must be called, and this is, the extreme importance, dramatically, of making, just at this point, the time of the Duke's banishment recede into the past. As a present active force its power is spent. It was of vital importance to quicken the usurper's suspicion and to cause him to drive Rosalind forth. It is now equally important that it should recede into the past and, for two reasons, grow dim through a vista of years. First, the next Act is to open in the Forest of Arden; there for the first time we see the banished Duke. No chill air of tragedy can be suffered to disturb the repose of that 'immortal umbrage,' and all traces of a brother's perfidy and treachery must be obliterated; in things evil we must discern the soul of goodness, and recognize it in that philosophic calm which years of exile have brought to the Duke; all thoughts of recent turbulence or of recent violence, so necessary in the first Act, must here, when we first see the exiled Duke, give place to that imperturbable serenity and acquiescence with fate which is the benison of time. Hence it is that the Second Act opens with the immortal lines:

'Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference.'

Are not 'old custom' and 'the seasons' difference' 'the very lime-twigs' of Shakespeare’s spell? Why else are they here mentioned, if not to catch us with memories of years gone by? Can it be doubted for a moment that Shakespeare did not here intend us to believe that the Duke had lived through many a seasons' difference, or that custom to him had not grown old? Indeed, I think it may be truthfully said that Bathurst speaks for us all when he says (p. 76): 'The elder Duke has long been banished, and is quite contented with his situation.'

The gentle conjurer's legerdemain is over, and the 'trick' is done. The deep impression of the First Act has been effaced in preparation for the Second. The bells, on which the hours in the First Act were struck close to our ears, have been dextrously muffled, and we hear them now only faintly as from the dim distance.
DURATION OF THE ACTION

Henceforth there is but little need of any allusion either to fast or to slow movement of time, other than to make us believe that Orlando has been long enough in the Forest of Arden to write love-songs in the bark of the trees, and that he goes wooing every day to Rosalind's sheep-cote.

I have just said that there are two reasons why, dramatically, it is necessary for us to suppose that the Duke has been long an exile in Arden; the reason which has just been given is, I think, of itself quite sufficient. But there is yet another, which renders a long sojourn there by the Duke, at least of many, many months, if not of years, almost, if not absolutely, imperative. Unless the impressions are obliterated that the Duke's exile is 'new news,' and that Jaques and Amiens and the rest have only just fled from the court and flocked to Arden,—unless, I say, these impressions are obliterated, how can we possibly understand why Jaques or the Duke, when they met Touchstone in the Forest, did not instantly recognise him, familiar to them as he must have been in and about the court. A fool of Touchstone's stamp could not be overlooked under any circumstances, and if once seen and heard at any court, be it at the lawful Duke's or at the usurper's, he could not afterwards be readily forgotten. Yet Jaques had apparently never before seen him, and the Duke certainly had not. That this incongruity never occurs to us when sitting at the play shows how powerless we have been all along in fencing our ears against Shakespeare's sorcery, and how completely he has mastered us in his treatment of dramatic time. If Jaques fails to recognise Touchstone as a court fool, Touchstone fails to recognise Jaques as a courtier. Yet when Touchstone is about to be married by the hedge-priest and Jaques interferes, Touchstone at once recognises and salutes Jaques as his former companion, when he moralised the time. So that their failure to recognise each other at that first meeting could have been due to no lack of observation, and would have been impossible, does it not seem, if Jaques and the rest had only just left the 'envious court' a few weeks before, or as short a time before as we were convinced that they had left it, in the First Act? The conclusion, therefore, is to me inevitable, that the impression which Shakespeare wished to make on us is that the Duke and Jaques and the rest had been so long fleeting the time carelessly in the Forest of Arden that a new set of courtiers had arisen in their old court at home, almost a new generation since their exile had begun.

The student will find the passages indicating 'Long Time' and 'Short Time' gathered together in The Cowden-Clarke's Shakespeare Key, the second great debt which all of us owe to one of the sharers of that honoured union. Daniel (New Shakespeare Society, Series I, Part ii) has made a 'Time-Analysis' of this play, wherein, however, by counting, in the right butter woman's rank to market, the mornings, noons, and nights mentioned in the play, and by dividing them up into days, he finds that there are 'ten days represented on the stage, with such sufficient intervals as the reader may imagine for himself as requisite for the probability of the plot.' He is not blind (p. 156) to the difficulties of reconciling to the onward flow of the plot, the Duke's 'old custom' or Celia's pleadings with her father, but attempts no solution.
APPENDIX

ENGLISH CRITICISMS

Dr Johnson: Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give up their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of this work, Shakespeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers.

Francis Gentleman (Dramatic Censor, i, 478, 1770): We make no scruple to affirm that As You Like It will afford considerable instruction from attentive perusal, with great addition of pleasure from adequate representation.

Mrs Inchbald (1808): This comedy has high reputation among Shakespeare's works, and yet, on the stage, it is never attractive, except when some actress of very superior skill performs the part of Rosalind. This character requires peculiar talents in representation, because it has so large a share of the dialogue to deliver; and the dialogue, though excellently written and interspersed with various points of wit, has still no forcible repartee or trait of humour, which in themselves would excite mirth, independent of an art in giving them utterance. Such is the general cast of all the other personages in the play that each requires a most skilful actor to give them their proper degree of importance. But, with every advantage to As You Like It in the performance, it is a more pleasing drama than one which gives delight. The reader will, in general, be more charmed than the auditor; for he gains all the poet, which neither the scene nor the action much adorn, except under particular circumstances. Shakespeare has made the inhabitants of the Forest of Arden appear so happy in their banishment, that when they are called back to the cares of the world, it seems more like a punishment than a reward. Jaques has too much prudence to leave his retirement; and yet, when his associates are departed, his state can no longer be enviable, as refined society was the charm which seemed here to bestow on country life its more than usual enjoyments. Kemble's Jaques is in the highest estimation with the public; it is one of those characters in which he gives certain bold testimonies of genius, which no spectator can controvert, yet the mimic art has very little share in this grand exhibition. Mrs Jordan is the Rosalind both of art and of nature; each supplies its treasures in her performance of the character, and render it a perfect exhibition.

Hazlitt (p. 305, 1817): It is the most ideal of any of this author's plays. It is a pastoral drama in which the interest arises more out of the sentiments and characters than out of the actions or situations. It is not what is done, but what is said, that claims our attention. Nursed in solitude, 'under the shade of melancholy boughs,' the imagination grows soft and delicate, and the wit runs riot in idleness, like a spoiled child that is never sent to school. Caprice and fancy reign and revel here, and stern necessity is banished to the court. The mild sentiments of humanity are strengthened with thought and leisure; the echo of the cares and noise of the world strikes upon the ear of those 'who have felt them knowingly,' softened by time
and distance. 'They hear the tumult, and are still.' The very air of the place seems to breathe a spirit of philosophical poetry; to stir the thoughts, to touch the heart with pity, as the drowsy forest rustles to the sighing gale. Never was there such beautiful moralising, equally free from pedantry or petulance. . . . Within the sequestered and romantic glades of the Forest of Arden, they find leisure to be good and wise or to play the fool and fall in love. Rosalind's character is made up of sportive gaiety and natural tenderness; her tongue runs the faster to conceal the pressure at her heart. She talks herself out of breath, only to get deeper in love. The coquetry with which she plays with her lover in the double character which she has to support is managed with the nicest address. . . . The silent and retired character of Celia is a necessary relief to the provoking loquacity of Rosalind. . . . The unrequited love of Silvius for Phoebe shows the perversity of this passion in the commonest scenes of life, and the rubs and stops which Nature throws in its way where fortune has placed none.

Blackwood's Magazine (April, 1833, p. 559): We call As You Like It the only true 'Romance of the Forest.' Touching as it is, and sometimes even pathetic, 'tis all but beautiful holiday amusement, and a quiet melancholy alternates with various mirth. The contrivance of the whole is at once simple and skilful, — art and nature are at one. We are removed just so far out of our customary world as to feel willing to submit to any spell, however strange, without losing any of our sympathies with all life's best realities. Orlando, the outlaw, calls Arden ' a desert inaccessible '; and it is so; yet, at the same time, Charles the King's wrestler's account of it was correct, ' They say he is already in the Forest of Arden, . . . where they fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.' The wide woods are full of deer, and in open places are feeding sheep. Yet in the brakes 'his green and gilded snakes,' whose bite is mortal, and 'under the bush's shade a lioness lies couching.' Some may think 'they have no business there.' Yet give they not something of an imaginative 'salvage' character,—a dimness of peril and fear to the depths of the forest?

Campbell (1838): Before I say more of this dramatic treasure, I must absolve myself by a confession as to some of its improbabilities. Rosalind asks her cousin Celia, 'Whither shall we go?' and Celia answers, 'To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden,' but arrived there, and having purchased a cottage and sheep-farm, neither the daughter nor niece of the banished Duke seem to trouble themselves much to inquire about either father or uncle. The lively and natural-hearted Rosalind discovers no impatience to embrace her sire until she has finished her masked courtship with Orlando. But Rosalind was in love, as I have been with the comedy these forty years; and love is blind; for until a late period my eyes were never so as to see this objection. The truth, however, is love is wilfully blind, and now that my eyes are opened, I shut them against the fault. Away with your best-proved improbabilities when the heart has been touched and the fancy fascinated! When I think of the lovely Mrs Jordan in this part, I have no more desire for proofs of probability on this subject, though 'proofs pellucid as the morning dews,' than for 'the cogent logic of a bailiff's writ.' In fact, though there is no rule without exceptions, and no general truth without limitation, it may be pronounced, that if you delight us in fiction you may make our sense of probability slumber as deeply as you please.

But it may be asked whether nature and truth are to be sacrificed at the altar of fiction? No! in the main effect of fiction on the fancy they never are nor can be
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sacrificed. The improbabilities of fiction are only its exceptions, whilst the truth of
nature is its general law; and unless the truth of nature were in the main observed,
the fictionist could not lull our vigilance as to particular improbabilities. Apply this
maxim to Shakespeare's As You Like It, and our Poet will be found to make us for-
get what is eccentric from nature in a limited view, by showing it more beautifully
probable in a larger contemplation. In this drama he snatches us out of the busy
world into a woodland solitude; he makes us breathe its fresh air, partake its pas-
torial peace, feast on its venison, admire its bounding wild deer, and sympathise with
its banished men and simple rustics. But he contrives to break its monotony by the
intrusion of courtly manners and characters. He has a fool and a philosopher, who
might have hated each other at court, but who like each other in the forest. He has
a shepherdess and her wooing shepherd, as natural as Arcadians; yet when the ban-
ished court comes to the country and beats it in wit, the courtiers seem as much natu-
ralised to the forest as its natives, and the general truth of nature is equally pre-
served.

The events of the play are not numerous, and its interest is preserved by characters
more than incidents. But what a tablet of characters! the witty and impassioned
Rosalind, the love-devoted Orlando, the friendship-devoted Celia, the duty-devoted
old Adam, the humorous Clown and the melancholy Jaques; all these, together with
the dignified and banished Duke, make the Forest of Arden an Elysium to our
imagination; and our hearts are so stricken by these benevolent beings that we easily
forgive the other once culpable but at last repentant characters.

HALLAM (Literature of Europe, ii, 396, 1839): The sweet and sportive temper
of Shakespeare, though it never deserted him, gave way to advancing years and to
the mastering force of serious thought. What we read we know but very imper-
fectly; yet, in the last years of this century, when five and thirty summers had ripened his genius, it seems that he must have transfused much of the wisdom of past
ages into his own all-combining mind. In several of the historical plays, in The Mer-
chant of Venice, and especially in As You Like It, the philosophic eye, turned inward
on the mysteries of human nature, is more and more characteristic; and we might
apply to the last comedy the bold figure that Coleridge has less appropriately
employed as to the early poems, that 'the creative power and the intellectual energy
wrestle as in a war embrace.' In no other play, at least, do we find the bright imagi-
nation and fascinating grace of Shakespeare's youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness
of his mature age. This play is referred with reasonable probability to the year
1600. Few comedies of Shakespeare are more generally pleasing, and its manifold
improbabilities do not much affect us in passag. The brave injured Orlando, the
sprightly but modest Rosalind, the faithful Adam, the reflecting Jaques, the serene
and magnanimous Duke, interest us by turns, though the play is not so well managed
as to condense our sympathy, and direct it to the conclusion.

W. W. LLOYD (Singer's Edition, 1856, p. 120): The usurper pays the penalties
of a falsely-assumed position; his very lords characterise him justly when they speak
in an undertone, and warn away from the range of his passion those whom he is fit-
fully incensed against. His very daughter disowns the ill-bought advancement he
would provide for her, and slips from his side to accompany in peril and privation a
victim of his jealousy. Thus in every form of loyalty, compassion, duty, and affection,
whether spirited, tender, sentimental, or grotesque, the better spirits fly by natural
attraction to a more congenial centre, and in all happy companionship. The lords, Amiens, Jaques, and the pages, tender free duty to an exiled master; Celia proffers companionship to her banished cousin without ostentation, and it is accepted without set acknowledgement, because in the same sympathetic spirit in which it was made; old Adam with limping gait, but with the best heart he may, goes on with his young master; while Touchstone follows his mistress as devotedly as the best, perhaps the most devotedly of all, for he is the only one of them all who, as he is carried along by the current of his attachment, has still the faculty of contemplating his wanderings philosophically, of appreciating his sacrifices, whether in friendship or marriage, correctly, without making them one whit less willingly. Perhaps Jaques, in his parody of Amiens' song, approaches the critical vein of Touchstone pretty closely, but he is inferior in that mixed vein of self-observation and self-knowledge, which approximates Touchstone at one time to Mr Pepys, and at another to Michel de Montaigne.

HALLIWELL (Introduction, p. 71): Though said to be oftener read than any other of Shakespeare's plays, As You Like It is certainly less fascinating than several of his other comedies. The dramatist has presented us with a pastoral comedy, the characters of which, instead of belonging to an ideal pastoral age, are true copies of what Nature would produce under similar conditions. . . . The poet has relieved the development of a melancholy subject and an insignificant story by the introduction of a more than usual number of really individual subordinate characters. Even Rosalind, that beautiful but wilful representation of woman's passion, is not an important accessory to the moral purpose of the comedy; and the other characters, however gracefully delineated, are not amalgamated into an artistic action with that full power which overwhelms us with astonishment in the grander efforts of Shakespeare's genius.

BATHURST (p. 76): It is the very pleasantest and sweetest of plays, sprinkled with a good deal of seriousness; and some unhappiness, but none of it cuts deep. The elder Duke has long been banished, and is quite contented with his situation. The distress of Orlando and Adam is speedily relieved. Rosalind and Celia, happy from the first, in each other's company, are quite gay and cheerful when they get into the forest. Even the bad brother partakes of the general sunshine, and is let off very easily, kindly, and pleasantly, though not with any great probability. The cheerfulness of this play is delicate, however, and gentle. There are not the coarse gayeties (if anything Shakespeare did can be called coarse) of Falstaff and his companions, or of the people in Olivia's house; nor the bad conceits of Romeo & Juliet. It is a play of conversation more than action, on the whole, and of character. Some of the characters, as Jaques and Touchstone, are shown in what they say merely; not what they do.

HERAUD (p. 235): The poet, in conceiving this fine work, first generated a lofty ideal. His aim was to set forth the power of patience as the panacea for earth's ills and the injustice of fortune, and self-command as the condition without which the power would be inoperative. Neither this power nor its condition can be easily illustrated in the life of courts; but the sylvan life, such as the banished Duke and his companions live in Arden, is favourable to both. In the contrast between the two states of life lies the charm of the play, and the reconciliation of these formal opposites is the fulfilment of its ideal.
Moberly (Introduction, p. 6, 1872): In the Introduction to Hamlet an attempt has been made to show how a tendency to melancholy sprang naturally out of the very circumstances of Shakespeare's time; and how the noble spirits of that day occupied themselves in battling against it. The same truths, which are so strongly impressed on us by Hamlet's losing battle against sadness, over-reflection, and want of practical force, are in this play touched with a light and genial hand. It seems written to show how the most depressing circumstances, even if continued year after year, may utterly fail to sink a generous heart into despondency. Orlando has been ill-treated in every way by his tyrannical elder brother, but his good qualities come out only the more by this perpetual bruising. He never loses the elasticity of mind and generosity of impulse which is to carry him through all. One fortunate stroke of audacity, by enabling him to defeat the professional athlete, seems likely to open to him a path leading to honour and rank such as his birth entitles him to hold. But the hope is dashed, as soon as it is conceived, by the dark jealousy of the usurping Duke against the family beloved by his banished brother. Then Orlando fails for a moment in courage and hopefulness; he considers himself 'a rotten tree' that will yield no fruit for any pruning. Yet the sad words have barely passed his lips when he is already anticipating some 'settled low content;' and, in the next scenes, when we find him in the company of the banished Duke, he has cast all gloom aside, has nothing to say against 'any breather in the world' except himself, against whom he knows more evil than against any one else; and is contented to proclaim his love for Rosalind to any one who will listen to him, without any desponding thoughts as to the hardness of his destiny. As volatile as one of Alfred de Musset's heroes, he has, in all and through all, a firm ground of healthy English sense and truthfulness, which entitles him to serve as a type of those gallant youths who from so many a creek and inlet of Devonshire and Cornwall went forth in Shakespeare's day to war against the Spaniard.

Orlando's Rosalind is his exact counterpart, shaped for his love by similarity of destiny; but with this difference, that she acquiesced in her former lot of dependence and was only unsettled in her contentment, first, by the Duke's taunt against her father, which her true and bold spirit could not endure, and then by her unjust banishment. After this, in her 'doublet and hose,' with Celia in some degree dependent on her, she blazes into energy and vivacity; she has spirit enough for her own affairs and for half a dozen plots beside, and tact enough to make them all run prosperously up to the time when the fourfold wedding comes to settle all. Her skill in repartee is as great as Beatrice's; but there is none of the malice which has to be got rid of in Much Ado About Nothing by such a course of rigorous discipline. Rosalind never stings without strong and good reason, and in the interest of truth and right. When she does, however, she shows a talent for saying truth 'the next way' which any professional moralist might envy.

The third gradation of cheerfulness appears in the banished Duke. He is happy, not by youth and animal spirits, like the two others, but by reflection. His character is such that he is able to maintain his state and dignity in the forest as easily as at the court, controlling his followers without an effort, and correcting their crude reflections in a moment by his superior thought and moral force. His good-humour is all-embracing; he loves to 'cope' with those whose whole tone of mind is opposed to his own, and at once enters into the 'swift and sententious' spirit of Touchstone, when that eminent person is at last introduced to him, and produces the choicest flowers of his wit, which he had reserved till then; and as a matter of course the
Duke has long ago reconciled himself to his life of banishment and deprivation, and
learned to find happiness in the very feeling of contact with nature unalloyed.

To furnish a marked contrast to these characters, to assail them one after another
with attempts to shake their trust in mankind, to whisper sneers against love and
happiness, to suggest that their life, simple though it is, still has the taint of the world
upon it, and to patronise enthusiastically such rascality as accident brings there,
is the part assigned to the melancholy Jaques; a character created, with consum-
mate skill, to throw the whole meaning of the play into a clear light and to bring
out the moral lesson conveyed by it. He has been most profligate in his youth; has
travelled in Italy, the mother of all iniquities, to gain experience there; and has
spent his estate in so doing. He is therefore persuaded that the knowledge of
human nature which he has thus gained will be of great service to the world, if it
can only be induced to listen. But how instantly and how humiliatingly he is put to
the rout by the three glad hearts which he tries to sour! Orlando absolutely refuses
to rail against the world in his company, and reciprocates with hearty good-will,
although jealously, all Jaques’s expressions of antipathy to his ways of thinking.
Rosalind sarcastically asks him about his travels. What have they done for him?
Has he learned to despise home dress and home manner? sold his own lands to see
other people’s? learned to chide God for making him the countryman he is? And
what is this melancholy of which he boasts? Something as bad or worse than the
most giddy merriment; something that incapacitates him for action as completely
and more permanently than drunkenness. Above all, the Duke tells him, without
the slightest reserve, although with perfect good-humour, that his gifts as a moralist
can do nothing for the world; that his former life unfit him to be a reformer; that
if he attempts such a task, he will only corrupt the world by his experience; and to
all these buffetings, right hand and left, Jaques replies in a way which shows he is
incapable of understanding the depth of their meaning. He escapes from Rosalind
and Orlando because he does not like the ‘blank verse’ they talk; and shirks the
admonition of the Duke and all its serious wisdom, by arguing that no one would
have a right to be offended by satire of a general character, or need apply it to him-
self,—as if the Duke had been admonishing him to avoid offending others and not to
avoid corrupting others.

There are traces of great family troubles which afflicted Shakespeare up to within
a few years of the time when this play was written, and probably up to that time.
When we read of his own father being ‘warned’ from Stratford Market, and unable
to come to church for fear of arrest, this certainly gives much reality to the sad reflec-
tion on the ‘poor and broken bankrupt’ typified by the wounded stag.

The deep sorrowfulness of the subjects chosen by the poet in the years following
1600 leads us to follow up the hint thus given; for between this time and his death
we have not only the four tragedies, Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, and Othello, but also
the gloomy subject of Timon of Athens, and in comedies (if they may be so called)
the stern and severer types of Measure for Measure and The Tempest. As, there-
fore, we cannot help seeing that the same struggle against melancholy lasted through
Shakespeare’s life, we shall not be mistaken in seeing the same indications of his
nature in As You Like It. This play was, therefore, one of the earlier attempts made
by the poet to control the dark spirit of melancholy in himself by a process which a
great writer (Dr Johnson) well versed in his subject has described as hopeless, that
of ‘thinking it away.’ With this plan in view, he, as it were, held it up to view in
many lights, in order to set up a standard for himself against it,—with what effect on
himself we can only partially judge, from our extreme ignorance of the events of his later life. But even if Shakespeare's efforts to free himself from the clinging plague were unavailing (as we must needs suppose), they are still calculated to do for others what they could not do for him. Any one who will may learn from *As You Like It*, that the secret of true cheerfulness is to be found in Horace's words, *Mibi res non me rebus subserienter conor*; who treats the state of things in which he finds himself not as a stern unbending order under which his powers as well as his resistance must be crushed, but an arrangement capable of seconding all his endeavours for a high and cheerful life, and of furnishing instruction, help, and encouragement whenever and wherever they are needed.

**Hudson (Introduction, p. 22, 1880):** The general drift and temper, or, as some of the German critics would say, the ground-idea of this play is aptly hinted by the title. As for the beginnings of what is here represented, these do not greatly concern us; most of them lie back out of our view, and the rest are soon lost sight of in what grows out of them; but the issues, of which there are many, are all exactly to our mind; we feel them to be just about right, and would not have them otherwise. For example, touching Frederick and Oliver, our wish is that they should repent and repair the wrong they have done; in brief, that they should become good; which is precisely what takes place; and as soon as they do this, they naturally love those who were good before. Jaques, too, is so fitted to moralise the discrepancies of human life, so happy and at home, and withal so agreeable in that exercise, that we would not he should follow the good Duke when in his case those discrepancies are composed.

The same might easily be shown in respect of the other issues. Indeed, I dare ask any genial, considerate reader, Does not everything turn out as you like it? Moreover, there is an indefinable something about the play that puts us in a receptive frame of mind; that opens the heart, soothes away all querulousness and fault-finding, and makes us easy and apt to be pleased. Thus the Poet here disposes us to like things as they come, and at the same time takes care that they shall come as we like. The whole play, indeed, is as you like it.

(P. 24) As far as I can determine the matter, *As You Like It* is, upon the whole, my favourite of Shakespeare's comedies. Yet I should be puzzled to tell why; for my preference springs not so much from any particular points or features, wherein it is surpassed by several others, as from the general toning and effect. The whole is replete with a beauty so delicate, yet so intense, that we feel it everywhere, but can never tell especially where it is or in what it consists. For instance, the descriptions of forest scenery come along so unsought, and in such easy, quiet, natural touches that we take in the impression without once noticing what it is that impresses us. Thus, there is a certain woodland freshness, a glad, free naturalness, that creeps and steals into the heart before we know it. And the spirit of the place is upon its inhabitants, its genius within them; we almost breathe with them the fragrance of the Forest, and listen to 'the melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,' and feel

*The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,*
*That have their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,*
*Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring.*

Even the court Fool, notwithstanding all the crystallising process that has passed upon him, undergoes a sort of rejuvenescence of his inner man, so that his wit catches at
every turn the fresh hues and odours of his new whereabout. I am persuaded,
indeed, that Milton had a special eye to this play in the lines,

And sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

To all which add, that the kindlier sentiments here seem playing out in a sort of
jubilee. Untied from set purposes and definite aims, the persons come forth with
their hearts already tuned, and so have but to let off their redundant music. Envy,
jealousy, avarice, revenge, all the passions that afflict and degrade society, they have
left in the city behind them. And they have brought the intelligence and refinement
of the court without its vanities and vexations; so that the graces of art and the sim-
plicities of nature meet together in joyous, loving sisterhood. A serene and mellow
atmosphere of thought encircles and pervades the actors in this drama, as if on pur-
pose to illustrate how

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Nature throws her protecting arms around them; Beauty pitches her tent before them;
Heaven rains its riches upon them, with 'no enemy but winter and rough weather';
Peace hath taken up her abode with them; and they have nothing to do but to 'sleight
the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.' But no words of mine, I fear,
will justify to others my own sense of this delectable workmanship. I can hardly
think of anything else in the whole domain of Poetry so inspiring of the faith that
't every flower enjoys the air it breathes.' The play, indeed, abounds in wild, frolic-
some graces which cannot be described; which can only be seen and felt; and which
the hoarse voice of criticism seems to scare away, as the crowing of the cocks is said
to have scared away the fairy spirits from their nocturnal pastimes.

NEIL (Introduction, p. 10): When we read this drama, we see that it recognises
Love as the pivot and centre of activity and joy—the very core of life. It has been
said that its chief end was to 'daily with the innocence of love.' It surely, however,
has a higher aim than that. When we observe that all the evils in the play originate
in the neglect of the royal law of life: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,'
and that all the good results flow from obedience to that Divine rule; when we see
how Selfishness complicates, and Love explicates, the plot,—may it not be that As
You Like It is a Divine morality as well as a charming play? In these words:
'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise,' the Supreme
Parablist states the law of life in its social relations; and may not the great dramatic-
ist, seeing the fine moral teaching underlying the heavenly maxim, have resolved to
show, as in a magic mirror, a little bit of the Eden possible in the world, were the
higher sympathies of its denizens ruled by the love commended to us by the wisdom
of the incarnated Lord of Life? On this ground we may regard Shakespeare as
indicating his intention by the significance with which he renders into verse the say-
ing: 'There is joy in the presence of God over one sinner that repenteth,' bringing
out beautifully the fine At-one-ment which the following out of the Redeemer's pre-
cept, 'As you like it done to you, so do,' would effect in the lines: 'Then is there
mirth in heaven When earthly things made even At-one together.'
Dowden (p. 76): Shakspeare, when he had completed his English historical plays, needed rest for his imagination; and in such a mood, craving refreshment and recreation, he wrote his play of As You Like It. To understand the spirit of this play, we must bear in mind that it was written immediately after Shakspeare's great series of tragedies. Shakspeare turned with a sense of relief and a long ease-ful sigh from the oppressive subjects of history, so grave, so real, so massive, and found rest and freedom and pleasure in escape from courts and camps to the Forest of Arden.

(P. 80): Upon the whole, As You Like It is the sweetest and happiest of all Shakspeare's comedies. No one suffers; no one lives an eager, intense life; there is no tragic interest in it as there is in The Merchant of Venice, as there is in Much Ado about Nothing. It is mirthful, but the mirth is sprightly, graceful, exquisite; there is none of the rollicking fun of a Sir Toby here; the songs are not 'coziers' catches,' shouted in the night-time, 'without any mitigation or remorse of voice,' but the solos and duets of pages in the wild-wood, or the noisier chorus of foresters. The wit of Touchstone is not mere clownage, nor has it any indirect serious significances; it is a dainty kind of absurdity, worthy to hold comparison with the melancholy of Jaques. And Orlando in the beauty and strength of early manhood, and Rosalind,—'A gallant curtle-axe upon her thigh, A boar spear in her hand,' and the bright, tender, loyal womanhood within,—are figures which quicken and restore our spirits as music does, which is neither noisy nor superficial, and yet which knows little of the deep passion and sorrow of the world.

Shakspeare, when he wrote this idyllic play, was himself in his Forest of Arden. He had ended one great ambition,—the historical plays,—and not yet commenced his tragedies. It was a resting-place. He sends his imagination into the woods to find repose. Instead of the court and camps of England and the embattled plains of France, here was this woodland scene where the palm tree, the lioness, and the serpent are to be found; possessed of a flora and fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers. There is an open-air feeling throughout the play. . . . After the trumpet tones of Henry V comes the sweet pastoral strain, so bright, so tender. Must it not be all in keeping? Shakspeare was not trying to control his melancholy. When he needed to do that, Shakspeare confronted his melancholy very passionately, and looked it full in the face. Here he needed refreshment, a sunlight tempered by forest-boughs, a breeze upon his forehead, a stream murmuring in his ears.

Furnivall (Introduction to The Leopold Shakspeare, p. lvii): The picture is not painted in the same high key of colour as Much Ado. Instead of the hot sun of Beatrice's and Benedick's sharp wit-combats, with its golden reds and yellows, backed by the dark clouds of Hero's terrible distress, we have a picture of greys and greens and blues lit through a soft haze of silverly light. Rosalind's rippling laugh comes to us from the far-off forest glades, and the wedded couples' sweet content reaches us as a strain of distant melody.

Lady Martin (Blackwood's Magazine, October, 1884, p. 404): When I resolved to make a thorough study of the play, I little thought how long, yet how fascinating, a task I had imposed upon myself. With every fresh perusal new points of interest and of charm revealed themselves to me; while, as for Rosalind, 'she drew me on to love her' with a warmth of feeling which can only be understood by the artist who has found in the heroine she impersonates that 'something never to be wholly
known,' those suggestions of high qualities answerable to all the contingencies or trials of circumstance, by which we are captivated in real life, and which it is her aim and her triumph to bring home to the hearts and imaginations of her audience as they have come home to her own. Often as I have played Rosalind since, I have never done so without a fresh study of the play, nor without finding in it something that had escaped me before. It was ever, therefore, a fresh delight to bring out as best I could in action what had thus flashed upon me in my hours of meditation, and to try to make this exquisite creature as dear and fascinating to my audience as she had become to myself. In the very acting I learned much; for if on the stage you leave your mind open to what is going on around you, even an unskilful actor by your side—and I need not say how much more a gifted one—may, by a gesture or an intonation, open up something fresh to your imagination. So it was I came to love Rosalind, my whole heart; and well did she repay me, for I have often thought that in impersonating her I was able to give full expression to what was best in myself as well as in my art.

(P. 406): To me *As You Like It* seems to be as much a love-poem as *Romeo & Juliet*, with this difference: that it deals with happy love, while the Veronese story deals with love crossed by misadventure and crowned with death. It is as full of imagination, of the glad rapture of the tender passion, of its impulsiveness, its generosity, its pathos. No 'heart-like airs,' indeed, come wailing by, as in the tale of those 'star-crossed lovers,' to warn us of their too early 'overthrow.' All is blended into a rich harmonious music which makes the heart throb, but never makes it ache. Still, the love is not less deep, less capable of proving itself strong as death; neither are the natures of Orlando and Rosalind less touched to all the fine issues of that passion than those of 'Juliet and her Romeo.'

Is not love, indeed, the pivot on which the action of the play turns,—love, too, at first sight? Does it not seem that the text the poet meant to illustrate was that which he puts into Phoebe's mouth: 'Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?' Love at first sight, like that of Juliet and Romeo, is the love of Rosalind and Orlando, of Celia and Oliver, and of Phoebe herself for Ganymede. The two latter pairs of lovers are perhaps but of little account, but is not the might of Marlowe's saw as fully exemplified in Rosalind and Orlando as in the lovers of Verona?

(P. 435): No word escapes from Rosalind's lips as we watch her there [in the last Scene, after the entrance of Jacques de Bois], the woman in all her beauty and perfect grace, now calmly happy, beside a father restored to 'a potent dukedom,' and a lover whom she knows to be wholly worthy to wield that dukedom when in due season she will endow him with it as her husband. Happiest of women! for who else ever had such means of testing that love on which her own happiness depends? In all the days that are before her, all the largeness of heart, the rich imagination, the bright commanding intellect, which made her the presiding genius of the Forest of Arden, will work with no less beneficent sway in the larger sphere of princely duty. With what delight will she recur with her lover-husband to the strange accidents of fortune which 'forced sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood,' and to the never-to-be-forgotten hours when he was a second time 'o'erthrown' by the wit, the playful wiles, the inexplicable charm of the young Ganymede! How, too, in all the grave duties of the high position to which his alliance will raise him, will she not only possess in her an honoured and admired companion, but will also find wise guidance and support in her clear intelligence and courageous will! It is thus, at least, that I dream of my dear Rosalind and her Orlando.
APPENDIX

[In the following extracts there is a rude classification of the judgements passed on the several characters, which is as exact, perhaps, as circumstances permit. In the preceding pages there are, of course, allusions to the different characters, but it has not been deemed possible to detach them from their context without injury.]

ROSALIND

Mrs Jameson (Characteristics of Women, 1833, vol. i, p. 141): I come now to Rosalind, whom I should have ranked before Beatrice, insomuch as the greater degree of her sex's softness and sensibility, united with equal wit and intellect, give her the superiority as a woman; but that as a dramatic character she is inferior in force. The portrait is one of infinitely more delicacy and variety, but of less strength and depth.

(P. 145): Though Rosalind is a princess, she is a princess of Arcady; and notwithstanding the charming effect produced by her first scenes, we scarcely ever think of her with a reference to them, or associate her with a court and the artificial appendages of her rank. She was not made to 'lord it o'er a fair mansion' and take state upon her like the all-accomplished Portia; but to breathe the free air of heaven and frolic among green leaves. She was not made to stand the siege of daring profigacy, and oppose high action and high passion to the assaults of adverse fortune, like Isabel, but to 'flee the time carelessly, as they did i' the golden age.' She was not made to bandy wit with lords, and tread courtly measures with plumèd and warlike cavaliers, like Beatrice, but to dance on the green sward and 'murmur among living brooks a music sweeter than their own.'

Though sprightliness is the distinguishing characteristic of Rosalind, as of Beatrice, yet we find her much more nearly allied to Portia in temper and intellect. The tone of her mind is, like Portia's, genial and buoyant; she has something too of her softness and sentiment; there is the same confiding abandonment of self in her affections; but the characters are otherwise as distinct as the situations are dissimilar. The age the manners, the circumstances in which Shakespeare has placed his Portia, are not beyond the bounds of probability; nay, have a certain reality and locality. We fancy her a contemporary of the Raffaelles and the Ariostos; the sea-wedded Venice, its merchants and Magnificos,—the Rialto, and the long canals,—rise up before us when we think of her. But Rosalind is surrounded with the purely ideal and imaginative; the reality is in the characters and in the sentiments, not in the circumstances or situation. Portia is dignified, splendid, and romantic; Rosalind is playful, pastoral, and picturesque; both are in the highest degree poetical, but the one is epic and the other lyric.

Everything about Rosalind breathes of 'youth and youth's sweet prime.' She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them. She is as witty, as voluble, as sprightly as Beatrice; but in a style altogether distinct. In both, the wit is equally unconscionable; but in Beatrice it plays about us like the lightning, dazzling but also alarming, while the wit of Rosalind bubbles up and sparkles like the living fountain, refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, and in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness: 'By this hand it will not hurt a fly!' As her vivacity never lessens our impression of her sensibility, so she wears her masculine attire without the slightest impugnment of her delicacy. Shakespeare did not make the modesty of his women depend on their
ENGLISH CRITICISMS—ROSALIND

dress, as we shall see further when we come to Viola and Imogen. Rosalind has, in truth, 'no doubt and hope in her disposition.' How her heart seems to throb and flutter under her page's vest! What depth of love in her passion for Orlando! Whether disguised beneath a saucy playfulness, or breaking forth with a fond impatience, or half betrayed in that beautiful scene where she faints at the sight of the kerchief stained with his blood! Here her recovery of her self-possession, her fears lest she should have revealed her sex, her presence of mind and quick-witted excuse, and the characteristic playfulness which seems to return so naturally with her recovered senses,—are all as amusing as consistent. Then how beautifully is the dialogue managed between herself and Orlando! how well she assumes the airs of a saucy page, without throwing off her feminine sweetness! How her wit flutters free as air over every subject! With what careless grace, yet with what exquisite propriety! ....

(P. 149): The impression left upon our hearts and minds by the character of Rosalind—by the mixture of playfulness, sensibility, and what the French (and we for lack of a better expression) call mélancolique—is like a delicious strain of music. There is a depth of delight, and a subtility of words to express that delight, which is enchanting. Yet when we call to mind particular speeches and passages, we find that they have a relative beauty and propriety which renders it difficult to separate them from the context without injuring their effect. She says some of the most charming things in the world, and some of the most humorous; but we apply them as phrases rather than as maxims, and remember them rather for their pointed felicity of expression and fanciful application, than for their general truth and depth of meaning. ....

(P. 152): Rosalind has not the impressive eloquence of Portia nor the sweet wisdom of Isabella. Her longest speeches are not her best; nor is her taunting address to Phoebe, beautiful and celebrated as it is, equal to Phoebe's own description of her. The latter, indeed, is more in earnest. ....

(P. 154): Phoebe is quite an Arcadian coquette; she is a piece of pastoral poetry; Audrey is only human. A very amusing effect is produced by the contrast between the frank and free bearing of the two princesses in disguise, and the scornful airs of the real shepherdess. In the speeches of Phoebe, and in the dialogue between her and Silvius, Shakespeare has anticipated all the beauties of the Italian pastoral, and surpassed Tasso and Guarini. We find two amongst the most poetical passages of the play appropriated to Phoebe, the taunting speech to Silvius, and the description of Rosalind in her page's costume: which last is finer than the portrait of Bathyllus in Anacreon.

FLETCHER (p. 225): We must suppose to be of Rosalind's own device that concluding 'wedlock hymn,' which commemorates the principal one of the matters that form the main subject of this drama,—the grand comprehensive moral of which is, the eternal triumph of the genial sympathies and the social relations over every form of individual selfishness and misanthropy. No reader who shall have traced, with us, the course of Rosalind's feelings and deportment, through that first period of her fortunes when her heart is engrossed by sorrow for her father's banishment, and that second period when solicitude for her lover's requital of her affection, for his honour, and his safety, fills her whole soul and prompts her every sentence,—will need any further indication on our part to shew him how foreign to the anxiously active state of our heroine's heart and mind throughout is Mrs Jameson's notion, for instance, about her 'fleeting the time carelessly,' 'dancing on the green sward,' and frolicking
among green leaves,' a notion which at once brings down the 'heavenly Rosalind' of Shakespeare's fancy and Orlando's love to the level of a 'Maid Marian,' or, at most, to a superior May-day Queen. The same imperfect view of her character causes this critic to speak in terms comparatively slighting of the intellectual development in Rosalind. She tells us: 'Rosalind has not the impressive eloquence of Portia, nor the sweet wisdom of Isabella. Her longest speeches are not her best,' &c. But the dramatist has placed her in no circumstances that at all admit, much less demand from her, anything of that solemn declamation which we hear from Isabella and from Portia. Any such exclamation strain, so out of place, from her lips to any of the individuals with whom she is brought into contact, would have testified, not in favour of the strength and brightness of her intellect, but against them. Neither is Rosalind any more inherently loquacious than she is declamatory; she never talks merely for talking's sake; strong feeling or earnest purpose dictates her every syllable.

(P. 232): The fundamental error of Mrs Jameson in appreciating this noble as well as exquisite creation [Rosalind] seems to result from the mistaken attempt which she makes to classify the characters of which she is treating as 'characters of intellect,' 'characters of affection,' &c. Of all characters in fiction, those of Shakespeare least admit of such classification,—their individuality is so inherent and essential,—so analogous to that of actual and living persons. This classifying notion has misled Mrs Jameson into assigning too small a proportion to affectionate feeling in the character of Rosalind. Mrs Jameson, indeed, commits too frequently, regarding these Shakespearian personages, the error so often committed in real life, of taking some prominent part of a character for the whole, or, at least, for a much larger portion of it than it actually constitutes. This too constant habit of estimating a given character simply through looking at it from the outside, rather than by penetrating to its inmost spirit, and then, as it were, surveying it from the centre, has been peculiarly fatal to this pleasing writer's criticism of the more ideal among Shakespeare's female characters. It would even appear to have made her overlook altogether the distinction between his ideal women and his women of real life; so much so, that among those which she classes as 'characters of intellect,' she actually ranks Rosalind, not only after Portia and Isabella, but even after Beatrice.

(P. 235): The fundamental error in the established theatrical treatment of this play has descended from that Restoration period of our dramatic history when, under the ascendency which the restored court gave to French principles of taste and criticism, it was sought to subject even the great ideal dramas of Shakespeare to the commonplace classical circumscriptions of Tragedy and Comedy. Here we have a signal example of the perversion which must ever be effected by an endeavour to make the principles of art subordinate to the distinctions of criticism. This great, unique, ideal play being once definitively set down upon the manager's books as a comedy in the limited sense, it followed, of course, according to theatrical reasoning, that the part of its heroine was evermore to be sustained by whatever lady should be regarded, by distinction, as the comic actress for the time being. Surely on this principle alone can it have been (notwithstanding all her genuine comic powers) that either the figure, the spirit, or the manner of a Mrs Jordan, for instance, was ever, not merely tolerated, but relished and applauded, in her personation of the 'heavenly Rosalind'? But the managers have not stopped here. When the comic actress of this part, as in the instance just cited, possessed a singing voice, an occasion was to be furnished her of displaying it, how much soever it might be to the contempt of Shakespeare and consistency, and to the degradation of his heroine. And so the 'cuckoo song' was taken
out of the mouth of Armado's page in Love's Labour's Lost to be warbled in the ear of her lover by the 'heavenly Rosalind.' This barbarism, however, it is due to Mr Macready to observe, was suppressed in the last Drury-Lane revival of this play. . . .

(P. 237): The comparatively low popular notions respecting the character of Rosalind can be rapidly and thoroughly rectified only by a true Shakespearian actress, in the highest and most peculiar sense of the term. She must no more be either a tragic or a comic performer, in the limited and exclusive sense, than the As You Like It is a comedy, or Cymbeline, for instance, is a tragedy, in the narrow significance. Indeed, the power of competently personating Imogen affords of itself a far greater presumption of capacity for enacting Rosalind than is to be inferred from the most perfect performance of all the properly comic parts in the world. These are two of the noblest and most exquisitely compounded among the ideal women of Shakespeare, each the ascendant character in the drama to which she belongs. In both we find the same essential tenderness, —the same clear and prompt intelligence, —the same consummate grace and self-possession in enacting those masculine parts which the exigencies of their fortune compel them to assume. The deeper pathos and the graver wisdom which lend a more solemn though scarcely more tender colouring to the character of Imogen, seem hardly more than may be sufficiently accounted for by that maturer development which one and the same original character would receive from the maturer years, the graver position, and more tragic trials of the wife, in which the heroine of Cymbeline is set before us, —as compared with that early bloom, and those fond anxieties of youthful courtship, which we behold in Rosalind. Each, too, let us observe, is a princely heiress, bestowing her affections upon 'a poor but worthy gentleman.'

[Fletcher, who in his admirable Essays acknowledges his indebtedness at every step to Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) for her living revelations of Shakespeare's heroines, quotes a striking sentence from The Edinburgh Observer (20th Feb., 1846) as follows: 'The secret of Miss Helen Faucit's excellence lies in her fine intuitions 'of human character in its most diverse aspects, and knowing that the deepest and 'most delicate sportiveness springs only from an earnest and sensitive nature, to which 'thoughtfulness and the capacity of strong emotion are habitual. ']
her heart seems a perennial spring of affectionate cheerfulness: no trial can break, no sorrow chill, her flow of spirits; even her sighs are breathed forth in a wrappage of innocent mirth; an arch, roguish smile irradiates her saddest tears. No sort of unhappiness can live in her company: it is a joy even to stand her chiding; for, 'faster than her tongue doth make offense, her eye doth heal it up.'

So much for her choice idiom of wit. But I must not pass from this part of the theme without noting also how aptly she illustrates the Poet's peculiar use of humour. For I suppose the difference of wit and humour is too well understood to need any special exposition. But the two often go together; though there is a form of wit, much more common, that burns and dries the juices all out of the mind, and turns it into a kind of sharp, stinging wire. Now Rosalind's sweet establishment is thoroughly saturated with humour, and this too of the freshest and choicest quality. And the effect of her humour is, as it were, to lubricate all her faculties, and make her thoughts run brisk and glib even when grief has possession of her heart. Through this interusive power her organs of play are held in perfect concert with her springs of serious thought. Hence she is outwardly merry and inwardly sad at the same time. We may justly say that she laughs out her sadness, or plays out her seriousness: the sorrow that is swelling her breast puts her wits and spirits into a frolic; and in the mirth that overflows through her tongue we have a relish of the grief with which her heart is charged. And our sympathy with her inward state is the more divinely moved, forasmuch as she thus, with indescribable delicacy, touches it through a masquerade of playfulness. Yet, beneath all her frolicsomeness, we feel that there is a firm basis of thought and womanly dignity; so that she never laughs away our respect.

It is quite remarkable how, in respect of her disguise, Rosalind just reverses the conduct of Viola, yet with much the same effect. For though she seems as much at home in her male attire as if she had always worn it, this never strikes us otherwise than as an exercise of skill for the perfecting of her masquerade. And on the same principle her occasional freedoms of speech serve to deepen our sense of her innate delicacy; they being manifestly intended as a part of her disguise, and springing from the feeling that it is far less indelicate to go a little out of her character in order to prevent any suspicion of her sex, than it would be to hazard such a suspicion by keeping strictly within her character. In other words, her free talk bears much the same relation to her character as her dress does to her person, and is therefore becoming to her even on the score of feminine modesty.—Celia appears well worthy of a place beside her whose love she shares and repays. Instinct with the soul of moral beauty and female tenderness, the friendship of these more-than-sisters 'mounts to the seat of grace within the mind.'

HAZLITT (p. 306, 1817): Jaques is the only purely contemplative character in Shakespeare. He thinks, and does nothing. His whole occupation is to amuse his mind, and he is totally regardless of his body and his fortunes. He is the prince of philosophical idlers; his only passion is thought; he sets no value on anything but as it serves as food for reflection. . . . He resents Orlando's passion for Rosalind as some disparagement of his own passion for abstract truth; and leaves the Duke, as soon as he is restored to his sovereignty, to seek his brother out who has quitted it and turned hermit.
ENGLISH CRITICISMS—JAQUES

Skottowe (p. 345): Jaques, the melancholy-loving Jaques, is broadly distinguished from the common misanthrope, who, disclaiming the sympathies of humanity, in pride or in revenge, mocks at the misfortunes and rails at the pursuits of his fellow-creatures; for the disposition of Jaques is amiable, gentle, and humane. He regards the world, indeed, with a jaundiced and discontented eye; he deprecates its pleasures and undervalues its occupations, for he deduced the emptiness of both from his experience. He had been, it appears, a libertine, but his powerful and highly-cultivated mind revolted at slavery to his passions; the frivolity and monotony of dissipation disgusted him, and his high-toned moral principles triumphed over the grossness of sensual indulgence. The only legitimate pursuit of life he found to be virtue; and the truth which he deeply felt he studiously inculcates; it is the moral his sententious wisdom teaches; it is the weighty ‘matter’ of his sullen or melancholy musings; which, whether capriciously intruded, or naturally arising out of the passing incident, are at all times welcome and effective. There is weight and dignity about As You Like It altogether unusual in comedy, for which it appears principally indebted to the presence of the moralising Jaques, whose character is not only conceived with felicity, but is, throughout, supported with vigour and managed with inimitable tact. It may be partly accounted for on the principle of contrast, that the sombre reflections of Jaques heighten, rather than detract from, the effect of the high-wrought comedy of the play. But the cause of a result so unexpected, from a combination so unusual, lies somewhat more remote. It is to be found in that perfect harmony which the genius of Shakespeare established between the two distinct features of his subject.

Had Jaques taken a saturnine view of the vices and follies of mankind, the spirit of comedy would have been damped by the gloom of his misanthropy. But the better feelings of humanity predominate in his bosom, and he never gives utterance to a sentiment which loses not its asperity in the dry humour or good-natured badinage which accompanies it. Nor is even the romantic character of this beautiful drama injured by the introduction of the sententious sage. With equal taste and judgement it is provided that the deep recesses of the forest, and the ‘oak, whose antique root peeps out upon the brook that brawls along the wood,’ should be the scenes whence Jaques inculcated his lessons of philosophy and morality.

Maginn (p. 67): Who or what Jaques was before he makes his appearance in the forest, Shakespeare does not inform us, any further than that he had been a rout of considerable note, as the Duke tells him when he proposes to ‘cleanse the foul body of the infected world’ (II, vii, 67–72). This, and that he was one of the three or four loving lords who put themselves into voluntary exile with the old Duke, is all we know about him, until he is formally announced to us as the melancholy Jaques. The very announcement is a tolerable proof that he is not soul-stricken in any material degree. When Rosalind tells him that he is considered to be a melancholy fellow, he is hard put to it to describe in what his melancholy consists (IV, i, 11–20). He is nothing more than an idle gentleman given to musing and making invectives against the affairs of the world, which are more remarkable for the poetry of their style and expression than the pungency of their satire. His famous description of the Seven Ages is that of a man who has seen but little to complain of in his career through life. The sorrows of his infant are of the slightest kind, and he notes that it is taken care of in a nurse’s lap. The griefs of his schoolboy are confined to the necessity of going to school; and he, too, has had an anxious hand to attend to him. His shining morning face reflects the superintendence of one—probably a mother—inter-
ested in his welfare. The lover is tortured by no piercing pangs of love, his woes evaporating themselves musically in a ballad of his own composition, written not to his mistress, but fantastically addressed to her eyebrow. The soldier appears in all the pride and swelling hopes of his spirit-stirring trade. The fair round belly of the Justice lined with good capon lets us know how he has passed his life. He is full of ease, magisterial authority, and squirely dignity. The lean and slippered pantaloon, and the dotard sunk into second childishness, have suffered only the common lot of humanity, without any of the calamities that embitter the unavoidable malady of old age. All the characters in Jaques's sketch are well taken care of. The infant is nursed; the boy is educated; the youth, tormented by no greater cares than the necessity of hunting after rhymes to please the ear of a lady, whose love sits so lightly upon him as to set him upon nothing more serious than such a self-amusing task; the man in prime of life is engaged in gallant deeds, brave in action, anxious for character, and ambitious of fame; the man in declining years has won the due honours of his rank, he enjoys the luxuries of the table and dispenses the terrors of the bench; the man of age still more advanced is well-to-do in the world. If his shank be shrunk, it is not without hose and slipper; if his eyes be dim, they are spectacled; if his years have made him lean, they have gathered for him the wherewithal to fatten the pouch by his side. And when this strange, eventful history is closed by the penalties paid by men who live too long, Jaques does not tell us that the helpless being, 'sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything,' is left unprotected in his helplessness.

Such pictures of life do not proceed from a man very heavy at heart. Nor can it be without design that they are introduced into this especial place. The moment before, the famished Orlando has burst in upon the sylvan meal of the Duke, brandishing a naked sword, demanding, with furious threat, food for himself and his helpless companion 'oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger.' The Duke, struck with his earnest appeal, cannot refrain from comparing the real suffering which he witnesses in Orlando with that which is endured by himself and his 'co-mates.' Addressing Jaques, he says: 'Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy,' &c. But the spectacle and the comment upon it lightly touch Jaques, and he starts off at once into a witty and poetic comparison of the real drama of the world with the mimic drama of the stage, in which, with the sight of a well-nurtured youth driven to the savage desperation of perilling his own life and assailing that of others,—and of weakly old age lying down in the feeble but equally resolved desperation of dying by the wayside, driven to this extremity by sore fatigue and hunger,—he diverts himself and his audience, whether in the forest or theatre, on the stage or in the closet, with graphic descriptions of human life; not one of them, proceeding as they do from the lips of the melancholy Jaques, presenting a single point on which true melancholy can dwell. . . . . (P. 75): Jaques thinks not of the baby deserted on the step of the inhospitable door, of the shame of the mother, of the disgrace of the parents, of the misery of the forsaken infant. His boy is at school, his soldier in the breach, his elder on the justice-seat. Are these the woes of life? Is there no neglected creature left to himself, or to the worse nurture of others whose trade it is to corrupt—who will teach him what was taught to swaggering Jack Chance, found on Newgate steps, and educated at the venerable seminary of St Giles's Pound, where

'They taught him to drink, and to thieve, and fight,
And everything else but to read and write'?
Is there no stripling short of commons, but abundant in the supply of the strap or the cudgel?—no man fighting through the world in Fortuneless struggles, and occupied by cares or oppressed by want more stringent than those of love?—or in love itself does the current of that bitter passion never run less smooth than when sonnets to a lady's eyebrow are the prime objects of solicitude?—or may not even he who began with such sonneteering have found something more serious and sad, something more heart-throbbing and soul-rending, in the progress of his passion? Is the soldier melancholy in the storm and whirlwind of war? Is the gallant confronting of the cannon a matter to be complained of? The dolorous flight, the trampled battalion, the broken squadron, the lost battle, the lingering wound, the ill-furnished hospital, the unfed blockade, hunger, and thirst, and pain, and fatigue, and mutilation, and cold, and rout, and scorn, and slight—services neglected, unworthy claims preferred, life wasted, or honour tarnished, are all passed by! In peaceful life we have no deeper misfortune placed before us than that it is not unusual that a justice of the peace may be proxy in remark and trite in illustration. Are there no other evils to assail us through the agony of life? And when the conclusion comes, how far less tragic is the portrait of mental imbecility, if considered as a state of misery than as one of comparative happiness, as escaping a still worse lot! Crabbe is sadder far than Jaques, when, after his appalling description of the inmates of a workhouse, he winds up by shewing to us amid its victims two persons as being

‘happier far than they,
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.’

(P. 81): Shakespeare designed Jaques to be a maker of fine sentiments, a dresser forth in sweet language of the ordinary common-places or the common-place mishaps of mankind, and he takes care to show us that he did not intend him for anything else beside. With what admirable art he is confronted with Touchstone! He enters merrily, laughing at the pointless philosophising of the Fool in the forest. His lungs crow like chanticleer when he hears him moralising over his dial, and making the deep discovery that ten o'clock has succeeded nine and will be followed by eleven. When Touchstone himself appears, we do not find in his own discourse any touches of such deep contemplation. He is shrewd, sharp, worldly, witty, keen, gibing, observant. It is plain that he has been mocking Jaques; and, as is usual, the mocked thinks himself the mocker. If one has moralised the spectacle of a wounded deer into a thousand similes, comparing his weeping into the stream to the conduct of worldlings in giving in their testaments the sum of more to that which had too much,—his abandonment, to the parting of the flux of companions from misery,—the sweeping of the careless herd full of the pasture, to the desertion of the poor and broken bankrupt by the fat and greasy citizens,—and so forth; if such have been the common-places of Jaques, are they not fitly matched by the common-places of Touchstone upon his watch?... The motley fool is as wise as the melancholy lord whom he is parodying. The shepherd Corin, who replies to the courtly quizzing of Touchstone by such apothegms as that ‘it is the property of rain to wet, and of fire to burn,’ is unconsciously performing the same part to the clown as he had been designedly performing to Jaques. Witty nonsense is answered by dull nonsense, as the emptiness of poetry had been answered by the emptiness of prose. There was nothing sincere in the lamentation over the wounded stag. It was only used as a peg on which to hang fine conceits. Had Falstaff seen the deer, his imagination would have called up visions.
of haunches and pasties, preluding an everlasting series of cups of sack among the revel riot of boon companions, and he would have instantly ordered its throat to be cut. If it had fallen in the way of Friar Lawrence, the milde-hearten man of herbs would have endeavoured to extract the arrow, heal the wound, and let the hart ungalled go free. Neither would have thought the hairy fool a subject for reflections which neither relieved the wants of man nor the pains of beast. Jaques complains of the injustice and cruelty of killing deer, but unscrupulously sits down to dine upon venison, and sorrows over the sufferings of the native burghers of the forest city, without doing anything further than amusing himself with rhetorical flourishes drawn from the contemplation of the pain which he witnesses with professional coolness and unconcern.

It is evident, in short, that the happiest days of his life are those which he is spending in the forest. His raking days are over, and he is tired of city dissipation. He has shaken hands with the world, finding, with Cowley, that 'he and it would never agree.' To use an expression somewhat vulgar, he has had his fun for his money; and he thinks the bargain so fair and conclusive on both sides that he has no notion of opening another. His mind is relieved of a thousand anxieties which beset him in the court, and he breathes freely in the forest. The iron has not entered into his soul; nothing has occurred to chase sleep from his eyelids; and his fantastic reflections are, as he himself takes care to tell us, but general observations on the ordinary and outward manners and feelings of mankind,—a species of taxing which 'like a wild goose flies, unclaim'd of any man.' Above all, in having abandoned station, and wealth, and country to join the faithful few who have in evil report clung manfully to their prince, he knows that he has played a noble and an honourable part; and they to whose lot it may have fallen to experience the happiness of having done a generous, disinterested, or self-denying action, or sacrificed temporary interests to undying principle, or shown to the world without that what are thought to be its great advantages can be flung aside or laid aside when they come in collision with the feelings and passions of the world within,—will be perfectly sure that Jaques, reft of land and banished from court, felt himself exalted in his own eyes, and, therefore, easy of mind, whether he was mourning in melodious blank verse or weaving jocular parodies on the canzonets of the good-humoured Amiens.

Is the jesting, revelling, rioting Falstaff, broken of fortunes, luckless in life, sunk in habits, buffeting with the discreditable part of the world, or the melancholy, mourning, complaining Jaques, honourable of conduct, high in moral position, fearless of the future, and lying in the forest away from trouble,—which of them, I say, feels more the load of care? I think Shakespeare well knew, and depicted them accordingly.

W. W. Lloyd (Singer’s Edition, 1856, p. 122): Jaques assuredly is wonderfully imagined; his recurring title is the melancholy Jaques, but his melancholy, as he intimates himself, is the most wondrously original. We hear that he has been a libertine, and he has seen too much of the worser side of the world and of mankind, and is not too hopeful of the world in any form; he gives a sour and saturnine picture of its people and their proceedings, and even of the course of nature’s dispensations. His faith has received too severe a shock for it to be harmonised and braced again, even by the influences of the forest of Arden. But, perhaps, his restoration is merely proceeding. He can be already so far compassionate, as to weep while he makes satirical application of the sorrows of the sobbing deer; he can so far sympathise as to mightily enjoy the satire of Touchstone, and to come in merrily after the excitement and in
ENGLISH CRITICISMS—JAQUES

high intellectual exaltation. Again, we find 'him merry, hearing of a song.' In his advances to Orlando first, and afterward to Rosalind, he seems to have a certain craving for sympathy, and to seek it among the young, but he gets no encouragement; and with these cheerful souls his despondency and censuriosity seem the habits of either a fool or a cipher, or a very abominable fellow. We may not unnaturally think that they do him injustice; the banished Duke found more matter in him than that; but those of his temperament may never hope to fare better from the young, the lovely, and who are moreover lovers. Still, I would fain put in a good word for the humorist, who, whether from his own fierce though now exhausted passions, or from the world's cold manners and hard treatment, has conceived a disgust for society as it is for the most part to be met with, will never venture deep into its treacherous waters, but is content to skirt the margin, within reach of retirement at any time, and the more crowded company of his own thoughts. Much of this temper remains with him to the last, but we see that, if little disposed still for cheerful sociability, at least the venom has left the wound that he bears with him, when the tenor of his parting speech evinces his recognition and belief of the practical reality in the Duke of patience and virtue deserving the happiest restoration, in Orlando of love and true faith, when he wishes good speed with a sympathy that is unaffected to the marriage blessings of Oliver and Silvius, and reserves his only barbed shaft for Touchstone, his companion, and ally, and fellow-satirist, and in more than one respect a representative of himself.

FRANÇOIS-VICTOR HUGO (Introduction, 1856, p. 62): Des critiques ingénieux ont comparé Jaques à Alceste. Mais Jaques n'est pas un misanthrope; il ne bâit pas les hommes, il les plaint; s'il les censure, c'est par sollicitude, non par animosité. Ce ne sont pas les considérations mondiales qui le rendent hypocondre. . . . La mauvaise humeur d'Alceste tient à des causes accidentelles; il a perdu son procès, il a été dupé par une coquette, il est né au milieu d'une société frivole, hypocrite et corrompue, et de la son antipathie contre l'espèce humaine. Supposez qu'il ait gagné sa cause, qu'il se soit fait aimer de Célimène, et que tous les abus dénoncés par lui aient été réformés, sa misanthropie n'aura plus de raison d'être. Transportez Alceste dans le milieu où Shakespeare a placé Jaques, et il y a tout lieu de croire qu'Alceste sera satisfait. Pourquoi donc Jacques ne l'est-il pas? D'où vient que la république primitive établie à l'ombre de la forêt des Ardennes n'a pas désarmé son opposition? Comment se fait-il que le retour de l'âge d'or n'ait pas apaisé ses murmures? Ah! c'est que le spleen de Jacques est produit par des raisons profondes. Ce n'est pas contre la société qu'il a des griefs, c'est contre l'existence. Ce n'est pas à l'humanité qu'il rompt en visière, c'est à la nature.

Ce qui attire Jacques, c'est ce drame monotone dont une omnipotence anonyme a fait le scénario et que tous successivement nous jouons sur le théâtre du monde; c'est cette tragédie lugubre qui commence par des gémissements et qui finit par des gémissements, dont la dernière scène est une enfance qui vagit et bave au bras d'une nourrice, et dont la scène finale est une seconde enfance, état de pur oubli, sans dents, sans yeux, sans goût, sans rien!—Jaques a connu toutes les joies de ce monde, il a épuisé la jouissance, il a bu de la volupté jusqu'à cette lèvre captieuse, la débauche. Et d'une satiété aussi complète, il n'a gardé qu'une insupportable amertume. Toutes nos délices terrestres n'ont réussi qu'à l'écœurer. La plus haute des émotions humaines, l'amour, n'est plus pour lui qu'un malaise moralement. Le pire de vos défauts, dit-il à Orlando, c'est d'être amoureux. Et il se détourne avec une sorte de rage de ce jeune affolé.—Nos appétits révoltent Jacques autant que nos inclinations.
Il n’est pas jusqu’au plus frugal repas dont le menu ne lui repugne; il s’indigne de cette voracité sanguinaire que peut seule apaiser une boucherie; il a horreur de cette cuisine vampire qui ne dépece que des cadavres. Quand le vieux duc s’en va quitter à la chasse son souper du soir, il faut entendre Jacques s’apitoyer ‘sur ces pauvres animaux tachetés, bourgeois natifs de cette cité sauvage, que les flèches fourchues atteignent sur leur propre terrain;’ il faut l’entendre dénoncer la cruauté du noble venuer et ‘jurer que le vieux duc est un plus grand usurpateur que son frère.’ Ainsi les exigences mêmes de la faim ‘navrent le melancholique Jacques.’ Il critique la vie dans ses nécessités élémentaires; il attaque, dans l’ordre physique comme dans l’ordre moral, la constitution même de l’être. C’est au nom de l’âme haute qu’il s’insurge contre cette double servitude imposée à l’homme ici-bas: le besoin et la passion. Il est incorrigible mécontent qu’aucune réforme ne satisfera, qu’aucune concession ne ralliera. Sa mélancholie superbe est le dédaigneux reproche jeté par l’idée à la matière, par l’esprit au corps, par la créature à la création.

The COWDEN-CLARKES (Note on V, iv, 201): To our thinking the manner of Jaques’s departure is in perfect harmony with his character throughout. We first see him bluff and churlish to Amiens, who sings at his request; we see him full of churlish and affected avoidance of the Duke, who inquires for him; we see him indulging in conceited and churlish rebukes upon vices that he himself had wallowed in to satiety; we see him trying to disgust Orlando with his young and hearty love; meddlin in Touchstone’s affairs with Audrey; attempting to persuade the shepherd-boy, Ganymede, that assumed madness is wisdom; and we now see him giving an ill-natured fling at the jester’s choice of the country-girl, and morosely declining to witness the wedding festivities,—affected and churlish from first to last. The fact is, Jaques has always been taken for what he professes to be,—a moralist; but looked at as the Duke demonstrates him to be, and as Shakespeare has subtly drawn him, he is a mere lip-deep moraliser, a dealer in moral precepts, a morality-monger.

DOWDEN (p. 77): Of real melancholy there is none in the play; for the melancholy of Jaques is not grave and earnest, but sentimental, a self-indulgent humour, a petted foible of character, melancholy prepense and cultivated. . . . Jaques has been no more than a curious experimenter in libertinism, for the sake of adding an experience of madness and folly to the store of various superficial experiences which constitute his unpractical foolery of wisdom. The haunts of sin have been visited as a part of his travel. By and by he will go to the usurping Duke who has put on a religious life, because ‘out of these convertites there is much matter to be heard and learned.’

Jaques died, we know not how, or when, or where; but he came to life again a century later, and appeared in the world as an English clergyman; we need stand in no doubt as to his character, for we all know him under his later name of Lawrence Sterne. Mr Yorick made a mistake about his family tree; he came not out of the play of Hamlet, but out of As You Like It. In Arden he wept and moralised over the wounded deer; and at Namport his tears and sentiment gushed forth for the dead donkey. Jaques knows no bonds that unite him to any living thing. He lives upon novel, curious, and delicate sensations. He seeks the delicious imprévu so loved and studiously sought for by that perfected French egotist, Henri Béyle. . . . Falstaff supposed that by infinite play of wit, and inexhaustible resource of a genius creative of splendid mendacity, he could coruscate away the facts of life, and always remain
master of the situation by giving it a clever turn in the idea or by playing over it with an arabesque of arch waggery. . . . Jaques in his own way supposes that he can dispense with realities. The world, not as it is, but as it mirrors itself in his own mind, which gives to each object a humourous distortion,—this is what alone interests Jaques. Shakspere would say to us: 'This egoistic, contemplative, unreal manner of treating life is only a delicate kind of foolery. Real knowledge of life can never be acquired by the curious seeker for experiences.' But this Shakspere says in his non-boratory, undogmatic way.

Furnivall (Introduction to The Leopold Shakspere, p. lviii): Jaques, 'compact of jar,' is always getting out of bed on the wrong side every morning and taking the world the wrong way. . . . He has been a libertine, is soured, and like the rascal Don John in Much ADO, he hides his bad nature under the cloak of seeming honesty of plain-speaking. His mission is to set everything to rights; but God forbid he should take the trouble to act. He wants liberty only to blow on whom he pleases; he abuses everybody, moraically, weeps sentimentally, and is a kind of mixture of Carlyle in his bad Latter-day-Pamphlets mood, and water, with none of the grand positiveness of our Victorian biographer, historian, and moralist. Look at his philosophy of man's life, and what poor stuff it is! Macbeth, the murderer, repeats it; to them both, men and women are but players.

A. O. Kellogg (Shakespeare's Delineations of Insanity, &c. 1866, p. 87): Those who have carefully observed the phenomena of mind as warped by the more delicate shades of disease,—shades so delicate perhaps as to be scarcely recognised by the ordinary observer,—must have remarked that in certain cases there are mental conditions which appear at first sight almost incompatible and contradictory. This is most frequently illustrated in those mild, but nevertheless marked, cases of incipient melancholia, underlying which may frequently be found a vein or substratum of genuine humour; so that the expression 'wrapped in a most humorous sadness' is neither contradictory nor by any means paradoxical. . . . Shakespeare, who observed everything, has furnished us some notable examples, none more so, if we except Hamlet, than Jaques. In the character of Jaques it is very evident that Shakespeare intended to represent a certain delicate shade of incipient melancholia. . . . The melancholy of Jaques is not so much a fixed condition of disease as the gradual ingravescence of the melancholic state. . . . After a careful examination of him, we confess our inability to discover anything more really morbid in his mental or moral organization than what is glanced at above as belonging to the initiatory stage of the disease. . . . His character contrasts most favourably with that of the Duke, who indulges in the grossest personalities toward him, and thereby shows that if the one is the nobleman, the other is, in this respect, much more the gentleman. When Jaques asks, 'What, for a counter, would I do but good?' the Duke replies in a tirade of most ungentlemanly personalities, and the way these are received and replied to by Jaques is characteristic of him and highly creditable to his temper and disposition. How charmingly he eschews all personalities, and a disposition to injure the feelings of individuals in his innocent raillings, in his reply to the coarse raillings and gross personalities of the Duke!

Hudson (Introduction, p. 18, 1880): Jaques the Juicy. Jaques is, I believe, an universal favourite, as, indeed, he well may be, for he is certainly one of the Poet's
happiest conceptions. Without being at all unnatural, he has an amazing fund of peculiarity. Enraptured out of his senses at the voice of a song; thrown into a paroxysm of laughter at the sight of the motley-clad and motley-witted Fool; and shedding the twilight of his merry-sad spirit over all the darker spots of human life and character, he represents the abstract and sum-total of an utterly useless, yet perfectly harmless, man, seeking wisdom by abjuring its first principle. An odd choice mixture of reality and affectation, he does nothing but think, yet avowedly thinks to no purpose; or rather thinking is with him its own end. On the whole, if in Touchstone there is much of the philosopher in the Fool, in Jaques there is not less of the fool in the philosopher; so that Ulici is not so wide of the mark in calling them 'two fools.' Jaques is equally wilful, too, with Touchstone, in his turn of thought and speech, though not so conscious of it; and as he plays his part more to please himself, so he is proportionably less open to the healing and renovating influences of Nature. We cannot truly affirm, indeed, that 'the soft blue sky did never melt into his heart,' as Wordsworth says of his Peter Bell; but he shows more of resistance than all the other persons to the poetries and eloquences of the place. Tears are a great luxury to him; he sips the cup of woe with all the gust of an epicure. Still, his temper is by no means sour; fond of solitude, he is, nevertheless, far from being unsocial. The society of good men, provided they be in adversity, has great charms for him. He likes to be with those who, though deserving the best, still have the worst; virtue wronged, buffeted, oppressed, is his special delight, because such moral discrepancies offer the most salient points to his cherished meditations. He himself enumerates nearly all the forms of melancholy except his own, which I take to be the melancholy of self-love. And its effect in his case is not unlike that of Touchstone's art; inasmuch as he greatly delights to see things otherwise than as they really are, and to make them speak out some meaning that is not in them; that is, their plain and obvious sense is not to his taste. Nevertheless, his melancholy is grateful, because free from any dash of malignity. His morbid habit of mind seems to spring from an excess of generative virtue. And how racy and original is everything that comes from him! as if it bubbled up from the centre of his being; while his perennial fulness of matter makes his company always delightful. The Duke loves especially to meet him in his 'sullen fits,' because then he overflows with his most idiomatic humour. After all, the worst that can be said of Jaques is, that the presence of men who are at once fortunate and deserving corks him up; which may be only another way of saying that he cannot open out and run over save where things are going wrong.

Mакdonald (The Imagination, 1883, p. 109): But what do we know about the character of Shakespeare? How can we tell the inner life of a man who has uttered himself in dramas, in which of course it is impossible that he should ever speak in his own person? No doubt he may speak his own sentiments through the mouths of many of his persons; but how are we to know in what cases he does so? At least we may assert, as a self-evident negative, that a passage treating of a wide question put into the mouth of a person despised and rebuked by the best characters in the play is not likely to contain any cautiously formed and cherished opinion of the dramatist. At first sight this may seem almost a truism; but we have only to remind our readers that one of the passages oftener quoted with admiration is 'The Seven Ages of Man,' a passage full of inhuman contempt for humanity and unbelief in its destiny, in which not one of the seven ages is allowed to pass over its poor sad stage
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without a sneer; and that this passage is given by Shakespeare to the blast sensualist Jaques, a man who, the good and wise Duke says, has been as vile as it is possible for man to be,—so vile that it would be an additional sin in him to rebuke sin; a man who never was capable of seeing what is good in any man, and hates men's vices because he hates themselves, seeing in them only the reflex of his own disgust. Shakespeare knew better than to say that all the world is a stage, and all the men and women merely players. He had been a player himself, but only on the stage; Jaques had been a player where he ought to have been a true man. The whole of his account of human life is contradicted and exposed at once by the entrance, the very moment when he had finished his wicked burlesque, of Orlando, the young master, carrying Adam, the old servant, upon his back. The song that immediately follows, sings true: 'Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.' But between the all of Jaques and the must of the song, there is just the difference between earth and hell.—Of course, both from a literary and dramatic point of view, The Seven Ages is perfect.

Celia

Charles Cowden-Clarke (p. 51): The whole of this 'love at first sight' on Celia's part is managed with Shakespeare's masterly skill. I have always felt those three little speeches to be profoundly true to individual nature, where the ladies are questioning Oliver respecting the incident of the lioness and the snake in the forest, and of Orlando's timely succour. Celia exclaims, in amazement, 'Are you his brother?' Rosalind says, 'Was it you be rescued?' And Celia rejoins, 'Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?' Celia's first exclamation is surprised concern to find that this stranger, who interests her, is that unnatural brother of whom she had heard. Rosalind's thought is of her lover,—Orlando's generosity in rescuing one who has behaved so unnaturally towards himself; while Celia recurs to the difficulty she has in reconciling the image of one who has acted basely and cruelly with him she sees before her—who is speedily becoming to her the impersonation of all that is attractive, estimable, and lovable in man. Her affectionate nature cannot persuade itself to believe this villainy of him; she, therefore, incredulously reiterates, 'Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?' And his reply is a beautiful evidence of the sweetness which beams transparent in her; since it already influences him, by effecting a confirmation of the virtuous resolves to which his brother's generosity has previously given rise, and by causing him to fall as suddenly in love with her as she with him. He says:

'Twas I; but 'tis not I:—I do not shame
   To tell you what I was, since my conversion
   So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.'

It is one of the refined beauties that distinguish Shakespeare's metaphysical philosophy, to show us how a fine nature acting upon an inferior one through the subtle agency of love, operates beneficially to elevate and purify. At one process it proclaims its own excellence, and works amelioration in another. Celia's charm of goodness wins the unkind brother of Orlando (Oliver) to a passionate admiration of herself, at the same time that it excites his emulation to become worthy of her. It begins by teaching him the bravery of a candid avowal of his crime,—the first step towards reformation. Celia's loving-kindness, like all true loving-kindness, hath this twofold virtue and grace: it no less benefits her friends than adorns herself.
APPENDIX

TOUCHSTONE

HAZLITT (p. 308, 1817): Touchstone is not in love, but he will have a mistress as a subject for the exercise of his grotesque humour and to show his contempt for the passion by his indifference about the person. He is a rare fellow. He is a mixture of the ancient cynic philosopher with the modern buffoon, and turns folly into wit, and wit into folly, just as the fit takes him. His courtship of Audrey not only throws a degree of ridicule on the state of wedlock itself, but he is equally an enemy to the prejudices of opinion in other respects. The lofty tone of enthusiasm which the Duke and his companions in exile spread over the stillness and solitude of a country life receives a pleasant shock from Touchstone’s sceptical determination of the question in his reply to Corin, III, ii, 14–22. Zimmerman’s celebrated work on Solitude discovers only half the sense of this passage.

GERMAN CRITICISMS

A. W. SCHLEGEL (Lectures on Dramatic Literature, trans. by Black, 1815, vol. ii, p. 172): It would be difficult to bring the contents of As You Like It within the compass of an ordinary relation: nothing takes place, or rather what does take place is not so essential as what is said; even what may be called the dénouement is brought about in a pretty arbitrary manner. Whoever perceives nothing but what is capable of demonstration will hardly be disposed to allow that it has any plan at all. Banishment and flight have assembled together in the Forest of Arden a singular society: a Duke dethroned by his brother, and, with his faithful companions in misfortune, living in the wilds on the produce of the chase; two disguised princesses, who love each other with a sisterly affection; a witty court fool; lastly, the native inhabitants of the forest, ideal and natural shepherds and shepherdesses. These lightly-sketched figures pass along in the most diversified succession; we see always the shady dark-green landscape in the background, and breathe in imagination the fresh air of the forest. The hours are here measured by no clocks, no regulated recurrence of duty or toil; they flow on unnumbered in voluntary occupation or fanciful idleness, to which every one addict himself according to his humour or disposition; and this unlimited freedom compensates all of them for the lost conveniences of life. One throws himself down solitarily under a tree, and indulges in melancholy reflections on the changes of fortune, the falsehood of the world, and the self-created torments of social life; others make the woods resound with social and festive songs to the accompaniment of their horns. Selfishness, envy, and ambition have been left in the city behind them; of all the human passions, love alone has found an entrance into this wilderness, where it dictates the same language to the simple shepherd and the chivalrous youth, who hangs his love-ditty to a tree. A prudish shepherdess falls instantaneously in love with Rosalind, disguised in man’s apparel; the latter sharply reproaches her with her severity to her poor lover, and the pain of refusal, which she at length feels from her own experience, disposes her to compassion and requital. The fool carries his philosophical contempt of external show and his raillery of the illusion of love so far, that he purposely seeks out the ugliest and simplest country wench for a mistress. Throughout the whole picture it seems to have been the intention of the poet to show that nothing is wanted to call forth the poetry which has its dwelling in nature and the human mind, but to throw off all artificial constraint an
restore both to their native liberty. In the progress of the piece itself the visionary
carelessness of such an existence is expressed; it has even been alluded to by Shake-
speare in the title. Whoever affects to be displeased that in this romantic forest the
ceremonial of dramatic art is not duly observed, ought in justice to be delivered over
to the wise fool, for the purpose of being kindly conducted out of it to some prosaic
region.

Gervinus (Shakespeare, 4th ed., Leipzig, 1872, i, 494): The sweetest salve in
misery, so runs 'the golden legacy' of the Novel, is patience, and the only medicine
for want is contentment. Misfortune is to be defied with equanimity, and our lot be
met with resignation. Hence, both the women and Orlando mock at Fortune and
disregard her power. All the three principal figures (or, including Oliver, four) have
this fate in common, that to all their external misfortunes, to banishment and to pov-
certainty, there is added, as a new evil (for so it is regarded): love. Even they strive
to encounter with the same weapons, with control and with moderation, not yielding
much, not seeking too much, with more regard to virtue and nature than to wealth
and position, just as Rosalind chooses the inferior (nachgeborenem) Orlando, and just as
Oliver chooses the shepherdess Celia. It is in reference to this that the pair of pas-
torial lovers are brought into contrast: Silvius loves too ardent, while Phoebe loves too
prudishly. If this moral reflection be expressed in a word, it is Self-control, Equa-
nimity, Serenity in outward sorrow and inward suffering, whereof we here may learn
the price. That this thought lies at the core of Shakespeare's comedy is scarcely at
the first glance conceivable. So wholly is every reflection eliminated, so completely
is there, in the lightest and freest play of the action and of the dialogue, merely a
picture sketched out before us.

Ulrici (Shakespeare's Dramatic Art, ii, 14, translated by L. Dora Schmitz,
London, 1876): The general comic view of life is reflected throughout the whole
play, and forms the foundation and platform upon which the action moves. . . . .
The motives which set the whole in motion are merely chance, the unintentional encounter
of persons and incidents, and the freaks, caprices, and humours, the sentiments, feel-
ings, and emotions, to which the various personages recklessly give way in what they
do and leave undone. Nowhere does the representation treat of conscious plans,
definite resolves, decided aims and objects; nowhere do we find preconsidered or,
in fact, deeper, motives proceeding from the inmost nature of the characters. The
characters themselves, even though clearly and correctly delineated, are generally
drawn in light, hurried outlines, but are full of life, gay and bold in action, and quick
in decision; they appear, as already said, either inconstant, variable, going from one
extreme to the other, or possess such a vast amount of imagination, sensitiveness, and
love for what is romantic and adventurous that their conduct, to a prosaic mind, can
only appear thoughtless, capricious, and arbitrary; and such a mind would be inclined to
call them all fools, oddities, and fantastic creatures (in the same way as Sir Oliver Mar-
text, in the play itself, calls the whole company in the forest 'fantastical knaves.' [A
doubtful interpretation.—Ed.]) And, in fact, all do exactly what and as they please;
each gives him or herself up, in unbridled wilfulness, to good or evil, according to his
or her own whims, moods, or impulses, whatever the consequences may prove to be.
Each looks upon and turns and shapes life as it pleases him or herself. The Forest
of Arden is their stage; with its fresh and free atmosphere, its mysterious chiaroscuro,
its idyllic scenery for huntsmen and shepherds, it is, at the same time, the sitting scene
for the realisation of a mode and conception of life as is here described. At court, in more complicated relations, in a state of impure feelings and selfish endeavours, such a life as just described would lose its poetical halo, its innocence and gayety, and become untruth, hypocrisy, injustice, and violence, as is proved by the reigning Duke, his courtiers, and Oliver de Bois. The point of the piece seems to lie in this contrast; but care had to be taken not to make it too pointed, not to make it a serious moral conflict. Shakespeare's intention—that is, the sense in which he conceived Lodge's narrative and transformed it into a drama, which, as I think, is clearly enough manifested in the spirit and character of the whole, as well as reflected in the several points—is concentrated, and, so to say, condensed in the second and more personal contrast in which the two fools of the piece stand to one another. They, and the unimportant figure of the shepherdess whom Touchstone chooses as his sweetheart, are the only persons whom Shakespeare did not find in Lodge's narrative, but freely invented. This addition, however, is in so far of great importance, as it alone gives the original subject-matter a different character and colouring, and, so to say, forms the ideal norm, which determines the other alterations introduced by Shakespeare. The two fools, by virtue of the contrast in which they stand to each other, mutually complete each other. The melancholy Jaques is not the fool by profession; he appears rather to be a comic character par excellence; but his meditative superficiality, his witty sentimentality, his merry sadness have taken so complete a hold of his nature, that it seems to contradict itself, and, therefore, upon a closer examination, distinctly bears the impress of folly, although it certainly is an original kind of folly.

(P. 20): He, Touchstone, the professed Fool, may frankly be declared the most rational person of the whole curious company, for he alone invariably knows his own mind; in regarding everything as sheer folly, he, at the same time, takes it up in the humour in which it must be understood.

F. KREYSSIG (Vorlesungen, &c., vol. iii, p. 237, Berlin, 1862): Shakespeare took for the subject of his drama the Pastoral Romance of Lodge, whereof the ruling idea is the contrast between the over-refined worn-out state of society and health-giving freshness of Nature. In the drama, however, both sides of the picture stand out clear and contrasted, and vague dissolving portraiture rises to plastic dramatic representation.

[In III. i, where Oliver tells the usurping Duke that he never lov'd Orlando, and the Duke answers, 'More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors,' &c., Kreyssig exclaims, 'What a significant contribution to the Natural History of political tyranny is contained in this answer of the Duke?' and then adds:] Just as the earnest gravity of the dramatic action is here directed against moral principles, so, the whole piece through, the arrows of wit are aimed at the follies and weaknesses of the world of rank and fashion, the target for the merriment of the fool as well as for the acrid sarcasm of the misanthrope; and, if without bitterness, at least one and all of the healthier natures there turn their backs on it.

(P. 242): And on this dark background of life [i.e. all Touchstone's descriptions of court manners] which the Poet has drawn, not in lackadaisical whinings and taffeta phrases, but with the vigorous colours of reality, he has painted a picture of a simple, natural mode of life as bright and fresh as ever quickened the weary soul of a worn-out citizen at the very first breath of the woods and the mountains. Through these scenes, in praise of which all lovers of Shakespeare unite, is wafted the refresh-
ing earthy smell of the woods and the vivifying breeze from the mountains. Like the outlaws of the popular ballad, like Robin Hood and his comrades, the exiled Duke and his faithful friends forget under the boughs of the Forest of Ardennes loss and vexation, envy and ambition, with care and sorrow in their train.

(P. 243): For vigorous natures, temporarily out of tune, the Poet offers a wholesome medicine throughout this airy romantic life, which, however, is not to be regarded as the sentimental ideal of a normal condition which has been overwhelmed and lost in society. What the shepherds and shepherdesses in conventional pastoral poetry really are (without intending to appear so), namely, fugitives from a false social condition enjoying for a while a sort of masquerade and picnic freedom—in place of such, Shakespeare gives us honest and true his romantic dwellers in the Forest of Ardennes. And this is the very reason why he catches the genuine tone of this careless, free, natural existence, which in the case of the ideal shepherds of the Spaniards, French, or Italians is cabined and confined by merely another form of artificial intercourse.

[After having described the effect of the last words of Jaques: 'out of these conventicles there is much matter to be heard and learned,' and how 'with these words the superstitious, travelling man of the world takes a fresh comfortless start for new studies in his barren knowledge,' Kreyssig goes on to say:] (P. 250): Thus here in a romantic Arcadia, the law of life prevailing in a well-ordered moral condition of society maintains its sacred rights. And while the genius of the British Poet, conscious of its aim, rises high above the conventional forms of the South which it had borrowed, many of the scenes of this comedy are transformed into a diverting parody of the sentimentalism of pastoral poetry.

GEORGE SAND'S COMME IL VOUS PLAIRA

GEORGE SAND'S adaptation, Comme il vous plaira, is another illustration of the impossibility of transplanting As You Like It; it takes even less kindly to French than to German soil.

By way of Preface to her adaptation George Sand gives a letter which she wrote to Régnier, explaining her aims. From the tone of this letter, so outspoken and enthusiastic in its admiration of Shakespeare, it is easy to see that wherein George Sand does not follow her original, it is through no lack of reverence, but that in all sincerity she endeavoured to adapt her version to the usages of her own country, or rather (to be more correct) to the fashion of the hour. 'Whilst Shakespeare,' she says (I quote Lady Monson's translation), 'abandoned himself to the passionate transports or the delicious caprices of his inspiration, he trod under foot, along with the rules of composition, certain requirements which the mind legitimately demands — order, sobriety, the harmonies of action, and logic. But he was Shakespeare; therefore, he did well if such ebullitions were necessary to the pouring out of the most vast and vigorous genius that ever pervaded a theatre.' It is the contrasts in Shakespeare, the high lights and deep shades, it seems, which, to a mind educated in the inflexible laws of the French drama, prove almost insurmountable barriers to a due appreciation of Shakespeare. 'By a strange inconsistency,' she says in another place, 'which appears incomprehensible, he placed the most divine grace and chastity side by side with the most startling cynicism; the gentleness of the angel by
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'the fury of the tiger; and the most piercing sorrow in juxtaposition with untranslat-
'table conceits of reckless license.' George Sand, therefore, deemed it 'neither a
't profanation nor an outrage to clothe this Colossus in borrowed garments—rather it is
'a homage, rendered to the impossibility of finding robes of modern French fashion
'sufficiently grand and majestic for him.'

It would be easy enough to be flippant and to make merry over the cut of the very
modern French garments in which George Sand has here clothed the characters of As
You Like It. To her, as to the Germans, the wit and charm of heavenl[y Rosalind are
lost; the melancholy Jaques fascinates her, and he becomes the hero of the play, far
eclipsing all the rest. The treatment of such a comedy by such a woman, in our own
day, presents so curious a problem that it is, I think, well worth while to ponder over
a sketch, at least, of her version.

We must bear in mind that in this adaptation George Sand is simply what her
public made her. She merely interprets the demands of the day and speaks to
French ears. Under this inspiration, let us trust, rather than under what is genuinely
her own, the Forest of Arden is transformed into the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

In the opening scene, which is laid on a lawn before the Ducal Palace, with the
ring prepared for the wrestling, Orlando declares to Adam his determination to stay
and see the games and the court, but, above all, the fair Rosalind; Oliver enters
and a quarrel ensues, wherein some of Shakespeare's phrases are used, such as
Orlando's demand for his patrimony and reproaches for his ill-treatment. Oliver calls
Orlando 'jeune drôle,' and threatens him with a switch, which the younger brother
snatches and flings away, but which Adam picks up and respectfully returns to Oliver,
who calls him, as is in the original, 'old dog,' and goes out leaving Orlando in tears.
Jaques, who had entered during the quarrel and been a silent spectator, now comes
forward and asks for an explanation of the scene from Adam, with the suggestion
that it may have been a rehearsal for the games at hand;—this, Orlando resents, and
at last demands who Jaques is: 'Qui je suis?' replies the latter, 'Hélas! un homme
bien las de l'être.' 'Si vous avez le spleen,' rejoins Orlando, 'ne dégoûtez pas les
jeunes gens de vivre.' After some bitter comments by Jaques on that style of 'living,'
Orlando departs, having expressed his determination to try a fall with the champion
Charles. Adam then reveals to Jaques that he has recognised him as an old adherent
of the banished Duke, and begs to know if a place could be found at the banished
Duke's court for Orlando. Before this point is settled Rosalind, Celia, and some pages
enter, and Adam and Jaques retire. Celia begs Rosalind to be gay, but the latter
explains her melancholy by revealing her suspicions that her uncle by his recent ill-
treatment of her intends shortly to banish her. Celia assures Rosalind that when the
succession to the throne falls to her she will restore it all again to Rosalind; 'Oh!
j'en fais le serment,' she adds, 'et, si j'y manque, puissé-je devenir un monstre de
laideur! ' Touchstone enters (here called Pierre Touchard), and the original is
somewhat followed in the story of the knight and the pancakes, but before it is
finished Rosalind catches sight of Jaques and Adam at the back, and gazes intently
at Jaques, of whose features she has a dim memory. Adam kisses Jaques's hand
and retires; Jaques comes forward, and asks Touchstone which of the two ladies is
the daughter of the Duke. Celia advances and replies:

Je suis la fille du duc qui règne. (Montrant Rosalinde.) Elle est la fille de celui
qui devrait régner.

Jacques. Madame, vous dites plus vrai peut-être que vous ne pensez.
Celia (honnête de la brusquerie de Jacques). Ah! ami, que ne prends-tu le bonnet de ce fou? Tu sembles fait pour le porter!

Jacques. Je sais qu'à la cour, il faut porter ce bonnet pour dire la vérité. (À Rosalinde, en allant à elle.) Madame, je vous apporte des nouvelles de votre père.

Rosalinde. Mon père! Ah! parlez vite! et parlez beaucoup!

Jacques. Il m'a chargé de vous dire qu'il vous souhaitait un printemps aussi vert que sa vieille sose.

Rosalinde (allant à Celia.) Embrasse-moi, chère Célia, et Dieu soit loué! (À Jacques.) Est-il toujours dans son château des Ardennes, et compte-t-il y rester encore?

Jaques is able to assure Rosalind that her father is contented and happy; and then becomes himself the object of the ladies' curiosity. ‘Je ne suis plus ce que j'étais,’ he says, ‘ne me cherchez pas dans vos souvenirs; mon nom a changé de sens comme tout le reste. Autrefois, ici, j'étais pour tous Jacques le Viveur et le Magnifique; aujourd'hui, on m'appelle là-bas, Jacques le rêveur et le solitaire.’ He promises to carry a letter from Rosalind to her father, and Celia, as she retires, says of him: ‘Sonœil est encore vif et beau; mais sa bouche est une tombe où le sourire est enseveli.’ While Jacques is waiting for this letter he overhears Oliver and Charles plotting the death of Orlando at the wrestling, and has time only to warn Adam of it before the Duke and his court enter and take their places to witness the games, and Rosalind gives Jaques the letter. Orlando, despite Adam’s agonised entreaties, insists upon wrestling, and is of course victorious. The Duke is angered at hearing his name. Rosalind gives him a chain. The Duke recognises Jaques, and trembles. After the games are over, and Celia, Rosalind, and Jaques are in conversation, Touchstone enters hastily and announces that the Duke’s suspicion against Rosalind is again aroused, and that, having marked her interest in Orlando, and detected her in giving a letter to Jaques, is convinced that she is in a conspiracy against him, and that he has therefore banished her. The First Act closes with the resolution of Celia and Rosalind to fly to the Forest of Ardennes under the escort of Jaques and of Touchstone, whose thoughts, by the way, are always engrossed by eating and drinking.

The Second Act opens in the Forest of Ardennes with the Duke, Amiens, and lords. A fire is lit at the back for an improvised kitchen, and valets are unpacking hampers and dishes.

Le Duc. Voici le lieu choisi pour notre halte. (À ses gens.) Amis, servez-nous la collation sous ces arbres. (Aux seigneurs.) Si Jacques revient aujourd’hui, il saura nous retrouver ici. Puissé-je recevoir aujourd’hui des nouvelles de ma fille chère et revoir la figure d’un ami fidèle! Et vous, mes frères, mes compagnons d’exil, ne vous tarde-t-il point d’entendre soupirer ou gronder notre philosophie mélancolique? . . . Pour moi, plus il me gourmande, plus il m’intéresse, et c’est dans ses plus grands accès de misanthropie que je trouve du profit à l’entendre. J’aime alors à le contredire et à le critiquer pour l’obliger à parler davantage; car, au fond de ses récriminations contre le genre humain, je vois toujours briller l’amour du vrai et la haine du mal, comme les claires étoiles derrière les nuages sombres.’

Audrey appears bringing in ‘le lait de ses brebis et les fruits de son verger,’ where-upon the Duke is touched and thus addresses her: ‘Sois toujours la bienvenue, ma pauvre enfant! Ma fille est à peu près de son âge; mais combien je me représente plus grande et plus belle!’ Touchstone enters, much to Audrey’s alarm, and while demanding to have the Duke pointed out to him falls to eating whatever he can lay
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his hands on. At last he takes an apple with the remark: 'Je prends cette pomme pour philosopher sur le destin de l'homme. Ce fruit n'est-il pas son image? Que faisait cette pomme sur son arbre, et que va-t-elle devenir si je ne la mange? (Il mords dans la pomme.) C'est ainsi que, d'heure en heure, nous mûrissons, mûrissons; et puis d'heure en heure, nous pourrissons, pourrissons, jusqu'à ce que la mort nous croque et que la terre nous avale.'

Jaques enters with Rosalind, clad as a young boy. 'Jacques!' exclaims the Duke, 'et ma fille? ma fille?'

Jacques. Voici une lettre d'elle.

Le Duc. Une lettre?

Jacques. Vous attendiez-vous donc à la voir?

Le Duc (ouvrant la lettre). Hélas! non... Si elle est heureuse,... qu'elle reste où elle est bien!

Jacques (à Rosalinde, qui est restée loin derrière lui, à mi-voix). Approchez...... et parlez-lui avec précaution.

Rosalinde. Ah! je ne saurais lui parler!

Le Duc (lisant la lettre). Elle espère qu'un jour on lui permettra.... Ah! si j'étais moins vieux, j'aurais plus de patience. (À Rosalinde, qui met un genou en terre devant lui.) Que veux-tu mon enfant? Es-tu le fils ou le petit-fils de quelque ami de ma jeunesse? Et, pour cela, on te persécute peut-être à la cour de mon frère? (Jacques fait un signe affirmatif.) Si tu cherches un refuge auprès de moi, sois le bienvenu. Mais ne compte pas faire ici une brillante carrière. Nous avons perdu la pompe de notre rang et trouvé une vie plus rude pour le corps, plus saine pour l'âme. Ces bois nous offrent moins de dangers que les palais, séjour de l'envie. Ici, nous n'avons à subir que la peine infligée à notre premier père, le changement des saisons et la nécessité de devoir notre nourriture aux fatigues de la chasse; mais, brûlé par le soleil ou surpris par la tempête, je souris parfois en me disant: "Il n'y a point ici de flatteurs, car voilà des conseillers qui me font sentir qu'un prince est un homme, et un homme est bien peu de chose!...." Mais pourquoi pleures-tu, mon enfant? car je sens tes larmes sur mes mains! Mon sort te effraye, et tu regrettes d'être venu le partager?

Rosalinde. Ah! je veux vivre près de vous, monseigneur; ne me renvoyez pas!

Jacques (souriant). Gardez-le près de vous; il vous servira bien.

Le Duc. Y j'consens; mais qu'il me dise son nom et me montre son visage.

(Rosalinde se relève. Il la regarde avec émotion. Elle n'y peut tenir et se jette dans ses bras.)

Rosalinde. Ah! mon père! c'est moi!

Le Duc. Ma fille, ma Rosalinde! sous ce déguisement! (Surprise et mouvement général.)

Rosalinde. La crainte de vous surprendre trop vite me l'avait fait prendre en voyage.

There is general rejoicing, which is restrained within due bounds by Jaques, who repeats, as the sum of his travels, the Seven Ages. Orlando breaks in, demanding food for himself and Adam pretty much as in Shakespeare. Rosalind speaks to him, and in an aside Orlando exclaims, 'O puissances célestes! Rosalinde!' but, aloud, addresses Rosalind as 'Monsieur,' who in turn, in an aside, says sadly, 'Je croyais qu'il m'aurait reconnue!' While still in doubt as to the reception which the exiled Duke would give to his niece, Celia, the daughter of his enemy, it is considered advisable to keep Celia in concealment in an old castle belonging to Jaques. Much
time is now devoted to the conversion of Jaques from a misanthrope to a jealous lover of Celia. In the midst of a conversation between Jaques, Celia, Rosalind, and Orlando, in which Rosalind, still in a page's dress, endeavours in vain to make Orlando tell the name of his love, Touchstone enters hastily, crying to them to save themselves and fly. In the attempt to comply they are met face to face by Charles the wrestler, who at the head of 'une petite escorte de Gene Armés' has been sent by Duke Frederick to bring back his daughter. Out of complaisance to Orlando, his former antagonist and vanquisher, Charles chivalrously and gallantly declares to seize Celia, and, with a grace snatched beyond the bounds of truth, tells his soldiers that the object of their search is not present, and then retires.

The first two or three Scenes of the Third Act are taken up with the love-making of Touchstone, Audrey, and William, with Jaques as the guide, philosopher and friend of all parties. Jaques manifests his increasing devotion to Celia by his exertions to furnish up his old mansion, and while thus occupied Orlando begs his aid in correcting some love-verse which he had composed, beginning: 'Bonnes gens, oyez la merveille! L'Amour, petit comme une abeille, Est venu cacher dans mon cœur Et son venin et sa douceur;' &c. Celia enters, and by her coquetry with Orlando so stirs Jaques's jealousy that nothing less than an appeal to the duello will satisfy Jaques, convinced as he now is that Orlando's verses were intended for Celia, who in vain tries to allay the storm. Rosalind enters, and at a word from her Orlando sheaths his sword; thereupon Jaques does the like, but Orlando is still too bashful to acknowledge that the verses were meant for Rosalind. The Duke enters and announces that his brother has repented and restored to him his dominions. Celia salutes Rosalind as 'ma princesse, ma souveraine! Je te vais prêter foi et hommage! mais tu permettras . . . (elle fait signe à Roland) qu'un de ses amis prenne place à tes genoux.' Thereupon the Duke interferes, and in severe tones expresses his doubts as to Orlando's honesty, and commands Oliver to approach, who accuses Orlando and old Adam of robbing him of a sum of money before they left home, and of having threatened his life. Old Adam swears that the money was his own, and Jaques testifies to the plot on Orlando's life which he overheard Oliver and Charles devise. Thereupon, the Duke commands Oliver to be thrown from a high rock; a fine chance is now given to Orlando to show his magnanimity in pleading for his brother's life; and he improves it. Oliver is pardoned. Rosalind is given to Orlando. William eclipses Touchstone and carries off Audrey. Jaques declares that he will not leave the forest, but will bid them all farewell—he cannot follow them. Thereupon, Celia, who is left alone with Jaques, gently confesses that her heart is his:

**Jaques.** Célia! . . . Non! vous raillerez! je ne suis plus jeune! . . .

**Célia.** Aimez-vous?

**Jaques.** Je suis pauvre, triste, mécontent de toutes choses. . . .

**Célia.** Vous n'aimez donc pas?

**Jaques (transporté).** Ah! tenez! vous avez raison! Je suis jeune, je suis riche, je suis gai, je suis heureux. Oui, oui, le firmament s'embrase là-haut et la terre fleurit ici-bas! Je respire avec l'amour une vie nouvelle, et mes yeux s'ouvrent à la vérité! Qui? moi, mélancolique? Non! je ne suis pas un impie! Le ciel est bon, les hommes sont doux, le monde est un jardin de délices et la femme est l'ange du pardon . . . (il tombe à ses pieds), si je ne rêve pas que vous m'aimez!

**Célia.** Il doute encore! . . . Jaques, par les roses du printemps, par la virginité des lis, par la jeunesse, par la foi, par l'honneur, je vous aime! A présent, voulez-vous me quitter?
Jacques. Non, jamais! car je t’aime aussi! Oh! la plus belle parole que l’homme puisse dire: Je t’aime!...

Célia. Eh bien, puisque mon père n’est plus ni riche ni puissant,... puisque, grâce au ciel, je puis être à vous,... suis-moi!

FIN DE COMME IL VOUS PLAIRA.

ACTORS

Boaden (Memoirs of Mrs Siddons, 1827, vol. ii, p. 166): The Rosalind of As You Like It had been a favourite character of Mrs Siddons on theatres nearer to the Forest of Arden; and for her second benefit this season [1785] she ventured to appear upon the London stage in a dress which more strongly reminded the spectator of the sex which she had laid down than that which she had taken up. Rosalind was one of the most delicate achievements of Mrs Siddons. The common objection to her comedy, that it was only the smile of tragedy, made the express charm of Rosalind,—her vivacity is understanding, not buoyant spirits,—she closes her brilliant assaults upon others with a smothered sigh for her own condition. She often appears to my recollection addressing the successful Orlando by the beautiful discrimination of Shakespeare’s feelings: ‘Gentleman, Wear this for me,’ &c., I, ii, 241; ‘Orlando’ had been familiar, ‘young man’ now coarse. And, on the discovery that modesty kept even his encouraged merit silent, the graceful farewell faintly articulated was such a style of comedy as could come only from a spirit tenderly touched. Mrs Siddons put so much soul into all the raillery of Ganymede as really to cover the very boards of the stage. She seemed indeed brought up by a deep magician, and to be forest born. But the return to the habiliments of Rosalind was attended with that happy supplement to the poet’s language, where the same terms are applied to different personages, and the meaning is expanded by the discrimination of look, and tone, and action,—‘To you I give myself, for I am yours.’

Campbell (Life of Mrs Siddons, 1834, vol. ii, p. 68): The new character which she performed [30 April, 1785] was that of Rosalind. After a successful transition from the greatest to the gentlest parts of tragedy, it would have been but one step further, in the versatility of genius, to have been at home in the enchanting Rosalind; and as the character, though comic, is not broadly so, and is as romantic and poetical as anything in tragedy, I somewhat grudgingly confess my belief that her performance of it, though not a failure, seems to have fallen equally short of a triumph. It appears that she played the part admirably in some particulars. But, altogether, Rosalind’s character has a gay and feathery lightness of spirits which one can easily imagine more difficult for Mrs Siddons to assume than the tragic meekness of Desdemona. In As You Like It Rosalind is the soul of the piece; aided only by the Clown (and, oh that half the so-called wise were as clever as Shakespeare’s clown!), she has to redeem the wildness of a forest and the dulness of rustic life. Her wit and beauty have ‘to throw a sunshine in the shady place.’ Abate but a spark of her spirit, and we should become, in the forest scenes, as melancholy and moralising as Jaques. Shakespeare’s Rosalind, therefore, requires the gayest and archest representative. In a letter from Mr Young, which I have before me, he says, ‘Her Rosalind wanted neither playfulness nor feminine softness; but it
was totally without archness,—not because she did not properly conceive it; but how
could such a countenance be arch?" Here alone, I believe, in her whole professional
career, Mrs Siddons found a rival who beat her out of a single character. The rival
Rosalind was Mrs Jordan; but those who best remember Mrs Jordan will be the
least surprised at her defeating her great contemporary in this one instance. Mrs
Jordan was, perhaps, a little too much of the romp in some touches of the part; but,
altogether, she had the nature of it to a degree that Shakespeare himself, if he had
been a living spectator, would have gone behind the scenes to have saluted her for
her success in it. Anna Seward, who, though her taste was exceedingly bad in
many points, had a due appreciation of our great actress, speaks of her as follows in
the part of Rosalind: 'For the first time I saw the justly celebrated Mrs Siddons in
comedy, in the part of Rosalind; but though her smile is as enchanting as her frown
is magnificent, as her tears are irresistible, yet the playful scintillations of colloquial
wit, which most strongly mark that character, suit not the Siddonian form and coun-
tenance. Then her dress was injudicious. The scrupulous prudery of decency pro-
duced an ambiguous vestment, that seemed neither male nor female.' 'But,' Miss
Seward adds, 'when she first came on as the Princess, nothing could be more charm-
ing, nor than when she resumed her original character, and exchanged comic spirit
for dignified tenderness.'

The Scotsman:* Shakespeare has, in this character of Rosalind, left more to
the creative genius of the actor than perhaps in any other of his female characters.
Hence, the author and actor have not far from equal shares in the finished work; it
is not merely that Miss Faucit, in her Rosalind, does justice to the reproduction of
Shakespeare's creation; she completes and illuminates for us his conception. The
singularly acute and subtle sympathy by which this complement is given to the work
of the great dramatist, produces an effect like that of sunlight on some fair land-
scape,—beautiful before the delicate and generous light flows over it, but, after, glow-
ing with the very perfection of theretofore unimagined loveliness. This exceptional
partnership of author and actor imparts one of its great charms to Miss Faucit's rep-
resentation of Rosalind; there is so much of her own in it that we sometimes forget
that there is in it anything not her own, and are brought back with a start to the
remembrance that, after all, it is playing, and not real living and loving, that is going
on before us. It may be a kind of conscientiousness of part-proprietorship in the
character of Rosalind that in her representation of it heightens the always high finish,
and refines the always delicate handling, which Miss Faucit bestows on her acting;
certainly a more exquisite and graceful piece of dramatic art playgoers may fairly
despair of seeing, and players of presenting. Even Shakespeare has given us no
other such outline of an airy, romantic, sensitive female nature joined to great sprints-
liness, resolution, tenderness, and wit; and Miss Faucit's filling in of this rare out-
line is perfectly harmonious. Not a word, or tone, or gesture jars upon us from first
to last; nothing disturbs the ideal that, from Rosalind's earliest appearance, we repre-
sent to ourselves, but every touch adds new graces and new charms. Especially in
the sudden mutations of mood and style that so frequently occur during the adventur-
es of Ganymede in the forest, was the perfect congruity of Miss Faucit's concep-
tion conspicuous; never by chance, in all these changes, did she show or hint in

*A newspaper cutting, undated, kindly sent to me by a correspondent. It certainly deserves preservation, if only for the two or three glimpses which it gives us of look, tone, or gesture in particular passages.—Ed.
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Rosalind aught that was not in harmony with everything that went before and was to come after. When, for example, after the mock marriage, Orlando is summoned away to attend the Duke, and Rosalind goes off in a fit of pouting and tears, the counterfeit ing was so admirably done as to induce the momentary fancy that her character had broken down under the strain of self-denying deception. But in an instant a radiant smile, growing to a half-railing laugh, altered the whole current, and gave us back the arch yet earnest woman who overflows with gaiety, because she has in her hand all that her heart desires, and can afford to torment herself by balking herself of it, because she is so sure of it. Another admirable touch of harmonising colour, so to speak, is conveyed in the partly involuntary and nervous laughter that the assumed Ganymede gives way to; with curious felicity expressing at once maidenly alarm lest her disguise should fail to screen her, and maidenly glee she can ill repress at the knowledge that the man she loves, loves her and is at her command.

THE GLASGOW CONSTITUTIONAL (17 February, 1847): So prolific is Miss Helen Faucit's genius,—so entirely has she adopted and improved upon the conception of Shakespeare,—that above two-thirds of the charming image, which is painted indelibly on every mind which witnessed it, is entirely her own. It is quite Shakespearian, but it is not to be found in Shakespeare. Her pantomime would be nearly as effective if she never said a word. The step, the smile, the arch look, the exquisite playfulness, the uniform grace, the passing malice, and lasting kindness of heart, are all her own.

THE ART JOURNAL (January, 1867—cited by W. C. Russell, Representative Actors, p. 410): Like all true artists, [Lady Martin] manifestly works from within outward. Whatever character she assumes has a truth and unity which could be produced in no other way. Consider her, for example, in As You Like It. It is clear that she has entered into the soul of Rosalind, nor realized that alone, but all the life of the woman and her surroundings as well. Rosalind's words, therefore, sparkle upon her lips as if they were the offspring of the moment, or deepen into tenderness as if her very Orlando were thrilling her heart with tones that are but faint echoes of her own emotion. All she says and does seems to grow out of the situation as if it were seen and heard for the first time. She takes us into Arden with her, and makes us feel, with the other free foresters of this glorious woodland, what a charm of sunshine and grace that clear, buoyant spirit diffused among its melancholy boughs. . . . Her characters seem to be in the living things, ever fresh, ever full of interest, and on which her imagination is ever at work. They must mingle with her life, even as the thickcoming fancies of the poet mingle with his. As, therefore, her rare womanly nature deepens and expands, so do they take a deeper tone and become interfused with a more accomplished grace.

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COSTUME

E. W. GODWIN (The Architect, 1 May, 1875): This play refers distinctly to a time prior to the succession of Anne of Brittany, for her duchy was the last of the princeloms added to the crown by her marriage with the King of France. The time of the action, therefore, belongs to some period before the commencement of the six-
COSTUME—GODWIN

teenth century, and the reign of Louis XI (1461–1483), contemporary with that of our Edward IV, is probably as late as we can safely place it. Architecture has very little to do with the scenery of this comedy. Indeed, there is no need of its introduction at all. The First Act gives: 1. An orchard near Oliver’s house. 2. A lawn before the Duke’s palace. 3. A room in the palace. Now there is nothing to call for any buildings in 1 and 2, and the 3d Scene may just as well be enacted on the lawn (2) as in a room. In the Second Act we have for the 2d Scene a room in the palace, occurring again in the 1st Scene of the Third Act. Both scenes are extremely short, and might be omitted without doing any violence to the conduct of the plot. So, too, the 3d Scene of the Second Act may be the same as the 1st of the First. And as all the rest of the action is in the Forest of Arden, there is really no need of any architectural scenery in As You Like It.

The costume of 1461–1483 was not so extravagant in France as it was in England. In the Court of Duke Frederick we should see doublets and gowns of silk, velvet and cloth of gold; rich embroideries in Venice gold, chiefly of the net and pine-apple pattern; deep trimmings of fur or velvet to collars, cuffs, and skirts of Rosalind’s and Celia’s dresses; and various other things, [such as are required for the] plays of Henry VI and Richard III. But there are so many MSS of this time, especially in the Imperial and National Libraries in Paris, and their illuminations reveal so many different styles of toilette, that the power of selection to a certain extent and within certain limits is in our hands, and our decision in these matters must therefore be more or less influenced by the physiques of the actor or actress. For the more we know of the costume of the past, the more satisfied we are that we can avoid, if we choose, those curiosities of dress where the ludicrous is predominant, and which, by arousing unmerited laughter, interfere sadly with the dramatic action.

[Godwin has referred to the costume of the time of Edward IV as appropriate to this play, of which costume he wrote as follows in the same journal of 6 February:] Fashion in costume was now beginning that activity of life which is so acutely felt at present. Every new thing, no matter how inappropriate, provided only it were brought out in France, was sure to be received in England. Costly materials, such as silk, satin, velvet, cloth of gold, and fur of sables, were worn even by boys. Heavy chains of gold, and girdles of the same material and of silver gilt, were so common as to make it necessary to forbid the use of them, except to such persons as were possessed of 40l. a year. In 1464, Edward IV tried to govern the fashion by Act of Parliament, by which only lords had privilege of wearing the indecently short jackets or doublets hitherto worn by knights and squires. The pikes or points of the shoes and boots were limited to a length of 2 inches, excepting only those of the nobility, who had the privilege of wearing them from 6 to as much as 24 inches long. Stuffing of wool, or as we should call it padding, was used to such an extravagant degree by the fine young gentlemen of the period that their shoulders looked absolutely deformed. In the armour there is the same padded, bulging look which we recognise in the civil costume. The silk surcoat of earlier days was seldom or ever used, but instead of it they wore either a tabard of arms, as worn by heralds, or a long sleeveless cloak open at the sides. The costume of the ladies was as costly and extravagant as that of the gentlemen. The gowns had enormously wide borders of fur or velvet. Conical caps, as much as three-quarters of a yard high, were quite the correct thing; loose fine kerchiefs hung from the top of them, reaching nearly to the ground. One of these head-dresses, when bordered by wings, was known at the time by the name of ‘butterfly;’ and head-dresses of this kind, made of starched and
wired lawn, may yet be seen in St. Lô, with the butterfly's wings and all complete as they were worn four centuries ago.

[In the costume of the time of Richard III there was very little change from that just described.] The embroidered pattern of this time was that composed of what was called 'the nett and pyne apple,' a decoration that seems to have been not only a great favourite, but a very long-lived one. For the head, men used hats of estate, the rolls behind and the becks (peek) before; little round caps or bonnets (bonnets), with fur edging and a feather, something like a lady's modern pork-pie hat; and the cape with its hood. Top-boots, 9 or 10 inches higher than the knee and very long pointed toes, were commonly worn. The doublets and gowns were of satin, velvet, or cloth of gold lined with velvet, many of them being richly embroidered with personal badges or the fashionable pattern above mentioned. In the ladies' dresses we note first the disappearance of the tall head-gear, and in its place we see a reasonable caul or net of gold confining the hair at the back of the head, with a very fine kerchief stiffened into shape as in the preceding reign. . . . On ordinary occasions the hair seems to have been worn loosely hanging over the shoulder, au naturel. It requires no wonderful wit to render such a costume eminently pleasing.

Richard Grant White (Studies in Shakespeare, 1886, p. 242): It would seem as if all the Rosalinds—all of them—laid themselves out to defy both Shakespeare and common sense in this matter [of costume] to the utmost of attainable possibility. When they come before us as Ganymede, they dress themselves not only as no man or boy in England, but as no human creature within the narrow seas, was dressed in Shakespeare's time. Instead of a doublet, they don a kind of short tunic, girdled at the waist and hanging to the knee. They wear long stockings, generally of silk, imagining them to be hose, and ignorant, probably, that in Shakespeare's time there were not a dozen pair of silk hose in all England. Nevertheless, they go about with nothing but light silk stockings upon their legs amid the underwood and brambles of the Forest of Arden. With some appreciation of this absurdity, one distinguished actress in this part wears long buttoned gaiters, which are even more anachronistic than the silk stockings. Upon their heads they all of them, without exception, wear a sort of hat which was unknown to the masculine head in the days of Elizabeth and James,—a low-crowned, broad-brimmed something, more like what is known to ladies of late years as a 'Gainsborough' than anything else that has been named by milliners. If a man had appeared in the streets of London at that day in such a hat, he would have been hooted at by all the 'prentices in Eastcheap. There was not in all the Forest of Arden a wolf or a bear, of the slightest pretension to fashion, that would not have howled at the sight of such a head-gear. Briefly, the Rosalinds of the stage are pretty impossible monsters, unlike anything real that ever was seen, unlike anything that could have been accepted by their lovers for what they pretend to be, and particularly unlike that which Shakespeare intended that they should be.

Let us see what Shakespeare did intend his Rosalind to be when she was in the Forest of Arden. . . . Plainly, when the young princesses set forth on their wild adventure they did all that they could to conceal the feminine beauty of their faces. Celia puts herself in the dress of a woman of the lower classes. Rosalind assumes not merely the costume of a young man, but that of a martial youth, almost of a swashbuckler. She says that she will have ' a swashing and a martial outside,' as well as carry a boar-spear in her hand and have a curtle-axe upon her thigh. And, by the way, it is amusing to see the literalness with which the stage Rosalinds take
COSTUME—WHITE

up the text and rig themselves out in conformity with their construction, or it may be
the conventional stage construction, of it. They carry, among other dangling fallals,
a little axe in their belts or strapped across their shoulders. But Rosalind's 'curt-le-
axe' was merely a short sword, which she should wear as any soldierly young fellow
of the day would wear his sword.

Thus browned, and with her hair tied up in love-knots, after the fashion of the
young military dandies of that time, with her boar-spear and her cutlass, she would
yet have revealed her sex to any discriminating masculine eye had it not been for
certain peculiarities of costume in Shakespeare’s day. There were the doublet and
the trunk-hose. Rosalind, instead of wearing a tunic or short gown, cut up to the
knees, should wear the very garments that she talks so much about, and in which I
never saw a Rosalind appear upon the stage. A doublet was a short jacket with
close sleeves, fitting tight to the body, and coming down only to the hip or a very
little below it. Of course its form varied somewhat with temporary fashion, and
sometimes, indeed, it stopped at the waist. To this garment the hose (which were
not stockings, but the whole covering for the leg from shoe to doublet) were attached
by silken tags called points. But during the greater part of Shakespeare’s life what
were called trunk-hose were worn; and these, being stuffed out about the waist and
the upper part of the thigh with bolloast or what was called cotton-wool, entirely
reversed the natural outline of man’s figure between the waist and the middle of the
thigh, and made it impossible to tell, so far as shape was concerned, whether the
wearer was of the male or female sex. Rosalind, by the doublet and hose that
Shakespeare had in mind, would have concealed the womanliness of her figure even
more than by her umber she would have darkened, if not eclipsed, the beauty of her
face. This concealment of forms, which would at once have betrayed her both to
father and lover, was perfected by a necessary part of her costume as a young man
living a forest life: these were boots. An essential part of Rosalind’s dress as Gan-
ymede is loose boots of soft tawny leather, coming up not only over leg, but partly over
thigh, and almost meeting the puffed and bombasted trunk-hose. To complete this
costume in character, she should wear a coarse russet cloak and a black felt hat with
narrow brim and high and slightly conical crown, on the band of which she might put
a short feather and around it might twist a light gold chain or ribbon and medal. Thus
disguised, Rosalind might indeed have defied her lover’s eye or her father’s. Thus
arrayed, the stage Rosalind might win us to believe that she was really deluding Orlando
with the fancy that the soul of his mistress had migrated into the body of a page. This
Rosalind might even meet the penetrating eye of that old sinner Jaques, experienced
as he was in all the arts and deceits of men and women in all climes and countries.
With this Rosalind, Thebe indeed might fall in love; and a Thebe must love a man.

Nor are the perfection of Rosalind’s disguise and concealment of her sex from the
eyes of her companions important only in regard to her supposed relations with them.
It is essential to the development of her character, and even to the real significance
of what she says and does. . . . Rosalind, for all her soft, sweet apprehensiveness
and doubt about Orlando’s value of that which she has given to him before he had
shown that he desired it, enjoys the situation in which she is placed. She sees the
fun of it, as Celia, for example, hardly sees it; and she relishes it with the keenest
appetite. If that situation is not emphasized for the spectators of her little mysterious
mask of love by what is, for them, the absolute and perfectly probable and natural
deception of Orlando, Rosalind lacks the very reason of her being. To enjoy what
she does and what she is, to give her our fullest sympathy, we must not be called
upon to make believe very hard that Orlando does not see that she is the woman that he loves; while at the same time we must see that he feels that around this saucy lad there is floating a mysterious atmosphere of tenderness, of enchanting fancy, and of a most delicate sensiveness. Moreover, we must see that Rosalind herself is at rest about her incognito, and that she can say her tender, witty, boy-masked sayings undisturbed by the least consciousness that Orlando's eyes can see through the doublet and hose, which at once become her first concern, her instant thought, when she is told plainly that he is in the Forest of Arden. The perfection of her disguise is thus essential to the higher purpose of the comedy. Rosalind was fair; but after having seen her in her brilliant beauty at the court of her usurping uncle, we must be content, as she was, to see it browned to the hue of forest exposure and deprived of all the pretty coquettis of personal adornment which set so well upon her sex, and to find in her, our very selves, the outward seeming of a somewhat overbold and soldierly young fellow, who is living, half-shepherd, half-hunter, in welcomed companionship with a band of gentlemanly outlaws. Unless all this is set very clearly and unmistakably before us by the physical and merely external appearance of our heroine, there is an incongruity fatal to the idea of the comedy, and directly at variance with the clearly defined intentions of its writer.

That incongruity always exists in a greater or less degree in the performance of all the Rosalinds of the stage. I can make no exception. In case of the best Rosalinds I have ever seen, the supposition that Orlando was deceived, or that any other man could be deceived, in the sex of Ganymede was absurd, preposterous. They all dress the page in such a way, they all play the page in such a way, that his womanhood is salient. It looks from his eye, it is spoken from his lips, just as plainly as it is revealed by his walk and by the shape and action of the things he walks with. That they should dress the part with female coquetry is, if not laudable, at least admissible, excusable. The highest sense of art is perhaps not powerful enough to lead a woman to lay aside, before assembled hundreds, all the graces peculiar to her sex; but surely no artist, who at this stage of the world's appreciation of Shakespeare ventures to undertake the representation of this character, ought to fail in an apprehension of its clearly and simply defined external traits, or in the action by which those traits are revealed.

(P. 256): All this may be very true, our gently smiling manager replies; but do you suppose that you are going to get any actress to brown her face and rig herself up so that she will actually look like a young huntsman, and play her part so that a man might unsuspectingly take her for another man? O most verdant critic, do you not know why it is actresses come before the public? It is for two reasons, of which it would be hard to say which is the more potent: to have the public delight in them, and to get money. It is in themselves personally that they wish to interest their audiences, not in their author or his creations. . . . She must have an opportunity to exhibit herself and her 'toilettés;' especially both, but particularly the latter. And, O most priggish and carping critic, with your musty notions about what Shakespeare meant and such fusty folly, the public like it as it is. They care more to see a pretty woman, with a pretty figure, prancing saucily about the stage in silk tights and behaving like neither man nor woman, than they would to see a booted, doubleted, felt-hatted Rosalind behaving now like a real man and now like a real woman. To which the critic replies, O most sapient and worldly-wise manager, I know all that; and, moreover, that it is the reason why, instead of a Rosalind of Shakespeare's making, we have that hybrid thing, the stage Rosalind.
JOHNSON'S LOVE IN A FOREST

In 1723, CHARLES JOHNSON, who apparently relieved his mind after the duties of keeping a tavern in Bow Street by unbending it over Shakespeare, had influence enough with Cibber and with Wilks to induce them to bring out at Drury Lane, where it ran for six nights, his version of AS YOU LIKE IT, which he re-named LOVE IN A FOREST.

This version or perversion, with its monstrous jumble of plays, would have received no notice here, were it not that, curiously enough, it anticipates GEORGE SAND in devising a love-match and marriage between Jaques and Celia. JOHNSON'S DRAMATIS PERSONAE will, of themselves, give a sufficient indication of the composite character of this hodge-podge: 'Jaques; Orlando; Alberto, the banished Duke; Adam; Oliver; Duke Frederick; Amiens; Robert de Bois; Le Beu; Charles, Master of the Duke's Academy; Rosalind; Celia; Pyramus; Wall; Moonshine; Thissy.'

GENEST (iii, 101) gives a synopsis of the play which is more than amply full, and is as follows:

Act First: The wrestling between Orlando and Charles is turned into a regular combat in the Lists.—Charles accuses Orlando of treason; several speeches are introduced from Richard II.

Act Second: When Duke Alberto enters with his friends, the speech about the wounded stag is very properly taken from the First Lord and given to Jaques; an improvement [sic] which is still retained on the stage,—in the next scene between the same parties, notwithstanding Touchstone is omitted, yet Jaques gives the description of his meeting with a fool,—much, however, of his part in this scene is left out very injudiciously, as is still the case when AS YOU LIKE IT is acted.

Act Third: The verses which Celia ought to read are omitted, and Touchstone's burlesque verses are given her instead,—when Orlando and Jaques enter, they begin their conversation as in the original, and end it with part of the First Act of Much Ado.—Jaques speaking what Benedick says about women,—when Rosalind and Celia come forward, Jaques walks off with Celia,—Rosalind omits the account of time's different paces,—Jaques returns with Celia and makes love to her, after which he has a soliloquy patched up from Benedick and Touchstone, with some additions from C. Johnson.

Act Fourth begins with a conversation between Jaques and Rosalind, in which he tells her of his love to Celia,—in the scene between Orlando and Rosalind considerable omissions are made, and Viola's speech, 'She never told her love,' &c., is inserted, —Robert (Jaques) de Bois brings the bloody napkin to Rosalind, instead of Oliver, who does not appear after the First Act.—Robert says that he (not Oliver) was the person rescued from the lioness,—that Oliver had killed himself, &c.—the Act concludes with the Second Scene of Shakespeare's Fifth Act, in which Rosalind desires all the parties on the stage to meet her to-morrow.—Jaques and Celia are made in some degree to supply the place of Sylvius and Phebe.

Act Fifth consists chiefly of the burlesque tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe from Midsummer Night's Dream; this is represented before the Duke, while Rosalind is changing her dress, instead of Touchstone's description of the quarrel,—when Rosalind returns, the play ends much as in the original, except that Jaques marries Celia, instead of going in quest of Duke Frederick, and that the Epilogue is omitted.

[See also the notice in 'Music,' post, of a composition by HENRY CAREY, called The Huntsman's Song, introduced in Love in a Forest.]
APPENDIX

MUSIC

Under the green wood tree.

Act II, Scene v, Lines 3–9.

ALFRED ROFFE (Handbook of Shakespeare Music, London, 1878, p. 6): Before I speak for myself as to the music belonging to this beautiful pastoral, I wish to let Mr Linley be heard. The following are his words respecting the music for Amiens: ‘In this charming play several songs are introduced, two of which have been delightfully set to music by Dr Arne. Of both these pieces the Doctor has omitted to notice some of the words; a circumstance greatly to be regretted, and difficult to be accounted for. The first song, Under the greenwood tree,’ is in the play followed by a chorus. “Who doth ambition shun,” which could not so well have been sung to the opening strain, but how easily, and with what superior characteristic effect, could he not have proceeded with the chorus in question.’ Dr Arne’s felicitous setting of Amiens’s first song, ‘Under the greenwood tree,’ is of course well known to every one who cares for Shakespeare and for music. It had at first seemed to me, as to Mr Linley, singular that the Doctor had not included the words, ‘Who doth ambition shun,’ in his composition,—setting them to another, or varied, strain, of course; but it has since occurred to me, that at all events it does not follow, but that the Doctor may have composed ‘Who doth ambition shun’ as a chorus, following the stage-direction of ‘All together here,’ and yet that it may never have been printed. All who are interested in old opera and oratorio music know how unmercifully chorus and recitatives are left unprinted. It must also be remembered that there is a certain amount of most characteristic dialogue, which takes place between the close of Amiens’s song and the introduction of the chorus. [For the purpose of showing that in the drama ‘Under the greenwood tree’ and ‘Who doth ambition shun’ are really two distinct pieces,’ Roffe here cites lines 10–37 of this same scene, and then continues:] Observe the expression used by Jaques, ‘Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.’ From this it plainly seems that Jaques looks for a chorus; and although Amiens replies, ‘I’ll end the song,’ that would merely relate to the fact that he is the leader of the rest,—the solo singer whenever, not merely a song is required, but also the little piece of solo requirement which often belongs to a chorus.

The want which in this case Mr Linley felt, he has in some measure supplied, so far as his own work was concerned, by composing music to the words, ‘Who doth ambition shun’ as a chorus to follow at once upon Dr Arne’s song. Still, the dramatic effect is not attained, as Mr Linley has written his chorus for first and second sopranos and bass (with a view to performance in the drawing-room only), and not for male voices entirely, as required by the stage situation.

Dr Arne’s melody has been arranged as a glee for four male voices by SIR HENRY BISHOP, and in that form was introduced into the operatised Comedy of Errors. [He also arranged Dr Arne’s melody for Voice and Piano in his The whole of the Music in As You Like It, 1824, pp. 34–37.—New Shakespeare Society, p. 4.] There is a little three-voiced ‘Under the greenwood tree’ in a book of vocal compositions by MARIA HESTER PARK (date, about 1790). Lastly, as far as I at present know, there is a very elaborate setting of the song by Stafford Smith, 1792. The first soprano part of this composition, which is a glee for four voices, is of a somewhat florid character, and the glee altogether is one which I doubt not, if it were skilfully performed, would give much pleasure to the Shakespearian musician.
THE NEW SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY (List of Songs, &c., Series VIII, Miscellanies, No. 3, p. 4) adds the following settings:

Edward Smith Biggs, about 1800. Three voices.

[In Oechelhäuser's adaptation for the German stage (1870), a setting, as a duet, of this song is given, composed by Ed. Thiele, Hofkapellmeister in Dessau.]

Blow, blow, thou winter winde.

Act II, Scene vii, Lines 185–197.

Roffe (Ibid, p. 9): Dr Arne's beautiful setting of this song is of course known to every one who thinks of Shakespeare and music. It does, however, really seem somewhat singular that the Doctor should have omitted to set the burden 'Heigh, ho! the holly, &c. It cannot but be considered as a great mistake not to have set the poem entire. Mr Linley has remarked upon the fact of this omission, and has accordingly composed the music himself for the burden, and has added it to Dr Arne's melody. Mr Linley, as I imagine, has executed his self-imposed task very felicitously, and it can hardly be conceived that any one, after hearing the song with Mr Linley's addition, would ever desire to hear the Doctor's beautiful melody without Shakespeare's 'Heigh, ho! the holly,' as made musical by Mr Linley. N. B.—Any baritone, desirous of singing Amiens' song with Linley's addition, will find the whole flow on very pleasantly by transposition into the key of Eb, which will then make the highest note fall on the upper F.

Mr R. J. Stevens has set this song in its entirety as a four-voiced glee, for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, producing a very attractive composition of its kind; and Sir Henry Bishop, having harmonised Dr Arne's air for four male voices (to be introduced into the operatised Comedy of Errors), has added, with the proper acknowledgement to Mr Stevens, the burden from his glee. In this case Sir Henry has raised the key from Bb, the original key, as sung by Mr Lowe (at least according to the printed copy), to C, so as to use an alto voice for the melody, accompanied by two tenors and a bass. Of Dr Arne's melody, strictly, there is another arrangement, as a glee for four male voices, by the eminent glee composer John Davy. In this case the original key is retained, so that the glee might be called one for three tenors and a bass.

In a collection of Vocal Music composed by Samuel Webb, the younger, published about 1830, will be found an elaborate setting of this song as a glee for five voices.

There is a setting of this song by the Hon. Mrs Dyce Somner. This is a slow air (in the key of D), and suitable for either contralto or baritone, or, indeed, for any voice, the compass being only from the lower C$ to D. The melody is simple, and not without a certain feeling, however remote from the merits of that of Dr Arne. The burden 'Heigh, ho,' &c. is omitted.

There is also a setting of this song by Agnes Zimmerman, which I find reviewed in The Athenæum for 27 June, 1863. I transcribe the words of the critic, who, of this and another composition by Miss Zimmerman, writes that they 'go far to justify the reputation gained by this young lady in the Royal Academy.' The critic then goes on to give his view, that 'there is a certain ungraciousness of character in the Shakespeare song, referable, no doubt, to the words; but it is right, be it wrong,
‘we prefer Arne’s rendering. The mixture of melancholy, melody, and freshness in his setting is almost unparagoned in the library of Shakespeare’s songs.’

The latest setting of this song, that I have heard of, is a ‘part-song’ composed by R. Schackner, and published in 1865.

THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY:—


[In Oechelhäuser’s adaptation a setting of this song, as a Baritone Solo with male chorus, is given, composed by Ed. Thiele, Hofkapellmeister in Dessau.]

From the east to western India.

Act III, Scene ii, Lines 87–92.

THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY (ib. p. 5):—

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan, 1865. Solo, Soprano. Called ‘Rosalind.’ Meitzler & Co. He adds a spurious verse: ‘Rosalind, of many parts,’ &c. [See lines 148–153 of the same scene. It is hardly fair to call a verse ‘spurious’ which is Shakespeare’s own. The composer merely transferred the verse, which, I think, is quite permissible.—Ed.]

What shall he have that kild the Deare?


See notes and music ad loc, pp. 227–231.

Roffe (p. 12): John Stafford Smith set this song as a glee for alto, two tenors, and bass, and omitted the burden [line 14]. This composition Mr Linley has transferred to his work, adapting it, however, for two sopranos and a bass, apologising, at the same time, for the liberty of introducing a strain for this burden: ‘Then sing him home,’ &c. Sir Henry Bishop has written for The Comedy of Errors, in his very effective and dramatic style, a setting of this song including the burden. Of this work by Sir Henry Bishop, which is in E♭, and for men’s voices only, in four parts, it may be noted that in The Shakespeare Album it is reproduced, but transposed into A♭, and arranged for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass, soli and chorus.

There is a composition by Henry Carey, called The Huntsman’s Song in Love in a Forest, which is a setting of Shakespeare’s song, with an alteration of certain words in the original. [Lines 16–18] are transformed into ‘It was the crest thy father wore, Thy father’s father long before.’ This composition by Carey, as printed, is on only two lines, the one vocal and the other a simple bass. There appears no symphony either for the introduction or the close, and no parts are given for the chorus, which is merely indicated by the word ‘Chorus.’ . . . No doubt this is the same piece of music of which mention may be found in an advertisement for a benefit at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, upon Tuesday, 12th of May, 1723, wherein we are promised: ‘Several Entertainments of Singing and Dancing, particularly a Song on the Death of a Stag. The words by Shakespeare, set to music by Mr Henry Carey, and sung by Mr Ray, accompanied by French Horns, concluding with a Dance of Foresters.’
MUSIC

There is a three-part composition to this hunting-song by Dr Philip Hayes. It is in a simple style, and I think has not the burthen, which is given by Carey.

There is also in Warren's Collection a setting of this song by R. J. Stevens, with the burthen. The composition is for four male voices.

THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY (ib. p. 6):

E. Edgar, 1881. 'The horn, the horn.'

It was a Louer, and his lasse.

Act V, Scene iii, Lines 17–34.

See notes and music ad loc., pp. 262–263.

ROFFE (p. 16): [In addition to the setting of this song as a duet by LINLEY, there is also] a setting, as a glee, by R. J. Stevens. This is one among that composer's favorite pieces. Sir Henry Bishop has likewise a setting in the solo form, which was sung by Miss M. Tree in the operatised Comedy of Errors.

Lastly, I find in a Catalogue a setting of this song put down as a 'part-song,' composed by S. Reay in 1862; and again, another 'part-song' setting by Edward Lodder is to be found in the programme of a performance at St James's Hall on the 22nd of April, 1864.

THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY (ib. p. 7):

F. Stanilawus, 1868. Solo, Soprano or Tenor. Ashdown.


C. H. Hubert Parry, 1874. 'Spring Song.' 'A Garland,' No. 2. Contralto.


J. Meissler, 1877.

C. Labuney, 1881. 'In the spring-time.'

D. Davies. Part Song. First sung May 7, 1883, at the Highbury Philharmonic Society.


[Orchelhaufer gives a setting, as a duet, of this song, by Ed. Thiele, Hofkapellmeister in Dessau.]

Hymn. Then is there mirth in heaven.

Act V, Scene iv, Lines 111–118.

ROFFE (p. 17): Mr Linley, after he has given the high praises due to Dr Arne's compositions for the songs of Amiens, goes on to assign his reasons for not allowing this song of Hymn to appear at all in his work. These are Linley's words, with a few italics of my own:—'There is another song of Arne's introduced when this play is performed, which begins: "Then is there mirth in Heaven;" but the words are not Shakespeare's, neither does the tune bear any comparison with the pastoral airiness and originality of the former pieces.' It is curious that Linley offers not the least authority for his assertion [as to the authenticity of the words]. As to his...
remark upon Arne's setting of this Hymen song, as compared with that of Amiens's song, no one would dispute its truth.

Hymen's song has been set not only by Arne, but also (much more happily, to my mind) by Sir Henry Bishop, whose composition I heard, when Sir Henry's operatised As You Like It [was first brought out], most attractively given by Master Longhurst, who personated Hymen. There are many triplets in the composition, which were executed with a most agreeable neatness.

The New Shakspere Society (ib. p. 8): In his setting of the operatised Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1821, Sir H. Bishop has, at pp. 81-91, first a Soprano Solo of the first four lines of Sonnet 25, then a Chorus made up [as follows: 'Good Duke! receive thy daughter! Hymen from Heaven brought her. Such is great Juno's crown: To Hymen, honour and renown!'], and then a duet, one soprano taking the first four lines of Sonnet 25, the other, the first four of Sonnet 97.
[I have a setting composed by C. Dibdin, arranged for the Piano by J. Addison, published by Cautfield.—Ed.]

Wedding is great Junos crown.

Act V, Scene iv, Lines 144-149.

Roffe (p. 18): This has been set by Thomas Chilcot, whose work, Linley writes, 'he should have gladly introduced had he found it in any degree expressive of the sense of the words.' Linley considered it 'too flippant for the dignity of the sentiments.' He has, therefore, set the words himself, and no doubt with infinite superiority. Chilcot’s setting, which I have seen, I take to be of about the year 1740. [I have it arranged for the Piano by J. Addison, Cautfield.—Ed.]

The New Shakspere Society (ib. p. 9):
PLAN OF THE WORK, &c.

In this Edition the attempt is made, to give, in the shape of Textual Notes, on the same page with the Text, all the Various Readings of *As You Like It*, from the First Folio to the latest critical Edition of the play; then, as Commentary, follow the Notes which the Editor has thought worthy of insertion, not only for the purpose of elucidating the text, but at times as illustrations of the history of Shakespearian criticism. In the Appendix will be found discussions of subjects, which on the score of length could not be conveniently included in the Commentary.

LIST OF EDITIONS COLLATED IN THE TEXTUAL NOTES.

**The First Folio** ... [F₁] ... 1623
**The Second Folio** ... [F₂] ... 1632
**The Third Folio** ... [F₃] ... 1664
**The Fourth Folio** ... [F₄] ... 1685
**Rowe (First Edition)** ... [Rowe i] ... 1709
**Rowe (Second Edition)** ... [Rowe ii] ... 1714
**Pope (First Edition)** ... [Pope i] ... 1723
**Pope (Second Edition)** ... [Pope ii] ... 1728
**Theobald (First Edition)** ... [Theob. i] ... 1733
**Theobald (Second Edition)** ... [Theob. ii] ... 1740
**Hannay** ... [Han.] ... 1744
**Warburton** ... [Warb.] ... 1747
**Johnson** ... [Johns.] ... 1765
**Capell** ... [Cap.] ... (?) 1765
**Johnson and Steevens** ... [Steev. '73] ... 1773
**Johnson and Steevens** ... [Steev. '78] ... 1778
**Johnson and Steevens** ... [Steev. '85] ... 1785
**Malone** ... [Mal.] ... 1790
**Steevens** ... [Steev.] ... 1793
**Rann** ... [Rann] ... (?) 1794
**Reed's Steevens** ... [Var. '03] ... 1803
**Reed's Steevens** ... [Var. '13] ... 1813
**Boswell's Malone** ... [Var.] ... 1821
**Caldcott** ... [Cald.] ... 1832
**Knight** ... [Knit] ... 1841
**Collier (First Edition)** ... [Coll. i] ... 1842
**Halliwell (Folio Edition)** ... [Hal.] ... 1856
**Singer (Second Edition)** ... [Sing. ii] ... 1856
**Dyce (First Edition)** ... [Dyce i] ... 1857
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**R. Grant White (First Edition)** ... [Wh. i] ... 1861
**Cambridge (Clark and Wright)** ... [Cam.] ... 1863
In the Textual Notes the symbol F indicates the agreement of the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios.

The omission of the apostrophe in the F, a peculiarity of that edition, is not generally noted.

The sign + indicates the agreement of Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson.

When Warburton precedes Hanmer in the Textual Notes, it indicates that Hanmer has followed a suggestion of Warburton's.

The words et cæt. after any reading indicate that it is the reading of all other editions.

The words et seq. indicate the agreement of all subsequent editions.

The abbreviation (subr.) indicates that the reading is substantially given, and that immaterial variations in spelling, punctuation, or stage directions are disregarded.

An Emendation or Conjecture which is given in the Commentary is not repeated in the Textual Notes unless it has been adopted by a subsequent editor; nor is conf. added to any name in the Textual Notes unless the name happens to be that of an editor, in which case its omission would be misleading.

The colon is used as it is in German, as equivalent to 'namely.'

All citations of Acts, Scenes, and Lines in Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear, Othello, and The Merchant of Venice refer to this edition of those plays; in citations from other plays the Globe Edition is followed.

I have not called attention to every little misprint in the Folio. The Textual Notes will show, if need be, that they are misprints by the agreement of all the Editors in their correction.

Nor is notice taken of the first Editor who adopted the modern spelling, or who substituted commas for parentheses, or changed ? to !.

Coll. (ms) refers to Collier's annotated F.

Quincy (ms) refers to an annotated F in the possession of Mr. J. P. Quincy.

In the Commentary, the Clarendon Press Edition is cited under the name of its Editor, Wright.

Allen (ms), and sometimes simply Allen, refer to the marginal notes written by the late Professor George Allen, of The University of Pennsylvania, in his copy of the play, which was kindly given to me by his daughters, and is now one of my valued possessions.

To economise space in the Commentary, I have, in general, cited merely the name of an author and the page. In the following List of Books used in the preparation of this play, enough of the full title is given to serve as a reference.
PLAN OF THE WORK

HOLINSHED: Chronicles .................................................. 1574
PAINTER Palace of Pleasure (ed. Haslewood) .................. 1575
SCOT Discoveries of Witchcraft (ed. Nicholson) ............ 1584
GAVAZZI Civil Conversation (trans. Young) ..................... 1586
HARINGTON Metamorphosis of Ajax (ed. Singer) .............. 1596
SIDNEY: Arcadia .......................................................... 1598
CORYAT: Crudities (ed. 1776) ......................................... 1611
HOLLAND: Translation of Pliny's Natural History ............ 1635
ASCHAM: Texophilus (Arber) ......................................... 1640
Barnaby's Journal (ed. 1805) ........................................ 1640
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LANGBAINE: An Account of the English Dramatic Poets, &c. 1691
PECK: New Memoirs of Milton ........................................ 1740
DRAYTON Works ........................................................ 1740
UPTON Observations, &c. ............................................. 1746
WHALLEY: Enquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare ....... 1748
GREY: Critical, Historical, and Explanatory Notes ........... 1754
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PERCY: Reliques of Ancient English Poetry ..................... 1765
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FARMER: Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare ................ 1767
GENTLEMAN: Dramatic Censor ...................................... 1770
MRS GIFFORD: Morality of Shakespeare's Drama ............. 1775
CAPEL'S Notes, &c. ....................................................... 1779
LE TOURNEUR Shakespeare, traduit de l'Anglois, Paris .... 1781
RITSON: Remarks, &c. .................................................. 1783
DAVIES: Dramatic Miscellanies ...................................... 1784
MONCK MASON Comments, &c. ..................................... 1785
DOWNES: Rocioius Anglicanus ed. Waldron; ed. Knight, 1887) 1789
WHITER: Specimen of a Commentary, &c. An attempt to explain and illustrate various passages on a new principle of criticism, derived from Locke's Doctrine of the Association of Ideas .................................................. 1794
BRAND: Popular Antiquities, &c. (Bohn's ed.) ................. 1795
CHALMERS: Supplemental Apology .................................. 1799
DOUCK: Illustrations of Shakespeare, &c. ....................... 1807
A. W. SCHLEGEL: Lectures, trans. by Black, London ........ 1815
J P KEMBLE: Acting Copy .............................................. 1815
COLERIDGE: Biographia Literaria (ed. 1874) .................... 1817
DRAKE: Shakespeare and His Times ............................... 1817
HALLITT: Characters of Shakespeare's Plays, &c. .......... 1817
NICHOLS: Literary Illustrations, &c., vol. ii .................. 1817
SKOTTOWE: Life of Shakespeare .................................... 1824
BOADEN: Life of J. P. Kemble ....................................... 1825
TIECK (Uebersetz von Schlegel), Berlin ......................... 1826
BOADEN: Memoirs of Mrs Siddons ................................ 1827
HARNESS: Shakespeare's Dramatic Works ....................... 1830
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**Gervinus:** Shakespeare (4th ed.), Leipzig... 1872
**Rosée:** Musical Triad... 1872
**Moberly:** (Rugby ed.)... 1872
**A. W. Ward:** History of English Dramatic Poetry... 1875
**Ingleby:** Shakespeare Hermeneutics, or The Still Lion... 1875
**J. Weiss:** Wit, Humour, and Shakespeare, Boston... 1876
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**F. G. Fleay:** Shakespeare Manual... 1876
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**Geo. Macdonald:** The Imagination, Boston... 1883
**J. W. Hales:** Notes and Essays... 1884
**Lady Martin:** Shakespeare's Female Characters (Blackwood's Maga., Oct.)... 1884
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**Oxon:** Analysis and Study of Macbeth and As You Like It... 1886
**F. G. Fleay:** Life and Work of Shakespeare... 1886
**Mackay:** Glossary of Obscure Words in Shakespeare... 1887
**The Irving Edition** (edited by Marshall and Verity), vol. iv... 1888
**Child:** English and Scotch Popular Ballads (Part vi)... 1889
**Niel (Collins's Series)...** n. d.
**C. E. Fower:** Memorial Theatre Edition... n. d.
**Chappell:** Popular Music of the Older Time... n. d.
**W. C. Russell:** Representative Actors... n. d.
**Fulton:** Book of Pigeons... n. d.

A List of Dictionaries is added merely for the sake of their chronological order:

**Cooper's Latin Dictionary**... 1573
**Florio:** His first Fructes... 1578
**Basset's Aetarie**... 1580
**Florio's World Of Words**... 1598
**Minsheu:** Guide Into Tongues... 1617
**Bullokar:** English Expositor... 1621
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**Cotgrave:** Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues... 1632
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**Richardson's Dictionary**... n. d.
**Halliwell's Archaic Dictionary**... 1847
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