SHAKESPEARE'S

AS YOU LIKE IT.

WITH

INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

BY THE

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INTRODUCTION.

Date of the Composition.

AS YOU LIKE IT was registered at the Stationers', in London, on the 4th of August, 1600. Two other of Shakespeare's plays, and one of Ben Jonson's were entered at the same time; all of them under an injunction, "to be stayed." In regard to the other two of Shakespeare's plays, the stay appears to have been soon removed, as both of them were entered again in the course of the same month, and published before the end of that year. In the case of *As You Like It*, the stay seems to have been kept up; perhaps because its continued success on the stage made the theatrical company unwilling to part with their interest in it.

This is the only contemporary notice of the play that has been discovered. As it was not mentioned in the list given by Francis Meres in 1598, we are probably warranted in presuming it had not been heard of at that time. The play has a line, "Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?" apparently quoted from Marlowe's version of *Hero and Leander*, which was published in 1598. So that we may safely conclude the play to have been written some time between that date and the date of the forecited entry at the Stationers'; that is, when the Poet was in his thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh year. The play was never printed, that we know of, till in the folio of 1623.

Before passing from this branch of the subject, perhaps I ought to cite a curious piece of tradition, clearly pointing to the play in hand. Gilbert Shakespeare, a brother of William, lived till after the Restoration, which occurred in 1660; and Oldys tells us of "the faint, general, and almost lost ideas" which the old man had, of having once seen the Poet 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, that he was forced to be 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." This could have been none other than the "goold old man" Adam, in and about whom we have so much noble thought; and we thus learn that his character, beautiful in itself, yet more so for this circumstance, was sustained by the Poet himself.

Sources of the Plot.

In regard to the originals of this play, two sources have been pointed out, — *The Cook's Tale of Gamelyn*, sometime attributed to Chaucer, but upon better advice excluded from his works; and a novel by Thomas Lodge entitled *Rosalynd; Euphues' Golden Legacy*. As the *Tale of Gamelyn* was not printed till more than a century later, it has been questioned whether Shakespeare ever saw it. Nor indeed can much be alleged as indicating that he ever did: one point there is, however, that may have some weight that way. An old knight, Sir John of Boundis, being about to die, calls in his wise friends to advise him touching the distribution of his property among his three sons. They advise him to settle all his lands on the eldest, and leave the youngest without any thing. Gamelyn, the youngest, being his favourite son, he rejects

their advice, and bestows the largest portion upon him. The Poet goes much more according to their advice; Orlando, who answers to Gamelyn, having no share in the bulk of his father's estate. A few other resemblances, also, may be traced, wherein the play differs from Lodge's novel; though none of them are so strong as to force the inference that Shakespeare must have consulted the *Tale*. Nor, in truth, is the matter of much consequence, save as bearing upon the question whether the Poet was of a mind to be unsatisfied with such printed books as lay in his way. I would not exactly affirm him to have been "a hunter of manuscripts"; but indications are not wanting, that he sometimes had access to them: nor is it at all unlikely that one so greedy of intellectual food, so eager and so apt to make the most of all the means within his reach, should have gone beyond the printed resources of his time. Besides, there can be no question that Lodge was very familiar with the *Tale of Gamelyn*: he follows it so closely in a large part of his novel as to leave scarce any doubt that he wrote with the manuscript before him; and if he, who was also sometime a player, availed himself of such sources, why may not Shakespeare have done the same?

The practical use of such inquiries is, that they exhibit the Poet in the character where I like especially to view him, namely, as an earnest and diligent seeker after knowledge, and as building himself up in intelligence and power by much the same means as are found to serve in the case of other men. He himself tells us that "ignorance is the curse of God, knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven." Assuredly he was a great student as well as a great genius; as full of aptness to learn as of force to create. If he had great faculties to work with, he was also a great worker in

the use of them. Nor is it best for us to think of him as being raised by natural gifts above the common methods and processes of high intellectual achievement.

Lodge's *Rosalynd* was first printed in 1590; and its popularity appears in that it was reprinted in 1592, and again in 1598. Steevens pronounced it a "worthless original"; but this sweeping sentence is so unjust as to breed some doubt whether he had read it. Compared with the general run of popular literature then in vogue, the novel has no little merit; and is very well entitled to the honour of having contributed to one of the most delightful poems ever written. A rather ambitious attempt indeed at fine writing; pedantic in style, not a little blemished with the elaborate euphemism of the time, and occasionally running into absurdity and indecorum; nevertheless, upon the whole, it is a varied and pleasing narrative, with passages of great force and beauty, and many touches of noble sentiment, and sometimes informed with a pastoral sweetness and simplicity quite charming.

To make a full sketch of the novel, in so far as the Poet borrowed from it, would occupy too much space. Still it seems desirable to indicate, somewhat, the extent of the Poet's obligations in this case; which can be best done, I apprehend, by stating, as compactly as may be, a portion of the story.

Sir John of Bordeaux, being at the point of death, called in his three sons, Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader, and divided his wealth among them, giving nearly a third to Rosader the youngest. After a short period of hypocritical mourning for his father, Saladyne went to studying how he might defraud his brothers, and ravish their legacies. He put Fernandine to school at Paris, and kept Rosader as his foot-boy. Rosader bore this patiently for three years, and

then his spirit rose against it. While he was deep in meditation on the point, Saladyne came along and began to jerk him with rough speeches. After some interchange of angry and insulting words, Rosader "seized a great rake, and let drive at him," and soon brought him to terms. Saladyne, feigning sorrow for what he had done, then drew the youth, who was of a free and generous nature, into a reconciliation, till he might devise how to finish him out of the way.

Now, Gerismond, the rightful King of France, had been driven into exile, and his crown usurped, by Torismond, his younger brother. To amuse the people, and keep them from thinking of the banished King, the usurper appointed a day of wrestling and tournament; when a Norman, of great strength and stature, who had wrestled down as many as undertook with him, was to stand against all comers. Saladyne went to the Norman secretly, and engaged him with rich rewards to dispatch Rosader, in case Rosader should come within his grasp. He then pricked his brother on to the wrestling, telling him how much honour it would bring him, and that he was the only one to uphold the renown of the family. The youth, full of heroic thoughts, was glad of such an opportunity. When the time came, Torismond went to preside over the games, taking with him the Twelve Peers of France, his daughter Alinda, his niece Rosalynd, and all the most famous beauties of the Court. Rosalynd, "upon whose cheeks there seemed a battle between the graces," was the centre of attraction, "and made the cavaliers crack their lances with more courage." The tournament being over, the Norman offered himself as general challenger at wrestling. While he is in the full career of success, Rosader alights from his horse, and presents him-

self for a trial. He quickly puts an end to the Norman's wrestling; though not till his eyes and thoughts have got badly entangled with the graces of Rosalynd. On the other side, she is equally smitten with his handsome person and heroic bearing, insomuch that, the spectacle being over, she takes from her neck a jewel, and sends it to him by a page, as an assurance of her favour.

This outline, as far as it goes, almost describes, word for word, the course and order of events in the play. And so it is, in a great measure, through the other parts and incidents of the plot; such as the usurper's banishment of his niece, and the escape of his daughter along with her; their arrival in the Forest of Arden, where Rosalynd's father has taken refuge; their encounter with the shepherds, their purchase of the cottage, and their adventures in the pastoral life. So, too, in the flight of Rosader to the same Forest, taking along with him the old servant, who is called Adam Spencer, his carving of love-verses in the bark of trees, his meeting with the disguised Rosalynd, and the wooing and marrying that enrich the forest scenes.

Thus much may suffice to show that the Poet has here borrowed a good deal of excellent matter. With what judgment and art the borrowed matter was used by him can only be understood on a careful study of his workmanship. In no one of his comedies indeed has he drawn more freely from others; nor, I may add, is there any one wherein he has enriched his drawings more liberally from the glory of his own genius. To appreciate his wisdom as shown in what he left unused, one must read the whole of Lodge's novel. In that work we find no traces of Jacques, or Touchstone, or Audrey; nothing, indeed, that could yield the slightest hint towards either of those characters. It scarce

need be said that these superaddings are enough of themselves to transform the whole into another nature; pouring through all its veins a free and lively circulation of the most original wit and humour and poetry. And by a judicious indefiniteness as to persons and places, the Poet has greatly idealized the work, throwing it at a romantic distance, and weaving about it all the witchery of poetical perspective; while the whole falls in so smoothly with the laws of the imagination, that the breaches of geographical order are never noticed save by such as cannot understand poetry without a map.

Dramatic Originality.

No one at all competent to judge in the matter will suppose that Shakespeare could have been really indebted to Lodge, or to whomsoever else, for any of the *characters* in *As You Like It.* He merely borrowed certain names and incidents for the bodying-forth of conceptions purely his own. The resemblance is all in the drapery and circumstances of the representation, not in the individuals. For instance, we can easily imagine Rosalind in an hundred scenes not here represented; for she is a substantive personal being, such as we may detach and consider apart from the particular order wherein she stands: but we can discover in her no likeness to Lodge's Rosalynd, save that of name and situation: take away the similarity here, and there is nothing to indicate any sort of relationship between the heroines of the play and the novel. And it is considerable that, though the Poet here borrows so freely, still there is no sign of any borrowing in the work itself: we can detect no foreign influences, no second-hand touches, nothing to suggest that any part of the thing had ever been thought of before;

what he took being so thoroughly assimilated with what he gave, that the whole seems to have come fresh from Nature and his own mind: so that, had the originals been lost, we should never have suspected there were any.

Shakespeare generally preferred to make up his plots and stories out of such materials as were most familiar to his audience. Of this we have many examples; but the fact is too well known to need dwelling upon. Though surpassingly rich in fertility and force of invention, he was notwithstanding singularly economical and sparing in the use of it. Which aptly shows how free he was from every thing like a sensational spirit or habit of mind. Nature was every thing to him, novelty nothing, or next to nothing. The true, not the new, was always the soul of his purpose; than which nothing could better approve the moral healthiness of his genius. Hence, in great part, his noble superiority to the intellectual and literary fashions of his time. He understood these perfectly; but he deliberately rejected them, or rather struck quite above or beyond them. We rarely meet with any thing that savours of *modishness* in his workmanship. Probably the best judgment ever pronounced upon him is Ben Jonson's, "He was not of an age, but for all time." For even so it is with the permanences of our intellectual and imaginative being that he deals, and not with any transiencies of popular or fashionable excitement or pursuit. And as he cared little for the new, so he was all the stronger in that which does not grow old, and which lives on from age to age in the perennial, unwithering freshness of Truth and Nature. For the being carried hither and thither by the shifting mental epidemics of the day, what is it, after all, but a tacit confession of weakness or disease? proving, at the least, that one has not strength of mind enough to "feel the soul

of Nature," or to live at peace with the solidities of reason. And because the attractions of mere noveity had no force with Shakespeare; because his mind dwelt far above the currents of intellectual fashion and convention; therefore his dramas stand "exempt from the wrongs of time"; and the study of them is, with but a single exception, just our best discipline in those forms and sources of interest which underlie and outlast all the flitting specialties of mode and custom, —

> Truths that wake, to perish never;
> Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavour,
> Nor Man nor Boy,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
> Can utterly abolish or destroy.

Characterization.

As You Like It is exceedingly rich and varied in character. The several persons stand out round and clear in themselves, yet their distinctive traits in a remarkable degree sink quietly into the feelings without reporting themselves in the understanding; for which cause the clumsy methods of criticism are little able to give them expression. Subtile indeed must be the analysis that should reproduce them to the intellect without help from the Dramatic Art.

Properly speaking, the play has no hero; for, though Orlando occupies the foreground, the characters are mainly co-ordinate; the design of the work precluding any subordination among them. Diverted by fortune from all their cherished plans and purposes, they pass before us in just that moral and intellectual dishabille which best reveals their indwelling graces of mind and heart. Schlegel remarks that

" the Poet seems to have aimed, throughout, at showing that nothing is wanting, to call forth the poetry that has its dwelling in Nature and the human mind, but to throw off all artificial restraint, and restore both to their native liberty." This is well said; but it should be observed withal that the persons have already been " purified by suffering "; and that it was under the discipline of social restraint that they developed the virtues which make them go right without such restraint, as indeed they do, while we are conversing with them. Because they have not hitherto been altogether free to do as they would, therefore it is that they are good and beautiful in doing as they have a mind to now. Let us beware of attributing to Nature, as we call it, that goodness which proceeds from *habits* generated under Gospel culture and the laws of Christian society. After all, the ordinary conditions of social and domestic life give us far more than they take away. It requires a long schooling in the *prescriptions* of order and rectitude, to fit us for being left to ourselves. In some sense indeed it is a great enlargement of liberty to be rid of all the loves and duties and reverences which the Past may have woven about us; and many there are who seem to place freedom of mind in having nothing to look up to, nothing to respect outside of themselves. But human virtue does not grow in this way; and the stream must soon dry if cut off from the spring. And I have no sympathy with those who would thus crush all tender and precious memories out of us, and then give the name of *freedom* to the void thus created in our souls. The liberty that goes by unknitting the bands of reverence and dissolving the ties that draw and hold men together in the charities of a common life, is not the liberty for me, nor is it the liberty that Shakespeare teaches. I am much rather minded to say, with a lawyer-poet of our time,

> If we lose
> All else, we will preserve our household laws;
> Nor let the license of these fickle times
> Subvert the holy shelter which command
> Of fathers, and undoubting faith of sons,
> Rear'd for our shivering virtues.*

It is true, however, that in this play the better transpirations of character are mainly conducted in the eye of Nature, where the passions and vanities that so much disfigure human life find little to stir them into act. In the freedom of their woodland resort, and with the native inspirations of the place to kindle and gladden them, the persons have but to live out the handsome thoughts which they have elsewhere acquired. Man's tyranny has indeed driven them into banishment; but their virtues are much more the growth of the place they are banished from than of the place they are banished to.

Orlando.

Orlando is altogether such a piece of young-manhood as it does one good to be with. He has no special occasion for heroism, yet we feel that there is plenty of heroic stuff in him. Brave, gentle, modest, and magnanimous; never thinking of his high birth but to avoid dishonouring it; in his noble-heartedness, forgetting, and causing others to forget, his nobility of rank; he is every way just such a man as all true men would choose for their best friend. His persecuting brother, talking to himself, describes him as "never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised": and this description is amply

* Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd: Tragedy of *Glencoe; or the Fate of the Macdonalds*, i. 1.

justified by his behaviour. The whole intercourse between him and his faithful old servant Adam is replete on both sides with that full-souled generosity in whose eye the nobilities of Nature are always sure of recognition.

Shakespeare evidently delighted in a certain natural harmony of character wherein virtue is free and spontaneous, like the breathing of perfect health. And such is Orlando. He is therefore good without effort; nay, it would require some effort for him to be otherwise; his soul gravitating towards goodness as of its own accord: "In his proper motion he ascends; descent and fall to him is adverse." And perhaps the nearest he comes to being aware of his virtue is when his virtue triumphs over a mighty temptation; that is, when he sees his unnatural brother in extreme peril;

> But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
> And nature, stronger than his just occasion,

made him risk his own life to save him; and even in this case the divine art of overcoming evil with good seems more an instinct than a conscious purpose with him. This is one of the many instances wherein the Poet delivers the highest results of Christian discipline as drawing so deeply and so creatively into the heart, as to work out with the freedom and felicity of native original impulse.

I must dismiss Orlando with a part of his tilt of wit with Jaques, as that very well illustrates the composition of the man:

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orlan. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God b' wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orlan. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orlan. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orlan. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orlan. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orlan. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orlan. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

The Banished Duke.

The banished Duke exemplifies the best sense of nature as thoroughly informed and built up with Christian discipline and religious efficacy; so that the asperities of life do but make his thoughts run the smoother. How sweet, yet how considerative and firm, is every thing about his temper and moral frame! He sees all that is seen by the most keen-eyed satirist, yet is never moved to be satirical, because he looks with wiser and therefore kindlier eyes. The enmity of Fortune is fairly disarmed by his patience; her shots are all wasted against his breast, garrisoned as it is with the forces of charity and peace: his soul is made storm-proof by gentleness and truth: exile, penury, the ingratitude of men, the malice of the elements, what are they to him? he has the grace to sweeten away their venom, and to smile the sting out of them. He loves to stay himself upon the compensations of life, and to feed his gentler affections by dwelling upon the good which adversity opens to him, or the evil from which it withdraws him; and so he rejoices in finding

"these woods more free from peril than the envious Court." In his philosophy, so bland, benignant, and contemplative, the mind tastes the very luxury of rest, and has an antepast of measureless content.

Touchstone.

Touchstone, though he nowhere strikes so deep a chord within us as the poor Fool in *King Lear*, is, I think, the most entertaining of Shakespeare's privileged characters. And he is indeed a mighty delectable fellow! wise too, and full of the most insinuative counsel. How choicely does his grave, acute nonsense moralize the scenes wherein he moves! Professed clown though he be, and as such ever hammering away with artful awkwardness at a jest, a strange kind of humorous respect still waits upon him notwithstanding. It is curious to observe how the Poet takes care to let us know from the first, that beneath the affectations of his 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 in the scene where Rosalind and Celia arrange for their flight from the usurper's Court. Rosalind proposes,

> But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
> The clownish Fool out of your father's Court?
> Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

And Celia replies,

> He'll go along o'er the wide world with me:
> Leave me alone to woo him.

Where we learn that some remnants, at least, of a manly heart in him have asserted their force in the shape of unselfish

regards, strong as life, for whatever is purest and loveliest in the characters about him. He would rather starve or freeze, with Celia near him, than feed high and lie warm where his eye cannot find her. If, with this fact in view, our honest esteem does not go out towards him, then we, I think, are fools in a worse sense than he is.

So much for the substantial manhood of Touchstone, and for the Poet's human-heartedness in thus putting us in communication with it. As for the other points of his character, I scarce know how to draw a reader into them by any turn of analysis. Used to a life cut off from human sympathies; stripped of the common responsibilities of the social state; living for no end but to make aristocratic idlers laugh; one therefore whom nobody heeds enough to resent or be angry at any thing he says; — of course his habit is to speak all for effect, nothing for truth: instead of reflecting the natural force and image of things, his vocation is to wrest and trans-shape them from their true form and pressure. Thus a strange wilfulness and whimsicality has wrought itself into the substance of his mind. He takes nothing for what it is in itself, but only for the odd quirks of thought he can twist out of it. Yet his nature is not so "subdued to what it works in" but that, amidst the scenes and inspirations of the Forest, the Fool quickly slides into the man; the supervenings of the place so running into and athwart what he brings with him, that his character comes to be as dappled and motley as his dress. Even the new passion which there overtakes him has a touch of his wilfulness in it: when he falls in love, as he really does, nothing seems to inspire and draw him more than the unattractiveness of the object; thus approving that even so much of nature as survives in him is not content to run in natural channels.

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 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 the German critic, Ulrici, 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 justly 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 every thing 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 he then 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.

Rosalind and Celia.

It is something uncertain whether Jaques or Rosalind be the greater attraction: there is enough in either to make the play a continual feast; though her charms are less liable to be staled by use, because they result from health of mind and symmetry of character; so that in her presence the head and the heart draw together perfectly. I mean that she never starts any moral or emotional reluctances in our converse with her: all our sympathies go along with her freely, be-

cause she never jars upon them, or touches them against the grain.

For wit, this strange, queer, lovely being is fully equal to Beatrice, yet nowise resembling her. A soft, subtile, nimble essence, consisting in one knows not what, and springing up one can hardly tell how, her wit neither stings nor burns, but plays briskly and airily over all things within its reach, enriching and adorning them; insomuch that one could ask no greater pleasure than to be the continual theme of it. In its irrepressible vivacity it waits not for occasion, but runs on for ever, and we wish it to run on for ever: we have a sort of faith that her dreams are made up of cunning, quirkish, graceful fancies; her wits being in a frolic even when she is asleep. And 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 wholesomest 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 interfusive 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 friend-

ship of these more-than-sisters "mounts to the seat of grace within the mind."

> We still have slept together;
> Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
> And, wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
> Still we went coupled and inseparable.

General Characteristics.

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 moralize 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 every thing turn out just *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.*

Much has been said by one critic and another about the improbabilities in this play. I confess they have never troubled me; and, as I have had no trouble here to get out of, I do not well know how to help others out. Wherefore, if any one be still annoyed by these things, I will turn him over to the elegant criticism of the poet Campbell: "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 couched so as to see this objection. The truth however is, that 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."

As a fitting pendent to this, I may further observe that the bringing of lions, serpents, palm-trees, rustic shepherds, and banished noblemen together in the Forest of Arden, is a strange piece of geographical license, which certain critics have not failed to make merry withal. Perhaps they did not see that the very grossness of the thing proves it to have

been designed. The Poet keeps his geography true enough whenever he has cause to do so. He knew, at all events, that lions did not roam at large in France. By this irregular combination of actual things, he informs the whole with ideal effect, giving to this charming issue of his brain "a local habitation and a name," that it may link-in with our flesh-and-blood sympathies, and at the same time turning it into a wild, wonderful, remote, fairy-land region, where all sorts of poetical things may take place without the slightest difficulty. Of course Shakespeare would not have done thus, but that he saw quite through the grand critical humbug which makes the proper effect of a work of art depend upon our belief in the actual occurrence of the thing represented. But your "critic grave and cool," I suppose, is one who, like Wordsworth's "model of a child,"

> Can string you names of districts, cities, towns,
> The whole world over, tight as beads of dew
> Upon a gossamer thread: he sifts, he weighs;
> All things are put to question; he must live
> Knowing that he grows wiser every day,
> Or else not live at all, and seeing too
> Each little drop of wisdom as it falls
> Into the dimpling cistern of his heart.
> O, give us once again the wishing-cap
> Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat
> Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,
> And Sabra in the forest with Saint George!
> The child, whose love is here, at least doth reap
> One precious gain, that he forgets himself.

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 crystallizing process that has passed upon him, undergoes, as we have seen, 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 simplicities 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 purpose 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 tents 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 "fleet 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 any thing else in the whole domain of Poetry so inspiring of the faith that "every flower enjoys the air it breathes." The play, indeed, abounds in wild, frolicsome 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. I know not how I can better dismiss the theme than with some lines from Wordsworth, which these scenes have often recalled to my thoughts:

> Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
> Through all the years of this our life to lead
> From joy to joy: for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,

> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings.

Partly in confirmation and partly in amplification of my own views, as given above, and partly for other reasons, I add the following from Professor Dowden's excellent book, entitled *Shakespeare: his Mind and Art*, which was written since the foregoing pages were first published:

"Upon the whole, *As You Like It* is the sweetest and happiest of all Shakespeare'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 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 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.

"Shakespeare, when he wrote this idyllic play, was himself in the 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. The dialogue, as has been observed, catches freedom and freshness from the atmosphere. After the trumpet-tones of *Henry the Fifth* comes the sweet pastoral strain, so bright, so tender. Must it not be all in keeping? Shakespeare was not trying to control his melancholy. When he needed to do that, Shakespeare 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."

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [ADAM *retires.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?[6]

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

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry,[7] sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught a while![8]

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal's portion[9] have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; 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

[6] "What *make* you here?" is old language for "what *are* you *doing* here?" A very frequent usage.

[7] *Marry* was used a good deal in colloquial language as a petty oath or intensive; something like the Latin *heracle* and *edepol*. This use of *marry* sprang from a custom of swearing by St. Mary the Virgin.

[8] *Be naught*, or *go and be naught*, was formerly a petty execration between anger and contempt, which has been supplanted by others, as *be hanged, be cursed*, &c.; *awhile*, or *the while*, was added merely to round the phrase.

[9] The allusion to the parable of the Prodigal Son is obvious enough.

you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.[10]

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.[11]

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. [*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities.[12] The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery[13] my father left me by testament; with that I will go 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;

[10] Nearer to him in the right of that reverence which was his due.

[11] 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. So in Lodge's story: "Though I am *eldest* by birth, yet, never having attempted any deeds of arms, I am *youngest* to perform any martial exploits."

[12] *Qualities* here probably means *pursuits* or *occupations;* thus according with *exercises* a little after. The Poet often uses *quality* so.

[13] *Allottery* is *portion;* that which is *allotted.*

you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog!

Adam. Is *old dog* my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. — God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness,[14] and yet give no thousand crowns neither. — Holla, Denis!

Enter DENIS.

Den. Calls your Worship?

Oli. Was not Charles the Duke's wrestler here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* DENIS.] — 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your Worship.

Oli. Good morrow, Monsieur Charles. What's the new news at the new Court?

Cha. There's no news at the new Court, sir, 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

[14] *Rankness* is *overgrowth*, or having too much blood in him. Oliver's thought is, that Orlando is growing too big for his station, and so needs to be taken down. The Poet repeatedly uses to *physic* for to *heal*.

put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the old Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay [15] behind her. She is at the Court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the Forest of Arden,[16] and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood [17] of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly,[18] as they did in the golden world.[19]

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

[15] *To stay* is an instance of the infinitive used gerundively, or like the Latin *gerund*, and so is equivalent to *by* or *from staying*. The usage is very frequent in Shakespeare, and sometimes makes his meaning obscure. See *King Lear*, page 117, note 18.

[16] *Ardenne* was a large forest in French Flanders, lying near the river Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy.

[17] This prince of outlaws and "most gentle theefe" lived in the time of Richard I., and had his chief residence in Sherwood Forest, Nottinghamshire. Wordsworth aptly styles him "the English ballad-singer's joy"; and in Percy's *Reliques* is an old ballad entitled *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*, showing how his praises were wont to be sung. His character and mode of life are well delivered in Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

[18] *Carelessly* is used elegantly here, in the sense of *freedom from care*.

[19] Of this fabled golden age,—an ancient and very general tradition wherein the state of man in Paradise appears to have been shadowed,—some notion is given in Gonzalo's Commonwealth. See *The Tempest*, page 83, note 25.

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall[20] acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee,[21] he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anato-

[20] *Shall* for *will*. The two were often used indiscriminately. "Will have to *do his best*" is the meaning. *Him* for *himself*, of course.

[21] That is, "get himself honour or reputation at your expense."

mize [22] him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: [23] if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your Worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit* CHARLES.] — Now will I stir this gamester: [24] I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle [25] the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *A Lawn before the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

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

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could

[22] To *anatomize*, as the word is here used, is to unfold, explain, or expose a thing thoroughly. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* is a capital instance in point. The same sense survives in the technical use of the word in Medical Science.

[23] *Payment* for *punishment.* The verb *to pay* is often so used.

[24] *Gamester* was used very much as our phrase *sporting character*, or of one sowing his wild oats.

[25] Spur him on. So in *Macbeth:* "That, trusted home, might yet *enkindle* you unto the crown."

teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth 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 rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I,[1] nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,[2] that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

[1] In the unsettled grammar of Shakespeare's time, such a misplacing of the cases, as compared with present usage, was quite common even with the best-educated people.

[2] That is, drive her from it with gibes and flouts.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this Fool to cut off the argument?

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. Indeed, then is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural[3] the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. — How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, Fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught:[4] now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught,

[3] *Natural* was used, as it still is, like *innocent*, for a veritable fool. The application of *fool* to the professional clown gave rise to many quibbles.

[4] *Naught* is simply *bad*, as in our word *naughty*. It must not be confounded with *nought*.

and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but, if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old[5] Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation[6] one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that Fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that Fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. — Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

[5] *Old* is here merely a term of familiarity, such as Fools were privileged to use to and of all sorts of people.

[6] It was the custom to whip Fools when they used their tongues too freely. *Taxation* is *censure, satire.* So in ii. 7, of this play: "Why, who cries out on pride, that can therein *tax* any private party?"

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. —

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour? [7]

Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.[8]

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, — the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons, —

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. — three proper [9] young men, of excellent growth and presence, with bills on their necks; [10] —

[7] Celia glances, apparently, at La Beau's affected or dandified pronunciation of *sport*, he having got it nearer to *spot* than to *sport*.

[8] This is a proverbial phrase, meaning to do any thing without delicacy, or to *lay it on thick*. If a man flatter grossly, it is common to say, *he lays it on with a trowel*. The *Destinies* shape the speech of those who have not sense enough to shape it for themselves.

[9] *Proper* is *handsome* or *fine-looking*. Commonly so in Shakespeare.

[10] *Bills* were instruments or weapons used by watchmen and foresters. Watchmen were said to carry their bills or halberds on their *necks*, not on their shoulders. There is a quibble on the word *bills*, in the next speech, referring to public notices, which were generally headed with the words, — "Be it known unto all men by these presents."

Ros. *Be it known unto all men by these presents.*

Le Beau. — the eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to feel this broken music [11] in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? — Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the

[11] What sort of music was meant by this phrase, has been much in doubt. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, says the phrase "means what we now term *a string* band." But he has since changed his opinion, and his later explanation, given to Mr. W. A. Wright, Editor of the "Clarendon Press Series," is as follows: "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 was no longer a *consort* but *broken music*." The expression occurs in *Henry V.*, v. 2: "Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken." And Bacon, Essay xxxvii.: "I understand it, that the Song be in Quire, placed aloft, and accompanied with some broken Musicke."—The implied comparison of *broken ribs* to *broken music* appears to be but a whimsical fancy, with no link of connection but a verbal one suggested by *broken*.

place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.[12]

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin![13] are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated.[14] Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by. [*The* Duke *goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the Princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

[12] "Looks *successful*," or as one *likely to succeed*. The Poet has repeated instances of adverbs thus used as adjectives, as also *vice versa*.

[13] *Cousin* was used indifferently of nephews, nieces, and grandchildren, as well as for what we mean by the term. Shakespeare is full of instances in point. Rosalind is *niece* to Frederick.

[14] This phrase has occurred just before, and of course means "will not yield to entreaty," or "will not be prevailed upon."

Orl. No, fair Princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised:[15] we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts. I confess me much guilty, to deny[16] so fair and excellent ladies any thing: but let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one shamed that was never gracious;[17] if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray Heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

[15] *Misprised* is *prised amiss*, that is, *undervalued*. So, in the first scene, Oliver, muttering to himself of his brother's virtues and popularity, shows his envy by saying, "I am altogether *misprised*."

[16] *To deny* is another gerundial infinitive, and so is equivalent to *in denying*. See page 34, note 15.

[17] Never *in grace*, or *in favour*; never looked upon favourably.

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mock'd me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.[18]

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. — [CHARLES *is borne out.*
What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst[19] have better pleased me with this deed,

[18] *Well breathed* is *well exercised.* Orlando means that he is not yet fairly warm with his work. The verb *to breathe* often occurs in this sense.

[19] *Shouldst* in the sense of *wouldst.* The auxiliaries *could, should,* and *would* in Shakespeare's time were used interchangeably, and he has many instances of such use. In Rosalind's second speech below, we have it again: "That *could* give more"; *could* for *would.*

Hadst thou descended from another House.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke* FRED., *Train, and* LE BEAU.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Roland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Roland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,[20]
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious[21] disposition
Sticks me at heart. — Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me, one out of suits[22] with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means. —
Shall we go, coz!

Cel. Ay. — Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up

[20] Would have given him tears *in addition to* entreaties.

[21] In the Poet's time, *envy* and *envious* were generally used for *malice* and *malicious*. So in the English Bible. See *The Merchant*, page 150, note 42.

[22] *Out of suits* is *out of favour*; thrown off or discarded by fortune.

Is but a quintian,[23] a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: [24] my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. — Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. — Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,[25]
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous: [26] what he is, indeed,

[23] A *quintain* was a figure set up for tilters to run at, in a mock tournament. The form was a post with a cross-bar fixed to the top, turning on a pivot having a broad board at one end, and a bag full of sand at the other. In the sport, if the figure were struck on the shield, the quintain turned on its pivot and hit the assailant with the sand bag. The skill consisted in striking the quintain dexterously so as to avoid the blow. Orlando is talking to himself in this speech, the ladies having withdrawn.

[24] Orlando has not called them back: why, then, does Rosalind say this? Perhaps she wants to talk further with him.

[25] This word occurs very often in the sense of *temper* or *disposition*. So, in *The Merchant*, i. 2, Portia says of the Moorish Prince, who comes to woo her, "If he have the *condition* of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me."

[26] *Humorous* here is *capricious*, *moody*, *crotchety*, or *going by fits and starts*. A frequent usage.

More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this, —
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here were at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
Th' other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
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,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,[27]
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well. —

[*Exit* LE BEAU.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;[28]
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother: —
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind; — Cupid have mercy! — not a word?

[27] Probably meaning "in a better state of things than the present."
[28] That is, from *bad to worse*. A proverbial phrase, apparently.

Ros. 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 me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry *hem*, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.[1] But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Roland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;[2] yet I hate not Orlando.

[1] A quibble is probably intended between *falling* in love and *falling* by a wrestler's hand.

[2] In Shakespeare's time, it was just as correct to speak of *hating* dearly as of loving dearly; of a dear *foe* as of a dear friend. So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "Would I had met my *dearest foe* in Heaven, or ever I had seen that day."

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?[3]

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public Court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic, —
As I do trust I am not, — then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation[4] did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:

[3] Celia here speaks ironically, her meaning apparently being, "It was because your father deserved well that my father hated him; and ought I not, by your reasoning, to hate Orlando for the same cause?"

[4] *Purgation* is *proof of innocence;* clearing themselves of the matter charged.

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:[5]
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And, wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her: she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

[5] *Remorse*, as usual, for *pity* or *compassion*.

Duke F. You are a fool. — You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke* FREDERICK *and* Lords.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin.
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take the charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber[6] smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along,

[6] *Umber* was a dusky, yellow-coloured earth, from Umbria in Italy.

And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe[7] upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and — in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will[8] —
We'll have a swashing[9] and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

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

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish Fool out of your father's Court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

[7] This was one of the old words for a *cutlass*, or short, crooked sword. It was variously spelt, *courtlas*, *courtlax*, *curtlax*.

[8] That is, "Whatever hidden woman's fear lies in my heart."

[9] *Swashing* is *dashing, swaggering*. So in Fuller's *Worthies of England*: "A ruffian is the same with a swaggerer, so called, because endeavouring to make that side swag or weigh down, whereon he engageth. The same also with *swash-buckler*, from swashing or making a noise on bucklers."

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, *and other* Lords, *in the dress of Foresters.*

Duke S. 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.[1]
The seasons' difference, and the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the Winter's wind, —
Which when it[2] 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.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:[3]

[1] The curse, or *penalty*, denounced upon Adam was, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." This is what the Duke and his co-mates do *not* feel: "they fleet the time *carelessly*, as they did in the golden world." The Duke then goes on, consistently, to say what they *do* feel.

[2] The using of both the relative and the personal pronouns, in relative clauses, as *which* and *it* in this passage, was not uncommon with the best writers. See *The Merchant*, page 100, note 23.

[3] The real toadstone, as known to the ancients, was apparently so called from its resemblance to the toad or frog in colour. Pliny says, (trans. Holland,) "The same Coptos sendeth other stones unto us besides, to wit, those which be called Batrachitæ; the one like in colour to a frog, a second unto

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me,[4] the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forkèd heads,[5]
Have their round haunches gored.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;

ivory, the third is of a blackish red." Besides this slight reference to the Batrachites, says Mr. King in his *Natural History of Gems and Decorative Stones*, "No further notice of this stone can be traced in the other writers of antiquity. But this singular epithet, primarily intended only to denote the peculiar colour of the stone, furnished later times with the foundation for a most marvellous fable, which long obtained, as the number of examples still preserved attest, universal credit throughout Europe. Understanding the ancient term as implying the natural production of the animal according to the analogy of other similar names, as the Saurites, Echites, &c., doctors taught that the 'toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head.'" — WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

[4] The verb *to irk* is now seldom used, but its sense in the adjective *irksome* is common. To *irk* is to *grieve*, *vex*, or *annoy*.

[5] Some question has been made as to what these were. Roger Ascham, in his *Toxophilus*, appears to settle the matter; describing two kinds of arrow-heads as follows: "The one having two points or barbs, looking backward to the steel and feathers, which surely we call in English a broad arrow-head or a swallow-tail; the other having two points stretching forward, and this Englishmen do call a forkhead." And again: "Commodus the Emperor used forked heads, whose fashion Herodian doth lively and naturally describe, saying that they were like the shape of a new moon, wherewith he would smite off the head of a bird, and never miss."

And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.[6]

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into th' needless[7] stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou makest a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which hath too much: then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;

[6] Drayton in the thirteenth song of his *Poly-Olbion* has a fine description of a deer-hunt, which he winds up thus:

> He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
> Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall.

And in a note upon the passage he adds, "The hart weepeth at his dying: his tears are held precious in medicine."

[7] *Needless* for *not needing*. Shakespeare abounds in similar language.

'Tis right, quoth he ; *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company : anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him : *Ay,* quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
'Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, Court,
Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's [8] worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,[9]
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place :
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be : some villains of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,

[8] *What* for the indefinite pronoun *whatever.* A frequent usage.
[9] "Kill them *up*" is old language for "kill them *off*," or *kill them.*

Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish[1] clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the Princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother's; fetch that gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail[2]
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Before* OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory[3]
Of old Sir Roland! why, what make you here?[4]

[1] *Roynish* properly means *mangy* or *scurvy*. From the French *ronger*, to knaw, eat, or corrode. Used here as a general term of reproach.

[2] To *quail* is to *grow faint*, to *slacken, give over*. — *Inquisition* is *inquiry, investigation.*

[3] *Memory* for *memorial* or *remembrancer*. A frequent usage. So in the Communion Service of the Episcopal Church: "A perpetual *memory* of that his precious death," &c.

[4] "What *are* you *doing* here?" See page 31, note 6.

Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous Duke?[5]
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.[6]
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors! within this roof[7]
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother — (no, no brother; yet the son —
Yet not the son — I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father) —
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him and his practices.

[5] "Why would you be so *foolish as* to overcome?" Such was the more common meaning of *fond* in the Poet's time. And he often omits *as* in such cases. — *Priser* is *prize-fighter*, or contender for prizes. Here, as before, *humorous* has the sense of *moody* or *capricious*. See page 46, note 26.

[6] The Poet is fond of thus mixing incongruous words, in order to express certain complexities of thought. In like sort, even so grave a writer as Richard Hooker has the expression *heavenly fraud*, in a thoroughly good sense. — *Envenoms*, second line after, means *poisons;* not that which makes a man venomous, but that which acts like venom upon him.

[7] *Roof* for *house;* the common figure of putting a part for the whole.

This is no place ;[8] this house is but a butchery :
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do :
Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;
I rather will subjéct me to the malice
Of a diverted blood[9] and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown :
Take that ; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant :
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility :
Therefore my age is as a lusty Winter,
Frosty, but kindly.[10] Let me go with you ;

[8] *Place* here means *residence* or *home ;* sometimes used so still. — *Practices*, line before, is *plottings, treacherous devices.*

[9] Blood *turned out of its natural course. Blood* here stands for *affection.*

[10] *Kindly* in the sense of *natural*, and therefore *healthy.* See *Much Ado*, page 92, note 2.

I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service swet for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And, having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: [11] 'tis not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of[12] all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together;
And, ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. —
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here livèd I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week: [13]
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

[11] Because their promotion makes them too proud to serve.
[12] In *return for;* as always in Shakespeare.
[13] *A week* put for an indefinite period.

SCENE IV. — *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND *in Boy's clothes,* CELIA *drest like a Shepherdess, and* TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage! good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,[1] if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here;

A young man and an old in solemn[2] talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

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

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her.

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

[1] In Shakespeare's time certain English coins had a cross stamped on one side, and hence were called *crosses*. This gave occasion for frequent puns. So Scott, in *Woodstock*, chap. iii.: "No devil so frightful as that which dances in the pocket where there is no *cross* to keep him out."

[2] In old language, *solemn* is often used in the sense of *serious* or *earnest*.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine, —
As sure I think did never man love so, —
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved. — O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him[3] take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet,[4] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapp'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod[5] instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.*

[3] The imaginary rival for whose visits to Jane the stone was held vicariously responsible.

[4] An instrument with which washers beat clothes.

[5] That is, from the peascod as representing his mistress. *Cod* was formerly used for the *shell* of peas, what we now call the *pod*. Pea-pods seem to have been worn sometimes for ornament.

We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal[6] in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, Fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. — Good even to you, friend.

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

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert[7] place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,

[6] *Mortal* is said to be used in the Craven dialect as a general intensive, or with the sense of *excessive*. So I have often heard such phrases as "*mortal* great" and "*mortal* tall."

[7] *Desert* was used of any wild or uninhabited place.

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks[8] to find the way to Heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote,[9] his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice[10] most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste[11] my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful factor be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

[8] Little *cares*. The sense of *reck* appears in our word *reckless*.

[9] That is, *cot* or *cottage;* the word is still used in its compound form, as *sheepcote* in the next line.

[10] "As far as my voice has the power to bid you welcome."

[11] *Waste* for *pass* or *spend*. See *The Merchant*, page 154, note 3.

SCENE V. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

SONG.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree*
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But Winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing.[1] Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes;[2] and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I

[1] In Latin, *nomina facere* means to enter an account, because not only the sums, but the *names* of the parties, are entered. Cicero uses *nomina facere* for to lend money, and *nomen solvere* for to pay a debt; and in Livy we have *nomen transcribere in alium* for to transfer a debt to another.

[2] *Dog-apes* are dog-faced baboons.

have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. — Sirs, cover[3] the while; the Duke will drink under this tree. — He hath been all this day to look you.[4]

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable[5] for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

All. *Who doth ambition shun,*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But Winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.[6]

[3] *Cover* refers to the forthcoming banquet, and seems to be an order for setting out and preparing the table. Accordingly, at the close of the scene, we have "his banquet is prepared." See *The Merchant*, page 159, note 5.

[4] The Poet repeatedly uses *look* thus as a transitive verb; equivalent to *look for*. So in the *The Merry Wives*, iv. 2: "Mistress Page, I will *look* some linen for your head."

[5] *Disputable* for *disputatious;* according to the indifferent use of active and passive forms then so common. See *Much Ado*, page 63, note 11.

[6] *Note* is here put for *tune*. — "In despite of my invention" probably means "in despite of my *lack of* invention." Such elliptical expressions are not uncommon in Shakespeare. So in iii. 2, of this play: "He that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding"; which evidently means "may complain of *want of* good breeding."

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducadme, ducadme, ducadme:[7]
Here shall he see gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducadme?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation,[8] to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.[9]

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth[1] forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food

[7] *Ducadme* is three Latin words, *duc ad me*, compressed into one, and means *bring him to me.*

[8] The invocation is Latin, not Greek. Of course the Poet knew this. Perhaps Mr. White explains it rightly: "That the cynical Jaques should pass off his Latin for Greek upon Amiens, is but in character."

[9] A proverbial expression for *high-born* persons.

[1] *Uncouth* properly means *unknown;* hence *strange, wild,* or *savage.*

for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit[2] is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable;[3] hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said![4] thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly. — Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. — *The Same as in Scene V.*

A Table set out. *Enter* DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, *and others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars,[1] grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.[2]
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter JAQUES.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

[2] *Conceit*, as usual, for *conception, thought*, or *apprehension.*

[3] Be *comfortable* for be *comforted*, or *take comfort.* The Poet has many like instances of the endings *-able* and *-ed* used indiscriminately.

[4] *Well said* was a common colloquial phrase for *well done.*

[1] *Composed* or *made up* of *discords.* See *A Midsummer*, page 96, note 2.

[2] If things are going so contrary to their natural order, the music of the spheres will soon be untuned. See *The Merchant*, page 185, note 11.

That your poor friends must woo your company!
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A Fool, a Fool! — I met a Fool i' the forest,
A motley Fool;[3] — a miserable world! —
As I do live by food, I met a Fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, — and yet a motley Fool.
Good morrow, Fool, quoth I. *No, sir,* quoth he,
Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune.[4]
And then he drew a dial from his poke,[5]
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus we may see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley Fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That Fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. — O noble Fool!
A worthy Fool! — Motley's the only wear.

[3] So called because the professional Fool wore a patch-work or parti-coloured dress. The old sense of *motley* still lives in *mottled.*

[4] "It will be time enough to call me fool, when I shall have got rich." So in Ray's *Collection of English Proverbs:* "Fortune favours fools, or fools have the best luck." And Ben Jonson in the Prologue to *The Alchemist:* "Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours we wish away."

[5] *Poke* is *pocket* or *pouch.* — The Poet repeatedly uses *dial* for what we call a *watch*, as here; also sometimes for *clock.*

Duke S. What Fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy Fool! — One that hath been a courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know't: and in his brain, —
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit[6]
After a voyage, — he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. — O, that I were a Fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;[7]
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,[8]
To blow on whom I please; for so Fools have:
And they that are most gallèd with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The *why* is plain as way to parish church:
He that a Fool doth very wisely hit

[6] So Ben Jonson in the Induction to *Every Man out of his Humour*: "And now and then breaks a *dry biscuit jest*, which, that it may more easily be chew'd, he steeps in his own laughter." And Batman upon Bartholome has the following, quoted by Mr. Wright: "Good disposition of the brain and evil is known by his deeds, for if the substance of the brain be soft, thin, and clear, it receiveth lightly the feeling and printing of shapes, and likenesses of things. He that hath such a brain is swift, and good of perseverance and teaching. When it is contrary, the brain is not soft: he that hath such a brain receiveth slowly the feeling and printing of things: but nevertheless, when he hath taken and received them, he keepeth them long in mind. And that is sign and token of dryness," &c.

[7] A quibble, of course, between *petition* and *dress*.

[8] "The wind bloweth where it listeth." *Charter* was often used for *liberty*; perhaps from the effect of *Magna Charta* in guarding English freedom.

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: [9] if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances [10] of the Fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, [11] would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine;
And all th' embossèd [12] sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?

[9] *Bob* is *blow*, *thrust*, or *hit*.

[10] *Squandering glances* are *random* or *scattering thrusts* or *shots*. See *The Merchant*, page 95, note 4.

[11] About the time when this play was written, the French *counters*, pieces of false money used in reckoning, were brought into use in England.

[12] *Embossed* is *protuberant*, or *come to a head*, like boils and carbuncles. So, in *King Lear*, ii. 4: "Thou art a boil, a plague sore, an *embossed* carbuncle." The protuberant part of a shield was called the *boss*.

Or what is he of basest function,[13]
That says his bravery[14] is not on my cost —
Thinking that I mean him — but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
Where then? how then? what then? let's see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. — But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more!

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?[15]

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture.[16] But forbear, I say:

[13] Of lowest or meanest *calling* or *occupation;* that is, a *tailor*, or one whose "soul is his clothes."

[14] *Bravery* is fine showy dress or equipage.

[15] This doubling of the preposition was not uncommon in the Poet's time. He has many instances of it. Thus, a little later in this play: "The scene where*in* we play *in*." So, too, in *Coriolanus*, ii. 1: "*In* what enormity is Marcius poor *in?*" And in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i., *Chorus:* "That fair *for* which love groan'd *for*."

[16] *Nurture* is education, culture, good-breeding. So in Prospero's description of Caliban: "A devil, a born devil, on whose nature *nurture* can never stick." — *Inland*, the commentators say, is here opposed to *upland*, which meant *rude, unbred*. I am apt to think the use of the word grew from the fact, that up to the Poet's time all the main springs of culture and civility in England were literally *inland*, remote from the sea.

He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answeréd.

Jaq. An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; so let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear;
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied, —
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command [17] what help we have,

[17] "Take as you may choose to order, at your will and pleasure." In Lodge's tale we have it thus: "Gerismond tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and not onely to eat his fill, but *be lord of the feast.*"

That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed, —
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger, —
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou see'st we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.[18] As, first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel

[18] *Totus mundus agit histrionem*, an observation occurring in one of the fragments of Petronius, is said to have been the motto over Shakespeare's theatre, the Globe, and was probably a familiar apothegm in his day. The division of human life into certain stages, or epochs, had also a classical origin. In some Greek verses attributed to Solon, — and, whether written by him or not, certainly as old as the middle of the first century, — the life of man is divided into ten ages of seven years each. Other Greek authors distributed it into seven parts, and Varro the Roman into five. A Hebrew doctor of the ninth century, and a Hebrew Poet of the twelfth, have made a similar distribution.

And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,[19]
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;[20]
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,[21]
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his[22] sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

[19] *Pard* is one of the old names for *leopard*.

[20] *Saws* are *sayings;* often so used. *Modern* is *trite, common, familiar*. Men may still be seen overflowing with stale, threadbare proverbs and phrases, and imagining themselves wondrous wise. *Instances*, here, is *examples, illustrations, anecdotes*, such as many an official wiseacre is fond of repeating on all occasions.

[21] The *pantaloon* was a stereotyped character in the old Italian farces: it represented a thin, emaciated old man, in *slippers*.

[22] *His* for *its*, the latter not being then in use.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need: —
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes. —
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind,*
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art foreseen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,[23]
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! &c.

[23] In the Poet's time the verb *warp* was sometimes used for *weave*, — a sense now retained only in the substantive. Thus in Sternhold's version of the Psalms: "While he doth mischief *warp*," and "Such wicked wiles to *warp*"; where we should say *weave*. In Hickes' *Thesaurus* is found a Saxon proverb, "Winter shall *warp water*." And Propertius has a line containing the same figure: "Africus in glaciem frigore *nectit aquas*." The appropriateness of the figure may be seen in the fine network appearance which water assumes in the first stages of crystallization.

Duke S. If that you are the good Sir Roland's son, —
As you have whisper'd faithfully you are,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd [24] and living in your face, —
Be truly welcome hither: I'm the Duke,
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. — Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is. —
Support him by the arm. — Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke F. Not seen him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But, were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument [1]
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,

[24] *Limn'd* is *lined*, or *depicted*. — It is hardly needful to say that *effigies* is the same in sense as *image*.

[1] *Argument* was used in a good many senses: here it means *object*.

Till thou canst quit[2] thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. — Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent[3] upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently,[4] and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper, which he hangs on a tree.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crownèd Queen of Night,[5] survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.

[2] *Quit* here is *acquit*. The Poet has it repeatedly in that sense. So in *Measure for Measure*, v. 1: "Thou'rt condemn'd: but, for those earthly faults, I *quit* them all." And in *Henry V.*, ii. 1: "God *quit* you in His mercy!"

[3] A law phrase, thus explained by Blackstone: "The process hereon is usually called an *extent* or *extendi facias*, because the Sheriff is to cause the lands, &c., to be appraised to their full *extended* value, before he delivers them to the plaintiff."

[4] *Expediently* for *expeditiously*. So the Poet uses *expedient* for *expeditious*.

[5] Luna Queen of Night, Proserpine Queen of Hades, and Diana the Goddess of Chastity, were all three sometimes identified in classical mythology; hence the epithet *thrice-crowned*. In Chapman's *Hymns to Night and to Cynthia*, which were doubtless well known to Shakespeare, we have the following highly poetical passage:

> Nature's bright *eye-sight*, and the night's fair soul,
> That with thy *triple forehead* dost control
> Earth, seas, and hell.

O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive [6] she. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone ?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's 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 vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

Cor. No more but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is ; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends ; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn ; that good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the Sun ; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding,[7] or comes of a very dull kindred.

[6] *Inexpressible* she ; the active form with the passive sense. So Milton in his *Hymn on the Nativity :*

> Harping, in loud and solemn quire,
> With *unexpressive* notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

[7] In Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, Lionel says of Amie : "She's sick *of* the young shepherd that bekist her ;" sick *for want* of him. The usage occurs repeatedly in Shakespeare. See page 66, note 6.

Touch. Such a one is a natural[8] philosopher. Wast ever in Court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope, —

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous[9] state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Master Touchstone: those that are good manners at the Court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the Court. You told me you salute not at the Court but you kiss[10] your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells,[11] you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

[8] *Natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchstone puns on the word.

[9] *Parlous* is an old form of *perilous;* sometimes used with a dash of humour, as appears to be the case in this instance.

[10] *But you kiss* here means *without kissing.* The Poet elsewhere uses *but* in this way. So in *Hamlet*, i. 3: "Do not sleep *but* let me hear from you." Here the meaning clearly is, "Do not sleep *without letting* me hear from you."

[11] *Hides* or *skins;* as in Jonson's *Discoveries:* "A prince is the pastor of the people. He ought to shear, not to flea his sheep; to take their fleeces, not their *fells.*"

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder [12] instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of [13] a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: [14] Civet is of a baser birth than tar, — the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! [15] thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the Devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

[12] Comparatives, and superlatives too, were thus doubled by all writers and speakers in Shakespeare's time.

[13] In *respect of* is in *comparison with.* See *Hamlet*, page 219, note 29.

[14] *Perpend* is *consider*, or *weigh mentally.*

[15] Alluding, apparently, to the practice of surgeons, who used *cuttings* and burnings for the healing of a disease called the *simples;* a quibble being implied withal between *simples* and *simpleton.* His being *raw* is the reason why incision should be made, in Touchstone's logic. Bear in mind that *raw* is used in the double sense of *green* and *sore*, and perhaps this will render the passage clear enough.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Ros. *From the east to western Ind,*
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined [16]
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the face of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rack[17] to market.

Ros. Out, Fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

[16] *Lined* is *delineated* or *drawn.*

[17] *Rack* is an old yet well-known term for the *ambling* motion of a horse · something between a trot and a gallop; or a "false gallop."

This is the very false gallop[18] of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull Fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will bear the earliest fruit[19] i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Celia. [Reads.] *Why should this a desert be?*
For[20] *it is unpeopled? No;*
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil[21] *sayings show:*
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows

[18] So in Nashe's *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "I would trot a *false gallop* through the rest of his ragged *verses*, but that, if I should retort the rime doggerel aright, I must make my verses (as he doth) run *hobbling*, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet."

[19] The medlar is one of the latest fruits, being uneatable till the end of November. Moreover, though the *latest* of fruits to *ripen*, it is one of the *earliest* to *rot*. Does Rosalind mean that when the tree is graffed with Touchstone, its fruit will rot earlier than ever?

[20] *For* was often used where we should use *because*.

[21] *Civil* is here used in the same sense as when we say, *civil* wisdom and *civil* life, in opposition to a solitary state.

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little[22] *show.*
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;[23]
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches[24] *dearest prized.*
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, *Have patience, good people!*

[22] *In little* means *in miniature.*

[23] The commentators have been a good deal puzzled to make out what this better part really was. It must have been that wherein Atalanta surpassed the other ladies mentioned. Now she seems to have been the nimblest-footed of all the ancient girls; so fleet, that she ran clean away from all her lovers, till one of them hit upon the device of throwing golden apples in her way. This would infer 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."

[24] *Touches* is *traits* or *qualities*, or both.

Cel. How now! back, friends: — shepherd, go off a little: — go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,[25] which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.[26]

[25] This romantic way of killing rats in Ireland is mentioned by Jonson and other writers of the time. So in the *Poetaster:* "Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats in drumming tunes."

[26] In Holland's Pliny, Shakespeare found that "two *hills* removed by an earthquake encountered together, charging as it were and with violence assaulting one another, and retiring again with a most mighty noise."

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping![27]

Ros. Good my complection,[28] dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery:[29] I pr'ythee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle, — either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your stomach.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

[27] To *whoop* or *hoop* is to cry out, to exclaim with astonishment. *Out of all cry* seems to have been a similar phrase for the expression of vehement admiration.

[28] "Good my complection" is merely a common inversion for "my good complection," like "good my lord," "dear my brother," "gentle my sister," &c. The phrase here means, no doubt, "my good wrapper-up of mystery"; as Celia has been tantalizing Rosalind "with half-told, half-withheld intelligence." *Complection* for *complicator*. For this explanation I am indebted to Mr. A. E. Brae. See Critical Notes.

[29] Here we have a tale of questions falling as thick as hail upon the devoted Celia. See how many things she is called upon to *discover;* and then say whether she has not incurred a laborious and vexatious duty by her *delay* in answering the first question. How plain it is that her *inch* of delay has cast her upon a *South Sea* — a vast and unexplored ocean — of discovery. The more Celia delays her revelation as to who the man is, the more she will have to reveal about him. Why? Because Rosalind fills up

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the Devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid.[30]

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?[31] What makes he here?[32] Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first:[33] 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

the delay (increases it, in fact) with fresh interrogatories, whereby Celia becomes lost in a South Sea of questions. — INGLEBY.

[30] Speak with a *serious* countenance, and as a true virgin.

[31] "How was he *dressed?*"

[32] "What *makes* he here?" is "What *is* he *doing* here?" or "What is his *business* here?" just as before, in the first scene, note 6.

[33] Gargantua is the name of a most gigantic giant in Rabelais, who forks five pilgrims, staves and all, into his mouth in a salad, and afterwards picks them out from between his teeth; not *swallows* them, as White says.

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies[34] as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla![35] to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.[36]

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. — Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[CELIA *and* ROSALIND *retire.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith,
I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake,
I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God b' wi' you! let's meet as little as we can.

[34] "An *atomie* is a mote flying in the sun. Any thing so small that it cannot be made less." Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616.

[35] This was a term by which the rider restrained and *stopped* his horse.

[36] A quibble between *hart* and *heart*, then spelt the same.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings? [37]

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,[38] from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels.[39] Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

[37] The meaning is, that goldsmiths' wives have given him the freedom of their husbands' shops, where he has committed to memory the mottoes inscribed on their rings and other jewels.

[38] To answer *right painted cloth* is to answer sententiously. *Painted cloth* was a species of hangings for the walls of rooms, which was cloth *painted* with various devices and mottoes. The verses, mottoes, and proverbial sentences on such cloths are often made the subject of allusion in old writers.

[39] The nimble-footedness of Atalanta has been referred to before, note 23.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit* JAQUES. CELIA *and* ROSALIND *come forward.*

Ros. [*Aside to* CELIA.] I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. — Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized:[40] if

[40] Hardly any thing is so apt to make a short journey *seem* long, as riding on a hard-trotting horse, however fast the horse may go. On the other hand,

the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for, though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.[41]

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed [42] a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his

to ride an ambling horse makes a long journey seem short, because the horse rides so easy. It were hardly needful to say this, but that some have lately proposed to invert the order of the nags in this case.

[41] *Kindled*, here, is altogether another word than our present verb *to kindle*. It is from *kind*, which, again, is from a word meaning *to bring forth*. The word has long been obsolete.

[42] *Removed* is *sequestered*, *solitary*, or *lonely*; without neighbours.

youth an inland man; one that knew courtship [43] too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming most monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian [44] of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not a prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, — which you have not; a blue eye [45] and sunken, — which you have not; an unquestionable

[43] *Courtship* is the practice of Courts; *courtliness*.

[44] *Quotidian* was the name of an intermittent fever, so called because the fits came on every day. In like manner, *tertian* and *quartan* were applied to those that came on once in three and once in four days.

[45] Not blue in our sense of the phrase; but with blueness *about* the eyes, such as to indicate hunger or dejection. Blue eyes were called *gray* in the Poet's time. See *The Tempest*, page 63, note 70.

spirit,[46] — which you have not; a beard neglected, — which you have not; — but I pardon you for that; for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: [47] — then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbotton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-devise [48] in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: [49] and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

[46] A reserved, unsociable spirit, the reverse of that in *Hamlet:* "Thou comest in such a *questionable* shape that I will speak to thee."

[47] Under the law of primogeniture, a younger brother's revenue was apt to be small. Orlando is too young for his *having* in beard to amount to much.

[48] That is, *precise, exact;* dressed with finical nicety.

[49] This shows how lunatics were apt to be treated in the Poet's time. But then lunacy was often counterfeited, as it still is, either as a cover to crime or as an occasion for charity.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish[50] youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely[51] monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver[52] as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. — Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

[50] As changeable as the Moon.

[51] *Merely*, here, is *entirely* or *absolutely*. The Poet often has it thus. And so *mere*, in a former scene: "Second childishness and *mere* oblivion."

[52] The *liver* was supposed to be the seat of the passions and affections, especially of *love* and *courage*. Shakespeare very often speaks of it so.

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: [1] I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you? [2]

[1] *Apace* is *quickly* or *fast.* — *Audrey* is a corruption of *Etheldreda;* the saint of that name being so styled in ancient calendars.

[2] In explanation of this passage, Mr. Joseph Crosby writes me as follows: "Mr. W. Wilkins, of Trinity College, Dublin, has recently pointed out that *feature* formerly meant a literary work, a poem, a drama, &c., just as we now call such a work *a composition;* being from the Latin verb *facere*, to *make.* Ben Jonson uses the word in this sense when he says of his creation, the play of *Volpone*, that two months before it was no *feature:*

> To this there needs no lie, but this his creature,
> Which was two months since no *feature;*
> And, though he dares give them five lives to mend it,
> 'Tis known, five weeks fully penn'd it.

Various other examples of the use of this word in the sense of a literary production have been discovered, even as far back as the time of Pliny, who, in the Preface to his *Natural History*, speaks of his work as 'libri nati apud me proxima *fetura*.'" Then, referring to the passage in the text, Mr. Crosby continues: "From the context we find that Touchstone calls himself 'a poet,' and is nettled because his verses 'cannot be understood,' and laments that the gods had not made his rustic adorer 'poetical.' Here, instead of asking, as the question is commonly supposed to signify, 'How does my intelligent countenance strike you now?' it is evident that, being a clown of brains and observation, he had been making love, as he had seen it done 'at Court,' by sending 'good Audrey' a poetical billet-doux; and his question means, 'How are you pleased with my love-ditty?' He tells us elsewhere that he 'could rhyme you eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted'; and no wonder he felt chagrined that his 'simple feature,' as he modestly terms his love-rhymes, was unregarded, and his 'good wit' thrown away, 'not being seconded with the forward child, understanding.' It was not his good looks that the clever and sharp-witted fellow was sensitive about: Audrey could have had no trouble to understand *them:* it was the non-appreciation of his gallant *poetical* 'feature' that

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.[3]

Jaq. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, — worse than Jove in a thatch'd house![4]

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.[5] — Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what *poetical* is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, it may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

disgusted him, and struck him 'more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.'"

[3] Shakespeare remembered that *caper* was Latin for goat, and thence chose this epithet. There is also a quibble between *goats* and *Goths*.

[4] We have already had *disputable* for *disputatious*, and *unexpressive* for *inexpressible*. So here we have *ill-inhabited* for *ill-inhabiting;* that is, *ill-lodged*. An old classical fable represents that Jupiter and Mercury were once overtaken by night in Phrygia, and were inhospitably excluded by all the people, till at last an old poor couple, named Philemon and Baucis, who lived in a *thatched house*, took them in, and gave them the best entertainment the house would afford. See page 79, note 6.

[5] Rabelais has a saying, that "there is only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that is between the calling for a reckoning and the paying it." A heavy bill for narrow quarters is apt to dash the spirits of tavern mirth. There is, as Singer remarks, "much humour in comparing the blank countenance of a disappointed poet or wit, whose effusions have not been comprehended, to that of the reveller who has to pay largely for his carousing."

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] A material Fool![6]

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.[7]

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But, be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end I have been with Sir[8] Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn'd beasts. But what though? Courage! Here comes Sir Oliver. —

[6] A *material Fool* is a Fool with matter in him. — *Honest* and *honesty* are here used for *chaste* and *chastity*. So in i. 2, of this play: "Those that she makes fair, she scarce makes *honest*; and those that she makes *honest*, she makes very ill-favoured."

[7] Audrey uses *foul* as opposed to *fair*; that is, for *plain*, *homely*. She has good authority for doing so. Thus in Thomas's *History of Italy*: "If the maiden be *fair*, she is soon had, and little money given with her; if she be *foul*, they advance her with a better portion."

[8] *Sir* was in common use as a clerical title in Shakespeare's time, and long before. He has several instances of it; as, *Sir* Hugh, the Welsh parson.

Enter Sir OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild[9] you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: — even a toy in hand here, sir: — nay, pray be cover'd.[10]

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,[11] sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

[9] That is, "God *yield* you"; an old phrase for "God *reward* you."

[10] Jaques is supposed to be standing with his hat off, out of deference to the present company. See *Hamlet*, page 218, note 24.

[11] His *yoke*, which, in ancient time, resembled a bow or branching horns.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey: we must be married. — Farewell, good Master Oliver: — not,

O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee; —

but,

Wend away; be gone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.[12]

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Forest. Before a Cottage.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's:[1] marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

[12] The ballad of "O sweet Oliver, leave me not behind thee," and the answer to it, are entered on the Stationers' books in 1584 and 1586. Touchstone says, I will sing, *not* that part of the ballad which says, "Leave me not behind thee"; *but* that which says, "Be gone, I say," probably part of the answer.

[1] Judas was represented in old paintings and tapestry, with red *hair* and *beard*. So in *The Insatiate Countess*: "I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*."

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of chaste lips of Diana: a nun of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but, for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster;[2] they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question[3] with him: he ask'd me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff

[2] So the ancient proverb, "At lovers' perjuries Jove laughs."

[3] *Question*, here, is *talk* or *conversation*. See *The Merchant*, page 164, note 20.

like a noble goose : [4] but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. — Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove :
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. —
Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say
I prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phebe :
Say that you love me not ; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck

[4] An allusion to tilting, where it was held disgraceful for a knight to break his lance *across* the body of his adversary, instead of by a push of the point. See *Much Ado*, page 111, note 12.

But first begs pardon : [1] will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops? [2]

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner :
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye :
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes — that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies —
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers !
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee :
Now counterfeit to swoon ; why, now fall down ;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers !
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee :
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure [3]
Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,

[1] It was customary for the executioner to kneel down and ask pardon of the victim, before striking him. — Here, again, *but begs* means *without begging*. See page 80, note 10.

[2] This is a phrase of frequent occurrence in old writers, and seems to have been a common *hysteron-proteron* for *to live and die*. Its meaning has been somewhat disputed. One explanation is, "subsist from the cradle to the grave"; another, "being constant to a thing to the end." I prefer the explanation given by Dr. Sebastian Evans to Dr. C. M. Ingleby: "It means of course, to *make the thing a matter of life and death*. The profession or calling of a man is that *by which he dies and lives ;* that is, by which he lives, and failing which he dies."

[3] *Cicatrice* is *scar*, or *skin-mark*. *Capable impressure* is *sensible impression*. So the Poet has *incapable* for *insensible* or *unconscious ; Hamlet*, iv. 4 : "As one incapable of her own distress."

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever — as that ever may be near —
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,[4]
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me; and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Coming forward.*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty, —
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed, —
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?[5]
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of Nature's sale-work:[6] — 'Od's my little life,[7]
I think she means to tangle my eyes too! —
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:

[4] The use of *fancy* for *love* is very frequent in Shakespeare.

[5] Rosalind knows that to tell Phebe she ought not to be proud because she has beauty, would but make her the prouder; she therefore tells her she ought not to be proud because she lacks it. The best way to take down people's pride often is, to assume that they cannot be so big fools as to think they have any thing to be proud of.

[6] Meaning, apparently, work made for the general market, and not to particular order or for any special purpose or purchaser.

[7] A petty oath; *'Od's* being a diminutive or disguise of *God's*.

'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship. —
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer[8] man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her. —
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear, —
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy;[9] love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.[10] —
So, take her to thee, shepherd: — fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger: — if it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. — Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:

[8] *Proper*, again, for handsome. See page 40, note 9.

[9] To *cry* one *mercy* is to *ask* his *pardon*. A frequent usage.

[10] *To be* is another instance of the infinitive used gerundively. So that the meaning is, the ugly are most ugly when they add further ugliness *by being* scoffers. See page 43, note 16.

Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by. —
Will you go, sister? — Shepherd, ply her hard. —
Come, sister. — Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.[11] —
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might, —
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?[12]

Sil. Sweet Phebe, —

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

[11] "If all men could see you, none but he could be so *deceived* as to think you beautiful." To *abuse* often has that sense.

[12] This line is from Marlowe's translation of *Hero and Leander*, which was not printed till 1598, though the author was killed in 1593. The poem was deservedly popular, and the words "dead shepherd" look as though Shakespeare remembered him with affection.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot[13] once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him:
'Tis but a peevish boy: — yet he talks well; —
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: — not very pretty: —
But, sure, 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 than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.[14]
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels[15] as I did, would have gone near

[13] *Churl*, *carle*, and *carlot* are all words of the same origin and meaning. The same person has already been described as "of a *churlish* disposition."

[14] Shakespeare has reference to the *red rose*, which is red all over alike, and the *damask rose*, in which various shades of colour are *mingled*.

[15] *In parcels* is *in detail;* part by part.

To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?[16]
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.[17]
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable

[16] That is, "What business had he to chide me?"

[17] *Quittance* is *acquittance*, *release*, or *discharge*. The saying appears to have been proverbial.

fellows, and betray themselves to every modern[1] censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; 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 politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;[2] nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples,[3] extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, on which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a Fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God b' wi' you, an you talk in blank-verse!

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable[4] all the benefits of your own

[1] *Modern*, again, for *common* or *ordinary*. See page 75, note 20. — *Extremity*, in the line before, is *excess* or *too much*.

[2] *Nice* here means *fastidious*, *dainty*, or *squeamish*. Repeatedly so.

[3] *Simples* is the old word for *herbs;* here it has the sense of *elements*.

[4] *Disable* in the sense of *disparage*, *detract from*, or *depreciate*.

country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.[5] [*Exit* JAQUES.] — Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail!

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for, though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head, — a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd[6] for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit;

[5] In Shakespeare's time, Venice was the common resort of travellers, as much as Paris is now. And of course all who went to Venice sailed or "swam in a gondola."

[6] This use of to *gravel* probably sprang from horses being lamed, as they sometimes are, by getting gravel-stones into their hoofs.

and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney.[7] The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer-night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was — Hero of Sestos.[8] But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest,[9] her frown might kill me.

[7] That is, by *deputy* or *substitute*. A man's *attorney* is one who represents him or stands for him in his cause.

[8] Found, brought in, a verdict of drowned himself for love of Hero. The report of the old chroniclers or historians is *implicitly* compared to the finding of a coroner's inquest.

[9] *Protest*, both verb and noun, is used for a strong affirmation.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition ;[10] and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing? —Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.— Give me your hand, Orlando. — What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, *Will you, Orlando,*—

Cel. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now ; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, *I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission ;[11] but, — I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband : — there's a girl goes before the priest ;[12] and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts ; they are wing'd.

[10] A disposition more facile, ready, and encouraging.

[11] That is, your *authority* to perform the marriage ceremony.

[12] Goes faster than the priest, gets ahead of him in the service; alluding to her anticipating what should be said first by Celia.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they're wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain;[13] and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry: I will laugh like a hyen,[14] and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors[15] upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, *Wit, whither wilt?*[16]

Ros. You shall never take her without her answer, unless

[13] Figures, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So in *The City Match*: "Now could I cry like any image in a fountain, which runs lamentations." Such an image of Diana, "with water *prilling* from her naked breast," was set up at the cross in Cheapside in 1596, according to Stowe.

[14] The bark of the hyæna was thought to resemble a loud laugh.

[15] *Bar* the doors, make them *fast*.

[16] "Wit, whither wilt?" is an old proverbial saying often met with in the early English writers.

you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,[17] let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways: I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, — come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical[18] break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit* ORLANDO.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head,

[17] This, if it be the right text, must mean "represent or make out that her husband was the occasion of her fault." See Critical Notes.

[18] *Pathetical* sometimes had the sense of *impassioned*. Rosalind seems to be using it playfully, or with mock-seriousness.

and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.[19]

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked son of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow,[20] and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter JAQUES *and* Lords *in the habit of Foresters, with a dead deer.*

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. — Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

[19] Referring to the old proverb, "'Tis an ill bird that fouls her own nest."

[20] *Shadow* for *shade or shady place.* So in *The Tempest*, iv. 1: "And thy brown groves, whose *shadow* the dismissèd bachelor loves."

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

2 Lord. *What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*
His leather skin, and horns to wear.

[They sing him home, the rest bearing this burden.]

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn:
It was a crest ere thou wast born;
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much[1] Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth — to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth:
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: [*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action

[1] *Much* is used ironically here; as we still say, "A good deal you will," meaning "No you won't."

Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? — Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter.
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes:

[Reads.] *Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd? —

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [Reads.]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart? —

Did you ever hear such railing? —

[Reads.] *Whiles the eye of man did woo me,*
That could do no vengeance to me. —

Meaning me a beast. —

[Reads.] *If the scorn of your bright eyne*
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How, then, might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;[2]
Whether that thy youth and kind[3]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

[2] "Seal up your answer, and send it back by him."

[3] *Kind*, again, in its radical sense of *nature*. See page 59, note 10.

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. — Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, — for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, — and say this to her: That, if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: *The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, but bestows himself[4]
Like a right forester; the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owners of the house I did inquire 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 Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin;[5] — are you he?

[4] "*Bestows* himself" is *bears* himself, *behaves*, or *appears*.

[5] *Napkin* and *handkerchief* were often used interchangeably.

Ros. 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 last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,[6]
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.[7]

[6] To *chew the cud* was a common phrase, meaning to *ruminate*, or *revolve in the mind*. — The epithets *sweet* and *bitter* are in accordance with the old custom of describing love by contraries; and we have many instances of *fancy* used for *love*.

[7] The bringing lions, serpents, palm-trees, rustic shepherds, and banished noblemen together in the Forest of Arden, is a strange piece of geographical license, which the critics have not failed to notice. I suspect the Poet knew

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render [8] him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando: Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling [9]
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescued?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive 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 tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin? —

Oli. By-and-by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As, how I came into that desert place; —
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,

well enough what he was about. The matter, however, was taken from Lodge's tale.

[8] *Render* here means *report* or *represent*. The Poet has it repeatedly in this sense, or in senses near akin to this.

[9] That is, jostling or clashing encounter. In *Julius Cæsar* we have "The noise of battle *hurtled* in the air."

Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself; and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up 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 give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

[ROSALIND *faints.*

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. — Cousin! — Ganymede![10]

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither. — I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited![11] I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. — Heigh-ho!

[10] In her sudden fright, Celia is betrayed out of her assumed character, and calls out "Cousin," then instantaneously corrects herself, lest she should start some suspicion as to what she or Rosalind is.

[11] Rosalind is afraid of being discovered; that her fainting will betray her; and in her anxiety to keep up the show of a saucy, mannish youth, perhaps she slightly overacts the part in this instance.

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do; but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. — Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. — Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my

troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.[1]

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even,[2] William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd.[3] How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God; — a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so-so.

Touch. So-so is good, very good, very excellent good: — and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, *The fool doth think he is wise; but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

[1] "Cannot *restrain* or *hold in* our wits."

[2] "God *give* you good even;" the original salutation in the process of abbreviation into "good even," or "good evening."

[3] William is standing with his hat off, in token of respect.

Touch. Then learn this of me: To have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon — which is in the vulgar leave — the society — which in the boorish is company — of this female, — which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction;[4] I will o'er-run thee with policy;[5] I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry,[6] sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey. — I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

[4] "Fight against thee with conspiracies."

[5] "Circumvent thee with cunning;" the art of politicians.

[6] "God *keep* you merry," or "*let* you *continue* merry."

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

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, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Roland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: thither will I invite the Duke, and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.[1] [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

[1] Oliver has before this learnt from Celia the whole secret of who Ganymede and Aliena are. Hence he calls Rosalind "sister" here, well knowing that Orlando will understand him as referring to the character she is sustaining in her masked courtship.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: — nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical[2] brag of — *I came, saw, and overcame:* for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, 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 stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent:[3] they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.[4]

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

[2] *Thrasonical* is from *Thraso*, the name of a bragging, vain-glorious soldier in one of Terence's comedies. — The famous dispatch, *veni, vidi, vici*, which Julius Cæsar was *alleged* to have sent to Rome, announcing his great and swift victory in the battle of Zela in Pontus, is the matter referred to.

[3] *Incontinent* here signifies *immediately*, without any stay.

[4] It was a common custom in Shakespeare's time, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out, "clubs, clubs," to part the combatants. It was the popular cry to call forth the London apprentices. So, in *The Renegado*, i. 3: "If he were in London among the *clubs*, up went his heels for striking of a prentice." The matter is well set forth in Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*.

Ros. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, — for now I speak to some purpose, — that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: [5] I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable.[6] If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is,[7] and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meaning?

Ros. By my life, I do; which, I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician.[8] Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for, if you will be married to-morow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

[5] *Conceit* was used of all the forms of mental action, and always in a good sense. Here it means *sense, judgment*, or *understanding*. *Wit*, also, was used in a similar largeness of meaning.

[6] In Shakespeare's time, the practice of magic was held to be criminal, or *damnable*, and was punishable with death. Rosalind means that her preceptor, though a magician, used magic only for honest and charitable ends; such a pure and benevolent magician, perhaps, as the Poet shows us in Prospero.

[7] That is, Rosalind her very self, and not a mere *phantom* of her, conjured up by magic rites, such as it was dangerous to practise.

[8] She alludes to the danger in which her avowal of practising magic had it been serious, would have involved her.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.
Ros. I care not, if I have; it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.
Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And I for Ganymede.
Orl. And I for Rosalind.
Ros. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all endurance;
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.
Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.
Ros. And so am I for no woman.
Phe. [*To* Ros.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?[9]

[9] "*For loving* you." Still another gerundial infinitive.

Sil. [*To* PHE.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, *Why blame you me to love you?*

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the Moon.[10] — [*To* SIL.] I will help you, if I can: — [*To* PHE.] I would love you, if I could. — To-morrow meet me all together. — [*To* PHE.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: — [*To* ORL.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfy man, and you shall be married to-morrow: — [*To* SIL.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. — [*To* ORL.] As you love Rosalind, meet: — [*To* SIL.] As you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. — So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

[10] This howling was probably rather monotonous and dismal. So in Lodge's tale: "I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moon." Wolves held their ground in Ireland until a recent period. In Spenser's *View of the State of Ireland*, 1596, we have the following: "Also the Scythians said, that they were once every year turned into wolves, and so is it written of the Irish: though Mr. Camden in a better sense doth suppose it was a disease, called Lycanthropia, so named of the wolf."

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful 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 the world.[1] Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly,[2] without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are only the prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I'faith, i'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,[3]

[1] "To be a woman of the world" was to be a *married* woman, as opposed to being a woman of the *Church*, which implied a vow of perpetual celibacy. So we have the phrase of "going to the world," for getting married, in contradistinction to becoming a monk or a nun. See *Much Ado*, page 51, note 29.

[2] "Shall we *strike* into it *directly?*" *Round*, in the sense of *downright* or *straightforward*, occurs very often.

[3] Coverdale, in the Preface to his *Holy Psalms*, speaks of 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, Elkanah's wife, Debora, and Mary the mother of Christ, have sung before them, they should be better occupied than with *hey nony nony*, *hey troly loly*, and such like phantasies."

That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,[4]
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country-folks would lie
In spring-time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring-time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crownèd with the prime
In spring-time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter [5] in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b' wi' [6] you; and God mend your voices! — Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

[4] *Ring-time* is time of marriage, or of making love; probably so called from the use of rings in the plighting of troth.

[5] *Matter* here stands, apparently, for *sense* or *meaning*.

[6] *God b' wi' you* is an old contraction of *God be with you*, which was used a good deal in Shakespeare's time, and has occurred twice before in this play; on page 88 and page 108. The phrase has been still further contracted into *good bye*.

SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promisèd?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear to hope, and know they fear.[1]

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compáct is urged. —
[*To the* DUKE.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. [*To* ORLANDO.] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. [*To* PHEBE.] You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [*To* SILVIUS.] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I've promised to make all this matter even.

[1] The meaning appears to be, "As those that fear lest 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?

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter; —
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: —
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd: —
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: — and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter: [2]
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscurèd in the circle of this forest.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all! [3]

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my pur-

[2] This aptly shows the danger Rosalind has been in, of being discovered notwithstanding her disguise. Doubtless, we have all found how one face will sometimes remind us of another by tricks of association too subtle for our tracing; so that we seem at the same time to know and not to know the stranger.

[3] Touchstone is humorously affecting the stately manners and language of the Court.

gation.[4] I have trod a measure; [5] I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; [6] I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up? [7]

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the Seventh Cause.[8]

Jaq. How, the Seventh Cause? — Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like.[9] I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds and

[4] "Put me under oath, make me swear to the truth of the matter." People were often called upon or permitted to *purge*, that is, *clear* themselves of imputed guilt by thus affirming their innocence under oath. Sometimes a man got others to swear with him, who were called *compurgators*. See page 49, note 4.

[5] The *measure* was a grave, solemn dance, with a slow and measured step, somewhat like a *minuet*, and therefore well comporting with the dignity of the Court. See *Much Ado*, page 42, note 5.

[6] *Smooth* was often used in the sense of *flattery*. So in *Richard III.*, i. 3: "I cannot flatter, and speak fair, smile in men's faces, *smooth*, deceive, and cog." Touchstone means to imply, that to use sharp practice on one's friend, to cajole and beguile one's enemy, and to bankrupt one's tailors by running up huge accounts and leaving them unpaid, are characteristics of Courts and courtiers.

[7] *Taken up* is *made up*; that is, *composed, settled.*

[8] This means, apparently, that the quarrel had proceeded *through* six degrees from the original ground or starting-point, and so had come *to* the seventh degree, the "Lie Direct" where nothing but an *if* could save the parties from the necessity of fighting it out. In *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4, Tybalt is described as "a gentleman of the very first house, — of the *first* and *second cause*"; that is, one who will fight on the slightest provocation.

[9] This mode of speech was common. See *The Merchant*, page 177. note 54. — "God *'ild* you" is "God *reward* you." See page 98, note 9.

blood breaks.[10] A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own;[11] a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.[12]

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt,[13] sir, and such dulcet diseases.[14]

Jaq. But, for the Seventh Cause; how did you find the quarrel on the Seventh Cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—bear your body more seeming,[15] Audrey;—as thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is call'd the Quip Modest. If again, it

[10] *Blood* was much used for *passion* or *impulse*. The meaning seems to be, that his being forsworn will depend on which of the two proves the strongest, his fidelity to his marriage-vows, or the temptations of his blood. Such is Heath's interpretation.

[11] Touchstone here just hits the very pith of the matter. It is by such strokes as this that the Poet keeps the man, Fool though he be, bound up fresh and warm with our human sympathies. Celia gives the key-note of his real inside character, when she says, i. 3, "He'll go along o'er the wide world with me."

[12] The personal pronouns were often used thus in an indefinite sense, for *any* or *a*. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 7: "*Your* fat king and *your* lean beggar is but variable service," &c.

[13] The *bolt* was a short, thick, blunt arrow, for shooting near objects, and requiring little practice or skill. There was an old proverb, "A fool's bolt is soon shot." In the line before, *swift* is *quick-witted*, and *sententious* is *full of pithy sayings*.

[14] The sense of this probably lies in the circumstance of its being meant for *nonsense;* perhaps for what Barrow calls "acute nonsense."

[15] In a more *seemly* or more *becoming* manner.

was not well cut, he disabled[16] my judgment: this is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spak not true: this is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lied: this is call'd the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners:[17] I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too with an *if*. I knew when seven jus-

[16] *Disabled*, again, for *disqualified* or *disparaged*. See page 83, note 4.

[17] The book alluded to is entitled, "Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels, by Vincentio Saviolo," 1594. The first part of which is "A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the *Duello* and the Combat in divers Forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of Honour, and the right *Understanding of Words*, which here is set down." The eight following chapters are on the Lie and its various circumstances, much in the order of Touchstone's enumeration; and in the chapter of Conditional Lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, "Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these words: '*if* thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or *if* thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie.'"

tices could not take up a quarrel; but, when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as, *If you said so, then I said so;* and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *if*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a Fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,[18] and, under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Still music. Enter HYMEN,[19] *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes; and* CELIA.

Hym. Then is there mirth in Heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.[20] —
Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from Heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [*To the* DUKE.] To you I give myself, for I am yours. —

[*To* ORLANDO.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in shape, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then, — my love adieu!

[18] A stalking-horse was a piece of stretched cloth or canvas, with a horse painted on it, which the fowler carried before him to deceive the game. See *Much Ado*, page 60, note 7.

[19] 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.

[20] *Accord*, or *agree* together. This is the old sense of the phrase.

Ros. [*To the* DUKE.] I'll have no father, if you be not he: —
[*To* ORLANDO.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he: —
[*To* PHEBE.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.[21] —
[*To* ORL. *and* ROS.] You and you no cross shall part: —
[*To* OLI. *and* CEL.] You and you are heart in heart: —
[*To* PHEBE.] You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord: —
[*To* TOUCH. *and* AUD.] You and you are sure together,
As the Winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;[22]
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessèd bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honouréd:
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,

[21] Meaning, apparently, if there be truth in truth itself.

[22] *Questioning* for *conversing* or *conversation*. So *question* has occurred before. See page 100, note 3.

Even daughter-welcome,[23] in no less degree !

Phe. [*To* SIL.] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two :
I am the second son of old Sir Roland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly :
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd[24] a mighty power ; which were on foot,
In his own conduct,[25] purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword :
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question[26] with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world ;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man ;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :
To one, his lands withheld ; and to the other,[27]
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

[23] That is, as welcome as a daughter.

[24] Here, as usual, *address'd* is *prepared* or *made ready.*

[25] "In his own *conduct*" is under his own leading or command.

[26] *Question*, again, for *conversation* or *talk.* See note 22.

[27] The *one* is Oliver, whose lands had been seized by Frederick ; *the other* is Orlando, who with Rosalind is to inherit the dukedom, she being the old Duke's only child. The sense of *offer'st* is continued through these two lines.

First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And, after, every of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd[28] days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returnèd fortune,
According to the measure of their states.[29]
Meantime forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry. —
Play, music! — and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. — If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,[30]
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites[31]
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd. —
[*To the* DUKE.] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it: —
[*To* ORL.] You to a love that your true faith doth merit: —
[*To* OLI.] You to your land, and love, and great allies: —
[*To* SIL.] You to a long and well-deservèd bed: —
[*To* TOUCH.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd. — So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing-measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

[28] *Shrewd* is *sharp, piercing*, and was formerly applied as variously as *keen* is now. So in *Hamlet:* "The air bites *shrewdly*."

[29] *States* for *estates*. The two words were used interchangeably.

[30] That is, put on a monk's or hermit's dress, the badge of a religious life. So, before, "an old *religious* man," meaning a member of a religious order. — *Pompous*, next line, is *ceremonious*, full of pomp.

[31] *Convertites* for *converts*. So in Cotgrave's *French Dictionary:* "Convers: A convertite; one that hath turned to the Faith; or is won unto religious profession; or hath abandoned a loose to follow a godly, a vicious to lead a virtuous life."

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,[32] 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,) that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman,[33] I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me,[34] and breaths that I defied not:[35] and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[32] It was formerly the general custom in England to hang a *bush of ivy* at the door of a vintner: there was a classical propriety in this; *ivy* being sacred to Bacchus.

[33] The parts of women were performed by men or boys in Shakespeare's time. The English stage had no *actresses* till after 1660.

[34] The Poet often uses *like* in the sense of *please*; a common usage.

[35] To *defy*, in old English, is to *renounce*, to *repudiate*, or *abjure*. The Poet has it repeatedly in that sense. See *The Merchant*, page 159, note 7.

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 29. *As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,* — he *bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing,* &c. — The original prints "it was upon this fashion bequeathed me," &c.; thus leaving *charged* without any subject, and *his* without any antecedent. Doubtless the pronoun *he* dropped out in the printing or the transcribing. A little further on, Orlando says to Oliver, "*My father charged you in his will* to give me good education." Ritson's correction.

P. 31. *What* prodigal's *portion have I spent?* — The original has "What *prodigall* portion." Seymour's correction.

P. 33. Cha. *Good morrow to your Worship.*

Oli. *Good* morrow, *Monsieur Charles. What's the new news at the new Court?* — So Walker. The original has "*Oli.* Good Mounsier Charles: what's the new newes," &c. The salutation of Charles, "Good *morrow*," renders it all but certain that *morrow* was left out of Oliver's reply by mistake.

P. 33. *There's no news at the* new *Court, sir, but the old news.* — So Lettsom, and with evident propriety. The old text omits *new* before *Court.*

P. 34. Oli. *Can you tell if Rosalind, the* old *Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?*

Cha. *O, no; for the* new *Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,* &c. — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The original lacks the words *old* and *new* before *Duke's.*

P. 35. I tell *thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France;* &c. — The folio reads "*Ile* tell thee," &c.

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 36. *I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet* I *were merrier?* — The third *I* is wanting in the original. Inserted by Rowe.

P. 38. *Those that she makes honest, she makes very* ill-favoured. — The original has "very *illfavouredly*."

P. 38. *Indeed,* then *is Fortune too hard for Nature, when she makes,* &c. — So Dyce. The old text reads "Indeed, *there* is Fortune," &c.

P. 40. Le Beau. — *three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence, with bills on their necks,* —

Ros. Be it known unto all men by these presents. — In the original the words, "with bills on their necks," begin Rosalind's speech. Farmer assigned them to Le Beau; and it is plain enough that giving them to Rosalind quite defeats the humour of the passage. See foot-note 10.

P. 41. *But is there any else longs to* feel *this broken music in his sides?* — Instead of *feel*, the original has *see*, which some would change to *set*. Walker notes upon the passage, — "*Feel*, surely; and so Johnson conjectures."

P. 42. *There is such odds in the* men. — So Hanmer. The original has "such odds in the *man*"; which is not English, and never was, though some recent editors have tried hard to defend it.

P. 42. Le Beau. *Monsieur the challenger, the* Princesses call *for you.*

Orl. *I attend* them *with all respect and duty.* — So Theobald. The original has *Princess calls.* The plural *them* in Orlando's

reply shows Theobald's reading to be probably right. It is true, only one of the ladies, Celia, has expressly called for him; but she is understood to speak for them both; and the Duke has just said, "Speak to him, ladies." The objections that have been urged against the change seem to me decidedly *martinetish*.

P. 43. *If you saw yourself with* our *eyes, or knew yourself with* our *judgment, the fear of your adventure would*, &c. — So Hanmer, Walker, and Collier's second folio. The original reads "with *your* eyes," and "with *your* judgment." Perhaps this is one of the many instances of words repeated by mistake from contextual nearness, as "*your* adventure." Still I am not sure but the old text may be right. Heath explains it thus: "If you would give credit to the faithful report of your own eyes, and to the cool dictates of your judgment, rather than suffer yourself to be seduced by the bold spirits of your youth." But this may be drawing the matter something too fine.

P. 43. *I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts. I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing: but let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd*, &c. — The original reads "with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me," &c. This *wherein* evidently has no coherence with the context. Johnson thought it should be *therein;* and Dyce, following Mason, prints *herein;* but I cannot see that either of these changes helps the matter at all. The word is simply in the way; and I have hardly any doubt that this is an instance of a mistake and the correction printed together. — Since the above was written, I find that Mr. Spedding proposes the same reading.

P. 44. An *you mean to mock me after, you should not have mock'd me before.* — The original omits *An*. Mason proposed "*If* you mean," &c.; which gives the same sense. Theobald thought we ought to read "*An* you mean"; and the Cambridge Editors say the same reading occurred to them before they knew of either conjecture.

P. 45. *If you do keep your promises in love,*

But justly, as you have exceeded promise, &c. — The old text reads "have exceeded *all* promise," which upsets the metre to no pur-

pose. Hanmer printed "as *you've here* exceeded promise," and Walker proposed "*excell'd all* promise." The reading in the text is Capell's.

P. 47. *But yet, indeed, the* shorter *is his daughter.* — Instead of *shorter*, the original has *taller*, which cannot be right; as Rosalind says, in the next scene, "Because that I am something *more than common tall.*" Malone substituted *smaller*, which has commonly been received in preference to Rowe's *shorter*, which is also found in Collier's second folio. Walker suspects *taller* to be "a slip of Shakespeare's pen"; and adds, "The word he had in his thoughts was probably *shorter*, not *smaller*, which in this sense belongs to later English."

Act I., Scene 3.

P. 48. Cel. *But is all this for your father?*

Ros. *No, some of it is for my* father's child. — So Rowe, Coleridge, and Collier's second folio. The original has "my *child's father*," which Singer retains, noting that "Rosalind playfully means no more than my future husband." Still I think Coleridge's objection is good, that by the old reading "a most indelicate anticipation is put into the mouth of Rosalind without reason."

P. 51. *No? hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love*
Which teacheth me *that thou and I* are *one.* — So Theobald. The original reads "Which teacheth *thee* that thou and I *am* one."

P. 51. *And do not seek to take* the charge *upon you*
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out. — So Singer, followed by White and Dyce. The first folio has "take *your change*," the second, "take *your charge*." The old contractions of *the* and *your* were often confounded.

Act II., Scene 2.

P. 53. *Here feel we* not *the penalty of Adam.*
The seasons' difference, and *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, &c. — In the first of these lines, Theobald changed *not* into *but*, and has been followed by a number of editors. This puts "seasons' difference" in apposition with "penalty of Adam." To be sure, the change of seasons was of old thought to be a consequence of the Fall; but I believe it was never thought to be the special penalty denounced upon Adam: this penalty was, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." It is also true that this curse was held to be laid upon Adam as head and representative of the race, and that the great bulk of mankind have ever been subject to it; yet, in matter of fact, there have always been some individual exceptions, as the Duke and his co-mates are in their exile. This, I think, is enough to render the propriety of Theobald's change highly questionable, to say the least. See foot-note 1. It is but fair to add that the original has a (,) after *Adam;* but, in correcting many thousand pages of proof, I have found hardly any error oftener than that of a (,) for a (.). — In the second line, on the other hand, the original reads "The seasons difference, *as* the Icie phange." Here *as* can only be taken as equivalent to *as, for instance;* and so it is indeed often used. But I think the logic of the passage fairly requires the sense of "seasons' difference" and of "icy fang" to be cumulative. Collier's second folio changes *as* to *or;* and Staunton proposes, very plausibly, to substitute *at*, as also *yet* for *not*, thus:

> Here feel we *yet* the penalty of Adam,
> The seasons' difference: *At* the icy fang, &c.

P. 54. *Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:*
I would not change it. — In the old text, the words, "I would not change it" stand as a part of the next speech. Upton proposed the change; and Dyce notes upon it thus: "It seems strange that no one before Upton should have seen that they *must* belong to the Duke, and still stranger that, after the error was once pointed out, any editor should persist in retaining it." Pretty strong, but, I suspect, about right.

P. 55. Poor deer, *quoth he*, thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more

To that which *hath* too *much : then, being alone,*

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ; &c. — In the third of these lines, the original reads "that which *had* too *must*," and "then being *there* alone." Also in the last line, the original has "his velvet *friend*." The several corrections have been made by different hands.

Act II., Scene 2.

P. 57. *Send to his* brother's ; *fetch that gallant hither.* — The original has *brother* instead of *brother's*. As *gallant* clearly refers to Orlando, and as the order is to send to Oliver's house, *brother's* is unquestionably right. Mason's correction.

P. 57. *And let not search and inquisition* quail

To bring again these foolish runaways. — It is straining rather hard on the old sense of *quail*, to make it fit the context here. Lettsom thinks it ought to be *fail*.

Act II., Scene 3.

P. 58. *Why would you be so fond to overcome*

The bony *priser of the humorous Duke?* — The original reads "The *bonnie* priser." White retains *bonnie*, taking it "in the sense in which the Scotch use *braw*." I can see no likelihood that Shakespeare would have used the word in that sense ; while *bony* gives the sense of *strength*, and accords well with the epithet *sinewy* which is applied to Charles in the preceding scene. Warburton's correction.

P. 60. *From* seventeen *years till now almost fourscore*

Here lived I. — "From *seventie* years" in the original. A very palpable misprint. Corrected by Rowe.

Act II., Scene 4.

P. 61. Ros. *O Jupiter, how* weary *are my spirits!*

Touch. *I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.* — The original has "how *merry* are my spirits!" which some editors retain, as if the occurrence of *weary* in Touchstone's reply were not enough to correct it.

P. 61. *I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.* — So the second folio; the first, "I *cannot* go no further." In scene 6 Adam says, "Dear master, I can go no further."

P. 62. *Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,*
Wearying *thy bearer in thy mistress' praise.* — Instead of *Wearying*, the original has *Wearing*. Corrected in the second folio.

P. 62. *Alas, poor shepherd! searching of* thy wound. — The first folio has "searching of *they would*"; the second, "searching of *their* wound." Corrected by Rowe.

P. 64. *I will your very faithful* factor *be,*
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. — The original has "faithful *feeder* be." But, surely, *feeder* has no fitness to signify any part of the process of buying the farm, while *factor* fits the place exactly, meaning *agent*, of course. The correction is Walker's.

Act II., Scene 5.

P. 65. *And* tune *his merry note.* — The original has *turne* instead of *tune*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 67. Ducadme, ducadme, ducadme. — The original has "*Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame*"; but, as the sense of *duc ad me* was evidently intended, and as there was no conceivable reason for transposing the letters *ad* into *da*, I concur with White in thinking the transposition to have been accidental. Hanmer prints "*duc ad me.*"

Act II., Scene 7.

P. 71. *He that a Fool doth very wisely hit*
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to *seem senseless of the bob: if not,*
The wise man's folly is anatomized, &c. — So Theobald, and most of the editors since his time; the words *Not to*, in the third line, being omitted in the original. Collier's second folio reads "*But to*

seem senseless"; which reading, to my surprise, is preferred to Theobald's by White and Dyce. I cannot imagine what meaning they attach to *senseless*, that they should stick in such preference. Perhaps they would avoid the repetition of *not* in the same line; but, in doing so, they quite overthrow, as it seems to me, the sense of the passage. For *senseless of* means the same, I take it, as *insensible to*. And the meaning clearly is, that he who feels himself hit must seem not to feel it; and if he does not so seem, he simply exposes himself. — Perhaps I ought to add, that Dr. Ingleby sustains the old text; but his argument seems to me the *ne plus ultra* of overstrained refinement; running clean away from common sense in quest of a meaning that no theatrical audience would ever begin to apprehend.

P. 71. *Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,*
Till that the wearer's *very means do ebb?* — Instead of *wearer's*, the original has *wearie*, which was a standing puzzle to the editors, till Singer hit upon the very happy correction.

P. 72. Where *then? how then? what then?* let's *see wherein*
My tongue hath wrong'd him. — So Lettsom. The original reads "*There* then, how then, what then, *let me* see wherein," &c. Malone, also, proposed to substitute *Where* for *There;* and the contraction of *let me* into *let's* is of course made for metre's sake.

P. 73. *I almost die for food;* so *let me have it.* — Instead of *so*, the old text has *and;* which, as Lettsom judged, was probably "an error caused by *and* occurring twice in the next line." Dyce proposed *so*.

P. 74. *And one man in his time plays many parts,*
His acts being seven ages. As, *first the infant,*
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And *then the whining schoolboy*, &c. — Instead of "*As*, first," the old text has "*At* first." Corrected by Walker. *As*, here, has the force of *to wit* or *namely;* a frequent usage. — In the fourth line, the original is without *And*, which was supplied by Rowe for obvious reasons. — Further on in the same speech the old text has "Then *a* soldier" instead of "Then *the* soldier"; a change made by Dyce at the suggestion of Mr. Robson. The expressions "*the* infant," "*the* schoolboy," "*the* lover," "*the* justice," &c., clearly approve it.

P. 76. *Thy tooth is not so keen*

Because thou art foreseen. — The original reads "Because thou art *not seen*"; which is to me utterly unintelligible, or rather meaningless, and which is proved to be wrong by the many strained attempts at explanation. Various changes have been proposed; that in the text is Staunton's, and is far the best.

P. 77. *If that you* are *the good Sir Roland's son,* —

As you have whisper'd faithfully you are. — The original has *were — were*, instead of *are — are*. The change was suggested by Dyce, and is also proposed by Mr. P. A. Daniel. It occurred to me also before I knew of its having been proposed.

ACT III., SCENE 1.

P. 77. *Not* seen *him since?* — So Collier's second folio and Singer. The old copies, "Not *see* him since?"

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 80. *Not a whit,* Master *Touchstone.* — So Capell; in accordance with Corin's first speech in this scene: "And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?" The old text omits *Master*. As Dyce remarks, the letter *M.*, which often stood for *Master*, "might easily be omitted."

P. 82. *Let no face be kept in mind*

But the face *of Rosalind.* — So Rowe, followed by Dyce. The original reads "But the *faire* of Rosalind."

P. 82. *It is the right butter-woman's* rack *to market.* — Instead of *rack*, the original has *rank*, which is certainly wrong. Hanmer substitutes *rate*, but Crosby's *rack* is much better. See foot-note 17.

P. 83. *Then will it* bear *the earliest fruit i' the country.* — The original reads "Then will it *be* the earliest fruit." Lettsom says, "Read *bear*; for *it* refers to the tree that is to be graffed." Right, clearly.

P. 83. *Why should this* a *desert be.* — Here *a* is wanting in the old text, and was supplied by Rowe.

P. 84. *O most gentle* pulpiter! *what tedious homily of love have you*, &c. — The original has *Jupiter* instead of *pulpiter*. Corrected by Mr. Spedding, and in the Cambridge Shakespeare. The word *homily* abundantly approves the correction.

P. 86. *Good my* complection, *dost thou think*, &c. — So the word is spelt in the original, but is generally changed in modern editions to *complexion*, which gives a very different sense, if indeed it can be fairly explained to any sense at all. The meaning is, "My good *complicator*." Heath notes upon the passage thus: "I am inclinable to imagine that the Poet may possibly have written 'Good my *coz perplexer*,' that is, I pr'ythee, my perplexing coz." See foot-note 28.

P. 88. *It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops* such *fruit.* — The first folio reads "drops *forth* fruit"; the second, "drops *forth such* fruit." I agree with Singer that *forth* was most probably a misprint for *such*. Corrected by Capell.

P. 88. *Cry, holla! to* thy *tongue, I pr'ythee.* — The old text has "to *the* tongue." An erratum hardly worth noting.

P. 88. *God* b' wi' *you! let's meet as little as we can.* — Here and in many other places the old text prints "God *buy* you." Also in iv. 1, of this play: "Nay, then, God *buy* you, an you talk in blank-verse." And in v. 3: "God *buy* you; and God mend your voices." Of course it is the old contraction of "God *be with* you," which has been still further shortened into *good bye*. I marvel that our modern sticklers for archaic forms and archaic spelling, who make so much of retaining the old possessive *it*, and of printing *it's*, wherever it occurs, for *its*, — I marvel that they so generally ignore this archaism. Standing on such points, where nothing either of sense or of metre or of rhyme is involved, seems to me indeed sheer pedantry, or affectation, or something worse; still I think consistency may be worth something.

P. 92. *Every one fault seeming* most *monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match* it. — So Walker. The original is without *most*, which seems fairly needful to the sense ; and Walker points out a large number of like omissions under the heading "Omissions in consequence of Absorption."

P. 94. *I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a* loving *humour of madness.* — The original reads "to a *living* humour of madness." Johnson proposed *loving* as required for the antithesis clearly intended. Walker says, "Of course, *loving*."

Act III., Scene 3.

P. 96. *And what they swear in poetry*, it *may be said, as lovers, they do feign.* — So Mason and Collier's second folio. The original omits *it*.

P. 97. *No assembly but* horn'd beasts. — The old text has *horne-beasts*. The correction is Walker's, who cites a multitude of cases in which "final *d* and final *e*" have evidently been confounded.

Act III., Scene 4.

P. 100. *He hath bought a pair of* chaste *lips of Diana : a nun of Winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them.* — So the second folio. The first has "a paire of *cast* lips." I marvel that the editors should so generally have retained *cast*, with the word *chastity* before them in the same sentence.

P. 100. *They are both the* confirmers *of false reckonings.* — The original has *confirmer* instead of *confirmers*. Hardly worth noting, perhaps. Corrected by Pope.

P. 100. *As a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose.* — I do not well understand this *noble goose*. Hanmer printed "a *nose-quill'd* goose," which I understand still less. Singer prints "like a *notable* goose," which I more than suspect to be right.

P. 101. *Bring us to* see *this sight, and you shall say*

I prove a busy actor in their play. — The original wants *see*, which was proposed by Jervis. And rightly, no doubt; for it is incredible that the Poet would have left such a gap in one line of a rhyming couplet. — The old text also begins the second line with "*Ile* prove."

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 102. *The cicatrice and* capable *impressure*

Thy palm some moment keeps. — Singer and Collier's second folio change *capable* to *palpable;* perhaps rightly. See foot-note 3. — In the preceding line, the old text omits *but;* an error which the metre naturally corrects.

P. 103. *That you insult, exult, and* all *at once.* — It has been asked what "*all at once*" can possibly mean here; and Singer follows Warburton in substituting *rail* for *all*. But Staunton shows that *all at once* was in common use as a sort of expletive phrase. So in *The Fisherman's Tale*, 1594: "She wept, she cride, she sob'd, and *all at once.*" Also in Middleton's *Changeling*, iv. 3: "Does love turn fool, run mad, and *all at once?*" And in *King Henry V.*, i. 1: "Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness so soon did lose his seat, and *all at once*, as in this King."

P. 103. *What though you have* no *beauty*, &c. — There has been a deal of stumbling at this passage. Instead of *no*, Hanmer printed *some*, and is followed by Dyce; while Malone proposed and Steevens adopted *more*. For my part, I am quite unable to see the force of the objections to the original reading, "*no* beauty." See foot-note 5.

P. 104. *He's fallen in love with* her *foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger.* — So Hanmer. The original reads "with *your* foulnesse." The next clause points out the correction.

P. 106. *He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall.* — So Capell. The old text has "He is not *very* tall," thus overfilling the verse. Walker justly includes this among the various instances, which he quotes, of *very* interpolated.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 108. *The sundry contemplation of my travels,* on *which* my *often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.* — Here the first folio has "*in* which *by* often rumination"; the second, "*in* which *my* often." Singer and Dyce throw out the *in* altogether, and, retaining *by*, make *which* the subject of *wraps*; thus, — "which, by often rumination, wraps me," &c. The reading in the text was proposed by Jervis.

P. 109. *A better jointure, I think, than you* can *make a woman.* — So Hanmer; the original, "than you make."

P. 110. *And the foolish* chroniclers *of that age found it was — Hero of Sestos.* — For *chroniclers* Hanmer and Collier's second folio substitute *coroners.* Rightly, I suspect; notwithstanding Lettsom's opinion that "the plural number, and the phrase *of that age*, tell the other way."

P. 112. *Men are April when they woo, December when* they're *wed.* — The original reads "December when *they* wed." The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel's.

P. 113. *O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's* occasion, *let her never nurse her child herself,* &c. — Hanmer changed *occasion* to *accusation*, which Singer adopts. The change seems so apt and just, that I have had much ado to resist it; for the interpretation commonly given to the passage comes, I think, rather too hard out of the words to be fairly admissible. See foot-note 17.

P. 114. I tell *thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando.* — Here, again, the original has "*Ile* tell."

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 115. [They *sing him home, the rest* bearing *this burden.*] — Here the original has "*Then* sing him home, the rest *shall beare* this burthen," all as the third line of the song, and printed in the same type as

the rest. Of modern editors, some print the whole line as a stage-direction; others print the first four words, "Then sing him home," as the third line of the song, and the rest as a stage-direction. White and Dyce are among the former; Singer and Staunton among the latter. I cannot but think it rather unlike Shakespeare to break up the proper symmetry of a lyrical strain, by thrusting in such an exceptional line as the four words make in this case.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 115. *My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.* — So the second folio; the first, "Phebe *did* bid me."

P. 118. *The boy is fair,*
Of female favour, but *bestows himself*
Like a right forester; *the woman low,*
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owners *of the house I did inquire for?* — I here adopt the reading proposed by Lettsom, with great ingenuity certainly, and, I think, with excellent judgment also. In the second line the original has *and* instead of *but*, and in the third *ripe sister* instead of *right forester*. The hole left in the verse by *sister* was stopped with *but* by the editor of the second folio, probably with no other thought than to rectify the metre. Walker remarks upon the passage that "*A ripe sister* seems an odd expression." *Odd* it certainly is, and, I think, out of keeping with the character and situation; while it were an easy gloss or corruption of *right forester*, when *s* was written long, so as to be hardly distinguishable from *f*. The substitution of *but* for *and* is not so clear; but the play has fifty undoubted misprints that are hardly more easy to account for. — In the last line also, the original has *owner* instead of *owners*. The context readily suggests the correction.

P. 119. *Chewing the* cud *of sweet and bitter fancy.* — The old text has *food* instead of *cud*. The correction was made by Sir Walter Scott in the Preface to *Quentin Durward*, and is adopted by Staunton and Dyce; the former remarking that "to *chew the cud*, metaphorically, to *ruminate*, to *revolve in the mind*, is an expression of frequent occurrence in our old authors."

P. 119. *Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age.* — The original reads " Under an *old* oak "; where *old* is palpably redundant both in sense and in metre. Even White, stickler as he is for the text of the first folio, gives up *old* here.

P. 121. *And to give this napkin,*
Dyed in his *blood, unto the shepherd youth*, &c. — The original has " Died in *this* bloud "; *this* being evidently repeated by mistake from the preceding line. Corrected in the second folio.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 124. *Or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; to wit, I kill thee*, &c. — The original prints " dyest; *or* (to wit) I kill thee "; the *or* being probably repeated once too much by mistake. Modern editions generally strike out the marks of parenthesis: Farmer proposed, and Steevens adopted, the erasure of *or*, as Dyce also does.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 127. *Speak'st thou in sober* meaning? — The old text has *meanings*. Corrected by Walker.

P. 128. *All adoration, duty, and observance,*
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all endurance. — In the last of these lines, the original repeats *observance*. Collier's second folio changes the first *observance* to *obedience*, and is followed by White and Dyce. I think Singer's change of the second *observance* to *endurance* is, on the whole, preferable.

P. 129. Who *do you speak* to, Why blame you me to love you? — The original reads " *Why* do you speak *too* "; which the next speech proves to be wrong. Corrected by Rowe.

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 130. *Which are* only the *prologues to a bad voice.* — The original reads *the only*. The correction is Capell's.

P. 131. *In spring-time, the only pretty* ring-*time.* — The original has *rang* instead of *ring*, and also transposes the last stanza into the place of the second. Both corrections are found in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, where the song is printed from a manuscript in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Steevens, however, had conjectured *ring* before, and Thirlby the transposition of the stanzas.

P. 131. *Yet the note was very* untimeable. — So Theobald and Collier's second folio. The old text has *untunable*, which the Page's reply, "we lost not our *time*," shows to be wrong.

ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 132. *As those that fear* to *hope, and know they fear.* — So Collier's second folio. The original has "that fear *they* hope." Many changes in the text have been made or proposed; but this, I think, removes the most difficulty with the least change.

P. 133. *Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me.* — The original has "Keep *you* your word"; another instance of mistaken repetition from the context. Corrected by Pope.

P. 134. Jaq. *How*, the *Seventh Cause?* — The old text omits *the* here; but the next speech of Jaques shows that it ought not to be omitted: "But, for *the* Seventh Cause," &c.

P. 135. *According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such* dulcet diseases. — So the original. Various changes have been proposed, in order to make sense of the passage; and several modes of punctuation have been tried, to the same end; but nothing satisfactory has been reached. It is not unlikely that the text may be corrupt; but I suspect it to be merely an instance of elaborate nonsense, purposely framed to the style of those who "for a tricksy word defy the matter." See *The Merchant*, page 159, note 7.

P. 136. *And so to* the *Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.* — The original omits *the* before *Lie Circumstantial.* Supplied in the second folio.

P. 137. *That thou mighst join* her *hand with his*
Whose heart within her *bosom is.* — In both of these lines the original misprints *his* for *her ;* which makes stark nonsense of the passage. Corrected by Malone.

P. 137. Duke S. *If there be truth in* sight, *you are my daughter.*
Orl. *If there be truth in* shape, *you are my Rosalind.*
Phe. *If* sight *and* shape *be true,*
Why, then, — my love adieu. — In the second of these lines, the original has *sight* instead of *shape ;* doubtless repeated by mistake from the line before: at all events, Phebe's speech shows *sight* to be an error. The correction was proposed by Johnson, but Walker seems to have hit upon it independently.

P. 139. *Even daughter-welcome, — in no less degree.* — So Theobald, and Walker without knowing how Theobald had printed the line. Commonly printed "Even daughter, welcome in no less degree"; which plainly inverts, or at least upsets, the meaning intended.

P. 139. *And all their lands restored to* them *again*
That were with him exiled. — The original has "restor'd to *him* again." The *were* in the next clause corrects the error.

EPILOGUE.

P. 141. *I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like us much of this play as* please you. — I more than suspect that, instead of "as *please you*," we ought to read "as *pleases them.*" Warburton thought the error proceeded further, and reformed the latter member of the sentence, thus: "And I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,) *to like as much as pleases them ;* that between you and the women the play may please." Perhaps this may look too much like making the Epilogue "speak by the card."