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SHAKESPEARE'S

Shakespeare, William

TWELFTH NIGHT;
OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

WITH

INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON,

PROFESSOR OF SHAKESPEARE IN BOSTON UNIVERSITY.



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TO TEACHERS.



HOW TO USE SHAKESPEARE IN SCHOOL.

AS I have long been in frequent receipt of letters asking for advice or suggestions as to the best way of using Shakespeare in class, I have concluded to write out and print some of my thoughts on that subject. On one or two previous occasions, I have indeed moved the theme, but only, for the most part, incidentally, and in subordinate connection with other topics, never with any thing like a round and full exposition of it.

And in the first place I am to remark, that in such a matter no one can make up or describe, in detail, a method of teaching for another: in many points every teacher must strike out his or her own method; for a method that works very well in one person's hands may nevertheless fail entirely in another's. Some general reasons or principles of method, together with a few practical hints of detail, is about all that I can undertake to give; this too rather with a view to setting teachers' own minds at work in devising ways, than to marking out any formal course of procedure.

In the second place, here, as elsewhere, the method of teaching is to be shaped and suited to the particular purpose in hand; on the general principle, of course, that the end is to point out and prescribe the means. So, if the purpose

be to make the pupils in our public schools Shakespearians in any proper sense of the term, I can mark out no practicable method for the case, because I hold the purpose itself to be utterly impracticable; one that cannot possibly be carried out, and ought not to be, if it could. I find divers people talking and writing as if our boys and girls were to make a knowledge of Shakespeare the chief business of their life, and were to gain their living thereby. These have a sort of cant phrase current among them, about "knowing Shakespeare in an eminent sense"; and they are instructing us that, in order to this, we must study the English language historically, and acquire a technical mastery of Elizabethan idioms.

Now, to know Shakespeare in an eminent sense, if it means any thing, must mean, I take it, to become Shakespearians, or become eminent in the knowledge of Shakespeare; that is to say, we must have such a knowledge of Shakespeare as can be gained only by making a special and continuous, or at least very frequent, study of him through many long years. So the people in question seem intent upon some plan or program of teaching whereby the pupils in our schools shall come out full-grown Shakespearians; this too when half-a-dozen, or perhaps a dozen, of the Poet's plays is all they can possibly find time for studying through. And to this end, they would have them study the Poet's language historically, and so draw out largely into his social, moral, and mental surroundings, and ransack the literature of his time; therewithal they would have their *Shakespeare Grammars* and *Shakespeare Lexicons*, and all the apparatus for training the pupils in a sort of learned verbalism, and in analyzing and parsing the Poet's sentences.

Now I know of but three persons in the whole United

States who have any just claim to be called Shakespearians, or who can be truly said to know Shakespeare in an eminent sense. Those are, of course, Mr. Grant White, Mr. Howard Furness, and Mr. Joseph Crosby. Beyond this goodly trio, I cannot name a single person in the land who is able to go alone, or even to stand alone, in any question of textual criticism or textual correction. For that is what it is to be a Shakespearian. And these three have become Shakespearians, not by the help of any labour-saving machinery, such as special grammars and lexicons, but by spending many years of close study and hard brain-work in and around their author. Before reaching that point, they have not only had to study all through the Poet himself, and this a great many times, but also to make many excursions and sojournings in the popular, and even the erudite authorship of his period. And the work has been almost, if not altogether, a pure labour of love with them. They have pursued it with impassioned earnestness, as if they could find no rest for their souls without it.

Well, and what do you suppose the result of all this has done or is doing for them in the way of making a living? Do you suppose they can begin to purchase their bread and butter, or even so much as the bread without the butter, with the proceeds of their great learning and accomplishments in that kind? No, not a bit of it! For the necessaries of life, every man of them has to depend mostly, if not entirely, on other means. If they had nothing to feed upon but what their Shakespeare knowledge brings them, they would have mighty little use for their teeth. If you do not believe this, ask the men themselves: and if they tell you it is not so, then I will frankly own myself a naughty boy, and will do penance publicly for my naughtiness. For my own poor

part, I know right well that I have no claim to be called a Shakespearian, albeit I may, perchance, have had some foolish aspirations that way. Nevertheless I will venture to say that Shakespeare work does more towards procuring a livelihood for me than for either of the gentlemen named. This is doubtless because I am far inferior to them in Shakespearian acquirement and culture. Yet, if I had nothing but the returns of my labour in that kind to live upon, I should have to live a good deal more cheaply than I do. And there would probably be no difficulty in finding persons that were not born till some time after my study of Shakespeare began, who, notwithstanding, can now outbid me altogether in any auction of bread-buying popularity. This, no doubt, is because their natural gifts and fitness for the business are so superior to mine, that they might readily be extemporized into what no length of time and study could possibly educate me.

In all this the three gentlemen aforesaid are, I presume, far from thinking they have any thing to complain of, or from having any disposition to complain; and I am certainly as far from this as they are. It is all in course, and all just right, except that I have a good deal better than I deserve. And both they and I know very well that nothing but a love of the thing can carry any one through such a work; that in the nature of things such pursuits have to be their own reward; and that here, as elsewhere, "love's not love when it is mingled with regards that stand aloof from th' entire point."

Such, then, is the course and process by which, and by which alone, men can come to know Shakespeare in any sense deserving to be called eminent. It is a process of close, continuous, life-long study. And, in order to know

the Poet in this eminent sense, one must know a good deal more of him than of any thing else ; that is to say, the pursuit must be something of a specialty with him ; unless his mind be by nature far more encyclopedic than most men's are. Then too, in the case of those who have reached this point, the process had its beginning in a deep and strong love of the subject : Shakespeare has been a passion with them, perhaps I should say the master-passion of their life : this was both the initiative impulse that set them a-going, and also the sustaining force that kept them going, in the work. Now such a love can hardly be wooed into life or made to sprout by a technical, parsing, gerund-grinding course of study. The proper genesis and growth of love are not apt to proceed in that way. A long and loving study may indeed produce, or go to seed in, a grammar or a lexicon ; but surely the grammar or the lexicon is not the thing to prompt or inaugurate the long and loving study. Or, if the study begin in that way, it will not be a study of the workmanship as poetry, but only, or chiefly, as the raw-material of lingual science ; that is to say, as a subject for verbal dissection and surgery.

If, then, any teacher would have his pupils go forth from school knowing Shakespeare in an eminent sense, he must shape and order his methods accordingly. What those methods may be, or should be, I cannot say ; but I should think they must be quite in the high-pressure line, and I more than suspect they will prove abortive, after all. And here I cannot forbear to remark that some few of us are so stuck in old-fogyism, or so fossilized, as to hold that the main business of people in this world is to gain an honest living ; and that they ought to be educated with a constant eye to that purpose. These, to be sure, look very like

self-evident propositions; axioms, or mere truisms, which, nevertheless, our education seems determined to ignore entirely, and a due application of which would totally revolutionize our whole educational system.

Now knowing Shakespeare in an eminent sense does not appear to be exactly the thing for gaining an honest living. All people but a few, a very few indeed, have, ought to have, must have, other things to do. I suspect that one Shakespearian in about five millions is enough. And a vast majority are to get their living by hand-work, not by head-work; and even with those who live by head-work Shakespeare can very seldom be a leading interest. He can nowise be the substance or body of their mental food, but only, at the most, as a grateful seasoning thereof. Thinking of his poetry may be a pleasant and helpful companion for them in their business, but cannot be the business itself. His divine voice may be a sweetening tone, yet can be but a single tone, and an undertone at that, in the chorus of a well-ordered life and a daily round of honourable toil. Of the students in our colleges not one in a thousand, of the pupils in our high schools not one in a hundred thousand, can think, or ought to think, of becoming Shakespearians. But most of them, it may be hoped, can become men and women of right intellectual tastes and loves, and so be capable of a pure and elevating pleasure in the converse of books. Surely, then, in the little time that can be found for studying Shakespeare, the teaching should be shaped to the end, not of making the pupils Shakespearians, but only of doing somewhat — it cannot be much — towards making them wiser, better, happier men and women.

So, in reference to school study, what is the use of this cant about knowing Shakespeare in an eminent sense? Why

talk of doing what no sane person can ever, for a moment, possibly think of attempting? The thing might well be passed by as one of the silliest cantos that ever were canted, but that, as now often urged, it is of a very misleading and mischievous tendency; like that other common folly of telling all our boys that they may become President of the United States. This is the plain and simple truth of the matter, and as such I am for speaking it without any sort of mincing or disguise. In my vocabulary, indeed, on most occasions I choose that a spade be simply "a spade," and not "an instrument for removing earth."

This brings me to the main point, to what may be called the heart of my message. Since any thing worthy to be termed an eminent knowledge of Shakespeare cannot possibly be gained or given in school, and could not be, even if ten times as many hours were spent in the study as can be, or ought to be, so spent, the question comes next, What, then, can be done? And my answer, in the fewest words, is this: The most and the best that we can hope to do, is to plant in the pupils, and to nurse up as far as may be, a genuine taste and love for Shakespeare's poetry. The planting and nursing of this taste is purely a matter of culture, and not of acquirement: it is not properly giving the pupils knowledge; it is but opening the road, and starting them on the way to knowledge. And such a taste, once well set in the mind, will be, or at least stand a good chance of being, an abiding principle, a prolific germ of wholesome and improving study: moreover it will naturally proceed till, in time, it comes to act as a strong elective instinct, causing the mind to gravitate towards what is good, and to recoil from what is bad: it may end in bringing, say, one in two millions to "know Shakespeare in an eminent sense"; but it can hardly

fail to be a precious and fruitful gain to many, perhaps to most, possibly to all.

This I believe to be a thoroughly practicable aim. And as the aim itself is practicable, so there are practicable ways for attaining it or working towards it. What these ways are or may be, I can best set forth by tracing, as literally and distinctly as I know how, my own course of procedure in teaching.

In the first place, I never have had, never will have, any recitations whatever ; but only what I call, simply, *exercises*, the pupils reading the author under my direction, correction, and explanation ; the teacher and the taught thus communing together in the author's pages for the time being. Nor do I ever require, though I commonly advise, that the matter to be read in class be read over by the pupils in private before coming to the exercise. Such preparation is indeed well, but not necessary. I am very well satisfied by having the pupils live, breathe, think, feel with the author while his words are on their lips and in their ears. As I wish to have them simply growing, or getting the food of growth, I do not care to have them making any conscious acquirement at all ; my aim thus always being to produce the utmost possible amount of *silent* effect. And I much prefer to have the classes rather small, never including more than twenty pupils ; even a somewhat smaller number is still better. Then, in Shakespeare, I always have the pupils read dramatically right round and round the class, myself calling the parts. When a speech is read, if the occasion seems to call for it, I make comments, ask questions, or have the pupils ask them, so as to be sure that they understand fairly what they are reading. That done, I call the next speech ; and so the reading and the talking proceed till the class-time is up.

In the second place, as to the nature and scope of these exercises, or the parts, elements, particulars they consist of. — In Shakespeare, the exercise is a mixed one of reading, language, and character. And I make a good deal of having the Poet's lines read properly; this too both for the utility of it and as a choice and refined accomplishment, and also because such a reading of them greatly enhances the pleasure of the exercise both to the readers themselves and to the hearers. Here, of course, such points come in as the right pronunciation of words, the right place and degree of emphasis, the right pauses and divisions of sense, the right tones and inflections of voice. But the particulars that make up good reading are too well known to need dwelling upon. Suffice it to say, that in this part of the exercise my whole care is to have the pupils understand what they are reading, and to pronounce it so that an intelligent listener may understand it: that done, I rest content. But I tolerate nothing theatrical or declamatory or oratorical or put on for effect in the style of reading, and insist on a clean, clear, simple, quiet voicing of the sense and meaning; no strut, no swell, but all plain and pure; that being my notion of *tasteful* reading.

Touching this point, I will but add that Shakespeare is both the easiest and also the hardest of all authors to read properly, — the easiest because he is the most natural, and the hardest for the same reason; and for both these reasons together he is the best of all authors for training people in the art of reading: for an art it is, and a very high one too, insomuch that pure and perfect reading is one of the rarest things in the world, as it is also one of the delightfulest. The best description of what it is that now occurs to me is in *Guy Mannering*, chapter 29th, where Julia Mannering writes

to her friend how, of an evening, her father is wont to sweeten their home and its fireside by the choice matter and the tasteful manner of his reading. And so my happy life—for it is a happy one—has little of better happiness in it than hearing my own beloved pupils read Shakespeare.

As to the language part of the exercise, this is chiefly concerned with the meaning and force of the Poet's words, but also enters more or less into sundry points of grammar, word-growth, prosody, and rhetoric, making the whole as little technical as possible. And I use, or aim to use, all this for the one sole purpose of getting the pupils to understand what is immediately before them; not looking at all to any lingual or philological purposes lying beyond the matter directly in hand. And here I take the utmost care not to push the part of verbal comment and explanation so long or so far as to become dull and tedious to the pupils. For as I wish them to study Shakespeare, simply that they may learn to understand and to love his poetry itself, so I must and will have them take pleasure in the process; and people are not apt to fall or to grow in love with things that bore them. I would much rather they should not fully understand his thought, or not take in the full sense of his lines, than that they should feel any thing of weariness or disgust in the study; for the defect of present comprehension can easily be repaired in the future, but not so the disgust. If they really love the poetry, and find it pleasant to their souls, I'll risk the rest.

In truth, average pupils do not need nearly so much of catechizing and explaining as many teachers are apt to suppose. I have known divers cases where this process was carried to a very inordinate and hurtful excess, the matter being all chopped into a fine mince-meat of items; questions and topics being multiplied to the last degree of minuteness and

tenuity. Often well-nigh a hundred questions are pressed where there ought not to be more than one or two ; the aim being, apparently, to force an *exhaustive* grammatical study of the matter. And exhaustive of the pupil's interest and patience it may well prove to be. This is not studying Shakespeare, but merely using him as an occasion for studying something else. Surely, surely, such a course "is not, nor it cannot come to, good" : it is just the way to make pupils loathe the study as an intolerable bore, and wish the Poet had never been born. The thing to be aimed at before all others is, to draw and hold the pupil's mind in immediate contact with the poetry ; and such a multitude of mincing questions and comments is just a thick wedge of tiresome obstruction and separation driven in between the two. In my own teaching, my greatest fear commonly is, lest I may strangle and squelch the proper virtue and efficacy of the Poet's lines with my own incontinent catechetical and exegetical babble.

Next, for the character part of the exercise. And here I have to say, at the start, that I cannot think it a good use of time to put pupils to the study of Shakespeare at all, until they have got strength and ripeness of mind enough to enter, at least in some fair measure, into the transpirations of character in his persons. For this is indeed the Shakespeare of Shakespeare. And the process is as far as you can think from being a mere formal or mechanical or routine handling of words and phrases and figures of speech : it is nothing less than to hear and to see the hearts and souls of the persons in what they say and do ; to feel, as it were, the very pulse-throbs of their inner life. Herein it is that Shakespeare's unapproached and unapproachable mastery of human nature lies. Nor can I bear to have his poetry

studied merely as a curious thing standing outside of and apart from the common life of man, but as drawing directly into the living current of human interests, feelings, duties, needs, occasions. So I like to be often running the Poet's thoughts, and carrying the pupils with them, right out and home to the business and bosom of humanity about them ; into the follies, vices, and virtues, the meannesses and nobilities, the loves, joys, sorrows, and shames, the lapses and grandeurs, the disciplines, disasters, devotions, and divinities, of men and women as they really are in the world. For so the right use of his poetry is, to subserve the ends of life, not of talk. And if this part be rightly done, pupils will soon learn that "our gentle Shakespeare" is not a prodigious enchanter playing with sublime or grotesque imaginations for their amusement, but a friend and brother, all alive with the same heart that is in them ; and who, while he is but little less than an angel, is also at the same time but little more than themselves ; so that, beginning where his feet are, they can gradually rise, and keep rising, till they come to be at home where his great, deep, mighty intellect is.

Such, substantially, and in some detail, is the course I have uniformly pursued in my Shakespeare classes. I have never cared to have my pupils make any show in analyzing and parsing the Poet's language, but I have cared much, very much, to have them understand and enjoy his poetry. Accordingly I have never touched the former at all, except so far as was clearly needful in order to secure the latter. And as the poetry was made for the purpose of being enjoyed, so, when I have seen the pupils enjoying it, this has been to me sufficient proof that they rightly understood it. True, I have never had, nor have I ever wanted, any available but cheap percentages of proficiency to set off my work :

perhaps my pupils have seldom had any idea of what they were getting from the study. Very well ; then it has at least not fostered conceit in them : so I wished to have it, so was glad to have it : the results I aimed at were far off in the future ; nor have I had any fear of those results failing to emerge in due time. In fact, I cleave rather fondly to the hope of being remembered by my pupils with some affection after I shall be no more ; and I know right well that the best fruits of the best mental planting have and must have a pretty long interval between the seed-time and the harvest.

Once, indeed, and it was my very first attempt, having a class of highly intelligent young ladies, I undertook to put them through a pretty severe drill in prosody : after enduring it awhile, they remonstrated with me, giving me to understand that they wanted the light and pleasure properly belonging to the study, and not the tediousness that pedantry or mere technical learning could force into it. They were right ; and herein I probably learnt more from them than they did from me. And so teaching of Shakespeare has been just the happiest occupation of my life : the wholesomest and most tonic too ; disposing me more than any other to severe and earnest thought : no drudgery in it, no dullness about it ; but “as full of spirit as the month of May,” and joyous as Wordsworth’s lark hiding himself in the light of morning, and

With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the almighty Giver.

But now certain wise ones are telling us that this is all wrong ; that teaching Shakespeare in this way is making, or tending to make, the study “an entertainment,” and so not the “noble study” that it ought to be ; meaning, I suppose,

by *noble study*, such a study as would bring the pupils to know Shakespeare in the eminent sense remarked upon before. What is this but to proceed in the work just as if the pupils were to become Shakespearians; that is, specialists in that particular line?

Thus they would import into this study the same false and vicious mode that has come to be used with the classics in our colleges. This mode is, to keep pegging away continually at points of grammar and etymology, so as to leave no time or thought for the sense and meaning of what is read. Thus the classical author is used merely or mainly for the purpose of teaching the grammar, not the grammar for the purpose of understanding the author. For the practical upshot of such a course is, to have the student learn what modern linguists and grammarians have compiled, not what the old Greeks and Romans thought. This hind-first or hindmost-foremost process has grown to be a dreadful nuisance in our practice, making the study of Greek and Latin inexpressibly lifeless and wearisome; and utterly fruitless withal as regards real growth of mind and culture of taste.

Some years ago, I had a talk on this subject with our late venerable patriarch of American letters, whose only grandson had then recently graduated from college. He told me he had gathered from the young man to what a wasteful and vicious extreme the thing was carried; and he spoke in terms of severe censure and reprobation of the custom. And so I have heard how a very learned professor one day spent the time of a whole recitation in talking about a comma that had been inserted in a Greek text; telling the class who inserted it, and when and why he did so; also who had since accepted it, and who had since rejected it, and when and why; also what effect the insertion had, and what the

omission, on the sense of the passage. Now, if the students had all been predestined or predetermined specialists in Greek, this might possibly have been the right way ; but, as they were not so predestined or predetermined, the way was most certainly wrong, and a worse one could hardly have been taken. For the right course of study for those who are to be specialists in this or that pursuit is one thing ; the right course for those who cannot be, and have no thought of being, specialists is a very different thing ; and to transfer the former course to the latter class, is a most preposterous blunder, yes, and a most mischievous one too.

I have lately been given to understand that some of our best classical teachers have become sensible of this great error, and have set to work to correct it in practice. I understand also that noble old Harvard, wise in this, as in many other things, is leading the return to the older and better way. I hope most devoutly that it is so ; for the proper effect of the modern way can hardly be any other than to attenuate and chill and dwarf the student's better faculties. The thing, to be sure, has been done in the name of thoroughness ; but I believe it has proved thorough to no end but that of unsinewing the mind, and drying the sap out of it.

But now the self-same false mode that has thus run itself into the ground in classical study must, it seems, be used in the study of English authors. For so the wise ones afore-said, those who are for having everybody know Shakespeare in an eminent sense, would, apparently, have the study ennobled by continual diversions into the science of language, exercising the pupil's logical faculty, or rather his memory, with points of etymology, grammar, historical usage, &c. ; points that are, or may be made to appear, scientifically

demonstrable. Thus the thing they seem to have in view is about the same that certain positivist thinkers mean, when they would persuade us that no knowledge is really worth having but what stands on a basis of scientific demonstration, so that we not only may be certain of its truth, but cannot possibly be otherwise.

So I have somewhere read of a certain mathematician who, on reading *Paradise Lost*, made this profound criticism, that "it was a very pretty piece of work, but he did not see that it proved any thing." But, if he had studied it in the modern way of studying poetry, he would have found that divers things might be proved from it; as, for instance, that a metaphor and a simile are at bottom one and the same thing, differing only in form, and that the author very seldom, if ever, makes use of the word *its*. And so the singing of a bird does not prove any thing scientifically; and your best way of getting scientific knowledge about the little creature is by dissecting him, so as to find out where the music comes from, and how it is made. And so, again, what good can the flowers growing on your mother's grave do you, unless you use them as things to "keep and botanize" about, like the "philosopher" in one of Wordsworth's poems?

The study of Shakespeare an entertainment? Yes, to be sure, precisely that, if you please to call it so; a pastime, a recreation, a delight. This is just what, in my notion of things, such a study ought to be. Why, what else should it be? It is just what I have always tried my utmost, and I trust I may say with some little success, to make the study. Shakespeare's poetry, has it not a right to be to us a perennial spring of sweetness and refreshment, a thing

Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood
Our pastime and our happiness may grow?

And so my supreme desire has been that the time spent in the study should be, to the pupils, brimful of quiet gladness and pleasantness; and in so far as at any time it has not been so, just so far I have regarded my work as a sorry failure, and have determined to try and do better next time. What the dickens — I beg everybody's pardon — what can be the proper use of studying Shakespeare's poetry without enjoyment? Or do you suppose that any one can really delight in his poetry, without reaping therefrom the highest and purest benefit? The delectation is itself the appropriate earnest and proof that the student is drinking in — without knowing it indeed, and all the better for that — just the truest, deepest, finest culture that any poetry can give. What touches the mind's heart is apt to cause pleasure; what merely grubs in its outskirts and suburbs is apt to be tedious and dull. Assuredly, therefore, if a teacher finds that his or her pupils, or any of them, cannot be wooed and won to take pleasure in the study of Shakespeare, then either the teacher should forthwith go to teaching something else, or the pupils should be put to some other study.

What wise and wonderful ideas our progressive oblivion of the past is putting into people's heads! Why, it has been, from time immemorial, a settled axiom, that the proper aim of poetry is to please, of the highest poetry, to make wisdom and virtue pleasant, to crown the True and the Good with delight and joy. This is the very constituent of the poet's art; that without which it has no adequate reason for being. To clothe the austere forms of truth and wisdom with heart-taking beauty and sweetness, is its life and law. But then it is only when poetry is read as poetry that it is bound to please. When or so far as it is studied only as grammar or logic, it has a perfect right to be unpleasant.

Of course I hold that poetry, especially Shakespeare's, ought to be read as poetry; and when it is not read with pleasure, the right grace and profit of the reading are missed. For the proper instructiveness of poetry is essentially dependant on its pleasantness; whereas in other forms of writing this order is or may be reversed. The sense or the conscience of what is morally good and right should indeed have a hand, and a prerogative hand, in shaping our pleasures; and so, to be sure, it must be, else the pleasures will needs be transient, and even the seed-time of future pains. So right-minded people ought to desire, and do desire, to find pleasure in what is right and good; the highest pleasure in what is rightest and best: nevertheless the pleasure of the thing is what puts its healing, purifying, regenerating virtue into act; and to converse with what is in itself beautiful and good without tasting any pleasantness in it, is or may be a positive harm.

But, indeed, our education has totally lost the idea of culture, and consequently has thrown aside the proper methods of it: it makes no account of any thing but acquirement. And the reason seems to be somewhat as follows:—The process of culture is silent and unconscious, because it works deep in the mind; the process of acquirement is conscious and loud, because its work is all on the mind's surface. Moreover the former is exceedingly slow, insomuch as to yield from day to day no audible results, and so cannot be made available for effect in recitation: the latter is rapid, yielding recitable results from hour to hour; the effect comes quickly, is quickly told in recitation, and makes a splendid appearance, thus tickling the vanity of pupils mightily, as also of their loving (self-loving?) parents.

But then, on the other hand, the culture that you have

once got you thenceforward keep, and can nowise part with or lose it ; slow in coming, it comes to stay with you, and to be an indelible part of you : whereas your acquirement is, for the most part, quickly got, and as quickly lost ; for, indeed, it makes no part of the mind, but merely hangs or sticks on its outside. So, here, the pupil just crams in study, disgorges in recitation, and then forgets it all, to go through another like round of cramming, disgorging, and forgetting. Thus the pulse of your acquirement is easily counted, and foots up superbly from day to day ; but nobody can count the pulse of your culture, for it has none, at least none that is or can be perceived. In other words, the course of culture is dimly marked by years ; that of acquirement is plainly marked by hours.

And so no one can parse, or cares to parse, the delight he has in Shakespeare, for the parsing just kills the delight : the culture one gets from studying his poetry *as poetry*, he can nowise recite, for it is not a recitable thing, and he can tell you nothing about it : he can only say he loves the poetry, and that talking with it somehow recreates and refreshes him. But any one can easily learn to parse the Poet's words : what he gets from studying his poetry as grammar, or logic, or rhetoric, or prosody, this he can recite, can talk glibly about it ; but it stirs no love in him, has no recreation or refreshment for him at all ; none, that is, unless by touching his vanity, and putting him in love with himself for the pretty show he makes in recitation. There is, to be sure, a way of handling the study of Shakespeare, whereby the pupils may be led to take pleasure not so much in his poetry itself as in their own supposed knowledge and appreciation of it. That way, however, I just do not believe in at all ; no ! not even though it be the right way for bringing pupils to know Shakespeare

in the eminent sense. I have myself learnt him, if I may claim to know him at all, in a very uneminent sense, and have for more than forty years been drawn onwards in the study purely by the natural pleasantness of his poetry ; and so I am content to have others do. Thus, you see, it has never been with me "a noble study" at all.

Well now, our education is continually saying, in effect if not in words, "What is the use of pursuing such studies, or pursuing them in such a way, as can produce no available results, nothing to show, from day to day? Put away your slow thing, whose course is but faintly marked even by years, and give us the spry thing, that marks its course brilliantly by days, perhaps by hours. Let the clock of our progress tick loudly, that we may always know just where it is, and just where we are. Except we can count the pulse of your process, we will not believe there is any life or virtue in it. None of your silences for us, if you please !"

A few words now on another, yet nearly connected, topic, and I have done. — I have long thought, and the thought has kept strengthening with me from year to year, that our educational work proceeds altogether too much by recitations. Our school routine is now a steady stream of these, so that teachers have no time for any thing else ; the pupils being thus held in a continual process of alternate crammings and disgorgings. As part and parcel of this recitation system, we must have frequent examinations and exhibitions, for a more emphatic marking of our progress. The thing has grown to the height of a monstrous abuse, and is threatening most serious consequences. It is a huge perpetual-motion of forcing and high-pressure ; no possible pains being spared to keep the pupils intensely conscious of their proficiency, or of their deficiency, as the case may be : motives of pride,

vanity, shame, ambition, rivalry, emulation, are constantly appealed to and stimulated, and the nervous system kept boiling-hot with them. Thus, to make the love of knowledge sprout soon enough, and grow fast and strong enough for our ideas, we are all the while dosing and provoking it with a sort of mental and moral cantharides. Surely, the old arguments of the rod and the ferule, as persuasives to diligence, were far wholesomer, yes, and far kinder too, than this constant application of intellectual drugs and high-wines: the former only made the skin tingle and smart a little while, and that was the end of it; whereas the latter plants its pains within the very house of life, and leaves them rankling and festering there. So our way is, to spare the skin and kill the heart.

And, if the thing is not spoiling the boys, it is at all events killing the girls. For, as a general rule, girls are, I take it, more sensitive and excitable naturally than boys, and therefore more liable to have their brain and nervous system fatally wronged and diseased by this dreadful, this cruel, fomenting with unnatural stimulants and provocatives. To be sure, it makes them preternaturally bright and interesting for a while, and we think the process is working gloriously: but this is all because the dear creatures have come to blossom at a time when as yet the leaves should not have put forth; and so, when the proper time arrives for them to be in the full bloom of womanhood, leaf, blossom, and all are gone, leaving them faded and withered and joyless; and chronic ill health, premature old age, untimely death, are their lot and portion. Of course, the thing cannot fail to have the effect of devitalizing and demoralizing and dwarfing the mind itself. The bright glow in its cheeks is but the hectic flush of a consumptive state.

This is no fancy-picture, no dream of a speculative imagination : it is only too true in matter of fact ; as any one may see, or rather as no one can choose but see, who uses his eyes upon what is going on about us. Why, Massachusetts cannot now build asylums fast enough for her multiplying insane ; and, if things keep on as they are now going, the chances are that the whole State will in no very long time come to be almost one continuous hospital of lunatics. All this proceeds naturally and in course from our restless and reckless insistance on forcing what is, after all, but a showy, barren, conceited intellectualism. But, indeed, the consequences of this thing are, some of them, too appalling to be so much as hinted here : I can but speak the word *motherhood*,—a word even more laden with tender and sacred meaning than *womanhood*.

I have talked with a good many of our best teachers on this subject, never with any one who did not express a full concurrence with me in the opinion, that the recitation business is shockingly and ruinously overworked in our teaching. But they say they can do nothing, or at the best very little, to help it ; the public will have it so ; the thing has come to be a deep-seated chronic disease in our educational system : this disease has got to run its course and work itself through ; it is to be hoped that, when matters are at the worst, they will take a turn, and begin to mend : at all events, time alone can work out a redress of the wrong. In all this they are perfectly right ; so that the blame of the thing nowise rests with them. Neither does the blame rest ultimately with superintendents, supervisors, or committee-men, where Gail Hamilton, in her recent book, places it : the trouble lies further back, in the state of the public mind itself, which has for a long time been industriously, incessantly, systematically,

perversed, corrupted, depraved, by plausible but shallow innovators and quacks.

The real truth is, things have come to that pass with us, that parents will not believe there is or can be any real growth of mind in their children, unless they can see them growing from day to day ; whereas a growing that can be so seen is of course just no growing at all, but only a bloating ; which I believe I have said somewhere before. In this wretched mispersuasion, they use all possible means to foster in their children a morbid habit of conscious acquirement ; and a system of recitations, examinations, and exhibitions to keep the process hot and steaming, is the thing to do it.

But I more than suspect the primitive root of the difficulty lies deeper still, and is just here : That, having grown into a secret disrelish of the old religion of our fathers, as being too objective in its nature, and too firm and solid in its objectiveness, to suit our taste, we have turned to an idolatry of intellect and knowledge ; have no faith in any thing, no love for any thing, but what we spin, or seem to spin, out of our own minds. So in the idolatry of intellect, as in other idolatries, the marble statue with which it begins naturally comes, in process of time, to be put aside as too weighty, too expensive, and too still, and to be replaced with a hollow and worthless image all made up of paper and paint. And the cheaper and falser the idol is, the more eagerly do the devotees cut and scourge themselves in the worship of it. Hence the prating and pretentious intellectualism which we pursue with such suicidal eagerness.

I must add, that of the same family with the cant spoken of before is that other canting phrase now so rife among us about "the higher education." The lower education, yes, the *lower*, is what we want ; and if this be duly cared for,

the higher may be safely left to take care of itself. The latter will then come, and so it ought to come, of its own accord, just as fast and as far as the former finds or develops the individual aptitude for it ; and the attempting to give it regardless of such aptitude can only do what it is now doing, namely, spoil a great many people for all useful hand-work, without fitting them for any sort of head-work.

Of course there are some studies which may, perhaps must, proceed more or less by recitation. But, as a perpetual show of mind in the young is and can be nothing but a perpetual sham, so I am and long have been perfectly satisfied that at least three-fourths of our recitations ought to be abandoned with all practicable speed, and be replaced by the better methods of our fathers, — methods that hold fast to the old law of what Dr. William B. Carpenter terms “unconscious cerebration,” which is indeed the irrepealable law of all true mental growth and all right intellectual health. Nay, more ; the best results of the best thinking in the best and ripest heads come under the operation of the self-same law, — just that, and no other.

Assuredly, therefore, the need now most urgently pressing upon us is, to have vastly more of growth, and vastly less of manufacture, in our education ; or, in other words, that the school be altogether more a garden, and altogether less a mill. And a garden, especially with the rich multitudinous flora of Shakespeare blooming and breathing in it, can it be, ought it to be, other than a pleasant and happy place ?

The child whose love is here at least doth reap
One precious gain, that he forgets himself.

INTRODUCTION.

Date of Composition.

TWELFTH NIGHT ; OR, WHAT YOU WILL, was never printed, that we know of, till in the folio of 1623. In default of positive information, the play was for a long time set down as among the last-written of the Poet's dramas. This opinion was based upon such slight indications, gathered from the work itself, as could have no weight but in the absence of other proofs. No contemporary notice of the play was discovered till the year 1828, when Collier, delving among the "musty records of antiquity" stored away in the Museum, lighted upon a manuscript *Diary*, written, as was afterwards ascertained, by one John Manningham, a barrister who was entered at the Middle Temple in 1597. Under date of February 2d, 1602, the author notes, "At our feast we had a play called *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*, much like *The Comedy of Errors*, or *Menechmi* in Plautus, but most like and near to that in the Italian called *Inganni*." The writer then goes on to state such particulars of the action, as fully identify the play which he saw with the one now under consideration. It seems that the benchers and members of the several Inns-of-Court were wont to enrich their convivialities with a course of wit and poetry. And the forecited notice ascertains that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*

was performed before the members of the Middle Temple on the old Church festival of the Purification, formerly called Candlemas ;—an important link in the course of festivities that used to continue from Christmas to Shrovetide. We thus learn that one of the Poet's sweetest plays was enjoyed by a gathering of his learned and studious contemporaries, at a time when this annual jubilee had rendered their minds congenial and apt, and when Christians have so much cause to be happy and gentle and kind, and therefore to cherish the convivial delectations whence kindness and happiness naturally grow.

As to the date of the composition, we have little difficulty in fixing this somewhere between the time when the play was acted at the Temple and the year 1598. In iii. 2, when Malvolio is at the height of his ludicrous beatitude, Maria says of him, "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies." In 1598 was published the second edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages*, with a map exactly answering to Maria's description. This was the first map of the world in which the *Eastern Islands* were included. So that the allusion can hardly be to any thing else ; and the words *new map* would seem to infer that the passage was written not long after the appearance of the map in question.

Again : In iii. 1, the Clown says to Viola, "But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them." This may be fairly understood as referring to an order issued by the Privy Council in June, 1600, and laying very severe restrictions upon stage performances. This order prescribes that "there shall be about the city two houses and no more, allowed to serve for the use of common stage plays" ; that "the two several companies of players, assigned unto the

two houses allowed, may play each of them in their several houses twice a-week, and no oftener"; and that "they shall forbear altogether in the time of Lent, and likewise at such time and times as any extraordinary sickness or infection of disease shall appear to be in or about the city." The order was directed to the principal magistrates of the city and suburbs, "strictly charging them to see to the execution of the same"; and it is plain, that if rigidly enforced it would have amounted almost to a total suppression of play-houses, as the expenses of such establishments could hardly have been met, in the face of so great drawbacks.

Therewithal it is to be noted that the Puritans were specially forward and zealous in urging the complaints which put the Privy Council upon issuing this stringent process; and it will hardly be questioned that the character of Malvolio was partly meant as a satire on that remarkable people. That the Poet should be somewhat provoked at their action in bringing about such tight restraints upon the freedom of his art, was certainly natural enough. Nor is it a small addition to their many claims on our gratitude, that their aptness to "think, because they were virtuous, there should be no more cakes and ale," had the effect of calling forth so rich and withal so good-natured a piece of retaliation. Perhaps it should be remarked further, that the order in question, though solicited by the authorities of the city, was not enforced; for even at that early date those magistrates had hit upon the method of stimulating the complaints of discontented citizens till orders were taken for removing the alleged grievances, and then of letting such orders sleep, lest the enforcing of them should hush those complaints, and thus take away all pretext for keeping up the agitation.

Originals of the Story.

The story upon which the more serious parts of *Twelfth Night* were founded appears to have been a general favourite before and during Shakespeare's time. It is met with in various forms and under various names in the Italian, French, and English literature of that period. The earliest form of it known to us is in Bandello's collection of novels. From the Italian of Bandello it was transferred, with certain changes and abridgments, into the French of Belleforest, and makes one in his collection of *Tragical Histories*. From one or the other of these sources the tale was borrowed again by Barnabe Rich, and set forth as *The History of Apolonius and Silla*; making the second in his collection of tales entitled *Farewell to the Military Profession*, which was first printed in 1581.

Until the discovery of Manningham's *Diary*, Shakespeare was not supposed to have gone beyond these sources, and it was thought something uncertain to which of these he was most indebted for the raw material of his play. It is now held doubtful whether he drew from either of them. The passage I have quoted from that *Diary* notes a close resemblance of *Twelfth Night* to an Italian play "called *Inganni*." This has had the effect of directing attention to the Italian theatre in quest of his originals. Two comedies bearing the title of *Gl' Inganni* have been found, both of them framed upon the novel of Bandello, and both in print before the date of *Twelfth Night*. These, as also the three forms of the tale mentioned above, all agree in having a brother and sister, the latter in male attire, and the two bearing so close a resemblance in person and dress as to be indistinguishable; upon which circumstance some of the leading inci-

dents are made to turn. In one of the Italian plays, the sister is represented as assuming the name of *Cesare*; which is so like *Cesario*, the name adopted by Viola in her disguise, that the one may well be thought to have suggested the other. Beyond this point, *Twelfth Night* shows no clear connection with either of those plays.

But there is a third Italian comedy, also lately brought to light, entitled *Gl' Ingannati*, which is said to have been first printed in 1537. Here the traces of indebtedness are much clearer and more numerous. I must content myself with abridging the Rev. Joseph Hunter's statement of the matter. In the Italian play, a brother and sister, named Fabritio and Lelia, are separated at the sacking of Rome in 1527. Lelia is carried to Modena, where a gentleman resides, named Flamineo, to whom she was formerly attached. She disguises herself as a boy, and enters his service. Flamineo, having forgotten his Lelia, is making suit to Isabella, a lady of Modena. The disguised Lelia is employed by him in his love-suit to Isabella, who remains utterly deaf to his passion, but falls desperately in love with the messenger. In the third Act the brother Fabritio arrives at Modena, and his close resemblance to Lelia in her male attire gives rise to some ludicrous mistakes. At one time, a servant of Isabella's meets him in the street, and takes him to her house, supposing him to be the messenger; just as Sebastian is taken for Viola, and led to the house of Olivia. In due time, the needful recognitions take place, whereupon Isabella easily transfers her affection to Fabritio, and Flamineo's heart no less easily ties up with the loving and faithful Lelia. In her disguise, Lelia takes the name of *Fabio*; hence, most likely, the name of Fabian, who figures as one of Olivia's servants. The Italian play has also a subordinate character

called Pasquella, to whom Maria corresponds; and another named *Malevolti*, of which *Malvolio* is a happy adaptation. All which fully establishes the connection between the Italian comedy and the English. But it does not follow necessarily that the foreign original was used by Shakespeare; so much of the lighter literature of his time having perished, that we cannot affirm with any certainty what importations from Italy may or may not have been accessible to him in his native tongue.

As for the more comic portions of *Twelfth Night*, — those in which Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and the Clown figure so delectably, — we have no reason for believing that any part of them was borrowed; there being no hints or traces of any thing like them in the previous versions of the story, or in any other book or writing known to us. And it is to be observed, moreover, that the Poet's borrowings, in this instance as in others, relate only to the plot of the work, the poetry and character being all his own; and that, here as elsewhere, he used what he took merely as the canvas whereon to pencil out and express the breathing creatures of his mind. So that the whole workmanship is just as original, in the only right sense of that term, as if the story and incidents had been altogether the children of his own invention: and he but followed his usual custom of so ordering his work as to secure whatever benefit might accrue from a sort of pre-established harmony between his subject and the popular mind.

Qualities of Style.

I am quite at a loss to conceive why *Twelfth Night* should ever have been referred to the Poet's latest period of authorship. The play naturally falls, by the internal notes of style,

temper, and poetic grain, into the middle period of his productive years. It has no such marks of vast but immature powers as are often met with in his earlier plays ; nor, on the other hand, any of “ that intense idiosyncrasy of thought and expression, — that unparalleled fusion of the intellectual with the passionate,” — which distinguishes his later ones. Every thing is calm and quiet, with an air of unruffled serenity and composure about it, as if the Poet had purposely taken to such matter as he could easily mould into graceful and entertaining forms ; thus exhibiting none of that crushing muscularity of mind to which the hardest materials afterwards or elsewhere became as limber and pliant as clay in the hands of a potter. Yet the play has a marked severity of taste ; the style, though by no means so great as in some others, is singularly faultless ; the graces of wit and poetry are distilled into it with indescribable delicacy, as if they came from a hand at once the most plentiful and the most sparing : in short, the work is everywhere replete with “ the modest charm of not too much ” ; its beauty, like that of the heroine, being of the still, deep, retiring sort, which it takes one long to find, for ever to exhaust, and which can be fully caught only by the reflective imagination in “ the quiet and still air of delightful studies.” Thus all things are disposed in most happy keeping with each other, and tempered in the blandest proportion of Art ; so as to illustrate how

Grace, laughter, and discourse may meet,
And yet the beauty not go less ;
For what is noble should be sweet,

Sir Toby Belch.

If the characters of this play are generally less interesting in themselves than some we meet with elsewhere in the Poet's works, the defect is pretty well made up by the felicitous grouping of them. Their very diversities of temper and purpose are made to act as so many mutual affinities; and this too in a manner so spontaneous that we see not how they could possibly act otherwise. For broad comic effect, the cluster of which Sir Toby is the centre — all of them drawn in clear yet delicate colours — is inferior only to the unparalleled assemblage that makes rich the air of Eastcheap. Of Sir Toby himself — that most whimsical, madcap, frolicsome old toper, so full of antics and fond of splees, with a plentiful stock of wit, which is kept in motion by an equally plentiful lack of money — it is enough to say, with Verplanck, that “he certainly comes out of the same associations where the Poet saw Falstaff hold his revels”; and that, though “not Sir John, nor a fainter sketch of him, yet he has an odd sort of a family likeness to him.” Sir Toby has a decided *penchant* for practical jokes; though rather because he takes a sort of disinterested pleasure in them, than because he loves to see himself in the process of engineering them through: for he has not a particle of ill-nature in him. Though by no means a coward himself, he nevertheless enjoys the exposure of cowardice in others; yet this again is not so much because such exposure feeds his self-esteem, as because he delights in the game for its own sake, and for the nimble pastime it yields to his faculties: that is, his impulses seem to rest in it as an ultimate object, or a part of what is to him the *summum bonum* of life. And it is much the same with his addiction to vinous revelry, and to the moister kind of minstrelsy; an

addiction that proceeds in part from his keen gust of fun, and the happiness he finds in making sport for others as well as for himself: he will drink till the world turns round, but not unless others are at hand to enjoy the turning along with him.

Sir Andrew the Fatuous.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek, the aspiring, lackadaisical, self-satisfied echo and sequel of Sir Toby, fitly serves the double purpose of a butt and a foil to the latter, at once drawing him out and setting him off. Ludicrously proud of the most petty, childish irregularities, which, however, his natural fatuity keeps him from acting, and barely suffers him to affect, on this point he reminds us of that impressive imbecility, Abraham Slender; yet not in such sort as to encroach at all on Slender's province. There can scarcely be found a richer piece of diversion than Sir Toby's practice in dandling Sir Andrew out of his money, and paying him off with the odd hope of gaining Olivia's hand. And the funniest of it is, that while Sir Toby understands him thoroughly he has not himself the slightest suspicion or inkling of what he is; he being as confident of his own wit as others are of his want of it. Nor are we here touched with any revulsions of moral feeling, such as might disturb our enjoyment of their fellowship; on the contrary, we sympathize with Sir Toby's sport, without any reluctances of virtue or conscience. To our sense of the matter, he neither has nor ought to have any scruples or compunctions about the game he is hunting. For, in truth, his dealing with Sir Andrew is all in the way of fair exchange. He gives as much pleasure as he gets. If he is cheating Sir Andrew out of his money, he is also cheating him into the proper felicity of his nature, and thus paying

him with the equivalent best suited to his capacity. It suffices that, in being stuffed with the preposterous delusion about Olivia, Sir Andrew is rendered supremely happy at the time ; while he manifestly has not force enough to remember it with any twinges of shame or self-reproach. And we feel that, while clawing his fatuous crotchets and playing out his absurdities, Sir Toby is really doing Sir Andrew no wrong, since the latter is then most himself, is in his happiest mood, and in the most natural freedom of his indigenous gifts and graces. All which quite precludes any division of our sympathies, and just makes our comic enjoyment of their intercourse simply perfect.

Malvolio the Pure.

Malvolio, the self-love-sick Steward, has hardly had justice done him, his bad qualities being indeed of just the kind to defeat the recognition of his good ones. He represents a perpetual class of people, whose leading characteristic is moral demonstrativeness, and who are never satisfied with a law that leaves them free to do right, unless it also give them the power to keep others from doing wrong. To quote again from Verplanck, Malvolio embodies "a conception as true as it is original and droll ; and its truth may still be frequently attested by comparison with real Malvolios, to be found everywhere from humble domestic life up to the high places of learning, of the State, and even of the Church." From the central idea of the character it follows in course that the man has too much conscience to mind his own business, and is too pure to tolerate mirth in others, because too much swollen and stiffened with self-love to be merry himself. His highest exhilaration is when he contemplates the image of his self-imputed virtues : he lives

so entranced with the beauty of his own inward parts, that he would fain hold himself the wrong side out, to the end that all the world may duly appreciate and admire him. Naturally, too, the more he hangs over his own moral beauty, the more pharisaical and sanctimonious he becomes in his opinion and treatment of others. For the glass which magnifies to his view whatever of good there may be in himself, also serves him as an inverted telescope to *minify* the good of those about him ; and, which is more, the self-same spirit that prompts him to invert the instrument upon other men's virtues, naturally moves him to turn the big end upon their faults and the small end upon his own. Of course, therefore, he is never without food for censure and reproof save when he is alone with himself, where, to be sure, his intense consciousness of virtue just breathes around him "the air of Paradise." Thus his continual frothing over with righteous indignation all proceeds from the yeast of pride and self-importance working mightily within him. Maria, whose keen eye and sure tongue seldom fail to hit the white of the mark, describes him as not being "any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser." And it is remarkable that the emphasized moral rigidity of such men is commonly but the outside of a mind secretly intent on the service of the time, and caring little for any thing but to trim its sails to the winds of self-interest and self-advancement. Yet Malvolio is really a man of no little talent and accomplishment, as he is also one of marked skill, fidelity, and rectitude in his calling ; so that he would be a right-worthy person all round, but for his inordinate craving

to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.

This overweening moral coxcombry is not indeed to be reckoned among the worst of crimes ; but perhaps there is no other one fault so generally or so justly offensive, and therefore none so apt to provoke the merciless retaliations of mockery and practical wit.

Maria the Gull-Catcher.

Maria, the little structure packed so close with mental spicery, has read Malvolio through and through ; she knows him without and within ; and she never speaks of him, but that her speech touches the very pith of the theme ; as when she describes him to be one “ that cons State without book, and utters it by great swaths ; the best-persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all who look on him love him.” Her quaint stratagem of the letter has and is meant to have the effect of disclosing to others what her keener insight has long since discovered ; and its working lifts her into a model of arch, roguish mischievousness, with wit to plan and art to execute whatsoever falls within the scope of such a character. Her native sagacity has taught her how to touch him in just the right spots to bring out the reserved or latent notes of his character. Her diagnosis of his inward state is indeed perfect ; and when she makes the letter instruct him, — “ Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants ; let thy tongue twang arguments of State ; put thyself into the trick of singularity,” — her arrows are so aimed as to cleave the pin of his most characteristic predispositions.

The scenes where the waggish troop, headed by this “ noble gull-catcher ” and “ most excellent devil of wit,” bewitch Malvolio into “ a contemplative idiot,” practising upon his vanity and conceit till he seems ready to burst

with an ecstasy of self-consequence, and they "laugh themselves into stitches" over him, are almost painfully diverting. It is indeed sport to see him "jet under his advanced plumes"; and during this part of the operation our hearts freely keep time with theirs who are tickling out his buds into full-blown thoughts: at length, however, when he is under treatment as a madman, our delight in his exposure passes over into commiseration of his distress, and we feel a degree of resentment towards his ingenious persecutors. The Poet, no doubt, meant to push the joke upon him so far as to throw our sympathies over on his side, and make us take his part. For his character is such that perhaps nothing but excessive reprisals on his vanity and conceit could make us do justice to his real worth.

Fabian and the Clown.

The shrewd, mirth-loving Fabian, who in greedy silence devours up fun, tasting it too far down towards his knees to give any audible sign of the satisfaction it yields him, is an apt and willing agent in putting the stratagem through. If he does nothing towards inventing or cooking up the repast, he is at least a happy and genial partaker of the banquet that others have prepared. — Feste, the jester, completes this illustrious group of laughing and laughter-moving personages. Though not, perhaps, quite so wise a fellow as Touchstone, of *As-You-Like-It* memory, nor endowed with so fluent and racy a fund of humour, he nevertheless has enough of both to meet all the demands of his situation. If, on the one hand, he never launches the ball of fun, neither, on the other, does he ever fail to do his part towards keeping it rolling. On the whole, he has a sufficiently facile and apposite gift at jesting out philosophy, and moralizing the scenes where he

moves ; and whatever he has in that line is perfectly original with him. It strikes me, withal, as a rather noteworthy circumstance that both the comedy and the romance of the play meet together in him, as in their natural home. He is indeed a right jolly fellow ; no note of mirth springs up but he has answering susceptibilities for it to light upon ; but he also has at the same time a delicate vein of tender pathos in him ; as appears by the touchingly-plaintive song he sings, which, by the way, is one of

The very sweetest Fancy culls or frames,
Where *tenderness* of heart is strong and deep.

I am not supposing this to be the measure of his lyrical invention, for the song probably is not of his making ; but the selection marks at least the setting of his taste, or rather the tuning of his soul, and thus discovers a choice reserve of feeling laid up in his breast.

The Comic Proceedings.

Such are the scenes, such the characters that enliven Olivia's mansion during the play : Olivia herself, calm, cheerful, of "smooth, discreet, and stable bearing," hovering about them ; sometimes unbending, never losing her dignity among them ; often checking, oftener enjoying their merry-makings, and occasionally emerging from her seclusion to be plagued by the Duke's message and bewitched by his messenger : and Viola, always perfect in her part, yet always shrinking from it, appearing among them from time to time on her embassies of love ; sometimes a partaker, sometimes a provoker, sometimes the victim of their mischievous sport.

All this array of comicalities, exhilarating as it is in itself, is rendered doubly so by the frequent changes and playings-

in of poetry breathed from the sweetest spots of romance, and which "gives a very echo to the seat where Love is throed"; ideas and images of beauty creeping and stealing over the mind with footsteps so soft and delicate that we scarce know what touches us,—the motions of one that had learned to tread

As if the wind, not he, did walk,
Nor press'd a flower, nor bow'd a stalk.

Upon this portion of the play Hazlitt has some spirited remarks: "We have a friendship for Sir Toby; we patronize Sir Andrew; we have an understanding with the Clown, a sneaking kindness for Maria and her rogueries; we feel a regard for Malvolio, and sympathize with his gravity, his smiles, his cross-garters, his yellow stockings, and imprisonment: but there is something that excites in us a stronger feeling than all this."

Olivia the Countess.

Olivia is a considerable instance how much a fair and candid setting-forth may do to render an ordinary person attractive, and shows that for the homebred comforts and fireside tenour of life such persons after all are apt to be the best. Nor, though something commonplace in her make-up, such as the average of cultivated womanhood is always found to be, is she without bright and penetrative thoughts, whenever the occasion calls for them. Her reply to the Steward, when, by way of scorching the Clown, he " marvels that her ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal," gives the true texture of her mind and moral frame: "O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a dis-tempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free

disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed Fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove." Practical wisdom enough to make the course of any household run smooth! The instincts of a happy, placid temper have taught Olivia that there is as little of Christian virtue as of natural benignity in stinging away the spirit of kindness with a tongue of acid and acrimonious pietism. Her firm and healthy pulse beats in sympathy with the sportiveness in which the proper decorum of her station may not permit her to bear an active part. And she is too considerate, withal, not to look with indulgence on the pleasantries that are partly meant to divert her thoughts, and air off a too vivid remembrance of her recent sorrows. Besides, she has gathered, even under the discipline of her own afflictions, that as, on the one hand, "what Nature makes us mourn she bids us heal," so, on the other, the free hilarities of wit and humour, even though there be something of nonsense mixed up with them, are a part of that "bland philosophy of life" which helps to knit us up in the unions of charity and peace; that they promote cheerfulness of temper, smooth down the lines of care, sweeten away the asperities of the mind, make the eye sparkling and lustrous; and, in short, do much of the very best stitching in the embroidered web of friendship and fair society. So that she finds abundant motive in reason, with no impediment in religion, to refrain from spoiling the merry passages of her friends and servants by looking black or sour upon them.

Olivia is manifestly somewhat inclined to have her own way. But then it must also be acknowledged that her way is pretty apt to be right. This wilfulness, or something that

borders upon it, is shown alike in her impracticability to the Duke's solicitations, and in her pertinacity in soliciting his messenger. And it were well worth the while to know, if we could, how one so perverse in certain spots can manage notwithstanding to be so agreeable as a whole. Then too, if it seems rather naughty in her that she does not give the Duke a better chance to try his power upon her, she gets pretty well paid in falling a victim to the eloquence which her obstinacy stirs up. Nor is it altogether certain whether her conduct springs from a pride that will not listen where her fancy is not taken, or from an unambitious modesty that prefers not to "match above her degree." Her "beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on," saves the credit of the fancy-smitten Duke in such an urgency of suit as might else breed some question of his manliness; while her winning infirmity, as expressed in the tender violence with which she hastens on "a contract and eternal bond of love" with the astonished and bewildered Sebastian, "that her most jealous and too doubtful soul may live at peace," shows how well the sternness of the brain may be tempered into amiability by the meekness of womanhood.

Manifold indeed are the attractions which the Poet has shed upon his heroes and heroines; yet perhaps the learned spirit of the man is more wisely apparent in the home-keeping virtues and unobtrusive beauty of his average characters. And surely the contemplation of Olivia may well suggest the question, whether the former be not sometimes too admirable to be so instructive as those whose graces walk more in the light of common day. At all events, the latter may best admonish us,

How Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

Orsino the Duke.

Similar thoughts might aptly enough be suggested by the Duke, who, without any very splendid or striking qualities, manages somehow to be a highly agreeable and interesting person. His character is merely that of an accomplished gentleman, enraptured at the touch of music, and the sport of thick-thronging fancies. It is plain that Olivia has only enchanted his imagination, not won his heart; though he is not himself aware that such is the case. This fancy-sickness — for it appears to be nothing else — naturally renders him somewhat capricious and fantastical, “unstaid and skittish in his motions”; and, but for the exquisite poetry which it inspires him to utter, would rather excite our mirth than enlist our sympathy. To use an illustration from another play, Olivia is not so much his Juliet as his Rosaline; and perhaps a secret persuasion to that effect is the real cause of her rejecting his suit. Accordingly, when he sees her placed beyond his hope, he has no more trouble about her; but turns, and builds a true affection where, during the pre-occupancy of his imagination, so many sweet and tender appeals have been made to his heart.

In Shakespeare's delineations as in nature, we may commonly note that love, in proportion as it is deep and genuine, is also inward and reserved. To be voluble, to be fond of spreading itself in discourse, or of airing itself in the fineries of speech, seems indeed quite against the instinct of that passion; and its best eloquence is when it ties up the tongue, and *steals* out in other modes of expression, the flushing of the cheeks and the mute devotion of the eyes. In its purest forms, it is apt to be a secret even unto itself, the subjects of it knowing indeed that something ails them,

but not knowing exactly what. So that the most effective love-making is involuntary and unconscious. And I suspect that, as a general thing, if the true lover's passion be not returned before it is spoken, it stands little chance of being returned at all.

Now, in Orsino's case, the passion, or whatever else it may be, is too much without to be thoroughly sound within. Like Malvolio's virtue, it is too glass-gazing, too much enamoured of its own image, and renders him too apprehensive that it will be the death of him, if disappointed of its object. Accordingly he talks too much about it, and his talking about it is too ingenious withal; it makes his tongue run glib and fine with the most charming divisions of poetic imagery and sentiment; all which shrewdly infers that he lacks the genuine thing, and has mistaken something else for it. Yet, when we hear him dropping such riches as this,

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!

and this,

She that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her!

we can hardly help wishing that such were indeed the true vernacular of that passion. But it is not so, and on the whole it is much better than so: for love, that which is rightly so called, uses a diviner language even than that; and this it does when, taking the form of religion, it sweetly and silently embodies itself in deeds. And this is the love that Southey had in mind when he wrote,

They sin who tell us love can die.

The Heroine.

In Viola, divers things that were else not a little scattered are thoroughly composed ; her character being the unifying power that draws all the parts into true dramatic consistency. Love-taught herself, it was for her to teach both Orsino and Olivia how to love : indeed she plays into all the other parts, causing them to embrace and cohere within the compass of her circulation. And yet, like some subtle agency, working most where we perceive it least, she does all this without rendering herself a special prominence in the play.

It is observable that the Poet has left it uncertain whether Viola was in love with the Duke before assuming her disguise, or whether her heart was won afterwards by reading "the book even of his secret soul" while wooing another. Nor does it much matter whether her passion were the motive or the consequence of her disguise, since in either case such a man as Olivia describes him to be might well find his way to tougher hearts than Viola's. But her love has none of the skittishness and unrest which mark the Duke's passion for Olivia : complicated out of all the elements of her being, it is strong without violence ; never mars the innate modesty of her character ; is deep as life, tender as infancy, pure, peaceful, and unchangeable as truth.

Mrs. Jameson — who, with the best right to know what belongs to woman, unites a rare talent for taking others along with her, and letting them see the choice things which her apprehensive eye discerns, and who, in respect of Shakespeare's heroines, has left little for others to do but quote her words — remarks that "in Viola a sweet consciousness of her feminine nature is for ever breaking through her masquerade : she plays her part well, but never forgets, nor allows us to forget, that

she is playing a part." And, sure enough, every thing about her save her dress "is semblative a woman's part": she has none of the assumption of a pert, saucy, waggish manhood, which so delights us in Rosalind in *As You Like It*; but she has that which, if not better in itself, is more becoming in her, — "the inward and spiritual grace of modesty" pervading all she does and says. Even in her railleries with the comic characters there is all the while an instinctive drawing-back of female delicacy, touching our sympathies, and causing us to feel most deeply what she is, when those with whom she is playing least suspect her to be other than she seems. And the same is true concerning her passion, of which she never so speaks as to compromise in the least the delicacies and proprieties of her sex; yet she lets fall many things from which the Duke easily gathers the drift and quality of her feelings directly he learns what she is. But the great charm of her character lies in a moral rectitude so perfect and so pure as to be a secret unto itself; a clear, serene composure of truth, mingling so freely and smoothly with the issues of life, that while, and perhaps even because she is herself unconscious of it, she is never once tempted to abuse or to shirk her trust, though it be to play the attorney in a cause that makes so much against herself. In this respect she presents an instructive contrast to Malvolio, who has much virtue indeed, yet not so much but that the counter-pullings have rendered him intensely conscious of it, and so drawn him into the vice, at once hateful and ridiculous, of moral pride. The virtue that fosters conceit and censoriousness is like a dyspeptic stomach, the owner of which is made all too sensible of it by the conversion of his food to wind, — a wind that puffs him up. On the other hand, a virtue that breathes so freely as not to be aware of its breathing is the right moral

analogue of a thoroughly eupeptic state ; as “the healthy know not of their health, but only the sick.”

Sundry critics have censured, some of them pretty sharply, the improbability involved in the circumstance of Viola and Sebastian resembling each other so closely as to be mistaken the one for the other. Even so just and liberal a critic as Hallam has stumbled at this circumstance, so much so as quite to disconcert his judgment of the play. The improbability is indeed palpable enough ; yet I have to confess that it has never troubled me, any more than certain things not less improbable in *As You Like It*. But even if it had, still I should not hold it any just ground for faulting the Poet, inasmuch as the circumstance was an accepted article in the literary faith of his time. But indeed this censure proceeds from that old heresy which supposes the proper effect of a work of art to depend on the imagined reality of the matter presented ; that is, which substitutes the delusions of insanity for the half-voluntary illusions of a rational and refining pleasure.

Sebastian.

Of Sebastian himself the less need be said, forasmuch as the leading traits of his character, in my conception of it, have been substantially evolved in what I have said of his sister. For the two are really as much alike in the inward texture of their souls as in their visible persons ; at least their mutual resemblance in the former respect is as close as were compatible with proper manliness in the one, and proper womanliness in the other. Personal bravery, for example, is as characteristic of him as modesty is of her. In simplicity, in gentleness, in rectitude, in delicacy of mind, and in all the particulars of what may be termed com-

plexional harmony and healthiness of nature,—in these they are as much twins as in birth and feature. Therewithal they are both alike free from any notes of a pampered self-consciousness. Yet in all these points a nice discrimination of the masculine and feminine proprieties is everywhere maintained. In a word, there is no confusion of sex in the delineation of them : as like as they are, without and within, the man and the woman are nevertheless perfectly differentiated in all the essential attributes of each.

The conditions of the plot did not require nor even permit Sebastian to be often or much in sight. We have indeed but little from him, but that little is intensely charged with significance ; in fact, I hardly know of another instance in Shakespeare where so much of character is accomplished in so few words. The scene where he is first met with consists merely of a brief dialogue between him and Antonio, the man who a little before has recovered him from the perils of shipwreck. He there has neither time nor heart for any thing but gratitude to his deliverer, and sorrow at the supposed death of his sister : yet his expression of these is so ordered as to infer all the parts of a thorough gentleman ; the efficacies of a generous nature, of good breeding, of liberal culture, and of high principle, all concurring in one result, and thus filling up the right idea of politeness as “benevolencé guided by intelligence.”

General Characteristics.

The society delineated in this play is singularly varied and composite ; the names of the persons being a mixture of Spanish, Italian, and English. Though the scene is laid in Illyria, the period of the action is undefined, and the manners and costumes are left in the freedom of whatever

time we may choose antecedent to that of the composition, provided we do not exceed the proper limits of imaginative reason.

This variety in the grouping of the persons, whether so intended or not, very well accords with the spirit in which, or the occasion for which, the title indicates the play to have been written. Twelfth Day, anciently so called as being the twelfth after Christmas, is the day whereon the Church has always kept the feast of "The Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles." So that, in preparing a Twelfth-Night entertainment, the idea of fitness might aptly suggest, that national lines and distinctions should be lost in the paramount ties of a common Religion; and that people the most diverse in kindred and tongue should draw together in the sentiment of "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism"; their social mirth thus relishing of universal Brotherhood.

The general scope and plan of *Twelfth Night, as a work of art*, is hinted in its second title; all the comic elements being, as it were, thrown out simultaneously, and held in a sort of equipoise; so that the readers are left to fix the preponderance where it best suits their several bent or state of mind, and each, within certain limits and conditions, may take the work in *what sense he will*. For, where no special prominence is given to any one thing, there is the wider scope for individual aptitude or preference, and the greater freedom for each to select for virtual prominence such parts as will best knit in with what is uppermost in his thoughts.

The significance of the title is further traceable in a peculiar spontaneousness running through the play. Replete as it is with humours and oddities, they all seem to spring up of their own accord; the comic characters being free alike

from disguises and pretensions, and seeking merely to let off their inward redundancy ; caring nothing at all whether everybody or nobody sees them, so they may have their whim out, and giving utterance to folly and nonsense simply because they cannot help it. Thus their very deformities have a certain grace, since they are genuine and of Nature's planting : absurdity and whimsicality are indigenous to the soil, and shoot up in free, happy luxuriance, from the life that is in them. And by thus setting the characters out in their happiest aspects, the Poet contrives to make them simply ludicrous and diverting, instead of putting upon them the constructions of wit or spleen, and thereby making them ridiculous or contemptible. Hence it is that we so readily enter into a sort of fellowship with them ; their foibles and follies being shown up in such a spirit of good-humour, that the subjects themselves would rather join with us in laughing than be angered or hurt at the exhibition. Moreover the high and the low are here seen moving in free and familiar intercourse, without any apparent consciousness of their respective ranks : the humours and comicalities of the play keep running and frisking in among the serious parts, to their mutual advantage ; the connection between them being of a kind to be felt, not described.

Thus the piece overflows with the genial, free-and-easy spirit of a merry Twelfth Night. Chance, caprice, and intrigue, it is true, are brought together in about equal portions ; and their meeting and crossing and mutual tripping cause a deal of perplexity and confusion, defeating the hopes of some, suspending those of others : yet here, as is often the case in actual life, from this conflict of opposites order and happiness spring up as the final result : if what we call accident thwart one cherished purpose, it draws on something

better, blighting a full-blown expectation now, to help the blossoming of a nobler one hereafter : and it so happens in the end that all the persons but two either have *what they will*, or else grow willing to have what comes to their hands.

Such, I believe, as nearly as I know how to deliver it, is the impression I hold of this charming play ; an impression that has survived, rather say, has kept growing deeper and deeper through many years of study, and after many, many an hour spent in quiet communion with its scenes and characters. In no one of his dramas, to my sense, does the Poet appear to have been in a healthier or happier frame of mind, more free from the fascination of the darker problems of humanity, more at peace with himself and all the world, or with Nature playing more kindly and genially at his heart, and from thence diffusing her benedictions through his whole establishment. So that, judging from this transpiration of his inner poetic life, I should conclude him to have had abundant cause for saying,

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment ; —
The blameless Muse who trains her sons
For hope and calm enjoyment.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.	SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
SEBASTIAN, a young Gentleman.	MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.	FABIAN, } Servants to Olivia.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.	A Clown, }
VALENTINE, } Gentlemen attending	OLIVIA, a Countess.
CURIO, } on the Duke.	VIOLA, Sister to Sebastian.
SIR TOBY-BELCH, Uncle of Olivia.	MARIA, Olivia's Woman.
Lords, a Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other attendants.	

SCENE, *a City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace.*

Enter the DUKE, Lords, and CURIO; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:¹

¹ The sense of *dying*, as here used, is technically expressed by *diminuendo*.

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour ! — Enough ; no more :
 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before. —
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity² and pitch soe'er,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy,³
 That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke.

What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
 (Methought she purged the air of pestilence !)
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me.⁴ —

Enter VALENTINE.

How now ! what news from her ?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted ;
 But from her handmaid do return this answer :

² *Validity* is *worth, value*. So in *All's Well*, v. 3: "Behold this ring, whose high respect and rich *validity* did lack a parallel."

³ *Fancy* is continually used by old writers for *love*. There is a play on the word here.

⁴ Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty by the fable of Actæon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds ; as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing.

The element⁵ itself, till seven years hence,
 Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round
 With eye-offending brine : all this to season⁶
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
 And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her ; when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, her sweet perfections,
 Are all supplied and fill'd with one self king !⁷ —
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers :
 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria ?

⁵ *Element* here means the *sky*. So in *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 3: "And I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full Moon doth the cinders of the *element*, which show like pins' heads to her"; *cinders* meaning, of course, the *stars*.

⁶ To *season* is to *preserve*. In *All's Well*, i. 1, tears are said to be "the best brine a maiden can *season* her praise in."

⁷ The liver, brain, and heart were regarded as the special seats of passion, judgment, and affection, and so were put respectively for their supposed occupants. — *One self king* is equivalent to *one and the same king*. The Poet often uses *self* with the force of *salf-same*.

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd : what think you, sailors ?

Cap. It is perchance¹ that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother ! and so perchance may he be.

Cap. True, madam : and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and this poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat,² I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself —
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice —
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea ;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,³
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold :
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, madam, well ; for I was bred and born

¹ Viola first uses *perchance* in the sense of *perhaps* ; the Captain in that of *by chance, accident, or good luck*.

² " *Driving boat* " means, I suppose, boat *driven before the storm*.

³ Arion's feat is worthily described in Wordsworth's poem *On the Power of sound* :

Thy skill, Arion,
Could humanize the creatures of the sea,
Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,
Leave for one chant ; — the dulcet sound
Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,
And listening dolphins gather round.
Self-cast, as with a desperate course,
Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
A proud one docile as a managed horse ;
And singing, while the accordant hand
Sweeps his harp, the master rides.

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.⁴

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, — as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of, —
That he did seek the love of (fair Olivia.)

Vio. What's she?

Cap. (A virtuous maid,) the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear loss,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I served that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!⁵

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

⁴ An allusion, no doubt, to the great and well-known Italian family of *Orsini*, from whom the name *Orsino* is borrowed.

⁵ Viola is herself a nobleman's daughter; and she here wishes that her birth and quality — her *estate* — may be kept secret from the world, till she has a *ripe* occasion for making known who she is. Certain later passages in the play seem to infer that she has already fallen in love with Duke Orsino from the descriptions she has had of him.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
 And though that nature with a beauteous wall
 Doth oft close-in pollution, yet of thee
 I well believe thou hast a mind that suits
 With this thy fair and outward character.
 I pr'ythee, — and I'll pay thee bounteously, —
 Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid
 For such disguise as haply shall become
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke :
 Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him :⁶
 It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,
 And speak to him in many sorts of music,
 That will allow me very worth his service.⁷
 What else may hap, to time I will commit ;
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be :
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee : lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death
 of her brother thus ? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'

⁶ This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a *page*, not as an *eunuch*.

⁷ "Will *approve* me worth his service"; that is, "will *prove* that I am worth," &c. This use of to *allow* for to *approve* is very common in old English; and Shakespeare has it repeatedly. So in *King Lear*, ii. 4: "O Heavens, if your sweet sway *allow* obedience."

nights : your cousin,¹ my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.²

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine ! I'll confine myself no finer than I am :³ these clothes are good enough to drink in ; and so be these boots too : an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you : I heard my lady talk of it yesterday ; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek ?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man⁴ as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose ?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats : he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so ! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,⁵ and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

¹ *Cousin* was used, not only for what we so designate, but also for *nephew*, *niece*, *grandchild*, and, indeed, *kindred* in general.

² The Poet here shows his familiarity with the technical language of the Law ; Sir Toby being made to run a whimsical play upon the old legal phrase, "those things being excepted which were before excepted."

³ Sir Toby purposely misunderstands *confine*, taking it for *refine*.

⁴ The use of *tall* for *bold*, *valiant*, *stout*, was common in Shakespeare's time, and occurs several times in his works. Sir Toby is evidently bantering with the word, Sir Andrew being equally deficient in spirit and in stature.

⁵ *Viol-de-gamboys* appears to be a Tobyism for *viol da gamba*, an instrument much like the violoncello : so called because it was held between the

Mar. He hath, indeed, all most natural:⁶ for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust⁷ he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors⁸ that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. (With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria) he's a coward and a coistrel⁹ that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.¹⁰ What, wench! *Castiliano volto*;¹¹ for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch; how now, Sir Toby Belch!

legs; *gamba* being Italian for *leg*. According to Gifford, the instrument "was an indispensable piece of furniture in every fashionable house, where it hung up in the best chamber, much as the guitar does in Spain, and the violin in Italy, to be played on at will, and to fill up the void of conversation. Whoever pretended to fashion affected an acquaintance with this instrument."

⁶ Maria plays upon *natural*, which, in one of its senses, meant a *fool*. See *As You Like It*, page 15, note 3.—There is also an equivocal in *all most*, one of the senses being *almost*.

⁷ *Gust* is *taste*, from the Italian *gusto*; not much used now, though its sense lives in *disgust*.

⁸ *Substractors* is another Tobyism for *detractors*.

⁹ Holinshed classes *coistrels* among the unwarlike followers of an army. It was thus used as a term of contempt.

¹⁰ A large top was formerly kept in each village for the peasantry to amuse themselves with in frosty weather. "He sleeps like a town-top," is an old proverb.

¹¹ Meaning, "Put on a Castilian face"; that is, grave, solemn looks.

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew !

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.¹²

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight : *accost* is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost*?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part so,¹³ Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have ; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free : I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.¹⁴

¹² Sir Toby speaks more learnedly than intelligibly here, using *accost* in its original sense. The word is from the French *accoster*, to come *side by side*, or to *approach*. *Accost* is seldom used thus, which accounts for Sir Andrew's mistake.

¹³ *Part* for *depart*. A frequent usage.

¹⁴ The *buttery* was formerly a place for all sorts of gastric refreshments, and a dry hand was considered a symptom of debility.—The relevancy of "thought is free" may be not very apparent. Perhaps the following from Lyly's *Euphues*, 1581, will illustrate it: "None, quoth she, can judge of wit

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so : I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends : marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary : when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think ; unless you saw canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has : but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.¹⁵

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoi*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting : O, had I but followed the Arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.¹⁶

but they that have it. Why, then, quoth he, dost thou think me a fool? *Thought is free*, my lord, quoth she."

¹⁵ So in *The Haven of Health*, 1584: "Galen affirmeth that biefte maketh grosse bloude and engendreth melancholie, especially if it is much eaten, and if such as doe eat it be of a melancholy complexion."

¹⁶ Sir Toby is quibbling between *tongues* and *tongs*, the latter meaning, of course, the well-known instrument for *curling* the hair. The two words were often written, and probably sounded, alike, or nearly so. So in the introduction to *The Faerie Queene*: "O, helpe thou my weake wit, and

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Count¹⁷ himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the Count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't,¹⁸ man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses,¹⁹ knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with a nobleman.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

sharpen my dull *tong*." Here the word rhymes with *long* and *wrong*. For this explanation, which is not more ingenious than apt and just, I am indebted to a private letter from Mr. Joseph Crosby.

¹⁷ The titles *Duke* and *Count* are used indifferently of Orsino. The reason of this, if there be any, is not apparent. The Poet of course understood the difference between a duke and a count, well enough. White suggests that in a revisal of the play he may have concluded to change the title, and then, for some cause, left the change incomplete.

¹⁸ Equivalent to "there is *hope* in it." It was a phrase of the time.

¹⁹ A Tobyism, probably, for *kickshaws*, an old word for *trifles* or *knick-knacks*; said to be a corruption of the French *quelque chose*.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.²⁰

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture?²¹ why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto?²² My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock.²³ Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs.²⁴ Let me see thee

²⁰ A double pun is probably intended here; the meaning being, "If you can do the man's part in a galliard, I can do the woman's." *Mutton* was sometimes used as a slang term for a *woman*.

²¹ *Mistress Mall* was a very celebrated character of the Poet's time, who played many parts (not on the stage) in male attire. Her real name was Mary Frith, though commonly known as Moll Cutpurse. In 1610 a book was entered at the Stationers, called *The Madde Prankes of Merry Moll of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what purpose*, by John Day. Middleton and Dekker wrote a comedy entitled *The Roaring Girl*, of which she was the heroine. Portraits were commonly curtained to keep off the dust.

²² *Galliard* and *coranto* are names of dances: the galliard, a lively, stirring dance, from a Spanish word signifying cheerful, gay; the coranto, a quick dance for two persons, described as "traversing and running, as our country dance, but having twice as much in a strain."

²³ "A flame-colour'd *stock*" is a pretty emphatic sort of *stocking*.—"Indifferent well" is *tolerably* well. A frequent usage.

²⁴ Alluding to the medical astrology of the almanacs. Both the knights are wrong; the zodiacal sign Taurus having reference to the neck and throat. The point seems to be that Sir Toby is poking fun at Sir Andrew's conceit of agility: "I can cut a caper."

caper. [*Sir AND. dances.*] Ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent!
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in Man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the Count.

Enter the DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all;¹ I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait² unto her; Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixèd foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,

¹ That is, "no less *than* all." This use of *but* with the force of *than* is quite frequent in Shakespeare. In *As You Like It*, v. 2, page 126, we have five instances of it in one speech: "Your brother and my sister no sooner met, *but* they looked"; &c.

² The meaning is, "*direct thy course,*" or thy *steps*. The Poet often uses to *address* in the sense of to *make ready* or *prepare*; and here the meaning is much the same.

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofit'd³ return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith !
It shall become thee well to act my woes ;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it ;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man : Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious ;⁴ thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in sound ;
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation⁵ is right apt
For this affair. — Some four or five attend him ;
All, if you will ; for I myself am best
When least in company. — Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady : — [*Aside.*] yet, a barful strife !⁶
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

³ *Unprofit'd* for *unprofitable*. Shakespeare often uses the endings *-able* and *-ed* indiscriminately. So he has *detested* for *detestable*, *unnumbered* for *innumerable*, *unavoided* for *unavoidable*, and many others.

⁴ Rubious is *red* or *rosy*. This sense lives in *ruby* and *rubicund*.

⁵ An astrological allusion. A man's constellation is the star that was in the ascendant at his birth, and so determined what he had a genius for.

⁶ A strife or undertaking *full of bars* or *impediments*.

SCENE V. — *A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

Enter MARIA and the Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse : my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me : he that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.¹

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer.² I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, *I fear no colours.*

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars ; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it ; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent ; or, to be turn'd away, — is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage ; and, for turning away, let Summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither ; but I am resolved on two points.

¹ Both the origin of this phrase and the meaning attached to it, notwithstanding Maria's explanation, are still obscure. *Colours* is still used for *flag* ; and probably it is here to be taken in a figurative sense for *enemy*.

² Probably a *short* or *spare* answer ; like the diet used in Lent. *Lenten* might be applied to any thing that marked the season of Lent. Thus Taylor the water-poet speaks of "a lenten top," which people amused themselves with during Lent ; and in *Hamlet* we have, "what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you."

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold ; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.³

Clo. Apt, in good faith ; very apt. Well, go thy way ; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady : make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling ! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools ; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man : for what says Quinapalus ?⁴ *Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.* —

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady !

Oli. Take the Fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows ? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry Fool ; I'll no more of you : besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend : for, give the dry Fool drink, then is the Fool not dry : bid the dishonest man mend himself ; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest ; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd : virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin ; and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue : if that this simple syllogism will serve, so ; if it will not, what remedy ? As there is no true dishonour

³ Maria quibbles upon *points*. *Gaskins* was the name of a man's nether garment, large hose, or trousers ; and the points were the tags or laces which, being tied, held them up.

⁴ *Quinapalus* is an imaginary author. To invent or to coin names and authorities for the nonce, seems to be a part of this Clown's humour.

but calamity, so beauty's a flower. — The lady bade take away the Fool ; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree ! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum* ;⁵ that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it ?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna : good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou ?

Oli. Good Fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in Hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in Heaven, Fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in Heaven. — Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this Fool, Malvolio ? doth he not mend ?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him : infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly ! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox ; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

⁵ A common proverb ; literally, "a hood does not make a monk." Shakespeare has it elsewhere.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio ?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal : I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already ; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take those wise men, that crow so at these set kind of Fools, to be no better than the Fools' zanies.⁶

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts⁷ that you deem cannon-bullets : there is no slander in an allow'd Fool,⁸ though he do nothing but rail ; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,⁹ for thou speak'st well of Fools !

⁶ The *zany* in Shakespeare's day was the attenuated mime of the mimic. He was the servant or attendant of the professional clown, who accompanied him on the stage or in the ring, attempting to imitate his tricks, and adding to the general merriment by his ludicrous failures and comic imbecility. It is this characteristic, not merely of mimicry, but of weak and abortive mimicry, that gives its distinctive meaning to the word, and colours it with a special tinge of contempt. This feature of the early stage has descended to our own times, and may still be found in the performances of the circus. We have ourselves seen the clown and the zany in the ring together ; the clown doing clever tricks, the zany provoking immense laughter by his ludicrous failures in attempting to imitate them. — *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1869.

⁷ *Bird-bolts* were short thick arrows with obtuse ends, used for shooting young rooks and other birds.

⁸ An *allow'd Fool* was the domestic or court Fool, like Touchstone in *As You Like It* ; that is, the jester by profession, who dressed in motley ; with whom folly was an art ; and whose functions are so admirably set forth by Jaques in the play just mentioned, ii. 7.

⁹ The Clown means, that unless Olivia *lied* she could not "speak well of Fools" ; therefore he prays Mercury to endue her with *leasing*. *Leasing*

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] — Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, do dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] — Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a Fool, — whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.¹⁰

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. — What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here — a plague o' these pickle-herring! ¹¹ — How now, sot! ¹²

was about the same as our *fibbing*. As Mercury was the God of cheats and liars, the Clown aptly invokes his aid.

¹⁰ The membrane that covers the brain; put for the brain itself.

¹¹ Pickled herrings seem to have been a common relish in drunken sprees. Gabriel Harvey says of Robert Greene, the profligate dramatist, that he died "of a surfett of pickle herringe and Rennishe wine."

¹² *Sot* is used by the Poet for *fool*; as in *The Merry Wives* Dr. Caius says, "Have you make-a de *sot* of us?"

Clo. Good Sir Toby ! —

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy ?

Sir To. Lechery ! I defy¹³ lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he ?

Sir To. Let him be the Devil, an he will, I care not : give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, Fool ?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman : one draught above heat makes him a fool ; the second mads him ; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz ; for he's in the third degree of drink, — he's drown'd : go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna ; and the Fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick ; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you : I told him you were asleep ; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady ? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. 'Has been told so ; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,¹⁴ and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

¹³ To *defy* was often used for to *renounce*, or *abjure*.

¹⁴ The Sheriffs formerly had painted posts set up at their doors on which proclamations and placards were affixed.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple:¹⁵ 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly;¹⁶ one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken

¹⁵ A *codling*, according to Gifford, means an *involucrum* or *kell*, and was used by our old writers for that early stage of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, begins to assume a globular and determinate shape. The original of *squash* was used of such young vegetables as were eaten in the state of immaturity.

¹⁶ *Shrewishly* is *sharply, tartly*; like a *shrew*. So, of old, *shrewd* meant *keen or biting*.

great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn : I am very comptible¹⁷ even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart : and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself ; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission : I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't : I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned : I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates ; and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be mad, be gone ; if you have reason, be brief : 'tis not that time of Moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber ; I am to hull here¹⁸ a little longer. — Some mollification for your giant,¹⁹ sweet lady.

¹⁷ *Comptible* is *susceptible*, or *sensitive*. The proper meaning of the word is *accountable*.

¹⁸ To *hull* is a nautical term, probably meaning to haul in sails and lay-to, without coming to anchor. *Swabber* is also a nautical term, used of one who attends to the swabbing or cleaning of the deck.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.²⁰

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhood: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.
[*Exit* MARIA.] — Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady, —

Oli. A comfortable²¹ doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we

¹⁹ Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant, alluding, ironically, to the small stature of Maria.

²⁰ Viola's being a messenger implies that it is not her own mind, but that of the sender, that she is to tell.

²¹ *Comfortable* for *comforting*; the passive form with the active sense. Often so, both in this and in many other words.

will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present:²² is't not well done?

[Unveiling.]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.)

Oli. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out
divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and
every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: (as, item, two
lips, indifferent red;²³ item, two gray eyes,²⁴ with lids to
them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth.) Were you
sent hither to 'praise me?²⁵

Vio. I see you what you are, — (you are too proud;))
But, if you were the Devil, you are fair!
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,²⁶

²² It is to be borne in mind that the idea of a picture is continued; the meaning being, "behold the picture of me, such as I am at the present moment."

²³ "Indifferent red" is tolerably red. See page 40, note 23.

²⁴ Blue eyes were called gray in the Poet's time. See *As You Like It*, page 92, note 45.

²⁵ To appraise me, or set a value upon me; referring to the inventory she has just given of her graces.

²⁶ Fertile appears to be used here in the sense of copious. Shakespeare has fruitful in a like sense. So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "No, nor the fruitful river in the eye."

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind ; I cannot love him :
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulged,²⁷ free, learn'd, and valiant ;
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly love,
In your denial I would find no sense ;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantons²⁸ of contemnèd love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air²⁹
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me !

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage ?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;

²⁷ Meaning, perhaps, well spoken of, well *voiced* in the public mouth ; or it may mean well reputed for knowledge in the languages, which was esteemed a great accomplishment in the Poet's time.

²⁸ *Cantons* is the old English word for *cantos*.

²⁹ A Shakespearian expression for *echo*.

Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well :
I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady ; keep your purse :
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love ;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit.*

Oli. *What is your parentage ? —*
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman. (I'll be sworn thou art ;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee fivefold blazon. — Not too fast ; —
Soft, soft ! —
Unless the' master were the man.³⁰ — How now !
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. —
What, ho, Malvolio ?

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish³¹ messenger,
The County's man : he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not : tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,

³⁰ *Soft!* was in frequent use, as here, for *stay! not too fast!* Olivia means, apparently, that her passion is going ahead too fast, unless Orsino were its object, who is Viola's *master*.

³¹ *Peevish* was commonly used for *foolish* or *childish* ; hence, perhaps, the meaning it now bears of *fretful*. It may have either meaning here, or both.

Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what ; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.³²
Fate, show thy force : ourselves we do not owe ;³³
What is decreed must be, — and be this so !

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer ? nor will you not that I go
with you ?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over
me : the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper
yours ; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may
bear my evils alone : it were a bad recompense for your love,
to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir : my determinate voyage is mere ex-

³² She fears that her eyes have formed so flattering an idea of Cesario, that she will not have the strength of mind to resist the impression.

³³ We are not our own masters ; we cannot govern ourselves. *Owe* for *own*, *possess*, or *have* ; as usual.

travagancy.¹ But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing² to keep in ; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself.³ You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour : if the Heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended ! but you, sir, alter'd that ; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day !

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful ; but, though I could not, with such an estimable wonder, over-far believe that,⁴ yet thus far I will boldly publish her, — (she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.) She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble !

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love,⁵ let me be your servant.

¹ "The purpose of my voyage ends with the voyage itself," or, "I am travelling merely for the sake of travel." *Extravagancy* is used in the Latin sense of going at large ; as in *Hamlet*, i. 1 : "Th' *extravagant* and erring spirit hies to his confine."

² *Willing* in the sense of *choosing, wishing, or preferring.*

³ To declare or unfold myself. Sebastian holds himself the more bound to give the information, inasmuch as Antonio's delicacy keeps him from asking, or from being inquisitive.

⁴ The meaning is, "Though I could not, when compared with a person of such admirable beauty, over-far believe that I resembled her."

⁵ This may refer to what is thus delivered by Sir Walter Scott in *The Pirate* : When Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from the sea, and is trying

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd desire it not. Fare ye well at once : my bosom is full of kindness ; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court : farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee !
I have many enemies in Orsino's Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there :
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *A Street.*

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir ; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir : you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him : and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.¹

to revive him, Bryce the pedler says to him, — "Are you mad ? you, that have so long lived in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man ? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury ?" Sir Walter suggests in a note that this inhuman maxim was probably held by the islanders of the Orkneys, as an excuse for leaving all to perish alone who were shipwrecked upon their coasts, to the end that there might be nothing to hinder the plundering of their goods ; which of course could not well be, if any of the owners survived.

¹ "Receive it so" is *understand* it so. *Take* is still used in the same way.

Vio. She took no ring of me : I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her ; and her will is, it should be so return'd : if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye ; if not, be it his that finds it.

[*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her : what means this lady ?
 Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her !
 She made good view of me ; indeed, so much,
 That, as methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,²
 For she did speak in starts distractedly.
 She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion
 Invites me in this churlish messenger.
 None of my lord's ring ! why, he sent her none.
 I am the man : if it be so, — as 'tis, —
 Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
 Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
 Wherein the pregnant³ enemy does much.
 How easy is it for the proper-false⁴
 In woman's waxen hearts to set their forms !
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we !
 For, such as we are made of, such we be.⁵
 How will this fadge ?⁶ my master loves her dearly ;

² Her eyes were so charmed that she lost the right use of her tongue, and let it run as if it were divided from her judgment.

³ *Pregnant* is *quick-witted, cunning*.

⁴ *Proper* is here used in the sense of *handsome* : the meaning of the passage being, " How easy it is for handsome deceivers to print their forms in the waxen hearts of women." Such compounds as *proper-false* are not unusual in Shakespeare. *Beauteous-evil* occurs in this play.

⁵ *Such* evidently refers to *frailty* in the preceding line ; the sense being, " Since we are made of frailty, we must needs be frail."

⁶ *Fadge*, meaning *fit* or *suit*, was a polite word in Shakespeare's time, and moved, without question, in the best circles.

And I, poor monster,⁷ fond as much on him,
 As she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love ;
 As I am woman, — now, alas the day ! —
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe !
 O Time, thou must untangle this, not I ;
 It is too hard a knot for me t' untie !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew : not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes : and *diluculo surgere*,¹ thou know'st, —

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion : I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early : so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?²

Sir And. Faith, so they say ; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar : let us therefore eat and drink. — Maria, I say ! a stoup³ of wine !

⁷ Viola calls herself *monster* from the fact of her being, in a manner, both woman and man.

¹ *Diluculo surgere, saluberrimum est.* This adage is in Lily's Grammar, It means, "To rise betimes is very wholesome."

² The four elements referred to are earth, water, air, and fire ; the right mixing of which was supposed to be the condition of health in body and mind.

³ *Stoup* is an old word for *cup* ; often used by the Poet.

Sir And. Here comes the Fool, i' faith.

Enter the Clown.

Clo. How now, my hearts ! did you never see the picture of *We Three*?⁴

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the Fool has an excellent breast.⁵ I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the Fool has. — In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrigromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus : 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman :⁶ hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity ;⁷ for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock ; my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent ! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on ; there is sixpence for you : let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril⁸ of me too : if one knight give a —

⁴ Alluding to an old common sign representing *two* fools or loggerheads, under which was inscribed, " We three loggerheads be " ; the point of the joke being, of course, that the *spectator was the third*.

⁵ *Breast* was often used for *voice* in the Poet's time. Thus we have the phrase, " singing men *well-breasted*." This use of the word grew from the form of the breast having much to do with the quality of the voice.

⁶ *Leman* is *mistress* or *sweetheart*.

⁷ *Impetticoat*, or *impocket*, thy *gratuity*. Some have complained seriously that they could not understand the Clown in this scene ; which is shrewd proof they did not understand the *Poet* !

⁸ The *testril* or *testern* was originally a French coin, of sixpence value, or thereabouts ; so called from having a *teste* or head stamped upon it.

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?⁹

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

SONG.¹⁰

Clo. *O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true-love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.*

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,¹¹
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

⁹ That is, a civil and virtuous song; so described in *The Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow*.

¹⁰ This song probably was not written by Shakespeare. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, says the tune is in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Byrd. He also says it was printed in 1599; and from this he concludes "either that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was written in or before that year, or that in accordance with the then prevailing custom, *O mistress mine* was an old song, introduced into the play." Dyce thinks "the latter supposition is doubtless the true one."

¹¹ *Sweet-and-twenty* appears to have been an old term of endearment.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? ¹² shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? ¹³ shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, Fool: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith. Come, begin.

[*They sing the catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian,¹⁴ we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally, lady! ¹⁵ — [Sings.] *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and

¹² Drink till the sky seems to turn round.

¹³ Shakespeare represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. Sir Toby meant that the catch should be so harmonious that it would hale the soul out of a weaver *thrice over.*

¹⁴ This word generally signified a sharper. Sir Toby is too drunk for precision, and uses it merely as a term of reproach.

¹⁵ An interjection of contempt, equivalent to *fiddle-fuddle.*

so do I too : he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [Sings.] *O'*¹⁶ *the twelfth day of December,*¹⁷ —

Mar. For the love o' God, peace !

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'¹⁸ catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Snick-up!¹⁹

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round²⁰ with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to

¹⁶ This is not the interjectional *O*, but the elided preposition *on* or *of*.

¹⁷ With Sir Toby as wine goes in music comes out, and fresh songs keep bubbling up in his memory as he waxes mellow. A similar thing occurs in *Henry IV.*, where Master Silence grows merry and musical amidst his cups in "the sweet of the night." Of the ballads referred to by Sir Toby, *O the twelfth day of December* is entirely lost. Percy has one stanza of *There dwelt a man in Babylon*, which he describes as "a poor dull performance, and very long." *Three merry men be we* seems to have been the burden of several old songs, one of which was called *Robin Hood and the Tanner*. *Peg-a-Ramsey*, or *Peggy Ramsey*, was an old popular tune which had several ballads fitted to it. *Thou knave* was a catch which, says Sir John Hawkins, "appears to be so contrived that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn."

¹⁸ *Coziars* is *botchers*, whether botching with the needles or with awls.

¹⁹ *Snick-up* was an exclamation of contempt, equivalent to "Go hang yourself," or "go and be hanged."

²⁰ *Round* is *downright* or *plain-spoken*.

the house ; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. [Sings.] *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*²¹

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. [Sings.] *His eyes do show his days are almost done.*

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. [Sings.] *But I will never die.*

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. [Sings.] *Shall I bid him go?*

Clo. [Sings.] *What an if you do?*

Sir To. [Sings.] *Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*

Clo. [Sings.] *O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

Sir To. Out o' time, sir? ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne ; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.²²—A stoup of wine, Maria !

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any

²¹ This is the first line of an old ballad, entitled *Corydon's Farewell to Phillis*. It was inserted in Percy's *Reliques* from an ancient miscellany, called *The Golden Garland of Princely Delights*. The musical dialogue that follows between Sir Toby and the Clown is adapted to their purpose from the first two stanzas of the ballad.

²² Stewards anciently wore a chain of silver or gold, as a mark of superiority, as did other principal servants. Wolsey's chief cook is described by Cavendish as wearing "velvet or satin with a chain of gold." One of the methods used to clean gilt plate was *rubbing it with crumbs*. So in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*: "Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scour his gold chain."

thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule : she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.²³

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight : I'll write thee a challenge ; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night : since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him : if I do not gull him into a nayword,²⁴ and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed : I know I can do it.

Sir And. Possess us,²⁵ possess us ; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog !

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan ? thy exquisite reason, dear knight ?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The Devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser ; an affection'd ass,²⁶ that cons State without book, and utters it by great swaths :²⁷ the best

²³ "Shake your ears" is probably used as a metaphor implying that Malvolio has *long ears* ; in other words, that he is an *ass*.

²⁴ *Nay-word* here means *by-word* or *laughing-stock*. So defined in an old dictionary. Elsewhere the Poet has it in the sense of *watch-word*.

²⁵ *Possess* for *inform* ; a very frequent usage. See *The Merchant*, page 97, note 12.

²⁶ An *affected ass*. *Affection* was often used for *affectation*.

²⁷ By great parcels or heaps. *Swaths* are the rows of grass left by the scythe of the mower. *Maria* means that he is full of political strut, and spouts arguments of State by rote.

persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him ; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do ?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love ; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated : I can write very like my lady, your niece ; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent ! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir To. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable !

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you : I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the Fool make a third, where he shall find the letter : observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.²⁸ [Exit MARIA.]

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle,²⁹ true-bred, and one that adores me : what o' that ?

²⁸ Penthesilea was Queen of the Amazons, and killed by Achilles in the Trojan War ; *politely*.

²⁹ A *beagle* was a small hound, and a keen hunter ; applied to Maria from her brevity of person and sharpness of wit.

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.³⁰

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack;³¹ 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter the DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music:—now, good morrow, friends.—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms¹
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

³⁰ *Cut* was a common contraction of *curtail*. One of the carriers' horses in *Henry IV.* is called *Cut*.

³¹ *Sack* is an old term for *sherry wine*, which appears to have been Sir Toby's favourite beverage, as it was also Falstaff's. The phrase "*burnt sack*" occurs twice in *The Merry Wives*; perhaps a preparation of sack and other ingredients finished for the mouth, as flip used to be, by thrusting a red-hot iron into it.

¹ This is commonly explained as meaning *repeated* terms, or the repetition of poetical and musical phrases. Some think *terms* refers to a sort of lyrical embroidery made by running culled expressions together, and so lacking the plainness and simplicity that goes to the heart. *Old and antique*, two lines before, is not a pleonasm, *antique* carrying a sense of quaintness as well as of age.

Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord ; a Fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in : he is about the house.

Duke. Go seek him out : — and play the tune the while. —

[*Exit* CURIO. *Music.*

Come hither, boy : if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me ;
For such as I am all true lovers are, —
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly :
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour² that it loves :
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heaven : let still the woman take
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart :
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

² *Favour* for *feature*. Viola in her reply plays upon the word.

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so, —
To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Re-enter CURIO with the Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night. —
Mark it, Cesario ; it is old and plain :
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free³ maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,⁴
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.⁵

Clo. Are you ready, sir ?

Duke. Ay ; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress⁶ let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;

³ *Free* appears to have been often used in the sense of *pure* or *chaste*. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, ii. 3, Hermione is described as "a gracious innocent soul, more *free* than he is jealous." It may, however, mean *frank*, *unsuspecting* ; the proper style of a plain and guileless heart.

⁴ *Silly sooth* is *simple truth*.

⁵ The *old age* is the *ages past*, times of simplicity.

⁶ Cypress wood was thought to be the fittest for coffins. — *Come away* here means *come on*, or *come*, simply. Repeatedly so.

*I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it !
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.⁷*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true-love never find my grave,
To weep there !*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir ; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.⁸

Clo. Now the melancholy god protect thee ; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal !⁹ I would have men of such constancy put

⁷ Death is a part in the drama of life, which all have to undergo or to act ; and the thought here seems to be, that, "of all the actors who have shared in this common lot, I am the truest," or, "no one has been so true as I."

⁸ Probably the Duke's polite way of requesting the Clown to leave. Some, however, think the text corrupt ; and so indeed it may be.

⁹ The opal is a gem that varies its hues, as it is viewed in different lights, like what is sometimes called *changeable silk*, that is, *taffeta*. "The melancholy god" is Saturn ; hence the word *saturnine*, which means *sad* or *gloomy*.

to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where ; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. Let all the rest give place. —

[*Exeunt* CURIO *and* Attendants.

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty :
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
The parts that Fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune ;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.)

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir ?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady — as, perhaps, there is —
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so ; must she not, then, be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart ; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.¹⁰
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, —
No motion of the liver,¹¹ but the palate, —

¹⁰ *Retention* here evidently has the sense of *capacity*. A rather singular use of the word ; but the Poet has it so again in his 122d Sonnet : "That poor *retention* could not hold so much." — "So big, to hold" is "so big, as to hold" ; an ellipsis occurring very often.

¹¹ The *liver* was thought to be the special seat of love and courage. See page 31, note 7.

That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ;
 But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
 And can digest as much : make no compare
 Between that love a woman can bear me
 And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know, —

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe :
 In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
 My father had a daughter loved a man,
 As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
 I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history ?

Vio. (A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought ;¹²
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat, like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief.¹³) Was not this love indeed ?
 We men may say more, swear more : but, indeed,
 Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my father's House,
 And all the brothers too ; — and yet I know not.

¹² The meaning is, "she wasted away through grief." So in Hamlet's soliloquy: "The native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"; that is, the pale complexion of grief. And in *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1: "If he love Cæsar, all that he can do is to himself; take thought and die for Cæsar"; where *take thought and die* means "grieve himself to death." So, again, in St. Matthew, vi. 25: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink;" &c.

¹³ She sat smiling at grief as the image of Patience sits on a monument.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,

My love can give no place, bide no deny.¹⁴ [Exeunt.

SCENE V. — OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.¹

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter² come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

¹⁴ *Denay* is an old form of *denial*; used here for the rhyme.

¹ *Melancholy* must be used here to signify a form of *madness* or *lunacy*; something such as Milton has in view, in *Paradise Lost*, x. i. 485: "Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy, and moon-struck madness." Shakespeare repeatedly supposes the brains of crazy people to be in a *boiling* or highly feverish state; as in *A Midsummer*, v. 1: "Lovers and madmen have such *seething* brains."

² *Sheep-biter*, says Dyce, was "a cant term for a *thief*." But I do not well see how it should be applied to Malvolio in that sense. In *Measure for Measure*, v. 1, Lucio says to the Duke, who is disguised as a Friar, "Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your *sheep-biting* face." Here *sheep-biting*, as also *sheep-biter* in the text, seems to have the sense of *morose*, *ensorious*, *fault-finding*, or given to biting unoffending persons with harsh language. In Chapman's *May-Day*, iii. 1, a lecherous, intriguing old rogue, named Lorenzo, has a sharp trick played upon him by his nephew Lodovico, who speaks of him as follows: "Alas, poor uncle, I have monstrously abused him; and yet marvellous worthy, for he disparageth the whole blood of us; and I wish all such old *sheep-biters* might dip their fingers in such sauce to their mutton."

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again ; and we will fool him black and blue :³ — shall we not, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India !⁴

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree : Malvolio's coming down this walk : he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour : observe him, for the love of mockery ; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting ! [*The men hide themselves.*] — Lie thou there ; [*Throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me : and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't ?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue !

³ I can hardly imagine what this means, having never met with the phrase anywhere else, that I remember. What it is to be flogged *black and blue* I have ample cause to know : but to be *fooled* black and blue, what is it ? Is it to mock one, till he turns black in the face from anger and vexation ? The best I can do with it is by quoting from one of Mr. Mantalini's speeches in *Nicholas Nickleby* : "What a demnition long time have you kept me ringing at this confounded old cracked tea-kettle of a bell, every tinkle of which is enough to throw a strong man into *blue convulsions*, upon my life and soul, oh demmit."

⁴ "Metal of India" probably means *precious girl*, or *heart of gold*.

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!⁵

Sir And. 'Slight,⁶ I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio:—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. —there is example for't; the lady of the strachy⁷ married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.⁸

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow,⁹ to hit him in the eye!

⁵ To *jet* is to *strut* with pride. So in *Cymbeline*, iii. 3: "The gates of monarchs are arch'd so high, that giants may *jet* through, and keep their impious turbans on, without good morrow to the Sun."—*Advanced plumes* is *raised* or *uplifted feathers*.

⁶ '*Slight!*' is a disguised oath, for *God's light!*

⁷ Payne Knight conjectured that *strachy* was a corruption of the Italian *stratico*, a word derived from the low Latin *strategus*, or *straticus*, and often used for the governor of a city or province. But Mr. A. E. Brae offers, I think, a more probable explanation: "Florio, in his *Italian Dictionary*, has a word very like in sound to this *strachy*: '*Stratisco*, the train or long garment of state worn by a princess.' And when it is considered that there is a sort of appositeness in making the lady who wears the train condescend to marry the man who had charge of it, it offers, I think, a very probable interpretation of Malvolio's meaning." He also quotes from Camden's *Remains* an epitaph showing that "yeoman of the wardrobe" was a well known office in the households of high-born ladies: "Her lyes Richard Hobbs, Yeoman of the roabes to our late sovereigne Queene Mary."

⁸ *Puffs him up.* So in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*: "Knowledge *bloweth up*, but charity buildeth up."

⁹ A bow for hurling stones.

Mal. — calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping; —

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. — and then to have the humour of state; and, after a demure travel of regard,¹⁰ — telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, — to ask for my kinsman Toby. —

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now now.

Mal. — Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies¹¹ there to me: —

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us by th' ears, yet peace.

Mal. — I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,¹² —

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips, then?

Mal. — saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech*; —

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. — *you must amend your drunkenness.* —

Sir To. Out, scab?

¹⁰ This seems to be a Malvolian phrase for a stern and awful gaze or stare, with an air of dignified contempt.

¹¹ *Curtsy* was used, to denote acts of civility and reverence by either sex.

¹² "An austere regard of control" probably means such a look of sternness as would awe down or repress any approaches of familiarity.

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. — *Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,* —

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. — *one Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.¹³

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!¹⁴

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*; and thus makes she her great *P's*. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*: why that?

Mal. [Reads.] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes*: her very phrases! — By your leave, wax. — Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [Reads.] *Jove knows I love: but who?*

Lips, do not move; no man must know.

No man must know. What follows? the numbers alter'd!¹⁵

No man must know. If this should be thee, Malvolio!

¹³ The woodcock was thought to be the stupidest of birds; and *gin* was but another word for *trap* or *snare*.

¹⁴ "May the self-love-sick humour that possesses him prompt him to read the letter aloud!" Sir Toby wants to hear the contents, and also to see Malvolio smack his lips over the "dish of poison."

¹⁵ Referring, no doubt, to the *different versification* of what follows. The use of *numbers* for *verse* is quite common; as in Milton's "harmonious numbers," and Pope's "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock !¹⁶

Mal. [Reads.] *I may command where I adore ;
But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore :
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*

Fab. A fustian riddle !

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dress'd him !¹⁷

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it !¹⁸

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me : I serve her ; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity ;¹⁹ there is no obstruction in this : and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend ? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly !—*M, O, A, I,*—

Sir To. O, ay, make up that :—he is now at a cold scent.²⁰

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.²¹

¹⁶ *Brock* is *badger*, and was used as a term of contempt.

¹⁷ An exclamative speech. We should say "What a dish," &c. See *Julius Cæsar*, page 65, note 14.

¹⁸ The *staniel* is a species of hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks. *To check*, says Latham in his *Book of Falconry*, is, "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them."

¹⁹ To any one *in his senses*, or whose *capacity* is not out of *form*.

²⁰ A *cold scent* is a trail that has grown so faint as not to be traceable by the smell, or hardly so.

²¹ *Sowter* is used here as the name of a hound.—The Poet sometimes has *though* in a causal, not a concessive, sense ; that is, as equivalent to *because, for, since, or inasmuch as*. In such cases, his meaning naturally appears to us just the opposite of what it really is. So, here, *though it be*

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio ; *M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.²²

Mal. *M*,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation :²³ *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*!

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I*; this simulation²⁴ is not as the former : and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ! here follows prose.

— [Reads.] *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them : and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants ; let thy tongue*

stands for *since* or *because it is*. The logic of the passage requires it to be so understood ; for, when a hound loses the trail, he snuffs all round till he recovers it, and then sets up a peculiar howl, "cries upon't," and starts off afresh in the pursuit. "Giving mouth" is the technical phrase for it ; and Mr. Joseph Crosby writes me that "it is a cry well known both to the sportsmen and also to the rest of the pack, which immediately opens in concert."

²² A *fault*, in the language of the chase, is a breach in the continuity of the trail, so that the hound loses the scent, and has to trace or snuff it out anew. The Poet has *fault* just so again in *The Taming*.

²³ That is, *fails* or *breaks down* on being tried or put to the proof.

²⁴ *Simulation* for *resemblance* or *similarity*. Malvolio cannot so easily find himself pointed out here as in what has gone before.

twang arguments of State ; put thyself into the trick of singularity : she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd :²⁵ I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so ; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champain discover not more :²⁶ this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vise²⁷ the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me ; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd ; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout,²⁸ in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. God and my stars be praised !—Here is yet a postscript.

[Reads.] *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling : thy*

²⁵ A fashion once prevailed for some time of wearing the garters *crossed* on the leg. Rich and expensive garters worn below the knee were then in use. Olivia's detestation of these fashions probably arose from thinking them coxcombical.

²⁶ *Champain* is open, level country, affording a free prospect.

²⁷ "I will be punctiliously exacting and precise in all the dues and becomings of my rank."—To *baffle*, as the word is here used, is to *triumph over*, to *treat contemptuously*, or to *put down*.

²⁸ *Strange*, here, is *reserved*, *distant*, or *standing aloof*, and on his dignity. And *stout* is in "a concatenation accordingly"; that is, *haughty*, *overbearing*, or *stout-tempered*.

smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.

God, I thank Thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.²⁹

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device, —

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. —and ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,³⁰ and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark

²⁹ *Sophy* was the Persian title of majesty. At the time this play was written, Sir Robert Shirley had lately returned as ambassador from the Sophy. Sir Robert boasted of the great rewards he had received, and cut a big dash in London.

³⁰ *Tray-trip* was probably a game of dice; though some hold it to have been the game of draughts. So in an old satire called *Machiavel's Dog*: "But, leaving cards, let's go to dice awhile; to passage, *treitrippe*, hazard, or mum-chance."—*Play my freedom* means play for my freedom; that is, *stake it*.

his first approach before my lady : he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors ; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests : and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar,³¹ thou most excellent devil of wit !

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter VIOLA, and the Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music ! dost thou live by thy tabor?¹

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?²

Clo. No such matter, sir : I do live by the church ; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lives by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him ; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by thy church.

³¹ *Tartar* is the old Tartarus or Hades. Note the sympathy of *Tartar* and *devil*.

¹ It seems that the "allowed Fool" had a prescriptive right to the *tabor* as his musical instrument. Tarleton, the famous stage jester, is represented as armed with one, in a cut prefixed to his *Fests*, 1611.

² *Churchman* was in common use for *clergyman*.

Clo. You have said,³ sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit:⁴ how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.⁵

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir; I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's Fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she

³ This form of assent or affirmation, now obsolete, occurs in the Bible; as in our Lord's answer to Pilate, St. Mark, xv. 2: "Thou sayest it."

⁴ A *cheveril* glove is a *kid* glove. The term was used much as *India rubber* is now. So in one of Ray's proverbs: "He hath a conscience like a *cheveril's* skin."

⁵ This probably alludes to an order of the Privy Council, in June, 1600, laying very severe restrictions on the Poet's art. The order, besides that it allowed only two houses to be used for stage-plays in the city and suburbs, interdicted those two from playing at all during Lent, or in any time of great sickness, and also limited them to twice a week at all other times. If rigidly enforced it would have amounted almost to a total suppression of play-houses. As the penalty was imprisonment, it might well be said that words were disgraced by bonds.

will keep no fool, sir, till she be married ; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings,⁶ — the husband's the bigger : I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb ; like the Sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but⁷ the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress : I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass⁸ upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee. [*Gives a piece of money.*]

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard !

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one ; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within ?

Clo. Would not a pair of these breed,⁹ sir ?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir : 'tis well begged.

[*Gives another piece of money.*]

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar : Cressida was a beggar.¹⁰ My lady is within, sir. I

⁶ Pilchards are said to differ from herrings only in that they can be fried in their own fat, whereas herrings have not fat enough for that purpose.

⁷ *But* is here equivalent to *if not*. See *The Merchant*, ii. 5, note 19.

⁸ *Pass* for *make a pass, thrust, or sally, of wit*.

⁹ The Fool is quirkishly asking for a *mate* to the piece of money Viola has given him.

¹⁰ This famous jilt-heroine is thus addressed in Henryson's *Testament of Cresseid* : "Great penurye shalt thou suffer, and as a *beggar dye*." And again :

Thou shalt go begging from hous to hous,
With cuppe and clapper like a *Lazarous*.

will construe to them whence you come ; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin, — I might say element,¹¹ but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the Fool ;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit :
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time ;
Not, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye.¹² This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art :
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit ;
But wise men's folly, shown, quite taints their wit.¹³

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman !

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house ? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir ; I mean, she is the list¹⁴ of my voyage.

¹¹ *Element* was constantly in the mouths of those who affected fine talk in the Poet's time. The intellectual exquisites thus run it into cant. Perhaps the word was as much overworked as *idea* and *intuition* are in our time.

¹² A *haggard* is a wild or untrained *hawk*, which flies, *checks*, at all birds, or birds of *every feather*, indiscriminately. See *Much Ado*, page 67, note 2.

¹³ To *taint*, as here used, is to *impeach*, *attaint*, or bring into an *attainder*. *Wit*, also, was used in the sense of *wisdom*, being in fact from the same original.

¹⁴ *List* was often used for *limit* or *boundary* ; as, in the well-known language of the tilting-ground, for *barrier*.

Sir To. Taste¹⁵ your legs, sir ; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance : but we are prevented.¹⁶ —

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent-accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you !

Sir And. [*Aside.*] That youth's a rare courtier : *Rain odours* : well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant¹⁷ and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. [*Aside.*] *Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed* : I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.*] — Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name ?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir ! 'Twas never merry world Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment : You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours : Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him : for his thoughts,

¹⁵ *Taste* was sometimes used in the sense of *try*. So in Chapman's *Odyssey* : " He now began to *taste* the bow.

¹⁶ *Prevented* in the classical sense of *anticipated* or *forestalled*. Often so. See *The Merchant*, page 83, note 18.

¹⁷ *Pregnant* here means *apprehensive, quick, or intelligent*.

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me !

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf, —

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you :
I bade you never speak again of him ;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady, —

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you : so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you :
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force¹⁸ that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours : what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts¹⁹
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your
Receiving²⁰ enough is shown :
A cyprus,²¹ not a bosom, hides my heart.
So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise ;²² for 'tis a vulgar proof,

¹⁸ *To force* with the sense of *for forcing*. The Poet abounds in such instances of the infinitive used like the gerund in Latin.

¹⁹ The figure is of a bear or other animal tied to a stake, to be *baited* or *worried* by dogs, with *free* or *unmuzzled* mouths.

²⁰ One so quick to *understand* or *apprehend*.

²¹ *Cyprus* was the name of a light transparent fabric, like lawn.

²² *Grise* is an old word for *step*, and so means the same as Olivia's *de-gree*, which is used in the Latin sense.

That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then methinks 'tis time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion than the wolf !

[*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. —

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you :

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man :

There lies your way, due west.

Vio.

Then westward-ho !²³

Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship !

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay :

I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right : I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,

I wish it might ; for now I am your fool.

Oli. [*Aside.*] O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip !

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon. —

Cesario, by the roses of the Spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre²⁴ all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

²³ An exclamation used by watermen on the Thames. *Westward ho*, *Northward ho*, and *Eastward ho*, were also used as titles of plays.

²⁴ *Maugre* is *in spite of*, from the French *malgre*.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,²⁵
 For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause ;
 But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter, —
 Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
 And that no woman has ; nor never none²⁶
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
 And so adieu, good madam ; never more
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again ; for thou perhaps mayst move
 That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, and
 FABIAN.*

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom : give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the
 Count's serving-man than ever she bestow'd upon me ; I
 saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy ? tell me
 that.

²⁵ This is rather darkly expressed ; but the meaning appears to be, "Do not, from what I have just said, force or gather reasons for rejecting my offer." Perhaps Olivia thinks her superiority of rank may excuse her in thus making the first open advances.

²⁶ We should say, "nor ever any." The doubling of negatives is very frequent in Shakespeare, as in all the writers of his time ; but such a trebling is rare, at least comparatively so.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her ; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was balk'd : the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion ; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour ; for policy I hate : I had as lief be a Brownist¹ as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then build me² thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him ;

¹ The Brownists were one of the radical sects that arose during the reign of Elizabeth ; so called from Robert Brown, their founder. Like others of their kind, their leading purpose was to prevent the abuse of certain things, such as laws, by uprooting the use of them. Malvolio appears to have been intended partly as a satire on the Puritans in general ; they being especially strenuous at the time this play was written to have restrictions set upon playing. But there had been a deep-seated grudge between the Puritans and the Dramatists ever since Nash put out the eyes of Martin Marprelate with salt.

² In colloquial language, *me* was often thus used redundantly, though with a slight dash of humour.

hurt him in eleven places : my niece shall take note of it ; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker³ in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him ?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand ; be curst⁴ and brief ; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention : taunt him with the license of ink : if thou *thou'st*⁵ him some thrice, it shall not be amiss ; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware⁶ in England, set 'em down : go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink ; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter : about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you ?

Sir To. We'll call thee at thy *cubiculo* :⁷ go.

[*Exit Sir ANDREW.*]

³ A *love-broker* is one who mediates or *breaks the ice* between two bashful lovers. Pandarus sustains that office in *Troilus and Cressida* ; hence our word *pander*.

⁴ *Curst* is *cross, snappish*. We should say, "Be *short*," or "Be *tart*."

⁵ This has been generally thought an allusion to Coke's abusive *thouing* of Sir Walter Raleigh at his trial ; but the play was acted a year and a half before that trial took place. And indeed it had been no insult to *thou* Sir Walter, unless there were some pre-existing custom or sentiment to make it so. What that custom was, may be seen by the following passage from a book published in 1661, by George Fox the Quaker : "For this *thou* and *thee* was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honour ; who, though they would say it to God and Christ, would not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives, for using those words to some proud men, who would say, *What, you ill-bred clown, do you thou me!*"

⁶ This curious piece of furniture was a few years since still in being at one of the inns in that town. It was reported to be twelve feet square, and capable of holding twenty-four persons.

⁷ *Cubiculo*, from the Latin *cubiculum*, is a *sleeping-room*.

Fab. This is a dear manikin⁸ to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, — some two thousand strong, or so.⁹

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him : but you'll not deliver't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then ; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, an you find so much blood in his liver¹⁰ as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.¹¹

Enter MARIA.

Mar. If you desire the spleen,¹² and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvalio is turn'd heathen, a very renegado ; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness.¹³ He's in yellow stockings.

⁸ *Manikin* is an old diminutive of *man* ; here it means *pet*.

⁹ Meaning that he has fooled or dandled so much money out of him.

¹⁰ A red liver, or a liver full of blood, was the common badge of courage, as a white or bloodless liver was of cowardice.

¹¹ Alluding to the small stature of Maria. Sir Toby elsewhere calls her "the little villain," and Viola ironically speaks of her as "giant." The expression seems to have been proverbial ; the *wren* generally laying nine or ten eggs, and the last hatched being the smallest of the brood.

¹² The spleen was held to be the special seat of unbenevolent risibility, and so the cause of teasing or pestering mirth ; *splenetic* laughter. Here it seems to mean a fit or turn of excessive merriment, dashed with something of a spiteful humour.

¹³ A rather curious commentary on the old notion of "Salvation by orthodoxy," or "belief in believing." The meaning is, that even one who makes

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously ; like a pedant¹⁴ that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogg'd him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him : he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies :¹⁵ you have not seen such a thing as 'tis ; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him : if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *A Street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you ;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you : my desire,
More sharp than filèd steel, did spur me forth ;
And not all love to see you, — though so much
As might have drawn me to a longer voyage, —
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts ; which to a stranger,

a merit of being easy of belief, as thinking to be saved thereby, could not believe a thing so grossly incredible as this. The Poet has *impossible* elsewhere in the sense of *incredible*. See *Much Ado*, page 49, note 21.

¹⁴ The Poet uses *pedant* for *pedagogue*. So Holofernes the schoolmaster is called repeatedly in *Love's Labours Lost* ; also the tutors employed for Catharine and Bianca in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

¹⁵ Alluding, no doubt, to a map which appeared in the second edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages*, in 1598. This map is multilineal in the extreme, and is the first in which the Eastern Islands are included.

Unguided and unfriended, often prove
 Rough and inhospitable : my willing love,
 The rather by these arguments of fear,
 Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb.

My kind Antonio,

I can no other answer make, but thanks,
 And thanks, and ever thanks ; too oft good turns
 Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay :
 But, were my worth,¹ as is my conscience, firm,
 You should find better dealing. What's to do ?
 Shall we go see the reliques² of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir ; best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night :

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
 With the memorials and the things of fame
 That do renown this city.

Ant.

Would you'd pardon me ;

I do not without danger walk these streets :
 Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the County's galleys
 I did some service ; of such note indeed,
 That, were I ta'en here, it would³ scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature ;

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
 Might well have given us bloody argument.⁴

¹ *Worth* here stands for *wealth* or *fortune*. Repeatedly so.

² *Reliques* for *antiquities*, or, as it is said a little after, "the memorials and the things of fame" that confer renown upon the city.

³ *Would* for *could* ; the auxiliaries *could*, *should*, and *would* being often used indiscriminately. The same with *shall* and *will* ; as in a subsequent speech : "Haply your eyes *shall* light," &c.

⁴ *Argument* readily passes over into the sense of *debate*, and *debate* as readily into that of *strife* or *conflict*.

It might have since been answer'd in repaying
 What we took from them ; which, for traffic's sake,
 Most of our city did : only myself stood out ;
 For which, if I be lapsèd⁵ in this place,
 I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not, then, walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.
 In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,⁶
 Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,
 Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
 With viewing of the town : there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
 You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
 I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
 An hour.

Ant. To th' Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [Exeunt.]

⁵ *Lapsèd* is, properly, *fallen* ; but here carries the sense of making a *slip* or *mis-step*, so as to be recognized and caught.

⁶ An inn so named ; probably from its having a picture of an elephant for its sign ; like the *boar's-head* of Falstaff's famous tavern in Eastcheap. In old times, when but few people could read, *lettered* signs would not do ; and so *pictured* ones were used instead.

SCENE IV. — OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. [*Aside.*] I have sent after him : says he, he'll come,
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?⁷
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud. —

Where is Malvolio? — he is sad¹ and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes : —
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam ; but in very strange manner.
He is, sure, possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile : your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come ; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit MARIA.*] — I'm as mad
as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be. —

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.

How now Malvolio !

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smilest thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad : this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering ; but what of

⁷ We should say, "bestow *on* him." This indifferent use of *on* and *of* is very frequent. — In the line before, "says he, he'll come" of course means "if he says he'll come." This way of making the subjunctive is common.

¹ *Sad* in its old sense of *serious* or *grave*. See *Much Ado*, page 30, note 17.

that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, *Please one, and please all.*²

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness:*—'twas well writ.

Oli. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,*—

Oli. Ha!

Mal. —*some achieve greatness,*—

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. —*and some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,*—

Oli. My yellow stockings!

Mal. —*and wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.*

² A copy of this "very true sonnet" was discovered a few years ago. It is adorned with a rude portrait of Queen Elizabeth, with her feathered fan, starched ruff, and ample farthingale, and is said to have been composed by her Majesty's right merry and facetious droll, Dick Tarleton; and has the heading, "A prettie new Ballad, intituled, The Crowe sits upon the wall, Please one and please all." The last line forms the burden, and is repeated in each stanza.

Oli. Cross-garter'd !

Mal. *Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so ;—*

Oli. Am I made ?

Mal. —*if not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.³

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd : I could hardly entreat him back : he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*]—Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby ? Let some of my people have a special care of him : I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*

Mal. O, ho ! do you come near me now ? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me ? This concurs directly with the letter : she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him ; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she : *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants ; let thy tongue twang arguments of State ; put thyself into the trick of singularity* : and, consequently, sets down the manner how ; as, a sad face, a reverent carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her ;⁴ but it is God's doing, and God make me thankful ! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to* : fellow ! not Malvolio, nor after my

³ "Tis midsummer moon with you" was a proverbial phrase, meaning you are mad. Hot weather was of old thought to affect the brain.

⁴ That is, *caught* her, as a bird is caught with lime. *Lime* was used for any *trap* or *snares* for catching birds. See *Much Ado*, page 200, note 10.

degree, but fellow.⁵ Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous⁶ or unsafe circumstance, — What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, God, not I, is the doer of this, and He is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA with Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of Hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. — How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? — Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. — How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy⁷ the Devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the Devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd! My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

⁵ Malvolio takes *fellow* in the sense of *companion* or *equal*.

⁶ *Incredulous* for *incredible*; an instance of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms. See *As You Like It*, page 96, note 4.

⁷ *Defy*, again, for *renounce* or *abjure*. See page 48, note 13.

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace ; this is not the way : do you not see you move him ? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness ; gently, gently : the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock ! how dost thou, chuck ?⁸

Mal. Sir !

Sir To. Ay, Biddy,⁹ come with me. What, man ! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan : hang him, foul collier !¹⁰

Mar. Get him to say his prayers ; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx !

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all ! you are idle shallow things : I am not of your element : you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible ?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

⁸ *Bawcock* and *chuck* were used as terms of playful familiarity, sometimes of endearment.

⁹ *Biddy* is a diminutive of *Bridget*. An old term of familiar endearment, applied to chickens and other fowl.

¹⁰ *Cherry-pit* was a game played by pitching cherry-stones into a hole. *Collier* was in Shakespeare's time a term of the highest reproach. The coal-venders were in bad repute, not only from the blackness of their appearance, but that many of them were also great cheats. The Devil is called collier for his blackness. Hence the proverb, "Like will to like, as the Devil with the collier."

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound.¹¹ My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen.—But see, but see.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.¹²

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads.] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [Reads.] *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [Reads.] *Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and*

¹¹ This seems to have been the common way of treating madness in the Poet's time. See *As You Like It*, page 93, note 49.

¹² It was usual on the First of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as other sports, such as the Morris-Dance.—In the line before, "a finder of madmen" is probably meant in a legal sense; as when a coroner or jury finds, that is, *brings in* or *renders*, a verdict. See *As You Like It*, page 110, note 8.

in my sight she uses thee kindly : but thou liest in thy throat ; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [Reads.] *I will waylay thee going home ; where if it be thy chance to kill me, —*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [Reads.] — *thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law : good.

Sir To. [Reads.] *Fare thee well ; and God have mercy upon one of our souls ! He may have mercy upon mine ;¹³ but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot : I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't : he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by-and-by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew ; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-baily :¹⁴ so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw ; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible ; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away !

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter : for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding ; his employment between his lord

¹³ The man on whose soul he hopes that God will have mercy is the one that he supposes will fall in the combat : but Sir Andrew hopes to escape unhurt, and to have no present occasion for that blessing.— MASON.

¹⁴ *Bum-baily* is a waggish form of *bum-bailiff*, which, again, is a corruption of *bound-bailiff* ; a subordinate officer, like our deputy-sheriff, so called from the *bond* which he had to give for the faithful discharge of his trust.

and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth,— he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman—as I know his youth will aptly receive it—into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.¹⁵

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt Sir TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.*

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

Oli. I've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out;
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me,—'tis my picture:
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour, saved, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this,—your true love for my master.

¹⁵ This imaginary serpent was fabled to have the power of darting venom from its eyes, or of killing by its look. Shakespeare elsewhere has the phrase, "death-darting eye of cockatrice." He also has several allusions to the same beast under the name of *basilisk*.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : fare thee well :
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to Hell. [Exit.]

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee !

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not ; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end : dismount thy tuck, be yare¹⁶ in thy preparation ; for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir ; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me : my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard ; for your opposite¹⁷ hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he ?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier and on carpet consideration ;¹⁸ but he is a devil in private brawl :

¹⁶ *Tuck* is a rapier or long dagger. — *Yare* is *quick, nimble, or prompt*. — "Attends thee" here means *waits for* thee. So in *Coriolanus*, i. 10: "I am attended at the cypress grove."

¹⁷ *Opposite* for *opponent* or *adversary*. So in the second scene of this Act: "And his *opposite*, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty." Shakespeare never uses *opponent*.

¹⁸ The meaning of this may be gathered from Randle Holme. Speaking of a certain class of knights, he says, "They are termed simply knights of the *carpet*, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights

souls and bodies hath he divorced three ; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre : hob-nob¹⁹ is his word ; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct²⁰ of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste²¹ their valour : belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no ; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury : therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him : therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked ; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is : it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter ?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement ; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he ?

that are dubbed as soldiers in the field ; though in these days they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroke of a naked sword upon the shoulder."

¹⁹ *Hob-nob, hab-nab, habbe or nabbe*, is *have or not have, hit or miss*.

²⁰ *Conduct* for *conductor, escort, or convoy*. So in *The Tempest*, v. 1 : "There is in this business more than Nature was ever *conduct* of." Also in *The Merchant*, iv. 1 : "Go give him courteous *conduct* to this place."

²¹ *Taste* in the sense of *try* has occurred before in this Act.

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight:²² I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Street adjoining OLIVIA'S Garden.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago.¹ I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in² with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and, on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capulet.

²² Viola's fright does not quench her humour, or her sense of the ludicrous in her position. Her meaning is, that she would rather be one of the parties in a marriage than in a duel.

¹ *Firago*, for *virago*. The meaning appears to be, "I have never seen a viraginous woman so obstreperous and violent as he is."

² A corruption of *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing.

Sir To. I'll make the motion : stand here, make a good show on't : this shall end without the perdition of souls. —
 [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. —

Enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

[*To FAB.*] I have his horse to take up³ the quarrel : I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him ;⁴ and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To VIO.*] There's no remedy, sir ; he will fight with you for's oath-sake : marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of : therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow ; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me ! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy ; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you ; he cannot by the duello avoid it : but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on ; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath ! [*Draws.*]

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me : If you offend him, I for him defy you.

³ *Take up* is the old phrase for *make up* or *settle*. See *As You Like It*, page 134, note 7.

⁴ He has as horrid a *conception* of him.

Sir To. You, sir ! why, what are you ?

Ant. [*Drawing.*] One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,⁵ I am for you.

[*Draws.*]

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold ! here come the officers.

Sir To. [*To ANTONIO.*] I'll be with you anon.

Vio. [*Sir ANDREW.*] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you
please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir ; and, for that I promised you,
I'll be as good as my word : he will bear you easily, and
reins well.

Enter Officers.

1 Off. This is the man ; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot ; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. —
Take him away : he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. — [*To VIO.*] This comes with seeking
you :

But there's no remedy ; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse ? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed ;
But be of comfort.⁶

⁵ One who takes up or *undertakes* the quarrels of others ; an intermeddler or intruder.

⁶ *Be of comfort* is old language for *be comforted*.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something : my having is not much ;
I'll make division of my present with you :
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none :

Nor know I you by voice or any feature :
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O Heavens themselves !

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
Relieved him with all sanctity of love ;
And to this image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by : away !

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god !—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind ;

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind :⁷
 Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous-evil
 Are empty trunks,⁸ o'erflourish'd by the Devil.

I Off. The man grows mad : away with him !— Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.]

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
 That he believes himself ; so do not I.⁹
 Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
 That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

Sir To. Come hither, knight ;— come hither, Fabian :
 we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian : I my brother know
 Yet living in my glass ;¹⁰ even such, and so,
 In favour was my brother ; and he went
 Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
 For him I imitate : O, if it prove,
 Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love ! [Exit.]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
 than a hare : his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here
 in necessity, and denying him ; and, for his cowardship, ask
 Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do ;— cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not, — [Exit.]

⁷ *Unkind*, here; is *unnatural, ungrateful*, or without natural affection. So the Poet often has *kind* for *nature*. See *As You Like It*, page 117, note 2.

⁸ Trunks, being then part of the furniture of apartments, were ornamented with scroll-work or *flourished* devices.

⁹ That is, " I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident I gather hope of my brother's life."

¹⁰ " His resemblance *survives* in the reflection of my own figure."

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Street adjoining OLIVIA'S Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and the Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to,¹ thou art a foolish fellow :

Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith ! No, I do not know you ; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her ; nor your name is not Master Cesario ; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else :

Thou knowst not me.

Clo. Vent my folly ! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a Fool : vent my folly. I am afraid this great lubberly world will prove a cockney.² — I

¹ The phrase *go to*, now pretty much obsolete, was very common in the Poet's time, especially in colloquial language. Sometimes it is nearly equivalent to our *be off*, which appears to be the sense of it in this place ; and sometimes it means about the same as *come on*.

² The meaning seems to be, "I am afraid this great *lumpish* world will be all given over to *cockneyism*." — *Cockney* seems to be understood the world over as a term for a Londoner. Minsheu's *Ductor in Linguas*, 1617, explains it thus : "A *Cockney* may be taken for a child tenderly and wantonly brought up." So, too, in Phillips's *World of Words*, 1670 : "*Cockney*, a nickname commonly given to one born and bred in the city of London ;

pr'ythee, now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,³ depart from me :
There's money for thee : if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. — These wise men, that give Fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.⁴

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.
[*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there, and there!
[*Beating Sir ANDREW.*

Are all the people mad?

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight : I would not be in some of your coats for twopence.
[*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir ; hold. [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone : I'll go another way to work with him ; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria : though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

also a fondling child, tenderly brought up and *cocker'd.*" — "Ungird thy strangeness" is put off thy estrangement. The Clown, mistaking Sebastian for Cesario, thinks his non-recognition to be put on or assumed.

³ *A merry Greek, and a foolish Greek,* were ancient proverbial expressions applied to boon companions, good fellows, as they were called, who spent their time in riotous mirth.

⁴ That is, at a very extravagant price ; *twelve* years' purchase being then the current price of estates.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier; put up your iron : you are well flesh'd ;⁵ come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. [*Disengages himself.*] What wouldst thou now ?

If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*Draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Ol. Hold, Toby ; on thy life, I charge thee, hold !

Sir To. Madam !

Ol. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd, out of my sight ! —
Be not offended, dear Cesario. —

Rudesby,⁶ be gone ! — [*Exeunt Sir To., Sir AND., and FAB.*

I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent⁷

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house ;

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

Mayst smile at this : thou shalt not choose but go :

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,

⁵ The verb to *flesh* and the noun *fleshment* were used of one's first service with the sword. So, too, an *unfleshed* sword is called a *maiden* sword. Sir Toby means to intimate that Sebastian, whom he supposes to be Viola, is too young to have ever handled that manly weapon before.

⁶ An old term for *rude fellow*.

⁷ *Extent*, as here used, is a legal term for a civil process whereby the person and property of a debtor were seized and held to answer in payment of the debt. See *As You Like It*, page 78, note 3.

He started one poor heart⁸ of mine in thee.

Seb. [*Aside.*] What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream :

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep ;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep !

Oli. Nay, come, I pray : would thou'dst be ruled by me !

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

Enter MARIA and the Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard ;
make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate : do it quickly ;
I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble¹ myself in't ;
and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a
gown. I am not tall² enough to become the function well ;
nor lean enough to be thought a good student : but to be said
an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to
say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors³
enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. God bless thee, master parson !

⁸ An equivoque is here intended between *hart* and *heart*, which were formerly written alike.

¹ That is, *disguise*. Shakespeare has here used a Latinism. "*Dissimulo*, to dissemble, to *cloak*, to hide," says Hutton's *Dictionary*, 1583.

² *Tall* was sometimes used in the sense of *lusty*, thus making a good antithesis to *lean*.

³ *Confederate* or *partner* is one of the old senses of *competitor*. — To be a *good housekeeper* is to be *hospitable*. So, in *2 Henry VI.*, i. 1, we have *house-keeping for hospitality*, or *keeping open house* : "Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy *housekeeping*, have won the greatest favour of the commons."

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, *That that is is*; so I, being master parson, am master parson; for, what is *that* but *that*, and *is* but *is*?⁴

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say, peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend!⁵ how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the Devil himself with courtesy: say'st thou this house is dark?

Mal. [*Within.*] As Hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows⁶ transparent as barrica-

⁴ A humorous banter upon the language of the schools.

⁵ This use of *hyperbolical* seems to be original with the Clown. Cowley, however, in his *Essay Of Greatness*, applies the phrase "hyperbolical fop" to one Senecio, who is described by Seneca the Elder as possessed with "a ridiculous affectation of grandeur"; insomuch that he would speak none but big words, eat nothing but what was big, nor wear any shoe that was not big enough for both his feet.

⁶ *Bay-windows* were large projecting windows, probably so called because they occupied a whole *bay* or space between two cross-beams in a building.

does, and the clere-storeys⁷ toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony ; and yet complainest thou of obstruction ?

Mal. [*Within.*] I am not mad, Sir Topas : I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest : I say, there is no darkness but ignorance ; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. [*Within.*] I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as Hell ; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are : make the trial of it in any constant question.⁸

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl ?

Mal. [*Within.*] That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion ?

Mal. [*Within.*] I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness : thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits ; and fear to kill a woodcock,⁹ lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, Sir Topas, —

⁷ *Clere-storeys*, in Gothic architecture, are the row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall or of a church, over the arches of the nave.

⁸ That is, by *repeating the same question*. A crazy man, on being asked to repeat a thing he has just said, is very apt to go on and say something else. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 4: " 'Tis not madness that I have utter'd : bring me to the test, and I *the matter will re-word* ; which madness would gambol from."

⁹ The Clown mentions a woodcock, because it was proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas !

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.¹⁰

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown : he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him : I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were ; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by-and-by to my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.*]

Clo. [Singing.] *Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.*¹¹

Mal. [Within.] Fool,—

Clo. [Singing.] *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. [Within.] Fool,—

Clo. [Singing.] *Alas, why is she so ?*

Mal. [Within.] Fool, I say,—

Clo. [Singing.] *She loves another—Who calls, ha ?*

Mal. [Within.] Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper : as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio ?

Mal. [Within.] Ay, good Fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits ?

Mal. [Within.] Fool, there was never man so notoriously¹² abused : I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.

¹⁰ The meaning appears to be, I can turn my hand to any thing, or assume any character. Florio in his translation of Montaigne, speaking of Aristotle, says, "He hath an oar in every water, and meddleth with all things." And in his *Second Frutes* : "I am a knight for all saddles."

¹¹ This ballad may be found in Percy's *Reliques*. Dr. Nott has also printed it among the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder.

¹² *Notoriously* in the sense of *prodigiously* or *outrageously*. We have *notorious* in the same sense near the end of the play.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. [*Within.*] They have here propertied me;¹³ keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.¹⁴—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the Heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bible-babble.

Mal. [*Within.*] Sir Topas, —

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you,¹⁵ good Sir Topas!—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. [*Within.*] Fool, Fool, Fool, I say, —

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent¹⁶ for speaking to you.

Mal. [*Within.*] Good Fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. [*Within.*] By this hand, I am. Good Fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

¹³ "Taken possession of me as of a man unable to look to himself."

¹⁴ The Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas; the preceding part of this speech being spoken as Clown, the following as Priest.—"Advise you" is *bethink* you, *consider*, or *be careful*.—In the next line, "endeavour thyself to sleep" is *induce*, *persuade*, or *compose* thyself; *endeavour* being used transitively.

¹⁵ Here we have the old phrase "God be with you" in the process of contraction into the modern phrase *good bye*. See *As You Like It*, page 131, note 6.

¹⁶ *Shent* is an old word for *scolded*, *blamed*, or *reprimanded*.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. [*Within.*] Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. [*Within.*] Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing.*]

I am gone, sir; and anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice, like to the old Vice,¹⁷

You need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,

Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil:

Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad;

Adieu, goodman¹⁸ Devil.

[*Exit.*]

¹⁷ Both the Vice and the Devil were stereotyped personages in the old Moral-plays which were in use for many ages before the Poet's time, and were then just going out of use. The Vice, sometimes called Iniquity, was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, and a long coat, and armed with a dagger of lath. He commonly acted the part of a broad, rampant jester and buffoon, full of mad pranks and mischief-making, liberally dashed with a sort of tumultuous, swaggering fun. Especially, he was given to cracking ribald and saucy jokes with and upon the Devil, and treating him with a style of coarse familiarity and mockery; and a part of his ordinary functions was to bestride the Devil, and beat him with his dagger till he roared, and the audience roared with him; the scene ending with his being carried off to Hell on the Devil's back. The Vice was the germ of the professional Fool or Clown, which Shakespeare delivers in so many forms, and always so full of matter.

¹⁸ *Goodman* in old language is nearly equivalent to *master*, or to our flattened form of it, *mister*. It was common for women to speak of their husbands as *my goodman*. And in St. Matthew, xx. 11: "They murmured against the *goodman* of the house." Also in St. Luke, xii. 39. The verses in the text are most likely from an old popular song, of which nothing further is known.

SCENE III.—OLIVIA'S *Garden*.*Enter* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air ; that is the glorious Sun ;
 This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't :
 And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then ?
 I could not find him at the Elephant :
 Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,¹
 That he did range the town to seek me out.
 His counsel now might do me golden service ;
 For, though my soul disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
 To any other trust but that I'm mad, —
 Or else the lady's mad : yet, if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take and give back affairs, and their dispatch,²
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
 As I perceive she does. There's something in't

¹ *Credit* is oddly used here, but in the sense, apparently, of *information* or *intelligence*. So in a letter from Queen Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton : " This bearer came from you with great speed. We have heard his *credit*, and find your carefulness and diligence very great."

² The language is very odd and obscure, and gives but a slight hint of the speaker's probable meaning. A good housekeeper, at the head of a large domestic establishment, naturally has her time a good deal occupied in taking account or receiving word of things that need to be done, and in issuing orders and directions for the doing of them, or for " their dispatch."

That is deceivable.³ But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry⁴ by : there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
That my most jealous and too doubtful⁵ soul
May live at peace : he shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,⁶
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say ?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father ;—and heavens so
shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine !⁷ [*Exeunt.*

³ *Deceivable* for *deceiving* or *deceptive* ; the passive form, again, with the active sense. See page 99, note 6.

⁴ A *chantry* was a little chapel, or particular altar in some cathedral or parochial church, endowed for the purpose of having Masses sung therein for the souls of the founders ; a place for *chanting*.

⁵ *Doubtful* in the sense of *fearful*. The Poet often uses *doubt* for *fear*.

⁶ *Whiles* was often used thus in the sense of *until*.—*Note*, from the Latin *notitia*, is several times used by the Poet in the sense of *knowledge*.—The ceremony to which Olivia here so sweetly urges Sebastian is the ancient solemn troth-plight, as it was called, which, as it had the binding force of an actual marriage, might well give peace to an anxious maiden till the day of full nuptial possession should arrive.

⁷ A bright, glad sunshine falling upon a bride or new-made wife was formerly thought auspicious ; it inspired a feeling that the Powers above were indeed smiling their benediction upon the act ; and so was fitting cause for prayer beforehand, and of thanksgiving afterwards. Of course this was a fond old superstition : but I believe marriage is not even yet so far enlightened and "de-religionized" but that something of the old feeling still survives.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *The Street before OLIVIA'S House.**Enter the Clown and FABIAN.**Fab.* Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.*Clo.* Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.*Fab.* Any thing.*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.*Fab.* This is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.*Enter the DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Attendants.**Duke.* Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?*Clo.* Ay, sir ; we are some of her trappings.*Duke.* I know thee well : how dost thou, my good fellow?*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.*Duke.* Just the contrary ; the better for thy friends.*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.*Duke.* How can that be?*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass : so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself ; and by my friends I am abused : so that, conclusions to be as kisses,¹ if your

¹ Warburton thought this should be, " conclusion to be asked is " ; upon which Coleridge remarks thus : " Surely Warburton could never have wooed by kisses and won, or he would not have flounder-flatted so just and humorous, nor less pleasing than humorous, an image into so profound a

four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no ; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me : there's gold.

[*Gives money.*]

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket,² sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer : there's another.

[*Gives money.*]

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play ; and the old saying is, the third pays for all : the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure ; as the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind, — one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw : if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again.

nihility. In the name of love and wonder, do not four kisses make a double affirmative? The humour lies in the whispered 'No!' and the inviting 'Don't!' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative." The Cambridge Editors, however, note upon the passage thus: "The meaning seems to be nothing more recondite than this: as in the syllogism it takes two premisses to make one conclusion, so it takes two people to make one kiss."

² The Clown puns so swiftly here that it is not easy to keep up with him. The quibble lies between the two senses of *grace* as a title and as a gracious impulse or thought.

I go, sir ; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness : but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*]

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter Officers, with ANTONIO.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well ;
 Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
 As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war :
 A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
 For shallow draught and bulk unprizable ;³
 With which such scathful grapple did he make
 With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
 That very envy and the tongue of loss⁴
 Cried fame and honour on him. — What's the matter ?

I Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
 That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy ;
 And this is he that did the Tiger board,
 When your young nephew Titus lost his leg :
 Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,⁵
 In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir ; drew on my side ;
 But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me, —
 I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate ! thou salt-water thief !
 What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,

³ *Unprizable* is evidently used here in the sense of *worthless*, or of *no price*. The Poet elsewhere has it in the opposite sense of *inestimable*.

⁴ "The tongue of loss" here means the tongue of the *loser* ; but is much more elegant. — *Scathful* is *harmful*, *damaging*, or *destructive*.

⁵ Inattentive to his character or condition, like a desperate man.

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,⁶
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me :
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication ; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Unto the danger of this adverse town ;
Drew to defend him when he was beset :
Where being apprehended, his false cunning —
Not meaning to partake with me in danger —
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removèd thing
While one would wink ; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord : and for three months before —

⁶ *Dear* is 'used in the same sense here as in *Hamlet* : " Would I had met my *dearest* foe in Heaven ! " Tooke has shown that this is much nearer the original sense of the word than the meaning commonly put upon it ; *dear* being from the Anglo-Saxon verb to *dere*, which signifies to *hurt*. An object of love, any thing that we hold dear, may obviously cause us pain, distress, or solicitude : hence the word came to be used in the opposite senses of hateful and beloved.

No interim, not a minute's vacancy —
Both day and night did we keep company.

Duke. Here comes the Countess : (now Heaven walks on earth.) —

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness :
Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
But more of that anon. — Take him aside.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? —
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam !

Duke. Gracious Olivia, —

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? — Good my lord, —

Vio. My lord would speak ; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome⁷ to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd ! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,

⁷ Both *fat* and *fulsome* seem here to have nearly the sense of *dull*, *gross*, or *sickening*. The Poet uses *fulsome* of a wine that soon palls upon the taste from its excessive sweetness.

Kill what I love?⁸ a savage jealousy
 That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this :
 Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
 And that I partly know the instrument
 That screws me from my true place in your favour,
 Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still ;
 But this your minion, whom I know you love,
 And whom, by Heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
 Where he sits crownèd in his master's spite. —
 Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief :
 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
 To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [Following.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love
 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 More, by all mores, than ere I shall love wife. —
 If I do feign, you witnesses above,
 Punish my life for tainting of my love !

Oli. Ah me, detested ! how am I beguiled !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you wrong ?

⁸ An allusion to the story of Thyamis, as told by Heliodorus in his *Ethi-
 opics*, of which an English version by Thomas Underdowne was published
 a second time in 1587. Thyamis was a native of Memphis, and chief of a
 band of robbers. Chariclea, a Greek, having fallen into his hands, he grew
 passionately in love with her, and would have married her ; but, being sur-
 prised by a stronger band of robbers, and knowing he must die, he went to
 the cave where he had secreted her with his other treasures, and, seizing her
 by the hair with his left hand, with his right plunged a sword in her breast ;
 it being the custom with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own
 life, first to kill those whom they held most dear, so as to have them as com-
 panions in the other world,

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?—

Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Duke. [*To VIOLA.*] Come, away!

Oli. Whither, my lord?— Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah!

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:⁹
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—

Re-enter Attendant, with the Priest.

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold—though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe—what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract and eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;¹⁰
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I've travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be

⁹ "Suppress or disown thy *proper* self; deny what you really are."

¹⁰ In ancient espousals the man received as well as gave a ring.

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?¹¹
 Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
 That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
 Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
 Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest, —

Oli.

O, do not swear!

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK with his head broken.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. 'Has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The Count's gentlemen, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarninate.

Duke. My gentleman Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings,¹² here he is! — You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
 You drew you sword upon me without cause;
 But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

¹¹ The skin of a fox or rabbit was often called its case. So in Cary's *Present State of England*, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight, named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies. He answered, "As I like my silver-haired conies at home: the *cases* are far better than the bodies."

¹² *Lifelings* is a diminutive of *life*, as *pittikins* is of *pity*. 'Od's is one of the disguised oaths so common in old colloquial language; the original form being *God's*. We have Imogen exclaiming 'Od's *pittikins* in *Cymbeline*, iv. 2.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me : I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. — Here comes Sir Toby halting, — you shall hear more : but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates¹³ than he did.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, led by the Clown.

Duke. How now, gentleman ! how is't with you ?

Sir To. That's all one : 'has hurt me, and there's the end on't. — Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot ?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago ; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures paynim :¹⁴ I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him ! Who hath made this havoc with them ?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will you help ? — an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave ! a thin-faced knave, a gull !

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, FABIAN, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I'm sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman ;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.

¹³ *Othergates* is an old word meaning the same as our *otherwise*.

¹⁴ *Paynim*, meaning *pagan* or *heathen*, was of old a common term of reproach. Sir Toby is too deeply fuddled to have his tongue in firm keeping, and so uses *passy-measures* for *past-measure*, probably.

You throw a strange regard¹⁵ on me ; by that
 I do perceive it hath offended you :
 Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
 We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons, —
 A natural perspective,¹⁶ that is and is not !

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio !
 How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
 Since I have lost thee !

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
 An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
 Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

Oh. Most wonderful !

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother ;
 Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
 Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
 Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd. —
 [*To VIOLA.*] Of charity, what kin are you to me ?
 What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of Messaline : Sebastian was my father ;
 Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
 So went he suited to his watery tomb :
 If spirits can assume both form and suit,
 You come to fright us.

¹⁵ A *strange regard* is a *look of estrangement or alienation*.

¹⁶ A *perspective* formerly meant a glass that assisted the sight in any way. The several kinds used in Shakespeare's time are enumerated in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, where that alluded to by the Duke is thus described: "There be glasses also wherein one man may see another man's image and not his own,"—where that which is, is not; or appears, in a different position, another thing.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed ;
 But am in that dimension grossly clad
 Which from the womb I did participate.
 Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
 I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
 And say, *Thrice-welcome, drownèd Viola !*

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow, —

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. — And died that day when Viola from her birth
 Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that recórd is lively in my soul !
 He finishèd, indeed, his mortal act
 That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets¹⁷ to make us happy both
 But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
 Do not embrace me till each circumstance
 Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,¹⁸
 That I am Viola : which to confirm,
 I'll bring you to a captain's in this town,
 Where lie my maid's weeds ; by whose gentle help
 I was prefer'd¹⁹ to serve this noble Count.
 All the occurrence of my fortune since
 Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [*To OLIVIA.*] So comes it, lady, you have been
 mistook :
 But Nature to her bias drew in that.²⁰

¹⁷ *Let*, often used in the English Bible, but now obsolete, is an old word for *hinder* or *prevent*.

¹⁸ The Poet repeatedly has *jump* in the sense of *agree* or *accord*.

¹⁹ *Prefer* was often used in the sense of *recommend*.

²⁰ To be *mistook* was sometimes used, as to be *mistaken* now is, in the sense of *making a mistake*. The mistake Olivia has made is in being be-

You would have been contracted to a maid ;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived, —
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.²¹

Duke. Be not amazed ; right noble is his blood. —
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck. —
[*To VIOLA.*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear ;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbèd continent²² the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand ;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments : he, upon some action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him : — fetch Malvolio hither : —
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter the Clown with a letter, and FABIAN.

A most distracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. —
How does he, sirrah ?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end
trothed to Sebastian instead of Viola ; but this was owing to the bias or pre-
disposition of Nature, who would not have a woman betrothed to a woman.

²¹ Sebastian applies the term *maid* apparently to himself, in the sense of *virgin*. And why not *maiden man* as well as *maiden sword* or *maiden speech* ?

²² *Continent* formerly meant any thing that *contains*.

as well as a man in his case may do. 'Has here writ a letter to you: I should have given't you to-day morning; but, as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much²³ when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look, then, to be well edified when the Fool delivers the madman. [Reads.] *By the Lord, madam,*—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.²⁴

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend,²⁵ my Princess, and give ear.

Oli. [To FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.—

[Exit FABIAN.]

²³ A common phrase in the Poet's time, meaning *it signifies not much*.

²⁴ "If you would have the letter read in character, you must allow me to assume the *voice* or frantic tone of a madman."

²⁵ *Perpend* is *consider* or *weigh*.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
 To think me as well a sister as a wife,
 One day shall crown th' alliance on's, so please you,
 Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer. —
 [*To VIOLA.*] Your master quits you ;²⁶ and, for your service
 done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
 (So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,)
 And since you call'd me master for so long,
 Here is my hand : you shall from this time be
 Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister ! — you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman ?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same. —

How now, Malvolio !

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
 Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio ? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter :
 You must not now deny it is your hand, —
 Write from it,²⁷ if you can, in hand or phrase ;
 Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention :
 You can say none of this. Well, grant it then ;
 And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
 Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,

²⁶ *Quit* for *acquit*, and in the sense of *release, discharge, or set free*. So in *Henry V.*, iii. 4: "For your great seats, now *quit* you of great shames." See, also, *As You Like It*, page 78, note 2.

²⁷ Write *differently* from it. We have similar phraseology in common use ; as, "His speaking was from the purpose."

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
 To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
 Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people :
 And, acting this in an obedient hope,
 Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
 And made the most notorious geck²⁸ and gull
 That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
 Though, I confess, much like the character :
 But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
 And now I do bethink me, it was she
 First told me thou wast mad : thou camest in smiling,
 And in such forms which here were presupposed
 Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content :
 This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee ;
 But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
 Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak ;
 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
 Taint the condition of this present hour,
 Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
 Set this device against Malvolio here,
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceived in him : Maria writ
 The letter at Sir Toby's great importance ;²⁹

²⁸ *Geck* is from the Saxon *geac*, a cuckoo, and here means a *fool*. — Here, as twice before in this play, *notorious* is used, apparently, for *egregious*.

²⁹ *Importance* for *importunity*. So, in *King Lear*, iv. 4: "Therefore great France my mourning and *important* tears hath pitied."

In recompense whereof he hath married her.
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge ;
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
 That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor soul, how have they baffled³⁰ thee !

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude, — one Sir Topas, sir ; but that's all one. — *By the Lord, Fool, I am not mad ;* — but do you remember ? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal ? an you smile not, he's gagg'd :* and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace :
 He hath not told us of the captain yet :
 When that is known, and golden time convents,³¹
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence. — Cesario, come ;
 For so you shall be, while you are a man ;
 But, when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all but the Clown.*]

³⁰ To treat with mockery or insult, to run a rig upon, and to make a butt of, are among the old senses of *baffle*.

³¹ *Convents* is *agrees* or *comes fit* ; a Latinism.

SONG.

Clo. *When that I was and³² a little tiny boy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,³³
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my bed,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 With toss-pots still had drunken head,³⁴
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
 But that's all one, our play is done,
 And we'll strive to please you every day.* [Exit,

³² This redundant use of *and* is not uncommon in old ballads.

³³ "When I was a boy, my mischievous pranks were little regarded; but, when I grew to manhood, men shut their doors against me as a *knave* and a *thief*." *Gate* and *door* were often used synonymously.

³⁴ "I had my head drunk with tossing off pots or drams of liquor." So a grog-shop is sometimes called a pot-house; and to *toss* is still used for to *drink*.

CRITICAL NOTES.



ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 30. *O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,*

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odour.—The original has *sound* instead of *south*. Pope, as is well known, substituted *south*, meaning, of course, the south *wind*, and was followed, I think, by all subsequent editors until Knight. The change is most certainly right. For with what propriety can a *sound* be said to “breathe upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odour”? Moreover, in the old reading, we have a comparison made between a thing and *itself*! It is as much as to say, “The sweet sound came o'er my ear like the sweet sound.” The Poet evidently meant to compare the music to a sweet breeze loaded with fragrance; the former coming over the ear as the latter comes over another sense. So that the old reading is simply absurd. Knight and Grant White waste a deal of ingenious and irrelevant rhetoric in trying to make it good; but nothing of that sort can redeem it from absurdity. And by the methods they use we can easily read almost any sense we please into whatever words come before us. In this case, they but furnish an apt illustration of how a dotage of the old letter, and a certain exegetical jugglery, may cheat even good heads into an utter dereliction of common sense.—Some one has noted, that to suppose a comparison was here intended between the effect of music on the ear and that of fragrance on the sense of smell, is almost to ignore “the difference between poetry and prose.” O no! it is merely to recognize the difference between sense and nonsense. For how should *odour* affect us but through the sense of smell? But perhaps the writer, being in a jocosé humour, caught the style of “sweet bully Bottom,” and so played the Duke into the funny idea of hearing an odour that he smelt, or of smelling a sound that he heard. For why not a sweet-

sounding smell as well as a sweet-smelling sound? — In England, however, the south winds generally are so ill conditioned, that English editors are naturally reluctant to admit such a phrase as “the *sweet south*.” But south winds are not the same everywhere as in England: and why may not the Poet have had in mind such a south as often breathes in other places? Nor do English writers always speak ill of winds that blow from southerly quarters. Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, 1590, has the following: “Her breath is more sweet than a gentle *south-west* wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters.” And Lettsom notes upon the passage, “A south-wester is a *heavy gale* from the south-west; but we often have genial, bright, and growing weather from that quarter, as well as from the south.”

P. 31. *The element itself, till seven years hence.* — The original has *heate* for *hence*. Corrected by Rowe. *Heat* is ridiculous.

P. 31. *When liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, her sweet perfections,*

Are all supplied and fill'd *with one self king*. — The original prints “Are all supplied and fill'd” as the latter part of the second line, and “her sweet perfections” as the first part of the third. Sense, logic, grammar, and prosody, all, I think, plead together for the transposition, which was made by Capell.

ACT i., SCENE 2.

P. 31. Vio. *What country, friends, is this?*

Cap. *Illyria, lady.* — The original has “*This is Illyria, Ladie.*” Pope omitted *This is*, and Dyce suspected it to be an interpolation.

P. 32. *When you, and this poor number saved with you.* — The original has *those* instead of *this*. Corrected by Capell.

P. 33. *For whose dear loss,*

*They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.* — The original transposes *company* and *sight*, and has *love* instead of *loss*. The former correction is Hanmer's; the latter, Walker's.

P. 34.

*Yet of thee**I well believe thou hast a mind that suits*

With this thy fair and outward character.—The old text reads “*I will believe.*” The correction is Walker’s. We have many instances of *well* and *will* confounded.

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 36. *He hath, indeed, all most natural.*—So Collier’s second folio. The original has “*almost naturall.*”

P. 36. *What, wench! Castiliano volto.*—So Hanmer. The original has *vulgo* for *volto*.

P. 37. *An thou let her part so.*—*Her* is wanting in the original. Supplied in the third folio.

P. 38. *Never in your life, I think; unless you saw canary put me down.*—The original has *see* instead of *saw*.

P. 39. *For thou see'st it will not curl by nature.*—The original reads “*coole my nature.*” One of Theobald’s happy corrections.

P. 39. *And yet I will not compare with a nobleman.*—Instead of *a nobleman*, the original has *an old man*. But why should Sir Andrew here speak of comparing himself with *an old man*? The whole drift of the foregoing dialogue is clearly against that reading. Theobald proposed the change; and Dr. Badham, in *Cambridge Essays*, 1856, justly remarks upon it thus: “Sir Andrew has just been speaking of the Count Orsino as a rival whom he cannot pretend to cope with; so that the allusion to nobleman is most natural.”

P. 40. *It does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock.*—The old text reads “*a dam'd colour'd stocke.*” Corrected by Rowe. Knight changed *dam'd* to *damask*, which has been adopted in some editions. Collier’s second folio has *dun-colour'd*.

ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 42.

Thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in sound.—The original has

“shrill, *and* sound.” I suspect it should be “shrill *of* sound.” We have other instances where *of* and *&* were apparently confounded. The correction *in* was proposed anonymously.

ACT I., SCENE 5.

P. 45. *That's as much as to say.* — The original transposes the second *as*, thus: “That's as much to say *as*.”

P. 46. *I take those wise men, that crow so at these set kind of Fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies.* — The original has “*these* wise men,” and omits *to be*. The former correction is Hanmer's; the latter was made by Capell, and is also found in Collier's second folio.

P. 47. *For here comes one of thy kin.* — In the original, “*heere he comes.*” Rowe's correction.

P. 50. *If you be mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief.* — The original reads “*If you be not mad.*” The correction is Mason's, and is amply sustained by the context.

P. 51. *Vio. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.*

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger. — So Warburton. The original runs the three speeches all into one; the prefixes having probably dropped out accidentally. See foot-note 20.

P. 52. *Look you, sir, such a one I was this present.* — For my own part, I see no difficulty here; but many have stumbled at the text, and several changes have been proposed; the only one of which that seems to me much worth considering is Lettson's: “*Such a one as I this presents.*” See foot-note 22.

P. 52. *With adoratiöns, with fertile tears.*

With groans that thunder love, &c. — The second *with* is lacking in the old text. Inserted by Pope.

P. 53. *If I did love you in my master's flame,*

With such a suffering, such a deadly love. — The original has “*such a deadly life.*” A very evident misprint, I think; yet it has waited a good while to be corrected.

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 56. *My father was that Sebastian of Messaline.* — There is no such place known as *Messaline*; so some think, and apparently with good reason, that we ought to read *Mytilene*, the name of an island in the Archipelago.

P. 56. *Though I could not, with such an estimable wonder, over-far believe that.* — The original omits *an*, and thus leaves the passage so very obscure, to say the least, that it might well be, as indeed it has been, a great puzzle to the editors. Various changes have been proposed; but the insertion of *an* is by far the simplest and most satisfactory. It was proposed by Mr. W. W. Williams in *The Literary Gazette*, March 29, 1862, with the following remark: "I would submit that, if Sebastian's speech be read carefully, it will require no long pondering to perceive that he is modestly deprecating any comparison of himself with such a beautiful girl as his sister. If that be the purport of the words, — and there can hardly be a doubt about it, — the simple insertion of the indefinite article will meet all the necessities of the case." See foot-note 4.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 58. *She took no ring of me: I'll none of it.* — The original reads "She took *the* ring." As this is not true, the explanation sometimes given of it is, that Viola, with instantaneous tact, divines the meaning of the ring, and takes care, at the expense of a fib, not to expose Olivia's tender weakness. But this, perhaps, is putting too fine a point upon it. Dyce at one time retained the old text; but in his last edition he says, "I now think it quite wrong, and that what has been said in defence of it is ridiculously over-subtle." The correction is from Collier's second folio.

P. 58. *That, as methought, her eyes had lost her tongue.* — So Walker. The original has "That me thought her eyes." The second folio fills up the gap in the verse by inserting *sure* instead of *as*.

P. 58. *Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!*

For, such as we are made of, such we be.—The original has “Alas, O frailty is the cause,” and “such as we are made, if such we be.” The second folio substitutes *our* for *O*, and Hanmer printed “*ev’n* such we be.” The common reading is as in the text. Tyrwhitt’s correction.

P. 59. *And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,*

As she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.—The original has “*And she, mistaken,*” &c. Corrected by Dyce.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 64. *Out o’ time sir? ye lie. Art any more than a steward?*—So Theobald. The old text has *tune* instead of *time*. As the whole speech is evidently addressed to Malvolio, *tune* cannot be right; while *time* accords perfectly with what has passed a little before between Sir Toby and the steward.

P. 65. *To challenge him the field.*—So the old copies; but commonly printed “*to the field*”; “improperly, I believe,” says Dyce.

P. 65. Sir And. *Possess us, possess us.*—In the old text, this speech is given to Sir Toby. Corrected by Walker; who remarks, “Surely Sir Toby needed no information respecting Malvolio.”

P. 66. Sir To. *And your horse now would make him an ass.*—Here we have just the converse of the preceding instance: the speech has the prefix “*An.*” in the original. But the speech is too keen for Sir Andrew to make. Tyrwhitt pointed out the error.

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 68. *Go seek him out:—and play the tune the while.*—The original lacks *Go* at the beginning of this line. Supplied by Capell.

P. 69. *Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,*

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won.—So Hanmer and Collier’s second folio. The original has “*lost and worne.*”

P. 70. Lay me, O, where

Sad true-love never find my grave.—The original has “*Sad true lover.*” Corrected by Capell.

P. 72. *No motion of the liver, but the palate,*—

That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt.—The original has *suffer*, which is convicted of error by the explanations it has called forth. Corrected by Rowe.

ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 76. *And perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel.*—The original has “play with *my* some rich jewel”; *my* being probably repeated by mistake.

P. 76. *Though our silence be drawn from us by th' ears, yet peace.*—So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The original has the strange reading, “drawn from us *with cars*”; which has provoked some explanations equally strange. As Dyce remarks, “*bith* was very common as the contraction of *by the*; and therefore *bith ears* might easily be corrupted into *with cars.*” So I leave the text, though I have little doubt it should be *wi' th' ears*: for the Poet very often uses *with* in such cases where we should use *by*, and the double elision of *with* and *the*, so as to make one syllable, is very frequent with him.

P. 78. *And with what wing the staniel checks at it!*—The original has *stallion*. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 80. *God and my stars be praised.*—God, *I thank Thee.*—In both these places, the original has *Jove*. But Malvolio is not a Heathen; he is rather a strait-laced sort of Christian; such a one as would be very apt to ascribe his supposed good fortune to the fact of his being among “the elect.” So I suspect that *Jove* was inserted by some second hand in compliance with the well-known statute against profanation. Halliwell prints as in the text; and I was fully convinced it ought to be so, long before I knew he had printed it so.

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 82. *So thou mayst say, the king lives by a beggar.* — The original has *lyes* instead of *lives*; an error which the context readily corrects.

P. 84. *Would not a pair of these breed, sir?* — The original reads “Would not a pair of these *have bred*.” But the course of the dialogue plainly requires the sense of the future.

P. 85. *Not, like the haggard, check at every feather*

That comes before his eye. — So Collier’s second folio. The old text has “*And like the Haggard,*” which just contradicts the sense required. Johnson suggested the reading in the text, and rightly explained the meaning of the passage to be, “He must choose persons and times, and observe tempers; he must fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed haggard, to seize all that comes in his way.”

P. 85. *For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;*

But wise men’s folly, shown, quite taints their wit. — The original has “*But wisemens folly falne, quite taint their wit*”; from which no rational meaning can be gathered. The word *shows*, in the preceding line, points out the right reading. Hanmer made the correction. See foot-note 12.

P. 86. *I’ll get ’em all three ready.* — The original has “*all three already.*” Corrected in the third folio.

P. 87. *Give me leave, I beseech you.* — So the third folio. The earlier editions omit *I*.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 89. *Did she see thee the while, old boy?* — So the third folio. The earlier editions omit *thee*.

P. 91. *We’ll call thee at thy cubiculo.* — So Hanmer. The original has *the* instead of *thy*.

P. 92. *For Andrew, if he were open'd, an you find so much blood in his liver, &c.*—The original has “if he were open'd, and you find.” The correction is Walker's. *And* is indeed an archaic form of the old concessive *an*.

P. 92. *Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.*—So Theobald. The old text has *mine* instead of *nine*. See foot-note II.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 93. *As might have drawn me to a longer voyage.*—The original has *one* instead of *me*. Corrected by Heath.

P. 94. *I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; too oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.*—In the original, the second line stands thus: “And thanks: and *ever* oft good turnes.” A large number of readings has been made or proposed. That in the text is by Seymour.

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 96. *I have sent after him: says he, he'll come,
How shall I feast him?*—The old text reads “*he says hee'll come.*” But the concessive sense is evidently required, not the affirmative. Theobald saw this clearly, and so printed “*say he will come.*” The simple transposition made in the text gets the same sense naturally enough; the subjunctive being often formed in that way.

P. 97. *My yellow stockings!*—The original has *Thy* instead of *My*. The correction is Lettsom's, and a very happy one it is too.

P. 98. *Let thy tongue twang arguments of State.*—The original has “let thy tongue *langer* with arguments.” The second folio substitutes *tang* for *langer*; *tang* being merely an old form or spelling of *twang*. See the letter as given in full in ii. 5, page 80.

P. 98. *But it is God's doing, and God make me thankful.*—Here, again, as also later in the same speech, the original has *Jove*. See note on “God and my stars be praised,” page 145.

P. 102. *Very brief, and exceeding good sense—less.*—So Rowe and various others. The original has “and to exceeding.” I cannot see what business *to* has there.

P. 103. *I've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.*—So Theobald. The original has “too unchary *on't*”; which some editors still retain, and try to support with arguments more ingenious than sound.

P. 104. *He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier and on carpet consideration.*—So Pope. The original has “with *unhatch'd* rapier.” To *hatch* was used for to *ornament*; so that *unhatch'd* rapier would hardly accord with the occasion. Of course an *unhack'd* rapier is a rapier that has done no service in fight. So in *King John*, ii. 1: “With *unhack'd* swords and helmets all unbruised.”

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 106. SCENE V.—*The Street adjoining OLIVIA'S Garden.*—The original and most modern editions print this scene as a continuation of the preceding one. In the Poet's time, changes of scene were not unfrequently left to the imagination of the audience; the machinery and furniture not being so ample then as in later days. The course of the action and various particulars of the dialogue, as any one will see who notes them carefully, plainly require a change of scene in this place. Dyce arranges as in the text.

P. 109. *Relieved him with all sanctity of love ;
And to this image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.*

But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—The original has “with *such* sanctity,” and “to *his* image.” With the former, the text has so abrupt and misplaced a break in the sense, that Walker thought, as he well might, that a line had dropped out after *love*. The context, I think, fairly requires the sense of *all* instead of *such*. *Much* might more easily be misprinted *such*, but is not strong enough for the place. The common reading sets a dash after *love*, of course to indicate a break in the sense: the original has a (;) as if not aware of any break.

“To *this* image” is proposed by Walker; and the occurrence of *idol* in the last line shows it to be right. Antonio does not mean that he has been worshipping an image of the supposed Sebastian, but that what he has taken for something divine turns out to be but a hollow image.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 111. *I am afraid this great lubberly world will prove a cockney.* — So Collier’s second folio. The original has “this great *lubber the World.*” Douce proposed to read “this great *lubberly word,*” taking *word* as referring to *vent*, and that reading is adopted by White, who explains *great lubberly* as meaning *pretentious*. Dyce says, “I can hardly believe that Shakespeare would have made the Clown speak of *vent* as a ‘great lubberly word.’”

P. 112. *Why, there’s for thee, and there, and there, and there!*

Are all the people mad? — The original lacks the last *and there*, which was added by Capell. Such omissions are apt to occur in case of such repetitions.

P. 114. *Nay, come, I pray: would thou’dst be ruled by me.* — So Pope. The original has “Nay come I *prethee.*” Walker says, “Read *I pray*; the other is too rugged for a rhyming couplet.”

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 114. Sir To. *God bless thee, master parson.* — Here also the old text has *Jove*; quite as much out of place as in the former instances.

P. 115. *Say’st thou this house is dark?* — The original has *that* instead of *this*. Corrected by Rann.

P. 117. *I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot.* — The original omits *to*. Supplied by Rowe.

P. 119. *Are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?* — This must mean “Are you really sane? or do you but pretend to be so?” Johnson proposed to strike out *not*, and, I suspect, rightly. That

would give the meaning, "Are you really mad? or have you merely been shamming madness?" which seems more in keeping with the Clown's humour.

P. 119. Adieu, goodman *Devil*.—The original has "*goodman divell*"; thus making a rhyme by repeating the same word. Many recent editors change *divell* to *drivel*. Still I must think the change to be wrong: for such repetitions, instead of rhymes proper, are not unfrequent in old ballads; especially where the rhymes are not consecutive.

ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 123. *The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; as the bells of Saint Bennet, &c.*—So Hanmer. The old text has *or* instead of *as*.

P. 128. *A contract and eternal bond of love.*—So Collier's second folio. Instead of *and*, the original repeats *of* by anticipation.

P. 130. *Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures paynim.*—The original has *panyn*, which Pope corrected to *paynim*, an old form of *pagan*. The second folio changes *pavyn* to *Panin*. See foot-note 14.

P. 131. *You throw a strange regard on me; by that*

I do perceive it hath offended you.—The original reads "a strange regard *upon* me, *and* by that." The reading in the text is Lettsom's; who remarks, "*and* is wretchedly flat here; it probably crept in from the line above. Pope and others have '*on* me, *by which,*' &c."

P. 132. *I'll bring you to a captain's in this town,*

Where lie my maid's weeds; by whose gentle help

I was preferr'd to serve this noble Count.—The old text has *Captaine* instead of *captain's*, *maiden* instead of *maid's*, and *preserv'd* instead of *preferr'd*. The first change is from Collier's second folio; the other two were made by Theobald, one for the metre, the other for the sense; as *preserv'd* gives an untrue meaning. A little further on, Viola speaks of "my *maid's* garments."

P. 133. *A most distracting frenzy of mine own.* — So Hanmer and Collier's second folio. The original has "most *extracting* frenzy." Here *extracting* has to be explained in the sense of *distracting*, while it does not appear that the word was ever used in that sense. And the preceding line has *distract* in the same sense.

P. 135. *One day shall crown th' alliance on's, so please you.* — The old text has "th' alliance *on't*"; the easiest of misprints. Of course *on's* is a contraction of *on us*. The Poet has many such.

P. 136.

It was she

First told me thou wast mad: thou camest in smiling. — So Collier's second folio, and with manifest propriety. The old text has *then* instead of the second *thou*.

P. 136. *Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts*

We had conceived in him. — The original reads "conceiv'd *against* him," defeating both sense and verse. No doubt *against* crept in from the second line before. Corrected by Tyrwhitt.

P. 137. *Alas, poor soul, how have they baffled thee!* — So Walker and Collier's second folio. The old text has *fool* instead of *soul*. It is true, as Dyce notes, that the Poet has *poor fool* repeatedly as a term of familiar endearment or of pitying fondness; but that seems to me too strong a sense for this place.

P. 138. *'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate.* — So Farmer. The original has "*Knaves* and *Theeves*." Also, in the second stanza after, it has "unto my *beds*," and "drunken *heades*." See foot-note 33.

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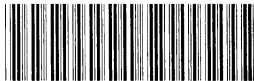
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