



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, and Dull.

H O L O F E R N E S.

S *Atis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise god for you, sir; your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without herefy: I did converse this *quondam*-day with a companion of the king's, who is entitled, nominated, or called, don *Adriano de Armado*.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te.* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrafonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet!

[*draws out his tablebook.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such infociable and point-devise companions, such rackers of orthography, as do speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh, abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which we would call abhominable, it insinuateth to me of insany: *ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. Bone? bone for benè; *Priscian* a little scratch'd, 'twill serve.

SCENE