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VOL. IX.

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OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Vol. IX

THE
PLAYS

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WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the NINTH.

CONTAINING

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
CYMBELINE.
KING LEAR.

L O N D O N,

Printed for C. Bathurst, W. Strahan, J. F. and C. Rivington,
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WILLIAM B. E. B. A. L. L.

VOLUME NINTH

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THEOLOGY AND CHRISTIANITY
CYMBELINE
KING LEAR

L O S T O N

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1778

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T R O I L U S

A N D

C R E S S I D A,

Preface to the quarto edition of this play, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. Newes.

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeas'd with playes, are pleas'd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such favored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you think your testerne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuf't in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it,
Vale.

P R O L O G U E.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princes ¹orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions: ²Priam's six-gated city
 (Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Troyan,
 And Antenoridas) with massy staples,

And

¹ The princes orgillous,——] Orgillous, i. e. proud, disdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. This word is used in the ancient romance of *Richard Cœur de Lyon*:

“His atyre was orgulous.” STEEVENS.

² ——Priam's six-gated city,
 (Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
 And Antenonidus) with massie staples,
 And correspondivve and fulfilling bolts,

Stirre up the sons of Troy.——] This has been a most miserably mangled passage through all the editions; corrupted at once into false concord and false reasoning. Priam's six-gated city stirre up the sons of Troy?—Here's a verb plural governed of a nominative singular. But that is easily remedied. The next question to be asked is, In what sense a city, having six strong gates, and those well barred and bolted, can be said to stir up its inhabitants? unless they may be supposed to derive some spirit from the strength of their fortifications. But this could not be the poet's thought. He must mean, I take it, that the Greeks had pitched their tents upon the plains before Troy; and that the Trojans were securely barricaded within the walls and gates of their city. This sense

P R O L O G U E

*And correspondve and fulfilling bolts³,
Sperrs up the sons of Troy.*—

Now

my correction restores. To *sperre*, or *spar*, from the old Teuto-
nic word *Speren*, signifies to *shut up*, *defend by bars*, &c.

THEOBALD.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. 5. c. 10:

“ The other that was entred, labour'd fast

“ To *sperre* the gate, &c.”

Again, in the romance of the *Squhr of lowe Degre*:

“ *Sperde* with manie a dyvers pynnc.”

And in the *Visions of P. Plowman* it is said that a blind man
“ *unsparryd* his *eine*.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. II. chap. 12:

“ When chased home into his holdes, there *sparred* up in gates.”

Again, in the 2nd Part of Bale's *Actes of Eng. Votaryes*: “ The
dore thereof oft tymes opened and *spearred* agayne.” STEEVENS.

“ Therto his cyte | compassed enuyrowne

“ Hadde gates VI to entre into the towne:

“ The firste of all | and strengest eke with all,

“ Largest also | and moste pryncypall,

“ Of myghty byldyng | alone pereless,

“ Was by the kinge called | Dardanydes;

“ And in storye | lyke as it is founde,

“ Tymbria | was named the seconde;

“ And the thyrde | called Helyas,

“ The fourthè gate | hyghte also Cetheas;

“ The fyfthe Trojana, | the sixth Anthonydes,

“ Stronge and myghty | both in werre and pes.”

Lond. empr. by R. Pynson, 1513, Fol. b. ii. ch. 11.

The *Troye Boke* was somewhat modernized, and reduced into
regular stanzas, about the beginning of the last century, under the
name of, *The Life and Death of Hector—who fought a Hundred
mayne Battailles in open Field against the Grecians; wherein there
were slaine on both Sides Fourteene Hundred and Sixe Thousand,
Fourscore and Sixe Men.*—Fol. no date. This work Dr. Ful-
ler, and several other critics, have erroneously quoted as the *origi-
nal*; and observe in consequence, that “ if Chaucer's *coin* were of
greater weight for deeper learning, Lydgate's were of a more refined
standard for purer language: so that one might mistake him for a
modern writer.” FARMER.

On other occasions, in the course of this play, I shall insert
quotations from the *Troye Boke modernized*, as being the most in-
telligible of the two. STEEVENS.

³ —fulfilling bolts,] To *fulfill* in this p^lace means to fill till
there

P R O L O G U E.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
 * A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument, —
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er ^s the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
 'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

there be no room for more. In this sense it is now obsolete. So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. V. fol. 114:

“ A lustie maide, a sobre, a meke,

“ Fulfilled of all curtosie.”

Again:

“ Fulfilled of all unkindship.” STEEVENS.

* A prologue arm'd, —] I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play.

JOHNSON.

— the vaunt —] i. e. the *avants*, what went before.

STEEVENS.

Persons Represented.

Priam,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Calchas
Antenor,

Trojans.

Margarelon, *a bastard son of Priam.*

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulysses,
Nestor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Thersites,

Greeks.

Helen, *wife to Menelaus.*

Andromache, *wife to Hector.*

Cassandra, *daughter to Priam, a prophetess.*

Cressida, *daughter to Calchas.*

Alexander, *Cressida's servant.*

Boy, *page to Troilus.*

Servant to Diomed.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other attendants.

SCENE, *Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.*

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

T R O Y.

Priam's palace.

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus.

Troi. Call here my varlet², I'll unarm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That

¹ The story was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, and since by Chaucer. POPE.

Mr. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of *Troilus and Cressida* was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard; (of whom Gascoigne speaks in *Dan Bartholmewe his first Triumph*: "Since Lollius and Chaucer both, make doubt upon that glose") but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verse, and that Chaucer translated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakespear received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Messina in Sicily, and wrote his *History of Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantic inventions, which the taste of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothic fiction easily admitted; at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido's work was published at Cologne in 1477, again in 1480: at Strasburgh 1486, and *ibidem* 1489. It appears to have been translated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1471, under the title of his *Recuyel*, &c. so that there must have been yet some earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto seen or heard of, unless his first translator had recourse to a manuscript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and

That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,

Let

Cressida famous, which very probably might have been Shakespeare's inducement to try their fortune on the stage.—Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed by Pynson, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between *Troilus* and *Cressida*." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of *Troilus* and *Cressida*, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The first of these entries is in the name of Edward White, the second in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the history of *Troilus* and *Cressida*."

STEEVENS.

Troilus and Cressida.] Before this play of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, is a bookseller's preface, shewing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakespeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookseller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politic, with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his, seems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

We may rather learn from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakespeare's plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the conclusion, these words: "Thank fortune for the 'scape it hath made among you, since, by the grand possessors wills, I believe you should rather have prayed for them, than have been prayed," &c. By the *grand possessors*, I suppose, were meant *Heming* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival playhouses at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the Induction to the *Malecontent*, written by Webster, and augmented by Marston, 1606, is the following passage:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it."

"Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it *One for another*."

Again, T. Heywood, in his preface to the *English Traveller*, 1633: "Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print." STEEVENS.

It appears, however, that frauds were practised by writers as well as actors. It stands on record against *Robert Green*, the author

TROILOUS AND CRESSIDA. 9

Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended ?

Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,

thor of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 and 1599, that he sold the last of these pieces to two different theatres : " Master R. G. would it not make you blush, &c. if you sold not *Orlando Furioso* to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more ? Was not this plain Coneycatching M. G. ?" *Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592.

This note was not merely inserted to expose the *craft of authorship*, but to show the *price* which was anciently paid for the copy of a play, and to ascertain the *name* of the writer of *Orlando Furioso*, which was not hitherto known. *Greene* appears to have been the first poet in England who sold the same piece to different people. *Voltaire* is much belied, if he has not followed his example.

COLLINS.

Notwithstanding what has been said by a *late editor*, I have a copy of the *first folio*, including *Troilus and Cressida*. Indeed, as I have just now observed, it was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not however appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *histories* and the *tragedies* without any enumeration of the pages ; except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs intirely from the copy in the *second folio*. FARMER.

I have consulted *eleven copies* of the *first folio*, and *Troilus and Cressida* is not wanting in any one of them. STEEVENS.

—my varlet,] This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior. So, Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt : " — diverse were relieved by their *varlets*, and conveyed out of the field." Again, in an ancient epitaph in the churchyard of saint Nicas at Arras :

" Cy gist Hakin et son *varlet*,

" Tout di-armè et tout di-pret,

" Avec son espè et falloche, &c." STEEVENS.

[*Will this geer ne'er be mended ?*] There is somewhat proverbial in this question, which I likewise meet with in the *Interlude of K. Darius*, 1565 :

" Wyll not yet *this gert be amended*,

" Nor your *sunful acts corrected ?*" STEEVENS.

Tamer

Tamer than sleep, ⁴ fonder than ignorance ;
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
⁵ And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this : for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd ?

Pan. Ay, the grinding ; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd ?

Pan. Ay, the boulting ; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troi. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening : but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking ; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
 Doth lesser blench ⁶ at sufferance than I do.
 At Priam's royal table do I sit ;
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
 So, traitor !—when she comes !—When is she thence ?

Pan. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than ever I saw her look ; or any woman else.

⁴ — fonder than ignorance ;] *Fonder*, for more childish.

WARBURTON.

⁵ *And skill-less &c.*] Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed *skill-less* to *artless*, not for the better, because *skill-less* refers to *skill* and *skilful*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Doth lesser blench*—] To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ ——— if he but blench,

“ I know my course ——— ”

Again, in the *Pilgrim* by B. and Fletcher :

“ ——— men that will not totter,

“ Nor blench much at a bullet.” STEEVENS.

Troi.

Troi. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than
Helen's, (well, go to) there were no more comparison
between the women,—But, for my part, she is my
kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise
her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yester-
day, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cas-
sandra's wit: but——

Troi. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handlest in thy discourse:——O that her hand!
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, ⁷ and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,

⁷ ——and spirit of sense

Hard as the palm of ploughman!——] In comparison with
Cressid's hand, says he, *the spirit of sense*, the utmost degree, the
most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand,
since the sense of touching, as Scaliger says in his *Exercitationes*,
resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible
palm of the ploughman. Warburton reads:

——spite of sense:

Hanmer,

——to th' spirit of sense.

It is not proper to make a lover profess to praise his mistress in
spite of sense; for though he often does it in *spite of the sense* of
others, his own senses are subdued to his desires. JOHNSON.

As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, ^s she has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between; but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on friday, as Helen is on sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-amoor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool, to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Troi. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

* — *she has the mends*—] She may mend her complexion by the assistance of cosmetics. JOHNSON.

I believe it rather means—*She may make the best of a bad bargain.*

So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

“ I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then I have *the mends in my own hands.*”

Again, in S. Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: “ —turne him with his back full of stripes, and *his bands loden with his own amendes.*”

Again, in the *Wild-Goose Chase*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ *The mends are in mine own hands, or the surgeon's.*”

STEEVENS.

Troi.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [Exit Pandarus.

[Sound alarum.

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;

And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between our Ilium, and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;

Ourselves, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[Alarum.] Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Troi. Because not there; This woman's answer forts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Troi. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum.

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne.

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together, [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

A street.

Enter Cressida, and Alexander her servant,

Cre. Who were those went by ?

Serv. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they ?

Serv. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. ⁹ Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd :
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer ;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,

And

⁹ ——— *Hector, whose patience*

Is, as a virtue, fix'd, ———] Patience sure was a virtue, and therefore cannot, in propriety of expression, be said to be *like* one. We should read :

Is as the virtue fix'd, ———

i. e. his patience is as fixed as the goddess Patience itself. So we find Troilus a little before saying :

*Patience herself, what goddess ere she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.*

It is remarkable that Dryden, when he altered this play, and found this false reading, altered it with judgment to :

————— whose patience

Is fix'd like that of heaven.

Which he would not have done had he seen the right reading here given, where his thought is so much better and nobler expressed.

WARBURTON.

I think the present text may stand. Hector's patience was as a virtue, not variable and accidental, but fixed and constant. If I would alter it, it should be thus :

————— Hector, whose patience

Is all a virtue fix'd, ———

All, in old English, is the *intensive* or enforcing particle.

JOHNSON.

[*Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,*] *Does the poet mean*

mean

And to the field goes he ; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger ?

Serv. The noise goes, this : There is among the
Greeks

mean (says Mr. Theobald) *that Hector had put on light armour?*
mean! what else could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and
was not that the armour for his purpose? So, Fairfax, in Tasso's
Jerusalem:

“ The other princes put on *barnefs light*

“ As footmen use _____ ”

Yet, as if this had been the highest absurdity, he goes on, *Or
does he mean that Hector was sprightly in his arms even before sun-
rise? or is a conundrum aimed at, in sun rose and barnefs'd light? Was
any thing like it?* But to get out of this perplexity, he tells us,
that a *very slight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary,*
and so changes it to *barnefs-dight*. Yet indeed the very slightest
alteration will at any time let the poet's sense through the critic's
fingers: and the Oxford editor very contentedly takes up with
what is left behind, and reads *barnefs-dight* too, in order, as Mr.
Theobald well expresses it, *to make all construction unnecessary.*

WARBURTON,

How does it appear that Hector was to fight on foot rather
to-day, than on any other day? It is to be remembered, that the
ancient heroes never fought on horseback; nor does their manner
of fighting in chariots seem to require less activity than on foot.

JOHNSON.

It is true that the heroes of Homer never fought on horseback;
yet such of them as make a second appearance in the *Æneid*,
like their antagonists the Rutulians, had cavalry among their
troops. Little can be inferred from the manner in which
Ascanius and the young nobility of Troy are introduced at the
conclusion of the funeral games, as Virgil very probably, at the
expence of an anachronism, meant to pay a compliment to the
military exercises instituted by Julius Cæsar, and improved by
Augustus. It appears from different passages in this play, that
Hector fights on horseback; and it should be remembered, that
Shakespeare was indebted for most of his materials to a book
which enumerates Eðras and Pythagoras among the bastard chil-
dren of king Priamus. Shakespeare might have been led into his
mistake by the manner in which Chapman has translated several
parts of the Iliad, where the heroes mount their chariots or de-
scend from them. Thus B. 6. speaking of Glaucus and Diomed:

“ ——— From *borjè* then both descend.” STEEVENS.

A lord

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;
They call him, Ajax.

Cre. Good ; And what of him ?

Serv. They say he is a very man ² *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cre. So do all men ; unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of
their particular additions ; he is as valiant as the lion,
churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant : a man into
whom nature hath so crowded humours, ³ that his
valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with dis-
cretion : there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not
a glimpse of ; nor any man an attaint, but he carries
some stain of it : he is melancholy without cause, and
merry against the hair ⁴ : He hath the joints of every
thing ; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a
gouty Briareus, many hands and no use ; or purblinded
Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me
smile, make Hector angry ?

Serv. They say, he yesterday cop'd Hector in the
battle, and struck him down ; the disdain and shame
whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and
waking.

² — *per se*, —] So in Chaucer's *Testament of Cresseide* :

“ Of faire Cresseide the floure and a *per se*

“ Of Troie and Greece.”

Again, in the old comedy of *Wily beguiled* :

“ In faith, my sweet honeycomb, I'll love thee a *per se* a.”

Again, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602 :

“ That is the a *per se* of all, the creame of all.”

STEEVENS.

³ — *that his valour is crushed into folly*, —] To be *crushed into folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*, so as that they make one mass together. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *against the hair* :] is a phrase equivalent to another now in use — *against the grain*. The French say — *à contrepoil*.

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here ?

Serv. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that ? what's that ?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. ' Good morrow, cousin Cressid : What do you talk of ?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin ? When were you at ' Ilium ?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came ? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium ? Helen was not up, was she ?

Cre. Hector was gone ; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so ; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry ?

Cre. So he says here.

' *Good morrow cousin, Cressid : What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin?—*] *Good morrow, Alexander,* is added in all the editions. says Mr. Pope, very absurdly, Paris not being on the stage.—Wonderful acuteness ! But, with submission, this gentleman's note is much more absurd ; for it falls out very unluckily for his remark, that though Paris is, for the generality, in Homer called Alexander ; yet, in this play, by any one of the characters introduced, he is called nothing but Paris. The truth of the fact is this : Pandarus is of a busy, impertinent, insinuating character : and it is natural for him, so soon as he has given his cousin the good-morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely *in officio*, as the grammarians call it ; and gives us an admirable touch of Pandarus's character. And why might not *Alexander* be the name of Cressid's man ? Paris had no patent, I suppose, for engrossing it to himself. But the late *editor*, perhaps, because we have had *Alexander* the Great, *Pope Alexander*, and *Alexander Pope*, would not have so eminent a name prostituted to a common *varlet*.

THEOBALD.

' — *Ilium?*] Was the palace of Troy. JOHNSON.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,——

Cre. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece : Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess)—Not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then, Troilus should have too much : if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his ; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek³, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the⁴ compass'd window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young : and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter⁵ ?

Pan.

³ —a merry Greek,—] *Gracari* among the Romans signified to play the reveller. STEEVENS.

⁴ —compass'd window,—] The *compass'd window* is the same as the *bow-window*. JOHNSON.

⁵ —so old a lifter?] The word *lifter* is used for a *thief* by Green, in his *Art of Coney-catching*, printed 1591 : on this the humour of the passage may be supposed to turn. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. Jonson uses the expression in *Cynthia's Revels* :

“ One other peculiar virtue you possess is, *lifting*.”

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—
she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven
chin,——

Cre. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his
smiling becomes him better than any man in all
Phrygia.

Cre. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:——But, to prove to you
that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove
it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than
I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love
an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh, to think how she
tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white
hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair
on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecu-
ba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cre. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the
pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“——cheaters, *lifters*, nips, foists, puggards, courbers.”

Again, in *Holland's Leagner*, 1633:

“Broker or pandar, cheater or *lifter*.” STEEVENS.

Pan.

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. ⁶ *One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The forked one, quoth he; pluck it out, and give it him. But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.*

Cre. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. [*Sound a retreat.*]

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by

⁶ Two and fifty hairs,—] I have ventured to substitute *one and fifty*, I think with some certainty. How else can the number make out Priam and his fifty sons? THEOBALD.

their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Aeneas passes over stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Aeneas*; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever; and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, ⁸ the rich shall have more.

Hector

⁷ *That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, —]*

“ Antenor was _____
 “ Copious in words, and one that much time spent
 “ To jest, when as he was in companie,
 “ So driely, that no man could it espie;
 “ And therewith held his countenance so well,
 “ That every man received great content
 “ To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,
 “ When he was pleasant, and in merriment:
 “ For tho' that he most commonly was sad,
 “ Yet in his speech some jest he always had.”

Lidgate, p. 105.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *— the rich shall have more.] To give one the nod, was a phrase signifying to give one a mark of folly. The reply turns upon this sense, alluding to the expression give, and should be read thus:*

— the rich shall have more.

i. e. much. He that has much folly already shall then have more. This was a proverbial speech, implying that benefits fall upon the rich. The *Oxford editor* alters it to:

— the rest shall have none. WARBURTON.

I wonder

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that ; There's a fellow !—Go thy way, Hector ;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector !—Look, how he looks ! there's a countenance : Is't not a brave man ?

Cre. O, a brave man !

Pan. Is 'a not ? It does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet ? look you yonder, do you see ? look you there ! There's no jesting : laying on ; take't off who will, as they say : there be hacks !

Cre. Be those with swords ?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords ? any thing, he cares not : an the devil come to him, it's all one : By god's lid, it does one's heart good :—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris : look ye yonder, niece ; Is't not a gal-

I wonder why the commentator should think any emendation necessary, since his own sense is fully expressed by the present reading. Hammer appears not to have understood the passage. That to *give the nod* signifies to *set a mark of folly*, I do not know ; the allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our author's time, and long before, signify a *filly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. *Cressid* means, that a *noddy shall have more nods*. Of such remarks as these is a comment to consist ? JOHNSON.

To *give the nod*, was, I believe a term in the game at cards called *Noddy*. This game is perpetually alluded to in the old comedies.

So, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, 1617 : “ Master Frankford best play at *Noddy*.” Again, in the *Insatiate Countess*, 1631 :

“ ——— Be honest now and not love's *noddy*,

“ Turn'd up and play'd on whilst thou keep'st the stock.”

Again, in *Hide-Park*, by Shirley, 1637 :

“ He is upon the matter then fifteen ;

“ A game at *noddy*.” STEEVENS.

lant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day;—That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's⁹; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and,

⁹ — his helm more hack'd than Hector's;—] So in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, b. iii. 640:

“ His helme to bewin was in twenty places, &c.”

STEEVENS.

I war-

I warrant, Helen, to change, would give 'an eye to boot.

Enter soldiers, &c.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die 'i the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man: and then to be bak'd with nod ate in the pye²,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; ³ upon

¹ —an eye to boot.] So the quarto. The folio, with less force, Give money to boot. JOHNSON.

² —no date in the pye,——] To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry.”

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, act I.

“ — your *date* is better in your *pye* and porridge than in your cheek.” STEEVENS.

³ —upon my wit, to defend my wiles;——] So read both the copies: yet perhaps the author wrote:

Upon my wit to defend my *will*.

The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in opposition. JOHNSON.

my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you,

Pan. Where?

Boy. ⁴ At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come [*Exit Boy*]: I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token—you are a bawd.——

[*Exit Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;

Things won are done, ⁵ joy's soul lies in the doing:

⁴ *At your own house; there he unarms him.*] These necessary words are added from the quarto edition. POPE.

The words added are only, *there he unarms him.* JOHNSON.

⁵ —*joy's soul lies in the doing:*] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given:

——*the soul's joy lies in doing.* JOHNSON.

That

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :

⁶ That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue :

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,——

Atchievement is, command ; ungain'd, beseech :

⁷ Then though ⁸ my heart's content firm love doth
bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Grecian camp.

*Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus,
with others.*

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?

The ample proposition, that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below,

Fails in the promis'd largeness : checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd ;

As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,

That we come short of our suppose so far,

That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand ;

Sith every action that hath gone before,

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,

And that unbodied figure of the thought

⁶ *That she*——] Means, that woman. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Then though*——] The quarto reads *then* ; the folio and the modern editions read improperly, *that*. JOHNSON.

⁸ *my heart's content*——] *Content*, for *capacity*. WARBURTON.

That

That gav't furnished shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with checks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a ⁹ broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. ¹ With due observance of thy godlike feat,
Great Agamemnon, ² Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her ³ patient breast, making their way

⁹ *Broad*] So the quarto; the folio reads *loud*. JOHNSON.

¹ *With due observance of thy goodly feat,*] *Goodly* is an epithet that carries no very great compliment with it; and Nestor seems here to be paying deference to Agamemnon's state and pre-eminence. The old books have it,—*to thy godly feat: godlike*, as I have reformed the text, seems to me the epithet designed; and is very conformable to what Æneas afterwards says of Agamemnon:

Which is that *god* in office, guiding men?

So *godlike feat* is here, state supreme above all other commanders.

THEOBALD.

This emendation Theobald might have found in the quarto, which has:

——— the *godlike feat*. JOHNSON.

² *Nestor shall apply*

Thy latest words.] Nestor *applies* the words to another instance. JOHNSON.

³ —— *patient breast,* ——] The quarto not so well:

——— *ancient breast*. JOHNSON.

With

4 With those of nobler bulk ?

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse : Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness ? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
In forms of fortune : For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize⁵,
Than by the tyger : but when splitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies flee under shade, Why, then, ⁶ the thing of
courage,

As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,

⁷ Returns to chiding fortune.

⁴ *With those of nobler bulk ?*] Statius has the same thought, though more diffusely express'd :

“ Sic ubi magna novum Phario de littore puppis

“ Solvit iter, jamque innumeros utrinque rudentes

“ Lataque veliferi porrexit brachia mali,

“ Invasitque vias ; it eodem angusta phaselus

“ Æquore, et immensi partem sibi vendicat austri.”

Pope has imitated the passage. STEEVENS.

⁵ —by the brize] The *brize* is the *gad* or *horse-fly*. So, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639 :

“ ——— Have ye got the *brize* there ?

“ Give me the holy sprinkle.”

Again, in *Vittoria Coromona, or the White Devil*, 1612 :

“ I will put *brize* in his tail, set him a gadding presently.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ —the thing of courage,] It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously.

HANMER.

⁷ Returns to chiding fortune.] For *returns*, Hanmer reads *replies*, unnecessarily, the sense being the same. The folio and quarto have *retires*, corruptly. JOHNSON.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.

Besides the applause and approbation

The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[*To Agamemnon.*

And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life,—

[*To Nestor.*

I give to both your ^s speeches,—which were such,

As

^s ————— *speeches,—which were such,*

As Agamemnon and the band of Greece

Should hold up high in brass; and such again,

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

Should—————knit all Greekish ears

To his experienc'd tongue:—] Ulysses begins his oration

with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristic excellencies of their different eloquence, strength, and sweetness, which he expresses by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such that it ought to be engraven in brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to shew the union of their opinion. And Nestor ought to be exhibited in silver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. Brass is the common emblem of strength, and silver of gentleness. We call a soft voice a *silver* voice, and a persuasive tongue a *silver* tongue.—I once read for *band*, the *band* of Greece, but I think the text right.—To *hatch* is a term of art for a particular method of engraving. *Hacher*, to cut, Fr. JOHNSON.

In the description of Agamemnon's speech, there is a plain allusion to the old custom of engraving laws and public records in brass, and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general resort. Our author has the same allusion in *Measure for Measure*, act V. sc. i. The Duke, speaking of the merit of Angelo and Escalus, says, that

“————— it deserves *with characters of brass*

“A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time

“And razure of oblivion.”—————

So far therefore is clear. Why Nestor is said to be *hatch'd in silver*, is much more obscure. I once thought that we ought to

read,

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brags; and such again,

read,—*hatch'd in silver*, alluding to his *silver hair*; the same metaphor being used by Timon, act IV. sc. iv. to Phryne and Timandra:

“ ——— *hatch* your poor thin roofs
“ With burthens of the dead ———.”

But I know not whether the present reading may not be understood to convey the same allusion; as I find, that the species of engraving, called *hatching*, was particularly used in the *hilts of swords*. See Cotgrave in v. *Haché*; hacked, &c. also, *Hatched, as the hilt of a sword*: and in v. *Hacher*; to hacke, &c. also, *to hatch a hilt*. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, vol. II. p. 90:

“ When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,
“ *Hatch'd* in the life of him. ———”

As to what follows, if the reader should have no more conception than I have, of

——— *a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree*
On which the heavens ride; ———

he will perhaps excuse me for hazarding a conjecture, that the true reading may possibly be:

——— *a bond of awe*.

After all, the construction of this passage is very harsh and irregular; but with that I meddle not, believing it was left so by the author. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps no alteration is necessary; *hatch'd in silver*, may mean, whose white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on silver.

The word is metaphorically used by Heywood in the *Iron Age*, 1632:

“ ——— his face
“ Is *hatch'd* with impudency three-fold thick.”

And again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

“ His weapon *hatch'd* in blood.”

Again, literally, in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

“ Double and treble gilt, ———
“ *Hatch'd* and inlaid, not to be worn with time.”

Again, more appositely, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

“ Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd*
“ *With silver* ———”

The voice of Nestor, which on all occasions enforced attention, might be, I think, not unpoetically called, *a bond of air*, because its operations were visible, though his voice, like the wind, was unseen. STEEVENS.

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

⁹ *Agam.* Speak prince of Ithaca; and be't of less
expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Therfites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

¹ The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

² When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.

³ The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center,

⁹ *Agam. Speak, &c.]* This speech is not in the quarto.

¹ *The specialty of rule—]* The particular rights of supreme
authority. JOHNSON.

² *When that the general is not like the hive,]* The meaning is,
When the general is not to the army like the hive to the bees, the
repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each
particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of
the whole, what honey is expected? what hope of advantage?
The sense is clear, the expression is confused. JOHNSON.

³ *The heavens themselves, —]* This illustration was probably
derived from a passage in Hooker: "If celestial spheres should
forget their wonted motion; if the prince of the lights of heaven
should begin to stand; if the moon should wander from her beaten
way; and the seasons of the year biend themselves; what would
become of man?"

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center,] i. e. the
center of the earth, which, according to the Ptolemaic system,
then in vogue, is the center of the solar system. WARBURTON.

Observe

Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Infixture, course, proportion, season; form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order :
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
 In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
 Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad : † But, when the
 planets,

† ——— *But, when the planets,*

In evil mixture, to disorder wander, &c.] I believe the poet, according to astrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations, when their aspects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture*. JOHNSON.

The poet's meaning may be somewhat explained by Spenser, to whom he seems to be indebted for his present allusion :

- “ For who so list into the heavens looke,
 “ And search the courses of the rowling spheres,
 “ Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
 “ Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
 “ They all are *wandred* much ; that plaine appears.
 “ For that same golden fleecy ram, which bore
 “ Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
 “ Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
 “ And shouldred hath the bull which fayre Europa bore.
 “ And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne
 “ So hardly butted those two twinnes of Jove,
 “ That they have crush'd the crab, and quite him borne
 “ Into the great Nemæan lion's grove.
 “ So now all *range*, and do *at random rove*
 “ Out of their proper places far away,
 “ And all this world with them amisse doe move,
 “ And all his creatures from their course astray,
 “ Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.”

Faery Queen, B. V. c. i.
 STEEVENS.

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind ; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about *ad libitum*, as the etymology of their names demonstrates. ANONYMOUS.

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
 What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states⁵
 Quite from their fixure?⁶ O, when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,
⁷ The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and ⁸ brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In meer oppugnancy: The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.

⁵ ——— married *calm of states*] The epithet married, which is used to denote an intimate union, is employed in the same sense by Milton:

“ ——— Lydian airs

“ Married to immortal verse.”

Again,

“ ——— voice and verse

“ Wed your divine sounds.”

Shakespeare calls a harmony of features, *married lineaments*, in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— O, when degree is shak'd,] I would read:

——— So when degree is shak'd. JOHNSON.

⁷ The enterprize ———] Perhaps we should read:

Then enterprize is sick! ——— JOHNSON.

⁸ ——— brotherhoods in cities,] Corporations, companies, *confraternities*. JOHNSON.

Then

Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choaking.

And this neglect of degree it is,
⁹ That by a pace goes backward, ¹ with a purpose
 It hath to climb: The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and ² bloodless emulation:
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action

⁹ *That by a pace—*] That goes backward *step by step.* JOHNSON.

¹ *— with a purpose*

It hath to climb:—] With a design in each man to aggrandize himself, by slighting his immediate superior. JOHNSON.

² *— bloodless emulation:*] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish. JOHNSON.

(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon;
³ Thy toplefs deputation he puts on;
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
 Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and found
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-rafted seeming
 He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unſquar'd,
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd,
 Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff,
 The large Achilles, on his prefs'd bed lolling,
 From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe;
 Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon juſt.—
*Now play me Neſtor;—hem, and ſtroke thy beard,
 As he, being 'dreſt to ſome oration.*
 That's done;—⁴ as near as the extremeſt ends
 Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
 Yet good Achilles ſtill cries, *Excellent!*
 'Tis Neſtor right! *Now play him me, Patroclus,
 Arming to answer in a night alarm.*
 And then, forſooth, the faint defects of age
 Muſt be the ſcene of mirth; to cough, and ſpit,
 And with a paſſy-fumbling⁵ on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet:——and at this ſport,
 Sir Valour dies; cries, O!—*enough, Patroclus;—*

³ *Thy toplefs deputation*—] *Toplefs* is that which has nothing topping or overtopping it; ſupreme; ſovereign. JOHNSON.

So, in *Doctör Fauſtus*, 1604:

“ Was this the face that launch'd a thouſand ſhips,

“ And burnt the toplefs towers of Ilium?”

Again, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:

“ And toplefs honours be beſtow'd on thee.” STEEVENS.

⁴ —— as near as the extremeſt ends, &c.] The parallels to which the alluſion ſeems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as eaſt to weſt. JOHNSON.

⁵ —— a paſſy fumbling—] This ſhould be written—*paſſy-fumbling*, i. e. paralytic fumbling. TYRWHITT.

Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
 In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
 ° All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two ⁷ to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice) many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd; and ⁸ bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle: and sets Ther sites
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
⁹ How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;
 Forestall pre-science, and esteêm no act
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,

⁶ *All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, Severals and generals of grace exact, Atchievements, plots, &c.] All our good grace exact, means our excellence irreprehensible. JOHNSON.*

⁷ *— to make paradoxes.] Paradoxes may have a meaning, but it is not clear and distinct. I wish the copies had given:*

— to make parodies. JOHNSON.

⁸ *— bears his head*

In such a rein, —] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, she bridle. JOHNSON.

⁹ *How rank soever rounded in with danger.] A rank weed is a high weed. The modern editions silently read:*

How hard soever — JOHNSON.

38 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

When fitness calls them on; ¹ and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [Trumpet sounds.

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter Æneas.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his ² kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than ³ Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
⁴ A stranger to those most imperial looks

Know

¹ ——— and know, by measure

Of their observant toil, the enemies weight,—] I think it were better to read:

————— and know the measure,

By their observant toil, of th' enemies' weight. JOHNSON.

² ——— kingly ears?] The quarto:

————— kingly eyes. JOHNSON.

³ ——— Achilles' arm] So the copies. Perhaps the author wrote:

————— Alcides' arm. JOHNSON.

⁴ *A stranger to those most imperial looks*] And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakespeare, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably

Know them from eyes of other mortals ?

Aga. How ?

Æne. I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus :

Which is that god in office, guiding men ?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon ?

Aga. This Trojan scorns us ; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and, Jove's
accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,

Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips !

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,

If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth :

But what the repining enemy commends,

That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas ?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you ?

bably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry)
fought with beavers to their helmets. So, in the fourth act of this
play, Nestor says to Hector :

*But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now.*

Shakespeare might have adopted this error from the illuminators
of manuscripts, who never seem to have entertained the least
idea of habits, manners, or customs more ancient than their own.
There are books in the British Museum of the age of king
Henry VI ; and in these the heroes of ancient Greece are re-
presented in the very dresses worn at the time when the books re-
ceived their decorations. STEEVENS.

—hid the cheek—] So the folio. The quarto has :
—on the cheek— JOHNSON.

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Ag. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him :
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Ag. Speak frankly as the wind ;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and ⁶ long-continu'd truce
Is ⁷ rusty grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords !
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease ;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;
That loves his mistress ⁸ more than in confession,
(With truant vows ⁹ to her own lips he loves)
And dare avow her beauty, and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,

⁶ ——— long-continued truce] Of this long truce there has been no notice taken ; in this very act it is said, that *Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle.* JOHNSON.

⁷ —rusty—] Quarto, *rusty.* JOHNSON.

⁸ —more than in confession,] *Confession, for profession.*

WARBURTON.

⁹ —to her own lips he loves:] That is, *confession made with idle words to the lips of her whom he loves.* JOHNSON.

He

He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
 Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
 If any come, Hector shall honour him;
 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, ¹ and not worth
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
 If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandfire suck'd: he is old now;
 But, if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
 To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
² And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
 And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
 I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

¹ ——— and not worth

The splinter of a lance.—] This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Æneas. STEEVENS.

² And in my vantbrace—] An armour for the arm, *avantbras*. POPE.

Milton uses the word in his *Sampson Agonistes*, and Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:

“———— peruse his armour,

“The dint's still in the *vantbrace*.” STEEVENS.

Aga. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand ;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
 Achilles shall have word of this intent ;
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent :
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Ulysses, and Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor, —

Nest. What says Ulysses ?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
³ Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't ?

Ulyss. This 'tis :

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The seeded pride
 That hath to its maturity blown up
 In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,
 Or, shedding, breed a ⁵ nursery of like evil,
 To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how ?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. ⁶ The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
 Whose

³ *Be you my time &c.]* i. e. be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *the seeded pride, &c.]* Shakespeare might have taken this idea from *Lytie's Herbal*, 1578 and 1579. The Olcander tree or Nerium "hath scarce one good propertie. It may be compared to a Pharisee, who maketh a glorious and beautiful show, but inwardly is of a corrupt and poisoned nature." — "It is high time &c. to supplant it (i. e. pharasaism) for it hath already floured, so that I feare it will shortly *seede*, and fill this wholesome foyle full of wicked Nerium." TOLLET.

⁵ — *nursery—]* Alluding to a plantation called a nursery,

JOHNSON.

⁶ *The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,*

Whose grossness little characters sum up:] That is, the purpose
 is

Whose grossness little characters sum up :
 7 And, in the publication, make no strain,
 But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
 As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
 'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
 Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
 Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; Whom may you else
 oppose,
 That can from Hector bring those honours off,
 If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
 Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
 For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
 With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
 Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
 In this wild action: for the success,
 Although particular, shall give a ⁸ scantling
 Of good or bad unto the general;

is as plain as *body* or substance; and though I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, though a little obscured in the conciseness of the expression.

WARBURTON.

Substance is estate, the value of which is ascertained by the use of small characters, i. e. numerals. So in the prologue to *K. Henry V*:

—a crooked figure may

Attest, in little place, a million.

The *gross sum* is a term used in the *Merchant of Venice*. *Grossness* has the same meaning in this instance. STEEVENS.

7 And, in the publication, make no strain,] Nestor goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So afterwards, in this play, Ulysses says:

I do not strain at the position.

i. e. I do not hesitate at, I make no difficulty of it. THEOBALD.

⁸ —scantling] That is, a *measure, proportion*. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *scantling*. JOHNSON.

And

And in such indexes, although ⁹ small pricks
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the giant mass
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
 He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice :
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
 As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
 Out of our virtues ; Who miscarrying,
 What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?
¹ Which entertain'd, limbs are in his instruments,
 In no less working, than are swords and bows
 Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ;—
 Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
 Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
 And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not,
 The lustre of the better shall exceed,
 By shewing the worst first. Do not consent,
 That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
 For both our honour and our shame, in this,
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; What are they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
 Were he not proud, we all should ² share with him :
 But he already is too insolent ;
 And we were better parch in Africk sun,
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape Hector fair : If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush

⁹ —small pricks] Small points compared with the volumes.

JOHNSON.

¹ Which entertain'd,—] These two lines are not in the quarto.

JOHNSON.

² —share—] So the quarto. The folio, wear. JOHNSON.

In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax³ draw
 The fort⁴ to fight with Hector : Among ourselves,
 Give him allowance as the better man,
 For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices : If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
 Now I begin to relish thy advice ;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other ; Pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ ——— *blockish Ajax* ———] Shakespeare on this occasion has deserted Lidgate, who gives a very different character of Ajax :

“ Another Ajax (surnamed Telamon)

“ There was, a man that *learning did adore*, &c.”

“ Who did so much in eloquence abound,

“ That in his time the like could not be found.”

Again :

“ And one that *bated pride and flattery*, &c.”

Our author appears to have drawn his portrait of the Grecian chief from the invectives thrown out against him by Ulysses in the thirteenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis* ; or from the prologue to Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, in which he is represented as “ strong, heady, boisterous, and a terrible fighting fellow, but neither wise, learned, staide, nor polliticke.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *The fort* ———] i. e. the lot. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Must tarre the mastiffs on*, ———] *Tarre*, an old English word signifying to provoke or urge on. See *King John*, act IV. sc. i.

“ ——— like a dog

“ Snatch at his master that doth *tar* him on.” POPE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax, and Therfites.

Ajax. Therfites, —

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Therfites, —

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so, — did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog, —

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*]

Ther. ⁷ The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord ⁸!

Ajax. ⁹ Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther.

⁶ Act II.] This play is not divided into acts in any of the original editions. JOHNSON.

⁷ *The plague of Greece* —] Alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army. JOHNSON.

⁸ —beef-witted lord!] So in *Twelfth-Night*:

“ — I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak* :] The reading obtruded upon us by Mr. Pope, was *unsalted leaven*, that has no authority or countenance from any of the copies; nor that approaches in any degree to the traces of the old reading, you *winnow'd* leaven. This, it is true, is corrupted and unintelligible; but the emendation, which I have coined out of it, gives us a sense apt and consonant to what Ajax would say, *unwinnow'd* leaven.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness : but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou ? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks !

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus ?

Ajax. The proclamation,——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not ; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee ; I would make thee the loathsomest scab 'in Greece. When thou art forth in the incurfions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles ; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness,

leaven.——“ Thou lump of four dough, kneaded up out of a flower unpurged and unfited, with all the dross and bran in it.——”

THEOBALD.

Speak then, thou whinid'st leaven,] This is the reading of the old copies : it should be *windyest*, i. e. most windy ; leaven being made by a great fermentation. This epithet agrees well with Therfites' character. WARBURTON.

Hanmer preserves *whinid'st*, the reading of the folio ; but does not explain it, nor do I understand it. If the folio be followed, I read, *vinew'd*, that is *mouldyleaven*. Thou composition of *mustiness* and *sourness*.——Theobald's assertion, however confident, is false. *Unsalted leaven* is in the old quarto. It means *sour* without *salt*, malignity without wit. Shakespeare wrote first *unsalted* ; but recollecting that want of *salt* was no fault in leaven, changed it to *vinew'd*. JOHNSON.

Unsalted is the reading of both the quartos. Francis Beaumont, in his letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer's works, 1602, says : “ Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinew'd* and hoarie with over long lying.” STEEVENS.

¹ —— *in Greece.*] The quarto adds these words : *when thou art forth in the incurfions, thou strikest as slow as another.*

JOHNSON.

as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ² ay that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistrefs Therfites !

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf³ !

Ther. He would ⁴ pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailer breaks a bisket.

Ajax. You whoreson cur !

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. ⁵ Thou stool for a witch !

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord ! thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows ; ⁶ an affinego may tutor thee : Thou scurvy valiant afs !
thou

² —ay that thou bark'st at him.] I read, O that thou bark'st at him. JOHNSON.

The old reading is *I*, which, if changed at all, should have been changed into *ay*. TYRWHITT.

³ Cobloaf!] A crusty uneven loaf is in some counties called by this name. STEEVENS.

⁴ —pun thee into shivers —] *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for *pound*. JOHNSON.

It is used by P. Holland in his translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist. b. xxviii. ch. 12 : " —punned altogether and reduced into a liniment." Again, b. xxix. ch. 4. " The gall of these lizards punned and dissolved in water." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Thou stool for a witch!* —] In one way of trying a *witch* they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat ; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. DR. GRAY.

⁶ —an affinego —] I am not very certain what the idea conveyed by this word was meant to be. *Afinaio* is Italian, says Hanmer, for an *afs-driver* : but in *Mirza*, a tragedy by Rob. Baron, act III. the following passage occurs, with a note annexed to it :

" —————the stout trusty blade,

" That at one blow has cut an *afinego*

" Afunder like a thread." ———

" This (says the author) is the usual trial of the Persian sham-sheers, or cemiters. which are crooked like a crescent, of so good metal,

thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [Beating him.]

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Therfites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

metal, that they prefer them before any other, and so sharp as any razor."

I hope, for the credit of the prince, that the experiment was rather made on an *afs*, than an *afs-driver*. From the following passage I should suppose *afinego* to be merely a cant term for a foolish fellow, an ideot: "They apparell'd me as you see, made a fool, or an *afinego* of me." See *The Antiquary*, a comedy, by S. Marmion, 1641. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:

"—all this would be forsworn, and I again an *afinego*, as your sister left me." STEEVENS.

Afinego is Portuguese for a little *afs*. MUSGRAVE.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *plamater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax——

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Therfites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therfites?

Ther.

Ther. There's Ulysses and old ¹ Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandfires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Therfites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace ² when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,

¹ — *Nestor*—whose wit was mouldy ere their grandfires had nails—] This is one of these editors' wife riddles. What! was Nestor's wit mouldy before his grandfires' toes had any nails? Preposterous nonsense! and yet so easy a change, as one poor pronoun for another, sets all right and clear. THEOBALD.

² — *when Achilles' brach bids me,*—] The folio and quarto read,—*Achilles' brooch.* *Brooch* is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of Achilles' *hangers-on.*

JOHNSON.

Brach I believe to be the true reading. He calls Patroclus, in contempt, Achilles' dog. STEEVENS.

Brooch, which is the reading of all the old copies, had perhaps formerly some meaning at present unknown. In the following passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde or Euphues' Golden Legacie*, 1592, it seems to signify something very different from a pin or a bodkin: "His bonnet was green, whereon stood a copper *brooch* with the picture of St. Denis." MALONE.

To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach ; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what ; 'tis trash : Farewel.

Ajax. Farewel. Who shall answer him ?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery ; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you :—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

T R O Y.

Priam's palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks ;

Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—

Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't ?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet,

Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows ?*

Than Hector is : The wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd

The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go :

Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst ³ many thousand dismes,

Hath

³ —many thousand dismes,] *Disme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. So, in the prologue to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554 :

“ The *disme* goeth to the battaile.”

Again,

Hath been as dear as Helen ; I mean, of ours :
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 To guard a thing not ours ; not worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten ;
 What merit's in that reason, which denies
 The yielding of her up ?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother !

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
 So great as our dread father, in a scale
 Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum
 † The past-proportion of his infinite ?
 And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons ? fie, for godly shame !

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so ?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
 priest,

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
 reasons :

You know, an enemy intends you harm ;
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm :
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels ;
 ‡ And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,

Again, in Holinshed's Reign of Rich. II :

“ ———so that there was levied, what of the *disme*, and by the
 devotion of the people, &c.” STEEVENS.

† *The past-proportion of his infinite ?*] Thus read both the co-
 pies. The meaning is, *that greatness to which no measure bears any*
proportion. The modern editors silently give :

The vast proportion—— JOHNSON.

‡ *And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,*

Or like a star dis-orb'd?—] These two lines are misplaced
 in all the folio editions. POPE.

Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep : Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts

With this cram'm'd reason : reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will ;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer : 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god ;
6 And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects,
7 Without some image of the affected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will ;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment ; How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose ? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour ;
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

6 *And the will dotes, that is inclinable*] Old edition, not so well, has it *attributive*. POPE.

By the old edition Mr. Pope means the old quarto. The folio has, as it stands, *inclinable*.——I think the first reading better ; *the will dotes that attributes or gives the qualities which it affects* ; that first causes excellence, and then admires it. JOHNSON.

7 *Without some image of the affected merit.*] We should read :
—— *the affected's merit*,

i. e. without some mark of merit in the thing affected.

WARBURTON,

The present reading is right. The will *affects* an object for some supposed *merit*, which Hector says is censurable, unless the *merit so affected* be really there, JOHNSON,

When

When we have ⁸ foil'd them; nor the remainder
viands

We do not throw in ⁹ unrespectivè sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent belly'd his fails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and fresh-
ness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes ¹ pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd.—Go, go)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;

² And do a deed that fortune never did,

⁸ — foil'd them;—] So reads the quarto. The folio
—-spoil'd them.— JOHNSON.

⁹ — unrespectivè sieve,] That is, into a common wider.
Sieve is in the quarto. The folio reads,

— unrespectivè fame;

for which the modern editions have silently printed,

— unrespectivè place. JOHNSON.

¹ — pale the morning.] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors,

— stale the morning. JOHNSON.

² And do a deed that fortune never did,] If I understand this passage, the meaning is: "Why do you, by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less?" This is very harsh, and much strained.

JOHNSON.

Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
³ But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Caf. [*within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Caf. [*within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving.

Caf. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Caf. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
 Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
 Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
 strains

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

Troi. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

³ *But thieves, —*] Hanmer reads, — *Base thieves, —*

Such and no other than event doth form it ;
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
 Because Cassandra's mad ; her brain-sick raptures
 Cannot ⁴ distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
 Which hath our several honours all engag'd
 To make it gracious. For my private part,
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :
 And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
 Such things as would offend the weakest spleen
 To fight for and maintain !

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
 As well my undertakings, as your counsels :
 But I attest the gods, your full consent
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
 You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape
 Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ranfack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion ? can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this,

⁴—*distaste*—] Corrupt ; change to a worse state. JOHNSON.

Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glaz'd, but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle^s thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
 The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband? if this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection;
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their⁶ benumbed wills, resist the same;
⁷ There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,——

⁵ — *Aristotle*—] Let it be remember'd as often as Shake-
 speare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were
 very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have
 formed the greater part of his library. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *benumbed wills*,—] That is, inflexible, immoveable, no
 longer obedient to superior direction. JOHNSON.

⁷ *There is a law*——] What the law does in every nation
 between individuals, justice ought to do between nations.

As it is known she is, — these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd : Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
⁸ Is this, in way of truth : yet, ne'ertheless,
 My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep Helen still ;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
 Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than ⁹ the performance of our heaving spleens,
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honour and renown ;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us :
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus. —
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowzy spirits :
 I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
 Whilst ' emulation in the army crept ;
 This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt,

⁸ *Is this, in way of truth:—*] Though considering *truth* and *justice* in this question, this is my opinion ; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

⁹ *—the performance of our heaving spleens,*] The execution of spite and resentment. JOHNSON.

—emulation—] That is, envy, factious contention. JOHNSON.

S C E N E III.

*The Grecian Camp.**Achilles' tent.**Enter Therfites.*

How now, Therfites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise, that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, ² without drawing the massy iron, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the ³bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Therfites? Good Therfites, come in and rail.

²—without drawing the massy iron,—] That is, without drawing their swords to cut the web. They use no means but those of violence. JOHNSON.

³—the bone-ache!—] In the quarto, the Neapolitan bone-ache.

JOHNSON.

Ther.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven blefs thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrowded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therfites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheefe, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon!

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Therfites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll ⁴decline the whole question. Agammemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and ⁵ Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

⁴ —decline the whole question.—] Deduce the question from the first case to the last. JOHNSON.

⁵ — Patroclus is a fool.] The four next speeches are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

Ther.

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Therfites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Therfites is a fool; and, as aforefaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therfites is a fool, to ferve fuch a fool; and Patroclus is a fool pofitive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand ⁶ of the prover.—It fuffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyffes, Neflor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll fpeak with no body:—Come in with me, Therfites. [Exit.

Ther. Here is fuch patchery, fuch juggling, and fuch knavery! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. ⁷ Now the dry *ferpigo* on the fubject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [Exit.

Aga. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him, that we are here.

⁸ He fhent our meffengers; and we lay by

Our

⁶ — of the prover.—] So the quarto. JOHNSON.

The folio profanely reads, — of thy creator. STEEVENS.

⁷ — Now the dry, &c.] This is added in the folio.

JOHNSON.

⁸ He fhent our meffengers;—] This nonsense fhould be read:

He fhent our meffengers;—i. e. rebuked, rated.

WARBURTON.

This word is ufed in common by all our ancient writers. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. VI. c. vi.

“ Yet

Our appertainments, visiting of him :
 Let him be told so ; lest, perchance, he think
 We dare not move the question of our place,
 Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [Exit.]

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent ;
 He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart : you
 may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man ;
 but, by my head, 'tis pride : But why, why ? let him
 shew us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[To Agamemnon.]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him ?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who ? Thersites ?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost
 his argument.

Ulyss. No ; you see, he is his argument, that has
 his argument ; Achilles.

Nest. All the better ; their fraction is more our wish,
 than their faction : But it was a strong⁹ composure, a
 fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may
 easily untye. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

“ Yet for no bidding, not for being *shent*,

“ Would he restrained be from his attendement.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ He for such baseness shamefully him *shent*.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *composure*, —] So reads the quarto very properly ; but
 the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a strong*
counsel. JOHNSON.

Ulyss.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints¹, but none for courtesy;

His legs are for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this² noble state, To call on him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot out-fly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak to him: And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,

¹ *The elephant hath joints, &c.]* So, in *All's lost by Lust*, 1633:

“ ————— Is she pliant?”

“ Stubborn as an elephant's leg, no bending in her.”

Again, in *All Fools*, 1605:

“ I hope you are no elephant, you have joints.”

STEEVENS.

² — noble state,] Person of high dignity; spoken of Agamemnon. JOHNSON.

Noble state rather means *the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you.* STEEVENS.

In support of Dr. Johnson's exposition of this word, it may be observed, that *state* was formerly applied to a single person. So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: “ — The archbishop of Grenada saying to the archbishop of Toledo that he much marvelled, he being so great a *state*, would visit hospitals —.”

Again, in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*:

“ The Greek demands her, whither she was going,

“ And which of these two great *estates* her keeps.”

MALONE.

And

And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than
himself,

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on ;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And ' under-write in an observing kind
His humourous predominance ; yea, watch
² His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,
That, if he over-hold his price so much,
We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report——
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give³
Before a sleeping giant :—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*]

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.
[*Exit Ulysses.*]

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think, he
thinks himself

A better man than I ?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—
he is ?

Aga. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as valiant,

¹ —under-write—] To *subscribe*, in Shakespeare, is to
obey. JOHNSON.

² *His pettish lunes,*——] This is Hanmer's emendation of his
pettish lines. The old quarto reads :
His course and time.

This speech is unfaithfully printed in modern editions. JOHNSON.

³ —allowance give] *Allowance* is *approbation.* So, in
King Lear :

——if your sweet sway
Allow obedience." STEEVENS.

66 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

As wise, and no less noble, much more gentle,
And altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud?
How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Aga. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your
virtues

The fairer. He that's proud, eats up himself :
Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his
Own chronicle; and whate'er praises itself
But in the deed, devours the deed i' the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads *.

Nest. [*Aside.*] And yet he loves himself; Is it not strange?

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self admision.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake
only,

He makes important: Possess he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?

* —the engendering of toads.] Whoever wishes to comprehend the whole force of this allusion, may consult the late Dr. Goldsmith's *History of the World, and animated Nature*, vol. VII. p. p. 92, 93. STEEVENS.

He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it⁵
Cry—*No recovery.*

Aga. Let Ajax go to him. —

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent :
’Tis said, he holds you well ; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so !

We’ll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles : Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance⁶ with his own seam ;
And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminatè himself,—shall he be worshipp’d
Of that we hold an idol more than he ?

No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir’d ;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles :

That were to enlard his fat-already pride ;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid ;

And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well ; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause !

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I’ll pass him o’er the face.

⁵ — *the death-tokens of it*] Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected by the plague. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Valentinian* :

“ Now like the fearful *tokens* of the plague

“ Are mere fore-runners of their ends.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *with his own seam* ;] *Seam* is *grease*. STEEVENS.

Aga. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll ⁷ pheeze his pride:—

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. ⁸ Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow,—

Nest. How he describes himself! [Aside.]

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness. [Aside.]

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He will be the phyfician, that should be the patient. [Aside.]

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [Aside.]

Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [Aside.]

Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [Aside.]

⁹ *Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: ' force him with praises: [Aside.]

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[To Agamemnon.]

⁷ —pheeze his pride:—] To pheeze is to comb or curry.

JOHNSON.

⁸ Not for the worth——] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Ajax.* I will knead him, I will make him supple, he's not yet thorough warm.

Nest. Force him with praises, &c.] The latter part of Ajax's speech is certainly got out of place, and ought to be assigned to Nestor, as I have ventured to transpose it. Ajax is feeding on his vanity, and boasting what he will do to Achilles; he'll pass him o'er the face, he'll make him eat swords, he'll knead him, he'll supple him, &c. Nestor and Ulysses slyly labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end Nestor craftily hints, that Ajax is not warm yet, but must be crammed with more flattery.

THEOBALD.

⁴ —force him——] i. e. stuff him. Farcir, Fr. STEEVENS.

Nest.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man——But 'tis before his face ;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so ?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with
us!

'Would, he were a Trojan !

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now——

Ulyss. If he were proud ?

Dio. Or covetous of praise ?

Ulyss. Ay, or furly borne ?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected ?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
composure ;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck :

Fam'd be thy tutor ; and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond beyond all erudition :

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half : and, for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To finewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn², a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts : Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise ;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

² —like a bourn,—] A *bound* is a boundary, and sometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another. So, in *K. Lear*, act III. sc. vi :

Come o'er the *bound*, Bessy, to me.

See the note on this passage. STEEVENS.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

³ *Nest.* Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
deep. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

T R O Y.

The Palace.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [*Musick within.*]

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not
you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I
must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

³ *Nest. Ay, my good son.* In the folio and in the modern editions Ajax desires to give the title of *father* to Ulysses; in the quarto, more naturally, to Nestor. JOHNSON.

Shall I call you father?] Shakespeare had a custom prevalent about his own time, in his thoughts. Ben Jonson had many who called themselves his *sons*. STEVENS.

Serv.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA: 71

Serv. 'Faith, fir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace?

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, fir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, fir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, fir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, fir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, fir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, fir: Marry, fir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, ⁴love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, fir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed!

⁴ ———love's visible soul,—] So Hanmer. The other editions have *invisible*, which perhaps may be right, and may mean the *soul of love* invisible every where else. JOHNSON.

Enter Paris, and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, fir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so^s in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord.—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

^s —in fits.] i. e. now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song, sometimes a strain in music, and sometimes a measure in dancing. The reader will find it sufficiently illustrated in the two former senses by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*: in the third of these significations it occurs in *All for Money*, a tragedy, by T. Lupton, 1574:

“Satan. Upon these chearful words I needs must dance a *fite*.”

STEEVENS.

Pan,

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—⁶ And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen; my very very sweet queen?

Pan. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, ⁷ with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

⁶ *And, my lord, he desires you,——*] Here I think the speech of Pandarus should begin, and the rest of it should be added to that of Helen, but I have followed the copies. JOHNSON.

⁷ *——with my disposer Cressida.*] I think *disposer* should, in these places, be read *dispoufer*; she that would separate Helen from him. WARBURTON.

I do not understand the word *disposer*, nor know what to substitute in its place. There is no variation in the copies. JOHNSON.

I suspect that, *You must not know where he sups*, should be added to the speech of Pandarus; and that the following one of Paris should be given to Helen. That Cressida wanted to separate Paris from Helen, or that the beauty of Cressida had any power over Paris, are circumstances not evident from the play. The one is the opinion of Dr. Warburton, the other a conjecture by the author of *The Revival*. By giving, however, this line, *I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida*, to Helen, and by changing the word *disposer* into *deposer*, some meaning may be obtained. She addresses herself, I suppose, to Pandarus, and, by her *deposer*, means—she who thinks her beauty (or, whose beauty you suppose) to be superior to mine. STEEVENS.

Par.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—
Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy^s.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me
an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you
have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my
lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are
twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out⁹, may make
them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll
sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, ' sweet
lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will unde
us all. Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds²,

But tickles still the sore.

^s *Par. I spy.*] This is the usual exclamation at a childish
game called *Hie, spy, hie*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Falling in, after falling out, &c.*] i. e. The reconciliation and
wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel, may produce a child,
and so make three of two. TOLLET.

¹ —*sweet lord,*—] In the quarto *sweet lad*. JOHNSON.

² —*that it wounds,*] i. e. that which it wounds. MUSGRAVE.

These lovers cry—Ob! ob! they die!
³ *Yet that which seems the wound to kill,*
Doth turn ob! ob! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Ob! ob! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Ob! ob! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

³ *Yet that which seems the wound to kill,]* To kill the wound is no very intelligible expression, nor is the measure preserved. We might read:

These lovers cry,
Ob! ob! they die!

But that which seems to kill,
Doth turn, &c.

So dying love lives still.

Yet as the wound to kill may mean the wound that seems mortal, & alter nothing. JOHNSON.

Pan.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit. Sound a retreat.*]

Par. They are come from field : let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector : his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews ; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,
Paris :

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have ;
Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Pandarus' garden.

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus' man.

Pan. How now ? where's thy master ? at my cousin Cressida's ?

Serv. No, sir ; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now ?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin ?

Troi. No, Pandarus : I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserfer ! O gentle Pandarus.

From

From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I will bring her
straight. [Exit Pandarus.

Troi. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, & tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a
sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she
fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[Exit Pandarus.

Troi. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty^s.

Enter

⁴ ——— and *too sharp in sweetness,*] So the folio and all modern editions; but the quarto more accurately:

——— tun'd too sharp in sweetness. JOHNSON.

^s Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.] Rowe seems to have imitated this pas-
sage in his *Ambitious Stepmother*, act I:

Enter Pandarus, and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame⁶, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward,⁷ we'll put you i'the files.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you.⁸ The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river: go to, go to.

“ Well may th'ignoble herd
 “ Start, if with heedless steps they unawares
 “ Tread on the lion's walk: a prince's genius
 “ Awees with superior greatness all beneath him.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ —you must be watch'd ere you be made tame,—] Alluding to the manner of taming hawks. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew*:
 —to watch her as we watch these kites. STEEVENS.

⁷ —we'll put you i'the files.—] Alluding to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice in the middle places.

HANMER.

⁸ —The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river:—] Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the *male* hawk; by the *falcon* we generally understand the *female*. THEOBALD.

I think we should rather read:

— at the tercel, — TYRWHITT.

In Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, l. iv. 410. is the following stanza, from which Shakespeare may have caught a glimpse of meaning, though he has not very clearly expressed it. Pandarus is the speaker:

“ What? God forbid, alway that eche plesaunce

“ In o thing were, and in non othir wight;

“ If one can singe, anothir can wel daunce,

“ If this be godely, she is glad and light.

“ And this is faire, and that can gode aright,,

“ Eche for his vertue holdin is full dere,

“ Both heroner and faucon for riw cre.” STEEVENS.

Troi.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's—
In witness whereof the parties interchangeably—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall

2 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

go bare, 'till merit crown it⁹: no perfection in rever-
 sion shall have a praise in present: we will not name
 desert, before his birth; and, being born, ' his addi-
 tion shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troi-
 lus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say
 worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth
 can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done
 talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate
 to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy
 of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord; if
 he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's
 word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our
 kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they
 are constant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell
 you; they'll stick where they are thrown².

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me
 heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
 For many weary months.

⁹—*our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it:—*] I cannot for-
 bear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head shall go bare,*
'till merit lover part no affection, in reversion, &c. Had there
 been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The
 true reading is in the folio. JOHNSON.

¹—*his addition shall be humble.—*] We will give him no
 high or pompous titles. JOHNSON.

²—*they'll stick where they are thrown.*] This allusion has
 already occur'd in *Measure for Measure*:

Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

STEEVENS.

Troi.

Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever——Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, 'till now, so much
But I might master it:——in faith, I lye;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or, that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow
morning,——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:——
Where is my wit? I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak
so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than
love ;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts : ¹ But you are wise ;
Or else you love not ; ² For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me, —
That my integrity and truth to you
³ Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;
How were I then uplifted ! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,

¹ ——— But you are wise,
Or else you love not ; for to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might, &c.] I read :

————— but we're not wise,
Or else we love not ; to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might ; —————

Cressida, in return to the praise given by Troilus to her wisdom,
replies : “ That lovers are never wise ; that it is beyond the
power of man to bring love and wisdom to an union.” JOHNSON.

² ————— to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might ; —————] This is from Spenser, *Shep-
berd's Cal. March* :

“ To be wise, and eke to love,
“ Is granted scarce to gods above.” TYRWHITT.

“ *Amare et sapere vix a Deo conceditur.*” Pub. Syr.

Spenser, whom Shakespeare followed, seems to have misunder-
stood this proverb. Marston, in the *Dutch Courtesan*, 1606, has
the same thought, and the line is printed as a quotation :

“ But raging lust my fate all strong doth move,
“ *The gods themselves cannot be wise and love.*” MALONE.

³ *Might be affronted with the match* ———] I wish “ my integri-
ty might be met and matched with such equality and force of
pure unmingled love.” JOHNSON.

And

4 And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right!

5 True swains in love shall, in the world come,

Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

Want families, truth tir'd with iteration,——

As true as steel, as 6 plantage to the moon,

As

4 *And simpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine; and means, "Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned worldly policy."

WARBURTON.

5 *True swains in love shall, in the world to come,*

Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

Want families: truth, tir'd with iteration,——] The metre,

as well as the sense, of the last verse will be improved, I think, by reading:

Want families of truth, tir'd with iteration.

So, a little lower in the same speech:

Yet after all comparisons of truth. TYRWHITT.

6 —— *plantage to the moon,*] I formerly made a silly conjecture that the true reading was:

—— *planets to their moons.*

But I did not reflect that it was wrote before Galileo had discovered the Satellites of Jupiter: so that *plantage to the moon* is right, and alludes to the common opinion of the influence the moon has over what is *planted* or sown, which was therefore done in the increase:

"Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,

"Rite crescentem face noctilucam,

"Prosperam frugum"——— *Hor. lib. iv. od. 6.*

WARBURTON.

Plantage is not, I believe, a general term, but the herb which we now call *plantain*, in Latin, *plantago*, which was, I suppose, imagined to be under the peculiar influence of the moon.

JOHNSON.

Plantage is the French word for a *plantation*, a *planting*, or *setting*. See Boyer's and Cotgrave's Dictionaries. In the French translation of Dr. Agricola's *Agriculture*, *Plantage a rebours* is frequently used for *planting reverse*. TOLLET.

Shakespeare speaks of *plantain* by its common appellation in

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,——
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
⁷ As truth's authentic author to be cited,
 As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
 As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;

Romeo and Juliet; and yet in *Sapbo and Phao*, 1591, *Mandrake* is called *Mandrage*:

“Sow next thy vines *mandrage*.”

From a book entitled *The profitable Art of Gardening*, &c. by Tho. Hill, Londoner, the third edition, printed in 1579, I learn, that neither sowing, planting, nor grafting, were ever undertaken without a scrupulous attention to the encrease or waning of the moon.—Dryden does not appear to have understood the passage, and has therefore altered it thus:

As true as flowing tides are to the moon.

As true as steel is an ancient proverbial simile. I find it in Lydgate's *Troy Book* where he speaks of Troilus, l. ii. ch. 16:

“Thereto in love *trewe as any stele*.” STEEVENS,

True as plantage to the moon.] This may be fully illustrated by a quotation from Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*: “The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the *moone* maketh *plants* frutefull: so as in the *full moone* they are in the best strength; decaieing in the *wane*; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and vade.” FARMER.

⁷ *As truth's authentic author to be cited,*] Troilus shall crown the verse, as a man to be cited as the authentic author of truth; as one whose protestations were true to a proverb. JOHNSON.

Yea,

Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all ^s inconstant men be Troilus's, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomed, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. ⁹Appear it to your mind,
That,

^s ——— *inconstant men* ———] So Hanmer. In the copies it is *constant*. JOHNSON.

Though Hanmer's emendation be plausible, I believe Shakespeare wrote *constant*. He seems to have been less attentive to make Pandar talk consequentially, than to account for the ideas *actually annexed* to the three names. Now it is certain, that, in his time, a *Troilus* was as clear an expression for a *constant lover*, as a *Cressida* and a *Pandar* were for a *jilt* and a *pimp*. TYRWHITT.

⁹ ——— *Appear it to your mind,*

That, through the fight I bear in things to come,

I have abandon'd Troy, ———] This reasoning perplexes

That, ' through the fight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,

Incurr'd

Mr. Theobald ; " He foresaw his country was undone ; he ran over to the Greeks ; and this he makes a merit of (says the editor). I own (continues he) the motives of his oratory seem to be somewhat perverse and unnatural. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unless our poet purposely intended to make Calchas act the part of a *true priest*, and so from motives of self-interest insinuate the merit of service." The editor did not know how to reconcile this. Nor I neither. For I do not know what he means by " the motives of his oratory," or, " from motives of self-interest to insinuate merit." But if he would insinuate, that it was the poet's design to make his priest self-interested, and to represent to the Greeks that what he did for his own preservation, was done for their service, he is mistaken. Shakespeare thought of nothing so silly, as it would be to draw his priest a *knave*, in order to make him talk like a *fool*. Though that be the fate which generally attends their abusers. But Shakespeare was no such ; and consequently wanted not this cover for dulness. The *perverse sense* is all the editor's own, who interprets,

—— through the fight I have in things to come,

I have abandon'd Troy——

to signify, " by my power of prescience finding my country must be ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to seek refuge with you ;" whereas the true sense is, " Be it known unto you, that on account of a gift or faculty I have of seeing things to come, which faculty I suppose would be esteemed by you as acceptable and useful, I have abandoned Troy my native country." That he could not mean what the editor supposes, appears from these considerations : First, if he had represented himself as running from a falling city, he could never have said :

I have —— expos'd myself,

From certain and possess'd conveniencies,

To doubtful fortunes ; ——

Secondly, the absolute knowledge of the fall of Troy was a secret hid from the inferior gods themselves ; as appears from the poetical history of that war. It depended on many contingencies, whose existence they did not foresee. All that they knew was, that if such and such things happened, Troy would fall. And this secret they communicated to Cassandra only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others knew each a several part of the secret ; *one*, that Troy could not be taken unless Achilles went to the war ; another, that it could not fall while it had the *palladium* ; and so on. But the secret, that it was absolutely to fall, was known to none.——The sense here given will

admit

Incurr'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes ; sequestering from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many registred in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
 Yesterday took ; Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
 Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still deny'd : But this Antenor,

admit of no dispute amongst those who know how acceptable a *scer* was amongst the Greeks. So that this Calchas, *like a true priest*, if it needs must be so, went where he could exercise his profession with most advantage. For it being much less common amongst the Greeks than the Asiatics, there would be a greater demand for it. WARBURTON.

I am afraid, that after all the learned commentator's efforts to clear the argument of Calchas, it will still appear liable to objection ; nor do I discover more to be urged in his defence, than that though his skill in divination determined him to leave Troy, yet that he joined himself to Agamemnon and his army by unconstrained good-will ; and though he came as a fugitive escaping from destruction, yet his services after his reception, being voluntary and important, deserved reward. This argument is not regularly and distinctly deduced, but this is, I think, the best explanation that it will yet admit. JOHNSON.

¹ — *through the sight I bear in things, to Jove*] This passage in all the modern editions is silently depraved, and printed thus :

— *through the sight I bear in things to come.*

The word is so printed that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning.

JOHNSON.

— to *love*, might mean—to the consequences of Paris's *love* for Helen. STEEVENS.

I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
² In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let Diomedes bear him,
 And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
 Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge; Ajax is ready.

Diom. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
 Which I am proud to bear. [*Exit Diomed, and Calchas.*]

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent:—
 Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
 As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:—
 I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
 Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on
 him:

If so, I have ³ derision med'cinable,
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,

² *In most accepted pain.*] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton
 after him, read:

In most accepted pay.

They do not seem to understand the construction of the passage.
Her presence, says Calchas, shall strike off, or recompence the ser-
vice I have done, even in these labours which were most accepted.

JOHNSON.

³ — derision *med'cinable,*] All the modern editions have *dec-*
sion. The old copies are apparently right. The folio in this
 place agrees with the quarto, so that the corruption was at first
 merely accidental. JOHNSON.

Which

Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;
 It may do good : pride hath no other glass
 To shew itself, but pride ; for supple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
 A form of strangeness as we pass along ;—
 So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
 Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me ?
 You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What says Achilles ? would he aught with us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? how do you ?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus ?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha ?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows ? know they not
 Achilles ?

Patr. They pass by strangely : they were us'd to
 bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles ;
 To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
 To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late ?
 'Tis certain, Greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
 Must fall out with men too : What the declin'd is,
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
 As feel in his own fall : for men, like butterflies,
 Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer ;
 And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honour; but's honour'd for those honours
 That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
 Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
 The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
 Doth one pluck down another, and together
 Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
 Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
 At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
 Something in me not worth that rich beholding
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
 I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
 Writes me, That man—⁴how dearly ever parted,
 How much in having, or without, or in,—
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
 The beauty that is borne here in the face,
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself
⁵To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself⁶,

(That

⁴ ——— *how dearly ever parted,*] i. e. how exquisitely soever his virtues be divided and balanced in him. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: “Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts, proportioned as one's thoughts would wish a man.” WARBURTON.

I do not think that in the word *parted* is included any idea of division; it means, *however excellently endowed*, with however dear or precious parts enriched or adorned. JOHNSON.

⁵ *To others' eyes, &c.*

(*That most pure spirit &c.*) These two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the first quarto. POPE.

⁶ ——— *nor doth the eye itself,*] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
 Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
 Salutes each other with each other's form.
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
 Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
 It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
 Who, ⁷ in his circumstance, expressly proves——
 That no man is the lord of any thing,
 (Though in and of him there is much consisting)
 'Till he communicate his parts to others:
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 'Till he behold them form'd in the applause
 Where they are extended; which, like an arch, re-
 verberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
 And apprehended here immediately

⁸ The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
 That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
 there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
 What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
 Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do!

No Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
 But by reflexion, by some other things.

STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— in his circumstance, ———] In the detail or circumduction
 of his argument. JOHNSON.

⁸ *The unknown Ajax.*] Ajax, who has abilities which were
 never brought into view or use. JOHNSON.

How

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 While others play the ideots in her eyes!
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is ' feasting in his wantonness!
 To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
 And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
 As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
 Good word, nor look: What are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:
 Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
 For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue; If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost;—

^o *How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,*] To creep is to keep out of sight from whatever motive. Some men keep out of notice in the ball of fortune, while others, though they but play the ideot, are always in her eye, in the way of distinction. JOHNSON.

¹ —feasting—] Folio. The quarto has *fasting*. Either word may bear a good sense. JOHNSON.

² *Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,*] This speech is printed in all the modern editions with such deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor. JOHNSON.

³ —and there you lie:] These words are not in the folio.

JOHNSON.

Nor in any other copy that I have seen. I have given the passage as I found it in the folio. STEEVENS.

Or

Or like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement ⁴ to the abject rear,
⁵ O'er run and trampled on : Then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours :
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was ; ⁶ for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,——
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past ;
⁷ And shew to dust, that is a little gilt,

More

⁴ —— to the abject rear,] So Hanmer. All the editors before him read :

—— to the abject, near. JOHNSON.

⁵ O'er run &c.] The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus :

And leave you hindmost, then what they do at present.

The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins,

Or, like a gallant horse—— JOHNSON.

⁶ The modern editors read :

For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service, &c.

I do not deny but the changes produce a more easy lapse of numbers, but they do not exhibit the work of Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

⁷ *And go to dust, that is a little gilt,*

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.] In this mangled condition do we find this truly fine observation transmitted in the old folios. Mr. Pope saw it was corrupt, and therefore, as I presume, threw it out of the text ; because he would not *indulge his private sense* in attempting to make sense of it. I owe the foundation of the amendment, which I have given to the text, to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. I read :

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,

More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted.

THEOBALD.

This

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object :
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
² Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroic :
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters ?

Achil. Ha ! known ?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder ?
 The providence that's in a watchful state,

This emendation has been adopted by the succeeding editors, but recedes too far from the copy. There is no other corruption than such as Shakespeare's incorrectness often resembles. He has omitted the article *to* in the second line: he should have written :

More laud than to gilt o'er-dusted. JOHNSON.

² *Made emulous missions—*] *Missions for divisions*, i. e. goings out, on one side and the other. WARBURTON.

The meaning of *mission* seems to be *dispatches* of the gods from heaven about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy. JOHNSON.

It means the descent of deities to combat on either side; an idea which Shakespeare very probably adopted from Chapman's translation of Homer. In the fifth book Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* which I suppose Ulysses would describe. STEEVENS.

⁹ *—one of Priam's daughters.*] Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. STEEVENS.

Knows

¹ Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold ;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps ;
² Keeps place with thought ; and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery (³ with whom relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state ;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expresseure to :
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord ;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena :
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump ;
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing, —
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win ;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you :
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this ;

¹ *Knows almost &c.*] For this elegant line the quarto has only,
Knows almost every thing. JOHNSON.

I think we should read, *of Plutus' gold.* So, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, act IV :

“ 'Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold

“ Lock'd in the heart of earth” —

It should be remember'd however, that *mines of gold* were anciently supposed to be guarded by *dæmons*. STEEVENS.

² *Keeps place with thought ; —*] i. e. there is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of *ubiquity*. The expression is exquisitely fine : yet the Oxford editor alters it to *keeps pace*, and so destroys all its beauty.

WARBURTON.

³ ——— (*with whom relation*

Durst never meddle) —] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no *history* was ever able to discover.

JOHNSON.

They

They think, my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus :
 Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook ⁴ to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

Patr. Ay ; and, perhaps, receive much honour by
 him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake ;
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware ;

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves :
⁵ Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Therites hither, sweet Patroclus :
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
 To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longing,
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ;
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd !

Enter Therites.

Ther. A wonder !

Achil. What ?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for
 himself.

Achil. How so ?

⁴ ——— to air.] So the quarto. The folio:

————— to airy air. JOHNSON.

⁵ Omission to do &c.] By neglecting our duty we commission or
 enable that danger of dishonour, which could not reach us before,
 to lay hold upon us. JOHNSON.

Ther.

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip¹ with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in this head, an'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax*; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my embassador to him, Therfites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove blefs great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha!

¹ —with a politic regard,—] With a sly look. JOHNSON.

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on¹.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles, and Patroclus.*]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*]

¹ ——— to make catlings on.] It has been already observed that a *catling* signifies a small lute-string made of *catgut*. One of the musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* is called *Simon Catling*. STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A street in Troy.

Enter at one door Æneas, and Servant, with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomed, &c. with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nought but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord
Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
² During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. ³ And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With

² *During all question of the gentle truce:]* I once thought to read:

During all quiet of the gentle truce.

But I think *question* means intercourse, interchange of conversation. JOHNSON.

³ *And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly*

With his face back in humane gentleness.] Thus Mr. Pope in his

With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
 Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
 Welcome, indeed! * By Venus' hand I swear,
 No man alive can love, in such a sort,
 The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
 If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
 A thousand complete courses of the sun!

But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
 With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful gentle greeting,
 The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
 What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know
 not.

Par. ⁵ His purpose meets you; 'Twas to bring this
 Greek

his great sagacity pointed this passage in his first edition, not deviating from the error of the old copies. What conception he had to himself of a lion *flying in humane gentleness*, I will not pretend to affirm: I suppose he had the idea of *as gently as a lamb*, or, as what our vulgar call an Essex lion, a calf. If any other lion fly with his face turned backward, it is fighting all the way as he retreats: and in this manner it is Æneas professes that he shall fly when he's hunted. But where then are the symptoms of *humane gentleness*? My correction of the pointing restores good sense, and a proper behaviour in Æneas. As soon as ever he has returned Diomedes' brave, he stops short, and corrects himself for expressing so much fury in a time of truce; from the fierce soldier becomes the courtier at once; and, remembering his enemy to be a guest and an ambassador, welcomes him as such to the Trojan camp. THEOBALD.

* ——— *By Venus' hand I swear,*] This oath was used to insinuate his resentment for Diomedes' wounding his mother in the hand. WARBURTON.

I believe Shakespeare had no such allusion in his thoughts. He would hardly have made Æneas civil and uncivil in the same breath. STEEVENS.

⁵ *His purpose meets you;* ———] I bring you his meaning and his orders. JOHNSON.

To Calchas' house; and there to render him
 For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
 Let's have your company; or, if you please,
 Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
 (Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
 My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
 Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
 With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
 We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
 Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
 Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
 The bitter disposition of the time
 Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [Exit.]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me
 true,
 Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
 Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
 Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
 He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
 (Not making any scruple of her soylure)
 With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
 And you as well to keep her, that defend her
 (Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
 With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
 He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
 The lees and dregs of ⁶ a flat tamed piece;
 You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
⁷ Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
 But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par.

⁶ —a flat tamed piece? i. e. a piece of wine out of which
 the spirit is all flown. WARBURTON.

⁷ Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more;
 [But he as he, which heavier for a whore.] I read:

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
* We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Pandarus' house.

Enter Troilus, and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

But he as he, *each* heavier for a whore.

Heavy is taken both for *weighty*, and for *sad* or *miserable*. The quarto reads:

But he as he, *the* heavier for a whore.

I know not whether the thought is not that of a wager. It must then be read thus:

But he as he. Which heavier for a whore?

That is; *for a whore* staked down, *which is the heavier*.

JOHNSON.

As the quarto reads,

— *the* heavier for a whore.

I think all new pointing or alteration unnecessary. The sense appears to be this: the merits of either are sunk in value, because the contest between them is only for a strumpet. STEEVENS.

* *We'll not commend what we intend to sell.*] I believe the meaning is only this: though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton would read, *not sell*. STEEVENS.

The sense, I think, requires we should read *condemn*.

TYRWHITT.

Cre.

Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: ' Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you weary of me?

Troi. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights
she stays,

' As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressida!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's
one up.

Pan. [within] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

*Enter Pandarus*².

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,——

Pan.

⁰ ——*Sleep kill*——] So the old copies. The moderns have:
——*Sleep seal*—— JOHNSON.

¹ *As tediously* ——] The folio has:
As hideously as hell. JOHNSON.

² *Enter Pandarus.*] The hint for the following short conversation between Pandarus and Cressida is taken from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, book 3. v. 1561.

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle! You bring me to do³, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ⁴a poor capocchia!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*One knocks.*

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see,—

“Pandare, a morowe which that commin was

“Unto his necè gan her faire to grete,

“And saied all this night so rained it alas!

“That all my drede is, that ye, necè swete,

“Have little leisur had to slepe and mete,

“All night (quod he) hath rain so do me wake,

“That some of us I trowe ther heddis ake.

“Cresseide answerde, nevir the bet for you,

“Foxe that ye ben, God yeve your hertè care

“God helpe me so, ye causid all this fare, &c.”

STEEVENS.

³ — to do, —] To do is here used in a wanton sense. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, Petruchio says: “I would fain be doing.” Again, in *All's well*, &c. Lafeu declares that he is past doing. COLLINS.

⁴ — a poor chipocchia! —] This word, I am afraid, has suffered under the ignorance of the editors; for it is a word in no living language that I can find. Pandarus says it to his niece, in a jeering sort of tenderness. He would say, I think, in English—*Poor innocent! Poor fool! hast not slept to-night?* These appellations are very well answered by the Italian word *capocchio*: for *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull.

THEOBALD.

My

My lord, come you again into my chamber :
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha!

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—

How earnestly they knock!—prayer you, come in;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here. [*Knock.*
Exeunt.]

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: What news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:—What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware :
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him :
Do not you know of him, but yet fetch him hither ;
Go.

As Pandarus is going out, enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My^s matter is so rash: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,

^s —matter is so rash:—] My business is so *hasty* and so abrupt. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* p. II.

—aconitum, or rash gunpowder. STEEVENS.

The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
 ' Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
 Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
 We must give up to Diomedes' hand
 The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Ane. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
 They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!—
 I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
 We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Ane. Good, good, my lord; ' the secrets of
 neighbour Pandar
 Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus, and Æneas.*]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The
 devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad.
 A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's
 neck!

Enter Cressida.

Cre. How now? What is the matter? Who was
 here?

⁶ *Delivered to us; &c.]* So the folio. The quarto thus:

Delivered to him, and forthwith. JOHNSON.

⁷ *the secrets of nature,*

Have not more gift in taciturnity.] This is the reading of
 both the elder folios: but the first verse manifestly halts, and be-
 trays its being defective. Mr. Pope substitutes:

the secrets of neighbour Pandar.

If this be a reading *ex fide codicum* (as he professes all his various
 readings to be) it is founded on the credit of such copies, as it has
 not been my fortune to meet with. I have ventured to make out
 the verse thus:

The secret'st things of nature, &c.

i. e. the *arcana naturæ*, the mysteries of nature, of occult philo-
 sophy, or of religious ceremonies. Our poet has allusions of this
 sort in several other passages. THEOBALD.

Mr. Pope's reading is in the old quarto. So great is the necessity
 of collation. JOHNSON.

Pan.

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,

As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can;

But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very center of the earth,

Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*Before Pandarus' house**Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Diomedes, &c.*

Par. It is great morning⁸; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit Troi.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*An apartment in Pandarus' house.**Enter Pandarus, and Cressida.*

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,

And

⁸ —great morning;—] *Grand jour*; a Gallicism.

STEEVENS,

⁹ *The grief &c.*] The folio reads:

*The grief is fine, full perfect, that I taste,
And no less in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it.* —

The quarto otherwise:

*The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it.* —

Violenteth

And violenteth in a sense as strong
 As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
 If I could temporize with my affection,
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief:
 My love admits no qualifying dross;
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cre. O Troilus! Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me
 embrace too: O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

—————o heart, o heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away
 nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse;
 we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so ' strain'd a purity,
 That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which
 Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Violenteth is a word with which I am not acquainted, yet perhaps
 it may be right. The reading of the text is without authority.

JOHNSON.

I have followed the quarto. *Violenceth* is used by Ben Jonson
 in *The Devil is an Ass*:

“Nor nature *violenceth* in both these.”

and Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with this verb as spelt in the
 play of Shakespeare: “His former adversaries *violented* any thing
 against him.” *Fuller's Worthies, in Anglesea.*

The modern reading was:

And in its sense is no less strong, than that

Which causeth it. ——— STEEVENS.

‘—strain'd—] So the quarto. The folio and all the mo-
 derns have *strange*. JOHNSON.

Cre.

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Troi. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too?

Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewels as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æneas [*within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
Or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit Pan.*]

Cre. I must then to the Grecians?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Cressid' mongst the merry Greeks²! —
When shall we see again?

² *A woeful Cressid' mongst the merry Greeks!*] So, in *A mad World my Masters*, 1640, a man gives the watchmen some money, and when they have received it he says: "the merry Greeks understand me." STEEVENS.

Troi.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. III

Troi. Hear me, my love : Be thou but true of heart,—

Cre. I true ! how now ? what wicked deem is this ?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us :—

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee ;

³ For I will throw my glove to death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart :

But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in

My frequent protestation ; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent ! but, I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
this sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you ?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cre. O heavens !—be true, again ?

Troi. Hear why I speak it, love : The Grecian
youths

Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;

How novelties may move, and parts ⁴ with person,

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy

(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)

Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heavens ! you love me not.

Troi. Die I a villain then !

In this I do not call your faith in question,

So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,

³ For I will throw my glove to death—] That is, I will challenge death himself in defence of thy fidelity. JOHNSON.

⁴ ———with person,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, with portion, STEEVENS.

Nor heel the high lavolt⁵, nor sweeten talk,
 Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
 To which the Grecians are most prompt and preg-
 nant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these
 There lurks a still and dumb-discourfivè devil,
 That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
 And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æneas [*within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Troi. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Paris [*within.*] Brother Troilus!

Troi. Good brother, come you hither;

And bring *Æneas*, and the Grecian, with you.

Cre. My lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
 While others fish with craft for great opinion,
 I with great truth⁶ catch mere simplicity;
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
 Fear not my truth; ⁷ the moral of my wit
 Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter

⁴ —the high lavolt,] The *lavolta* was a dance. It is else-
 where mentioned, where several examples are given. STEEVENS.

⁶ —catch mere simplicity;] The meaning, I think, is, *while*
others, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain
 a plain simple approbation. JOHNSON.

⁷ —the moral of my wit

Is—plain, and true,—] That is, the governing principle of
my understanding; but I rather think we should read:

—the motto of my wit

Is, plain and true— JOHNSON.

Surely *moral* in this instance has the same meaning as in *Much*
Ado about Nothing, act III. sc. iv.

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomed.

Welcome, fir Diomed ! here is the lady,
Whom for Antenor we deliver you :
At the port ¹, lord, I'll give her to thy hand ;
And, by the way, ² possels thee what she is.
Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects :
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage ; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
³ To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her : I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

“ Benedictus ! why Benedictus ? you have some *moral* in this Benedictus.”

Again, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, act IV. sc. iv.

“ — he has left me here behind to expound the *meaning or moral* of his signs and tokens.” TOLLET.

¹ *At the port*, —] The *port* is the *gate*. STEEVENS.

² — possels thee what she is.] I will make thee fully understand. This sense of the word *possels* is frequent in our author.

JOHNSON.

³ *To shame the zeal of my petition towards thee,*

By praising her. —] *To shame the zeal* of a petition is nonsense. Shakespeare wrote :

To shame the zeal —

and the sense is this: Grecian, you use me discourteously ; you see I am a *passionate* lover by my petition to you ; and therefore you should not shame the *zeal* of it, by promising to do what I require of you, for the sake of her *beauty*: when, if you had good manners, or a sense of a *lover's* delicacy, you would have promised to do it in compassion to his *pangs* and *sufferings*. WARBURTON.

I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to ⁴ my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Troi. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressid.* Sound trumpet.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Ane. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field
with him.

⁵ *Dio.* Let us make ready straight.

Ane. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

⁴ — my lust: —] This I think is right, though both the old copies read *lust*. JOHNSON.

What is the difference, in our old writers, between *lust* and *list*?
STEEVENS.

⁵ *Dio.*] These five lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the revision. JOHNSON.

S C E N E V.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax arm'd, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, 'till thy sphered⁶ bias cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Aga. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on his toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, with Cressida.

Aga. Is this the lady Cressida?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

⁶ — *bias cheek*] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, or the *White Devil*, 1612:

“ ———— 'Faith his cheek

“ Has a most excellent *bias*” — STEEVENS.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kifs.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better, she were kifs'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kifs;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kifs evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kifs, fir:—Lady, by your
leave.

Cre. In kissing, do you render, or receive?

Patr. ⁷ Both take and give.

Cre. ⁸ I'll make my match to live,
The kifs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kifs.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

⁷ *Both take and give.*] This speech should rather be given to Menelaus. TYRWHITT.

⁸ *I'll make my match to live.*] I will make such bargains as I may live by, such as may bring me profit, therefore will not take a worse kifs than I give. JOHNSON.

I believe this only means—I'll lay my life. TYRWHITT.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cre. ⁹ Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. ¹ Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.

[*Diomed leads out Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and ² motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give ³ a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For ⁴ fluttish spoils of opportunity,

⁹ *Why, beg then.*] For the sake of rhyme we should read:

Why beg two.

If you think kisses worth begging, beg more than one. JOHNSON.

¹ *Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.*] I once gave both these lines to Cressida. She bids Ulysses beg a kiss; he asks that he may have it:

When Helen is a maid again——

She tells him that then he shall have it:

When Helen is a maid again——

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due;

Never's my day, and then a kiss for you.

But I rather think that Ulysses means to slight her, and that the present reading is right. JOHNSON.

² —— *motive of her body.*] *Motive for part that contributes to motion.* JOHNSON.

³ —— *a coasting——*] An amorous address; courtship.

JOHNSON.

⁴ —— *fluttish spoils of opportunity,*] Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey. JOHNSON.

And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within,

All. The Trojans' trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, Æneas, Troilus, &c. with attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall be done to him

That victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Aga. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little

'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,] In the sense of the Latin, *securus*—*securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo*. A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton truly observes, that the word *securely* is here used in the Latin sense: and Mr. Warner, in his ingenious letter to Mr. Garrick, thinks this sense peculiar to Shakespeare, "for, says he, I have not been able to trace it elsewhere." This gentleman has treated me with so much civility, that I am bound in honour to remove his difficulty.

It is to be found in the last act of the *Spanish Tragedy*:

"O damned devil! how *secure* he is."

In my lord Bacon's *Essay on Tumults*, "neither let any prince or state be *secure* concerning discontents." And besides these, in Drayton, Fletcher, and the vulgar translation of the Bible.

Mr. Warner had as little success in his researches for the word *religion* in its Latin acceptation. I meet with it however in Hoby's translation of *Cassilio*, 1561: "Some be so scrupulous, as it were, with a *religion* of this their Tuscan tongue."

Ben Jonson more than once uses both the *substantive* and the *adjective* in this sense.

As to the word *Cavalero*, with the Spanish termination, it is to be found in Heywood, Withers, Davies, Taylor, and many other writers. FARMER.

Aga,

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, fir,

What is your name ?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know
this ;—

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector ;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood ;
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home ;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then ?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomed.

Aga. Here is fir Diomed :—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax : as you and lord *Æneas*
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it ; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath : the combatants being kin,

Aga. 'Tis done like Hector, but securely done,] It seems absurd to me, that Agamemnon should make a remark to the disparagement of Hector for pride, and that *Æneas* should immediately say, *If not Achilles, fir, what is your name ?* To Achilles I have ventured to place it ; and consulting Mr. Dryden's alteration of this play, I was not a little pleased to find, that I had but seconded the opinion of that great man in this point. THEOBALD.

As the old copies agree, I have made no change. JOHNSON.

¹ *Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector ;*] Shakespeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain : " Valour (says *Æneas*) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour." JOHNSON.

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Ag. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight ;
Not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word ;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd ;
His heart and hand both open, and both free ;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews ;
Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies ⁸ an impair thought with breath :
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, ⁹ subscribes
To tender objects ; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love :
They call him Troilus ; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas ; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion ¹ thus translate him to me,

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*

Ag. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own !

Troj. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee !

Ag. His blows are well dispos'd :—there, Ajax !

[*Trumpets cease.*

⁸ — *an impair thought* —] A thought unfuitable to the dignity of his character. This word I should have changed to *impure*, were I not over-powered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598 : " — nor is it more *impair* to an honest and absolute man, &c." STEEVENS.

⁹ — *Hector* — *subscribes*

To tender objects ; —] That is, *yields, gives way*. JOHNSON.
So, in *K. Lear*, *subscrib'd* his power, i. e. submitted.

STEEVENS.

¹ — *thus translate him to me.*] Thus explain his character,
JOHNSON.

Dio. You must no more.

Aene. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more :—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
 That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's ; by Jove multipotent,
 Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus :—
 Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. ² Not Neoptolemus so mirable

(On

² Not Neoptolemus so mirable

(*On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes,*
Cries, This is he ;) could promise to himself &c.] That is to say,
 " You, an old veteran warrior, threaten to kill me, when not
 the young son of Achilles (who is yet to serve his apprenticeship in
 war, under the Grecian generals, and on that account called
 Νεοπτόλεμος) dare himself entertain such a thought." But Shake-
 speare meant another sort of man, as is evident from,

On whose bright crest, &c,

which

(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes
Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself

A thought

which characterises one who goes foremost and alone; and can therefore suit only *one*, which *one* was Achilles, as Shakespeare himself has drawn him:

*The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The finew and the forehead of our host.*

And, again:

*Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drove great Mars to faction.*

And indeed the sense and spirit of Hector's speech requires that the most celebrated of his adversaries should be picked out to be defied; and this was Achilles, with whom Hector had his final affair. We must conclude then that Shakespeare wrote;

*Not Neoptolemus's fire irascible,
On whose bright crest——*

Iracible is an old school term, and is an epithet suiting his character, and the circumstances he was then in:

“Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.”

But our editor, Mr. Theobald, by his *obscure diligence*, had found out that Wynken de Worde, in the old chronicle of *The three Destructions of Troy*, introduces one Neoptolemus into the ten years quarrel, a person distinct from the son of Achilles; and therefore will have it, that Shakespeare here means no other than the Neoptolemus of this worthy chronicler. He was told, to no purpose, that this fancy was absurd. For first, Wynken's Neoptolemus is a common-rate warrior, and so described as not to fit the character here given. Secondly, it is not to be imagined that the poet should on this occasion make Hector refer to a character not in the play, and never so much as mentioned on any other occasion. Thirdly, Wynken's Neoptolemus is a warrior on the Trojan side, and slain by Achilles. But Hector must needs mean by one “who could promise a thought of added honour torn from him,” a warrior amongst his enemies on the Grecian side.

WARBURTON.

After all this contention, it is difficult to imagine that the critic believes *mirable* to have been changed to *irascible*. I should sooner read,

Not Neoptolemus th' admirable;

as I know not whether *mirable* can be found in any other place. The correction which the learned commentator gave to Hamner:

Not Neoptolemus's fire so mirable,

as it was modester than this, was preferable to it. But nothing is more remote from justness of sentiment, than for Hector to characterise

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do,

Hect. We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As feld I have the chance) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:

racterise Achilles as the father of Neoptolemus, a youth that had not yet appeared in arms, and whose name was therefore much less known than his father's. My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the author meant Achilles himself; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare might have used Neoptolemus for Achilles. Wilfride Holme, the author of a poem called *The Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, &c. 1537, had made the same mistake before him, as the following stanza will shew:

“ Also the triumphant Troyans victorious,

“ By Anthenor and Æneas false confederacie,

“ Sending Polidamus to *Neoptolemus*,

“ Who was vanquished and subdued by their conspiracie.

“ O dolorous fortune, and fatal miserie!

“ For multitude of people was there mortificate

“ With condigne Priamus, and all his progenie,

“ And flagrant Polixene, that lady delicate.”

In Lidgate, however, Achilles, *Neoptolemus*, and Pyrrhus, are distinct characters. *Neoptolemus* is enumerated among the Grecian princes who first embarked to revenge the rape of Helen:

“ The valiant Grecian called *Neoptolemus*,

“ That had his haire as blacke as any jet, &c.” p. 102.

and Pyrrhus, very properly, is not heard of till after the death of his father:

“ Sith that *Achilles* in such traiterous wise

“ Is flaine, that we a messenger should send

“ To fetch his son yong *Pyrrhus*, to the end

“ He may revenge his father's death, &c.” p. 237.

STEEVENS.

3 *We'll answer it:*] That is, answer the *expectance*. JOHNSON.

And

And signify this loving interview
 To the expecters of our Trojan part ;
 Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;
 I will go eat with thee, and see ⁴ your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by
 name ;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
 Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. ⁵ Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one
 That would be rid of such an enemy ;
 But that's no welcome : Understand more clear,
 What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
 husks

And formless ruin of oblivion ;
 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
 Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
 Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
 From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Aga. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[*To Troilus.*

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-
 ing ;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer ?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

⁴ ——— *your knights.*] The word *knight*, as often as it occurs, is sure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revives the memory of Amadis and his fantastic followers, rather than that of the mighty confederates who fought on either side in the Trojan war. I wish that *eques* and *armiger* could have been rendered by any other words than *knight* and *squire*. Mr. Pope, in his translation of the *Iliad*, is very liberal of the latter. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Worthy of arms!* ———] Folio. Worthy all arms! Quarto. The quarto has only the two first, second, and the last line of this salutation ; the intermediate verses seem added on a revision.

JOHNSON.

Hect.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
thanks!

⁶ Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen
thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
⁷ Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;

That I have said to some my standers-by,

Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy grandfire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Aene. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in con-
tention,

⁶ *Mock not, &c.*] The quarto has here a strange corruption:

Mock not thy affect, the untraded earth. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Despising many forfeits and subduements,*] Thus the quarto.
The folio reads:

And seen thee scorning *forfeits and subduements.* JOHNSON.

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would, they could.

Nest. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time——

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :
My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do busk the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now,

² *As they contend——*] This line is not in the quarto.

JOHNSON.

³ *I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—*] Should we not read—*though*? Notwithstanding you have invited Hector to your tent, I shall draw him first into mine. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*, v. ix. p. 460 :

“———O dissembling woman,

“Whom I must reverence *though*.——” TYRWHITT.

The repetition of *thou!* was anciently used by one who meant to insult another. So, in *Twelfth Night* : “——if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss.” Again, in the *Tempest* :

“Thou

' Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint ².

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er ;
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him ? whether there, there, or there ?
That I may give the local wound a name ;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew : Answer me, heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question : Stand again :
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well ;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;

" Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, *thou !*"

Again, in the first scene of the fifth act of this play of *Troilus and Cressida* : " — thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, *thou !*"

STEEVENS.

' Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;] The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector, is taken from Lidgate. See page 178. STEEVENS.

² And quoted joint by joint.] To quote is to observe. So, in *Hamlet* :

I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him. STEEVENS.

But,

But, by the forge that stithy'd Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
'Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him³.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we⁴: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally intreat him.—
⁵ Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,

³ ———— *the general state, I fear,*

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.] i. e. I am aware that the Greeks will not wish you to meet him singly; insinuating that it would be bad policy in them to desire the man who had the greatest reputation for valour, to run such a hazard of being foiled. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *convive*—] To *convive* is to *feast*. This word is not peculiar to Shakespeare. I find it several times used in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Beat loud the tabourines,*—] For this the quarto and the latter editions have,

To taste your bounties.—

The reading which I have given from the folio seems chosen at the revision, to avoid the repetition of the word *bounties*.

JOHNSON.

Tabourines are small drums. The word occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

That

That this great foldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Troilus, and Ulysses.

Troi. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Troi. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Achilles' tent.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-
night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Therfites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?

⁶ Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of ideot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. ⁷ The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. ⁸ Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

⁶ *Thou crusty batch of nature, —*] *Batch* is changed by Theobald to *botch*, and the change is justified by a pompous note, which discovers that he did not know the word *batch*. What is more strange, Hanmer has followed him. *Batch* is any thing *baked*. JOHNSON.

Batch does not signify any thing baked, but all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Cataline*:

“Except he were of the same meal and *batch*.”

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

“The best is, there are but two *batches* of people moulded in this world.”

Again, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

“Hast thou made a good *batch*? I pray thee give me a new loaf.”

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*:

“Is all the rest of this *batch*?” Therfites had already been called *cobloaf*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *The surgeon's box, —*] In this answer Therfites only quibbles upon the word *tent*. HANMER.

⁸ *Male varlet, —*] HANMER reads *male harlot*, plausibly enough, except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands. JOHNSON.

This expression is met with in Decker's *Honest Whore*: “This a *male varlet*, sure, my lord!” FARMER.

Ther.

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, ⁹ cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, ¹ you ruinous butt; you whore-son indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, ² thou idle immaterial skein of fleive silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. ³ Out, gall!

⁹ — *cold palsies*—] This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palsies*. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was in my opinion judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases. JOHNSON.

¹ ——— *you ruinous &c.*] Patroclus reproaches Therfites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another.

JOHNSON.

The same idea occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*:

Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form. STEEVENS.

² ——— *thou idle immaterial skein of fleive silk,*—] All the terms used by Therfites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness.

JOHNSON.

³ *Out, gall!*] *Hammer* reads *nut-gall*, which answers well enough to *finch-egg*; it has already appeared, that our author thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read, *Out, gall!* JOHNSON.

Ther. ⁴ Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
⁵ A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Therfites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banquetting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. [Exeunt.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain,
these two may run mad; but if with too much brain,
and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of mad-
men. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough,
and one that loves quails; but he hath not so much
brain as ear-wax: ⁶ And the goodly transformation of
Ju-

⁴ *Finch-egg!*] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as implying an useless favourite, and yet more, something more worthless, a singing bird in the egg, or generally, a slight thing easily crushed. JOHNSON.

A finch's egg is remarkably gaudy; but of such terms of reproach it is difficult to pronounce the true signification. STEEVENS.

⁵ *A token from her daughter, &c.*] This is a circumstance taken from the story book of the three destructions of Troy.

HANMER.

⁶ *And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull;—the primitive statue, and OBLIQUE memorial of cuckolds;]* He calls *Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter*, that is, as himself explains it, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive statue of cuckolds*; i. e. his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great archetype of his character. But how was he an *oblique memorial of cuckolds*? can any thing be a more *direct* memorial of cuckolds, than a cuckold? and so the foregoing character of his being the *primitive statue* of them plainly implies. To reconcile these two contradictory epithets therefore we should read:

———— an OBLISQUE memorial of cuckolds.

He

Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice⁷ forced with wit, turn him? To an afs, were nothing; he is both afs and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and afs. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a

He is represented as one who would remain an eternal monument of his wife's infidelity. And how could this be better done than by calling him an *obelisque memorial*? of all human edifices the most durable. And the sentence rises gradually, and properly from a *statue* to an *obelisque*. To this the editor Mr. Theobald replies, that *the bull is called the primitive statue*: by which he only giveth us to understand, that he knoweth not the difference between the English articles *a* and *the*. But by the *bull* is meant Menelaus; which title Therites gives him again afterwards—*The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it*—THE BULL *has the game*—But the *Oxford editor* makes quicker work with the term *oblique*, and alters it to *antique*, and so all the difficulty's evaded. WARBURTON.

The author of *The Revision* observes (after having controverted every part of Dr. Warburton's note, and justified Theobald) that "the memorial is called *oblique*, because it was only indirectly such, upon the common supposition that both bulls and "cuckolds were furnished with horns." STEEVENS.

⁷ — forced with wit, —] Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery. — In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNSON.

By *loving quails* the poet may mean loving the company of harlots. A *quail* is remarkably falacious. Mr. Upton says that Xenophon, in his memoirs of Socrates, has taken notice of this quality in the bird. A similar allusion occurs in *The Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640:

" — the hot desire of *quails*,

" To yours is modest appetite."

STEEVENS.

In old French *caille* was synonymous to *fille de joie*. In the *Dict. Comique par Le Roux*, under the article *caille* are these words:

" Chaud comme une *caille* —

" *Caille* coiffée — Sobriquet qu'on donne aux femmes. Signifie femme éveillé amoureuse." So, in Rabelais:— "*Cailles* coiffées mignonnet chantans."—which *Motteux* has thus rendered (probably from the old translation) coated *quails* and laced mutton, waggishly singing. MALONE.

puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care : but to be a Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thermites ; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day ! ^s spirits, and fires !

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, and Diomed, with lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis ;

There, where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulys. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector ; welcome, princes all.

Aga. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night. Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught : Sweet, quoth a ! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those

That go, or tarry.

Aga. Good night. [*Exeunt Agam. and Menel.*

Achil. Old Nestor tarries ; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord ; I have important business,

^s — *spirits and fires !*] This Thermites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights. JOHNSON,

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent;
I'll keep you company. [*To Troilus.*]

Troi. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: ' he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: ' they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Calchas' tent.

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—

Calchas, I think. Where is your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus, and Ulysses, at a distance; after them Thersites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

' —He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; —] If a hound gives his mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler*. The proverb says, *Brabbling curs never want sore ears.* ANON.

' —they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, —] This character of Diomed is likewise taken from Lidgate. STEEVENS.

Enter Cressida.

Troi. Cressid come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark,
A word with you. [*Whispers.*]

Troi. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first fight.

Ther. And any man

May sing her, if he can take² her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulyss. Lift!

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are
forsworn.——

² — *her cliff;*] That is, her *key*. *Clef*, French. JOHNSON.
Cliff, i. e. a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a
song; and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks what kind
of voice—as base, tenour, or treble, it is proper for.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, where Antonio,
employing musical terms, says,

“— Will none but my *C. cliff* serve your turn?”

Again, in *The Lover's Melancholy*, 1629:

“——— that's a bird

“ Whom art had never taught *cliffs*, moods, or notes.”

Again, in the *Noble Soldier*, 1634:

“ No crotchets; 'tis only the *cliff* has made her mad.”

Again, in Middleton's *More Dissemblers besides Women*:

“ How many *cliffs* be there?—one *cliff*, sir. Do you know
“ but one *cliff*?—No more indeed, sir, and at this time I know
“ too much of that.” STEEVENS.

Cre.

Cre. In faith, I cannot : What would you have me do ?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me ?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath ;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience !

Ulyss. How now, Trojan ?

Cre. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night : I'll be your foel no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness !

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince ; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms : this place is dangerous ;
The time right deadly ; I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you !

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off :

³ You flow to great distraction : come, my lord,

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience ; come.

Troi. I pray you, stay ; by hell, and by hell's torments,

I will not speak a word.

³ *You flew to great distraction : —*] So the moderns. The folio has :

You flow to great distraction. —

The quarto :

You flow to great destruction —

I read :

You show too great distraction. — JOHNSON.

I would adhere to the old reading. *You flow to great destruction*, or *distraction*, means, the tide of your imagination will hurry you either to *noble death* from the hand of Diomed, or to the *height of madness* from the predominance of your own passions, STEEVENS.

Dio.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

Troi. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together! + Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, my lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

* How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potatoe finger, tickles these together!]

Potatoes were anciently regarded as provocatives. See Mr. Collins's note, which, on account of its length, is given at the end of the play. STEEVENS.

Cre.

Cre. Here, Diomed, ^s keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty!

Where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,——

Troi. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—

He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone;

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed.

^s —— keep this sleeve.] The custom of wearing a lady's sleeve for a favour, is mentioned in *Hall's Chronicle*, fol. 12; —
 “ One ware on his head-piece his lady's sleeve, and another bare
 “ on his helme the glove of his deareling.”

Again, in the second canto of the *Barons' Wars* by Drayton:

“ A lady's sleeve high-spirited Hastings wore.”

Again, in the *MORTE ARTHUR*, p. 3, ch. 119:

“ When queen Genever wist that Sir Launcelot beare the red sleeve of the faire maide of Astolat, she was nigh out of her minde for anger.” Holinshed, p. 844, says K. Henry VIII. “ had on his head a ladies sleeve full of diamonds.” The circumstance, however, was adopted by Shakespeare from Chaucer. T. and C. l. 5. 1040: “ She made him were a pencell of her sleeve.” A *pencell* is a small pennon or streamer. STEEVENS.

In an old play (in six acts) called *Histrionastix*, 1610, this incident seems to be burlesqued. *Troilus* and *Cressida* are introduced by way of interlude: and *Cressida* breaks out:

“ O Knight, with valour in thy face,

“ Here take my skreene, wear it for grace,

“ Within thy helmet put the same,

“ Therewith to make thine enemies lame.”

A little old book, *The Hundred Hystories of Troye*, tells us “ *Bryseyde* whom master Chaucer calleth *Cressyde*, was a damosell of great beaute; and yet was more quaynte, mutable, and full of vagaunt condicions.” FARMER.

Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
 And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
⁶ As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
 He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you
 shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. ⁷ By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
 And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
 And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wer't thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy
 horn,

It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it
 is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cre. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
 But it straight starts you.

⁶ *As I kiss thee.*—] In old editions,
 As I kiss thee. ———

Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

Cre. He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dr. Thirlby thinks this should be all placed to Cressida. She had the sleeve, and was kissing it rapturously: and Diomed snatches it back from her. THEOBALD.

⁷ *By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,*] i. e. the stars which she points to. WARBURTON.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do, come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel 'till then. [Exit.

Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.

* Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

° But with my heart the other eye doth see.—

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err; O then conclude,

Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [Exit.

Ther. ° A proof of strength she could not publish
more,

Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.

* *Troilus, farewell!*] The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lidgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shakespeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. Lidgate, speaking of Cressida, says only:

“ She gave her heart and love to Diomed,

“ To shew what trust there is in woman kind;

“ For she of her new love no sooner sped,

“ But Troilus was clean out of her mind,

“ As if she never had him known or seen,

“ Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean.”

STEEVENS.

° *But with my heart, &c.*] I think it should be read thus:

But my heart with the other eye doth see. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, rather:

But with the other eye my heart doth see. TYRWHITT.

* *A proof of strength she could not publish more,*] She could not publish a stronger proof. JOHNSON.

But,

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
 Shall I not lye in publishing a truth ?
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
 An esperance so obstinately strong,
² That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears ;
 As if those organs had deceptive functions,
 Created only to calumniate.
 Was Cressid here ?

Ulyss. ³ I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure, she was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord : Cressid was here but
 now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood !
 Think, we had mothers ; do not give advantage
 To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
 For depravation—to square the general sex
 By Cressid's rule : rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can foil
 our mothers ?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes ?

Troi. This she ? no, this is Diomed's Cressida :
 If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;
 If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
 If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

² *That doth invert that test of eyes and ears ;*] What test ?
 Troilus had been particularizing none in his foregoing words, to
 govern or require the *relative* here. I rather think, the words
 are to be thus split :

That doth invert *the* attest of eyes and ears.

i. e. That turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against
 themselves. THEOBALD.

This is the reading of the quarto. JOHNSON.

³ *I cannot conjure, Trojan.*] That is, I cannot raise spirits in the
 form of Cressida. JOHNSON.

4 If there be rule in unity itself,
 This is not she. O madness of discourse,
 That cause sets up with and against itself!
 5 Bi-fold authority! 6 where reason can revolt
 Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
 Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
 Divides far wider than the sky and earth;
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
 7 As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

In-

4 *If there be rule in unity itself,*] I do not well understand what is meant by *rule in unity*. By *rule* our author, in this place as in others, intends *virtuous restraint, regularity of manners, command of passions and appetites*. In *Macbeth*:

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause

Within the belt of *rule*.————

But I know not how to apply the word in this sense to *unity*. I read:

If there be rule in *purity* itself,

Or, If there be rule in *verity* itself.

Such alterations would not offend the reader, who saw the state of the old editions, in which, for instance, a few lines lower, *the almighty sun* is called *the almighty fenne*.—— Yet the words may at last mean, If there be *certainty* in *unity*, if it be a *rule* that *one is one*. JOHNSON.

5 *Bi-fold authority!*————] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us:

By foul authority!————

There is *madness* in that *disquisition* in which a man reasons at once *for and against himself upon authority* which he knows *not to be valid*. The quarto is right. JOHNSON.

6 ——— *where reason can revolt*

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt;————] The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of *reason*. JOHNSON.

7 *As is Arachne's broken woof to enter.*] The syllable wanting in this verse the modern editors have hitherto supplied. I hope the mistake was not originally the poet's own; yet one of the quartos reads with the folio, *Ariachna's broken woof*, and the other *Ariathna's*

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
 Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
 And with another⁸ knot, five-finger-tied,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
 Of her⁹ o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. ¹ May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express?

Troi. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well

atbna's. It is not impossible that Shakespeare might have written *Ariadne's* broken woof, having confounded the two names of the stories, in his imagination; or alluding to the clue of thread, by the assistance of which Theseus escaped from the Cretan labyrinth. I do not remember that *Ariadne's loom* is mentioned by any of the Greek or Roman poets, though I find an allusion to it in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, 1607:

“ ——— instead of these poor weeds, in robes

“ Richer than that which *Ariadne* wrought,

“ Or Cytherea's airy-moving vest.”

Again:

“ ——— thy tresses, *Ariadne's* twines,

“ Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpriz'd.”

Spanish Tragedy;

Again, in *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610:

“ Leads the despairing wretch into a maze;

“ But not an *Ariadne* in the world

“ To lend a *claw* to lead us out of it,

“ The very maze of horror.”

Again, in *Law Tricks*, 1608:

“ ——— come *Ariadne's* *claw*, will you unwind?”

Again, in John Florio's translation of Montaigne: “ He was to me in this inextricable labyrinth like *Ariadne's* *thread*.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *knot, five-finger-tied,*] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— *o'er-eaten faith,* ———] Vows which she has already swallowed *once over*. We still say of a faithless man, that he has *eaten his words*. JOHNSON.

¹ *May worthy Troilus* ———] Can Troilus really feel on this occasion half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm Ulysses. JOHNSON.

In

In characters as red as Mars his heart
 Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
 With so eternal, and-so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
 So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
 That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
 Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
 Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
 Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
 Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord,
 adieu:—

Farewel, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
 Stand fast, ² and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

² — and wear a castle on thy head!] i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common security. It appears from a passage in Holinshed, already quoted in a note on *Titus Andronicus*, that by a *castle* was meant a *close helmet*.

So, in *The little French Lawyer* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ———— but use

“ That noble courage I have seen, and we

“ Shall fight as in a *castle*.” ———— STEEVENS.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them!

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

The palace of Troy.

Enter Hector, and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:

² *My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.*] The hint for this dream of Andromaché, might be taken either from Lydgate, or the following passage in Chaucer's *Nounes Prestes Tale*, late edit. v. 15147.

- “ Lo hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
- “ That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
- “ She dremed on the same night beforen,
- “ How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,
- “ If thilke day he went into bataille :
- “ She warned him, but it might not availle ;
- “ He went forth for to fighten natheles,
- “ And was yslain anon of Achilles.” STEEVENS.

Confort.

Confort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of fally; for the heavens, sweet
brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
* For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. ⁵ It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the ⁶ dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

* *For us to count*—] This is so oddly confused in the folio,
that I transcribe it as a specimen of incorrectness:

———— do not count it holy,

To hurt by being just; it is as lawful

For we would count give much to as violent thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity. JOHNSON.

I believe we should read — *For we would give much, to use
violent thefts, i. e. to use violent thefts, because we would give
much.* The word *count* had crept in from the last line but one.

TYRWHITT.

* ⁵ *It is the purpose*—] The mad prophetess speaks here with
all the coolness and judgment of a skilful casuist. “The essence
“of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the
“end is wrong must not be regarded as cogent.” JOHNSON.

* ⁶ — *dear man*] *Valuable man.* The modern editions read,
———— *brave man.*

The repetition of the word is in our author's manner. JOHNSON.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit Cassandra.

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews 'till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Troi. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

¹ *Which better fits a lion, —*] The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man.

Troi. Who should withhold me ?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire ;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled^b with recourse of tears ;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Caf. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast :
He is thy crutch ; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, Hector, come, go back :
Thy wife hath dreamt ; thy mother hath had visions ;
Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field ;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Caf. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*]

^b — with recourse of tears ;] i. e. tears that continue to course one another down the face. WARBURTON.

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. ⁹ O farewell, dear Hector.

Look, how thou dy'st! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Troi. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewel. Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my
leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim;
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: The gods with safety stand
about thee! [*Exit Priam. Alarums.*

Troi. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve².

⁹ *O farewell, dear Hector!*] The interposition and clamorous
sorrow of Cassandra were copied by our author from Lydgate.

STEEVENS.

¹ — shrills *her dolours*, &c.] So in Heywood's *Silver Age*,
1613:

“Through all th'abyss I have *shrill'd* thy daughter's loss,
th my concave trump.” STEEVENS.

² According to the quartos 1609, this scene is continued by the
following dialogue between Pandarus and Troilus, which the poet
certainly meant to have been inserted at the end of the play, where
the three concluding lines of it are repeated in the copies already
mentioned. There can be no doubt but that the players shuffled the
the parts backward and forward, *ad libitum*; for the poet would
hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words,
nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner. The con-
clusion of the piece will fully justify the liberty which any future
commentator may take in omitting the scene here and placing it
at the end, where at present only the few lines already mentioned,
are to be found. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from you' poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptifick, a whoreson rascally ptifick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ach in my bones, that, unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; *[Tearing the letter.*

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey!—ignomy and shame Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Between Troy and the camp.

[Alarum.] Enter Thersites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy dotting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy, there, in his helm: I

³ Hence, brothel, lacquey!—] For *brothel*, the folio reads *brother*, erroneously for *broker*, as it stands at the end of the play where the lines are repeated. Of *brother* the following editors made *brothel*. JOHNSON.

would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. * O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry:—They set me up, in policy, that mungril cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not aim to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin^s to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter Diomed, and Troilus.

Troi. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost mis-call retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee! [*They go off fighting.*]

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?

* *O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, &c.]* But in what sense are Nestor and Ulysses accused of being *swearing rascals*? What, or to whom, did they swear? I am positive that *sneering* is the true reading. They had colloqued with Ajax, and trimmed him up with insincere praises, only in order to have stirred Achilles's emulation. In this, they were the true sneerers; betraying the first, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice. THEOBALD.

^s — *to proclaim barbarism, —*] To set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. JOHNSON.

⁶ Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no :—I am a rascal ; a scurvy railing knave ; a very filthy rogue.

Hett. I do believe thee ;—live. [Exit.

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me ; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me ! What's become of the wenching rogues ? I think, they have swallow'd one another : I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

The same.

Enter Diomed, and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse⁷ ; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid :

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty ;

Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew ! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon : ⁸ bastard Margarelon

Hath

⁶ *Art thou of blood and honour ?*] This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantic chivalry, as is the following one in the speech of Diomed :

And am her knight by proof. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *take thou Troilus' horse.*] So in Lydgate :

“ That Troilus by maine and mighty force

“ At unawares, he cast down from his horse.

“ And gave it to his squire for to beare

“ To Cressida, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *bastard Margarelon*] The introduction of a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the story book of *The Three Destructions of Troy.*

THEOBALD.

The

Hath Doreus prisoner ;
 And stands coloffus-wise, waving his beam,
 Upon the pashed corfes of the kings
 Epistrophus and Cedius : Polixenes is slain ;
 Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt ;
 Patroclus ta'en, or slain ; and Palamedes
 Sore hurt and bruis'd : ' the dreadful Sagittary
 Appals our numbers ; haste we, Diomed,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles ;
 And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
 There is a thousand Hectors in the field :
 Now here he fights ' on Galathe his horse,

And

The circumstance was taken from *Lydgate*, page 194 :

“ Which when the valiant knight, Margareton,
 “ One of king Priam's bastard children,” &c.

STEEVENS.

' ——— *the dreadful Sagittary*

Appals our numbers: ———] “ Beyonde the royalme of
 “ Amalonne came an auncyent kynge, wyse and dyscreete, named
 “ Epystrophus, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouse
 “ beste that was called SAGITTAYRE, that behynde the myddes
 “ was an horse, and to fore, a man : this beste was heery like an
 “ horse, and had his eyen rede as a cole, and shotte well with a
 “ bowe: *this beste made the Grekes fore aferde, and slewe many of*
 “ *them with his bowe.*” *The Three Destructions of Troy, printed by*
Caxton. THEOBALD.

——— *the dreadful Sagittary*] A very circumstantial account of
 this Sagittary is likewise to be found in *Lydgate*, page 174.

STEEVENS.

' ——— *on Galathe his horse,*] From *The Three Destructions of*
Troy is taken this name given to Hector's horse THEOBALD.

“ Cal'd *Galathe* (the which is said to have been
 “ The goodliest horse,” &c, *Lydgate*, page 142.

Again, page 175 :

“ And fought, by all the means he could, to take
 “ *Galathe*, Hector's horse,” &c.

Heywood, in his *Iron Age* 1632, has likewise continued the same
 appellation to Hector's horse ;

“ My

And there lacks work ; anon, he's there afoot,
 And there they fly, or die, like ² scaled sculls
 Before the belching whale ; then is he yonder,
 And there ³ the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes ;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,
 That what he will, he does ; and does so much,
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes ! great Achilles
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :

“ My armour, and my trusty *Galatee*.”

Heywood has taken many circumstances in his play from *Lydgate*,
John Stevens, the author of *Cintbia's Revenge*, 1613, (a play com-
 mended by *Ben Jonson* in some lines prefixed to it) has mounted
 Hector on an elephant. STEEVENS.

² ——— scaled sculls] *Sculls* are great numbers of fishes swim-
 ming together. The modern editors not being acquainted with
 the term, changed it into *shoals*. My knowledge of this word is
 derived from a little book called *The English Expofitor*, London,
 printed by *John Legatt*, 1616. The word likewise occurs in
Lylly's Midas, 1592 :

“ He hath, by this, started a covey of bucks, or roused a *scull*
 of pheafants.” The humour of this short speech consists in a mis-
 application of the appropriate terms of one amusement, to another.
 Again, in *Milton* :

“ ——— each bay
 “ With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals
 “ Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
 “ Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft
 “ Bank the mid sea.”

Again, in *Warner's Albion's England*, 1602 :

“ A knavish *scull* of boys and girls, &c.”

Again, in the 25th song of *Drayton's Polyolbion*, it is said of the
 cormorant :

“ ——— from his wings at full,
 “ As though he shot himself into the thicken'd *scull*,
 “ He under water goes, &c.”

Again, in the 26th song :

“ My silver-scaled *sculls* about my streams do sweep.”

STEEVENS.

3 — the strawy Greeks, —] In the folio it is,

—— the *straying* Greeks, —— JOHNSON.

Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
 That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chip'd, come to
 him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastic execution;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [Exeunt.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
 Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face;
 Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
 Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
 [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Another part of the field.

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy
 head!

Enter Diomed.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my
 office,

Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter

Enter Troilus.

Troi. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face,
thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both, ⁴ you cogging Greeks; have at
you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest
brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee,
Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
'Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

⁴ — you cogging Greeks, —] This epithet has no particular propriety in this place, but the author had heard of *Græcia Mendax*. JOHNSON.

Surely the epithet had propriety in respect of Diomed at least, who had defrauded him of his mistress. Troilus bestows it on both, *unius ob culpam*. A fraudulent man, as I am told, is still called in the North—a *gainful Greek*. Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks. “*Testimoniorum religionem et fidem nunquam ista natio coluit.*” Again—“*Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt.*” STEEVENS.

Re-enter Troilus:

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [Exit]

Enter one in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly
mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—^s I like thy armour well;
I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But

^s — *I like thy armour well;*] This circumstance is taken from Lydgate's poem, page 196:

- " — Guido in his historie doth shew
- " By worthy Hector's fall, who coveting
- " To have the sumptuous armor of that king, &c.
- " So greedy was thereof, that when he had
- " The body up, and on his horse it bare,
- " To have the spoil thereof such haste he made
- " That he did hang his shield without all care
- " Behind him at his back, the easier
- " To pull the armour off at his desire,
- " And by that means his breast clean open lay," &c.

This furnished Shakespeare with the hint for the following line:
I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek. STEEVENS.

" *I'll crush it, —*] The word *crush* I never found elsewhere, nor understand it. *Hanmer* explains it, to *break* or *bruise*. JOHNSON.

To *crush* a chicken, is a term in carving which I cannot explain. I am indebted for this little knowledge of it to E. Smith's *Complete Huswife*, published in 1741. The term is as ancient as Wynkyn de Worde's *Book of Kervinge*, 1508. Holinshed, describing the soldiers of Richmond making themselves ready, says, "they bent their bows, and *crushed* their feathers;" and (as Mr. Tollet has observed) employs it again in his *Description of Ireland*, p. 29: "When they are sore *crusht* with sickness, or so farre withered with age." To *crush*, in this first instance, says he,

But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

The same.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say,—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms⁷.

he, signifies to change the feathers from their natural smooth and sloping position, to a rough perpendicular one, whereby the arrow



flies the steadier to its mark, and whistles in the air. In the second instance, it means to *disorder*. The word seems to be sometimes used for any action of violence by which things are separated, disordered, or destroyed.

So, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606:

“High cedars are *frusbed* with tempests, when lower shrubs are not touched with the wind.”

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy*, &c. 1618:

“And with mine arm to *frush* a sturdy lance.”

Again, in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swan*, bl. 1. no date:

“—smote him so courageously with his sworde, that he *frusbed* all his helm, wherewith the erle fell backward, &c.”

Again, in Stanyhurst's translation of the first book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582:

“All the *frusbe* and leavings of Greeks, of wrathful Achilles.”

Again,

“_____ yf that knight *Ætheous* haplye

“Were *frusht*, or remanent, &c.”

Again, in Sir John Mandevile's account of the magical entertainments exhibited before the *Grete Chan*, p. 285:

“And then they make knyghtes to jousten in armes fulle lustyly,
“&c.—and they *fruschen* togidere fulle fiercely.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — execute your arms.] Thus all the copies; but surely we should read—*aims*. STEEVENS.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

The same.

Enter Therites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-hen'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*]

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewel, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Another part of the field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

Enter Achilles, and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:

Even

Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. ' I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. ' Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

[*Hector falls.*

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,

Achilles bath the mighty Hector slain.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

⁸ *Even with the vail—*] The *vail* is, I think, the *sinking* of the sun; not *veil* or *cover*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.*] Hector, in Lydgate's poem, falls by the hand of Achilles; but it is Troilus who, having been inclosed round by the Myrmidons, is killed after his armour had been hewn from his body, which was afterwards drawn through the field at the horse's tail. The *Oxford Editor*, I believe, was misinformed; for in the old story-book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*, I find likewise the same account given of the death of Troilus. Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, seems to have been indebted to some such work as Hanmer mentions.

“ Had puissant Hector by Achilles' hand

“ Dy'd in a single monomachie, Achilles

“ Had been the worthy; but being slain by odds,

“ The poorest Myrmidon had as much honour

“ As faint Achilles, in the Trojan's death.”

It is not unpleasant to observe with what vehemence Lydgate, who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer, takes upon him to reprehend the Grecian poet as the original offender. Thus in his fourth book:

“ Oh thou, *Homer*, for shame be now red,

“ And thee amase that holdest thy selfe so wyse,

“ On Achylles to set suche great a pryse

“ In thy bokes for his chyvalrye,

“ Above echone that dost hym magnyfye,

“ That was so sleightly and so full of fraude,

“ Why gevest thou hym so hye a prayse and laude?”

STEEVENS.

¹ *Strike, fellows, strike;—*] This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book. HANMER.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
² And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
 My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,
 Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
 Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
 Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*
Sound retreat. Shout.

S C E N E X.

The same.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and the rest, marching.

Aga. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along:—Let one be sent,
 To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt.*

² *And, stickler-like, —*] A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They are often mentioned by *Sidney*. “Anthony (says *Sir Tho. North* in his translation of *Plutarch*) was himself in person a *stickler* to part the young men when they had fought enough.” They were called *sticklers*, from carrying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists. We now call these *sticklers*—*sidesmen*. So again, in a comedy called, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by *Heywood* and *Rowley*: “’tis not fit that every apprentice should with his shop-club play between us the *stickler*.”

Again, in the tragedy of *Faire Mariam*, 1613:

“And was the *stickler* ’twixt my heart and him.”

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1603:

“As *sticklers* in their nation's enmity.” STEEVENS.

S C E N E

S C E N E XI.

*Another part of the field.**Enter Æneas, and Trojans.*

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
 3 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

*Enter Troilus.**Troi.* Hector is slain.*All.* Hector?—the gods forbid!

Troi. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
 In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
 Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
 Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy⁴!
 I say, at once! let your brief plagues be mercy,
 And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:
 I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
 But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
 Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
 Let him, that will a screech-owl eye be call'd,
 Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
 Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
 Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,

³ *Never go home, &c.]* This line is in the quarto given to Troilus. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *smile at Troy!]* Thus the ancient copies; but it would better agree with the rest of Troilus's wish, were we to read:

————— *smite at Troy,*
 I say, at once! STEEVENS.

Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-
 fiz'd coward!

No space of earth shall funder our two hates;
 I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
 Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas, &c.*]

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord; do you hear?

Troi. ⁵ Hence, broker lacquey! ignomy and shame
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit Troilus.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
 Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
 despis'd!

O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a'
 work, and how ill requited! Why should our endea-
 vour be so ⁶ lov'd, and the performance so loath'd?
 what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 'Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:

But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths:

As many as be here of pander's hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
 Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
 Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made:

⁵ Hence, broker lacquey!—] So the quarto. The folio has
 brother. JOHNSON.

⁶ lov'd, —] Quarto; *desir'd*, folio. JOHNSON.

It should be now, but that my fear is this—

⁷ Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss :

'Till then, I'll sweate, and seek about for eases ;

And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*]

⁷ *Some galled goose of Winchester*—] The public stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester.

POPE.

Mr. Pope's explanation may be supported by the following passage in one of the old plays of which my negligence has lost the title :

“ Collier ! how came the *goose* to be put upon you ?

“ I'll tell thee : The term lying at *Winchester* in *Henry* the Third's day's, and many *French* women coming out of the Isle of *Wight* thither, &c. there were many punks in the town, &c.”

A particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester goose*. So in Chapman's comedy of *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606 :

“ — the famous school of England call'd

“ *Winchester*, famous I mean for the *goose*,” &c.

Again, Ben Jonson, in his poem called, *An Execration on Vulcan* :

“ — this a sparkle of that fire let loose,

“ That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian goose*,

“ Bred on the back in time of popery,

“ When *Venus* there maintain'd a mystery.”

In an ancient satire called *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, no date, is the following list of the different residences of harlots :

“ There came such a wynde fro *Winchester*,

“ That blew these women over the ryver,

“ In wherye as I wyll you tell :

“ Some at faynt *Kateryns* stroke agrounde,

“ And many in *Holborne* were founde,

“ Some at faynt *Gyles* I trowe :

“ Also in *Ave Maria Aly*, and at *Westmenster* ;

“ And some in *Shordyche* drewe theder,

“ With grete lamentacyon ;

“ And by cause they have lost that fayre place,

“ They wyll bylde at *Colman hedge* in space, &c.”

Hence the old proverbial simile, “ As common as *Coleman Hedge*,” now *Coleman-street*. STEEVENS.

There are more hard, bombastical phrases in the serious part of this Play, than, I believe, can be picked out of any other six Plays of *Shakespeare*. Take the following specimens:—*Tortive*,—*persistive*,—*protractive*,—*importless*,—*insisture*,—*deracinate*,—*dividable*. And in the next Act,—*past-proportion*,—*unrespective*,—*propugnation*,—*self-assumption*,—*self-admission*,—*assubjugate*,—*kingdom'd*, &c. TYRWHITT.

THIS play is more correctly written than most of Shakespeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comic characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakespeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Therites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of *Homer*. JOHNSON.

The first seven books of Chapman's *Homer* were published in the year 1596, and again in 1598. They were dedicated as follows: *To the most honoured now living instance of the Achilleian virtues eternized by divine Homere, the Earle of Effexe, Earl Marshall, &c.*: and an anonymous Interlude, called *THERSYTES his Humours and Conceits*, had been published in 1598, STEEVENS.

How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potatoe finger, tickles these together.]

Luxuria was the appropriate term used by the school divines, to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury*, in all our old English writers. In the *Summa Theologiae Compendium* of Tho. Aquinas, P. 2. II. Quæst. CLIV. is *de Luxuria Partibus*, which the author distributes under the heads of *Simplex Fornicatio, Adulterium, Incestus, Stuprum, Raptus, &c.* and Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*, descanting on the seven deadly sins, treats of this under the title, *De Luxuria*. Hence in *K. Lear*, our author uses the word in this peculiar sense:

“ To't *Luxury* pell-mell, for I want soldiers.”

And Middleton, in his *Game of Chesse*, 1625.

“ — in a room fill'd all with *Aretine's* pictures,

“ (More than the twelve labours of *Luxury*)

“ Thou shalt not so much as the chaste pummel see

“ Of *Lucrece's* dagger.” —

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness; said to have a *potatoe finger*? — This root, which was in our author's time but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotic, and esteemed a very strong provocative. As the plant is so common now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 780.

“ This plant which is called of some *Skyrrits* of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes* — There is not any that hath written of this plant — therefore, I refer the description there-

of unto those that shall hereafter have further knowledge of the same. Yet I have had in my garden divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange in London) where they flourished until winter, at which time they perished and rotted. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Some, when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure *bodily lust, and that with greediness.*"

Drayton, in the 20th song of his *Polyolbion*, introduces the same idea concerning the *skirret* :

"The *skirret*, which, some say, in fallets *stirs the blood.*"

Shakespeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* :

"— Let the sky rain *potatoes*, hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes; let a *tempest of provocation* come."

Ben Jonson mentions *potatoe pies* in *Every Man out of his Humour*, among other good *unctuous meats* :

So J. Heywood, in the *English Traveller*, 1633 :

"Caviare, sturgeon, anchovies, pickled oysters; yes

"And a *potato pie* : besides all these,

"What thinkit rare and costly?"

Again, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633 :

"— truly I think a marrow-bone pye, candied eringoes, preserved *dates*, or *marmalade* of cantharides, were much better harbingers; *cock-sparrows* stew'd, dove's brains, or swan's pizzels, are very *provocative*; ROASTED POTATOES, or boiled *skerrets*, are your only lofty dishes."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635 :

"If she be a woman, marrow-bones and *potatoe-pies* keep me, &c."

Again, in *A Chaste Maid of Cheapside*, by Middleton, 1620 :

"You might have spar'd this banquet of eringoes,

"Artichokes, *potatoes*, and your butter'd crab;

"They were fitter kept for your own wedding dinner."

Again, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611 :

"— a banquet of oyster-pies, *skerret-roots*, *potatoes*, eringoes, and divers other whetstones of venery."

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612 :

"*Potatoes* eke, if you shall lack,

"To corroborate the back."

Again, in *Jack's Drum's Entertainment*, 1601 :

"— by Gor an me had know dis, me woode have eat som *potatos*, or ringoe."

Again, in sir W. D'Avenant's *Lowe and Honour*, 1649 :

"You shall find me a kind of sparrow, widow;

"A barley-corn goes as far as a *potatoe*."

Again, in *The Ghost*, 1640:

“ Then, the fine broths I daily had sent to me,
“ *Potatoe* pasties, lusty marrow-pies, &c.”

Again, in *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

“ Give your play-gull a fool, and my lady her fool,
“ And her usher *potatoes* and marrow.”

Nay, so notorious were the virtues of this root, that W. W., the old translator of the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*, 1595, has introduced them into that comedy. When *Menæchmus* goes to the house of his mistress *Erotium* to bespeak a dinner, he adds, “ Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichockes, and *potato-roots*; let our other dishes be as you please.”

Again, in Greene’s *Disputation between a Hee Conycatcher and a Shee Conycatcher*, 1592: “ I pray you, how many badde profittes againe growes from whoores. Bridewell woulde have verie fewe tenants, the hospittall woulde wante patientes, and the furgians much woorke: the apothecaries woulde have furchaling water and *potato-roots* lye deade on their handes.”

Again, in *Cynthia’s Revels*, by Ben Jonson.

“ — ’tis your only dish, above all your *potatoes* or oyster-pies in the world.”

Again, in the *Elder Brother*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ A banquet—well, *potatoes* and eringoes,
“ And as I take it, cantharides—Excellent!”

Again, in the *Loyal Subject*, by the same authors:

“ Will your lordship please to taste a fine *potato*?
“ ’Twill advance your wither’d state,
“ Fill your honour full of noble itches, &c.”

Again, in *The Martial Maid*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ Will your ladyship have a *potatoe-pie*? ’tis a good stirring dish for an old lady after a long lent.”

Again, in the *Sea Voyage*, by the same authors:

“ ——— Oh, for some eringoes,
“ *Potatoes*, or cantharides!”

Again,

“ See provoking dishes, candied eringoes
“ And *potatoes*.”

Again, in *The Picture*, by Massinger:

“ ——— he hath got a pye
“ Of marrow-bones, *potatoes* and eringoes.”

Again, in Massinger’s *New Way to pay old Debts*:

“ ——— ’tis the quintessence
“ Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen o’ sparrows,
“ Knuckles of veal, *potatoe-roots* and marrow,
“ Coral and ambergis, &c.

Again, in the *Guardian*, by the same author:

“ ——— Po-

“ ————— Potargo,
 “ *Potatoes*, marrow, caviare —”

Again, in the *City Madam*, by the same:

“ ————— prescribes my diet, and foretells
 “ My dreams when I eat *potatoes*.”

Taylor, the *Water poet*, likewise, in his character of a *Barvd*, ascribes the same qualities to this genial root.

Again, Decker in his *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609:

“ *Potato-pies* and custards stood like the sinful suburbs of cookery, &c.”

Again, in *Marston's Satires*, 1599:

“ ————— camphire and lettice chaste,
 “ Are now cashier'd — now Sophi 'ringoes eate,
 “ Candi'd *potatoes* are Athenians' meate.”

Again, in Holinshed's *Chronicle, Description of England*, p. 167:

“ Of the *potato* and such *venerous* roots, &c. I speake not.”

Lastly, in sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596:

“ Perhaps you have been used to your dainties of *potatoes*, of caveare, eringus, plums of Genowa, all which may well encrease your appetite to severall evacuations.”

In the *Good Huswives Jewell*, a book of cookery published in 1596, I find the following receipt to make a *tarte that is a courage to a man or woman*:

“ Take two *quinces* and two or three *burre* rootes, and a POTATON; and pare your POTATON and scrape your roots and put them into a quarte of wine, and let them boyle till they bee tender and put in an ounce of *dates*, and when they be boiled tender, drawe them through a strainer, wine and all, and then put in the yolkes of eight egges, and the braynes of three or four *cocke-sparrowes*, and straine them into the other, and a little rose-water, and seeth them all with sugar, cinnamon, and ginger, and cloves and mace; and put in a little sweet butter, and set it upon a chafing-dish of coles between two platters, to let it boyle till it be something bigge.”

Gerard elsewhere observes in his *Herbal*, that “ *potatoes* may serve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar-baker may worke and frame many comfortable conserves and *restorative* sweetmeats.”

The same venerable botanist likewise adds, that *the stalk of clot-burre* “ being eaten rawe with salt and pepper, or boiled in the broth of fat meat, is pleasant to be eaten, and *stirreth up* *venercal* motions. It likewise strengtheneth the *back*, &c.”

Speaking of *dates*, he says, that “ thereof be made divers excellent cordial comfortable and nourishing medicines, and that procure *lust of the body very mightily*.” He also mentions *quinces* as having the same virtues.

We may likewise add, that Shakespeare's own authority for the efficacy of *quinces* and *dates* is not wanting. He has certainly in-

introduced them both as proper to be employed in the wedding dinner of Paris and Juliet:

“ They call for *dates* and *quinces* in the pastry.”

It appears from Dr. Campbell's *Political Survey of Great Britain*, that *potatoes* were brought into Ireland about the year 1610, and that they came first from Ireland into Lancashire. It was however forty years before they were much cultivated about London. At this time they were distinguished from the Spanish by the name of *Virginia potatoes*,—or *battatas*, which is the Indian denomination of the Spanish sort. The Indians in Virginia called them *openauk*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who planted them in Ireland. Authors differ as to the nature of this vegetable, as well as in respect of the country from whence it originally came. Switzer calls it *Sisarum Peruvianum*, i. e. the *skirret of Peru*. Dr. Hill says it is a *solanum*, and another very respectable naturalist conceives it to be a *native of Mexico*.

The accumulation of instances in this note is to be regarded as a proof how often dark allusions might be cleared up, if commentators were diligent in their researches. COLLINS.

CYMBELINE.

Persons Represented.

Cymbeline, *king of Britain.*

Cloten, *son to the queen by a former husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *a gentleman married to the princess.*

Belarius, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

Guiderius, } *disguised under the names of Polydore and*
Arviragus, } *Cadwall, supposed sons to Belarius.*

Philario, *an Italian, friend to Posthumus.*

Iachimo, *friend to Philario.*

Caius Lucius, *ambassador from Rome.*

Pisanio, *servant to Posthumus.*

A French Gentleman.

Cornelius, *a Physician.*

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*

Helen, *woman to Imogen.*

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, a Tribune, Apparitions,
a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other
Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain ; sometimes in Italy.*

C Y M B E L I N E.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Cymbeline's palace in Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* ² You do not meet a man, but frowns :
our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers',
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter ?

1 *Gent.*

¹ Mr. *Pope* supposed the story of this play to have been borrow'd from a novel of *Boccace*; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled, *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from *Shakespeare*, though they concur in the more considerable parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston*. STEEVENS.

² *You do not meet a man, but frowns: our BLOODS
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem, as does the king's.*] The thought is this: we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather, but by the king's looks. *We no more obey the heavens* [the sky] *than our courtiers obey the heavens* [God]. By which it appears that the reading—*our bloods*, is wrong. For though the *blood* may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is discovered not by change of colour, but by change of countenance. And it is the outward not the inward change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *seem*. We should read therefore :

OUR BROWS

No more obey the heavens, &c.

Which is evident from the precedent words,

You do not meet a man but *frowns*.

And

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
whom

He

And from the following,

————— But not a courtier,
Altho' they wear their *faces* to the *bent*
Of the king's *look*, but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they *scowl* at. ———

The *Oxford Editor* improves upon this emendation, and reads,
————— our *looks*

No more obey the *heart* ev'n than our courtiers.

But by venturing too far, at a second emendation, he has stript it
of all thought and sentiment. WARBURTON.

This passage is so difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animosity or shame. Of the two emendations proposed, Hammer's is the more licentious; but he makes the sense clear, and leaves the reader an easy passage. Dr. Warburton has corrected with more caution, but less improvement: his reasoning upon his own reading is so obscure and perplexed, that I suspect some injury of the press.—I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines stand as they were originally written, and that a paraphrase, such as the licentious and abrupt expressions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unnecessary. *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods—our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—no more obey the laws of heaven,—which direct us to appear what we really are,—than our courtiers;—that is, than the bloods of our courtiers; but our bloods, like theirs,—still seem, as doth the king's.* JOHNSON.

In the *Yorkshire Tragedy* 1619, which has been attributed to Shakespeare, *blood* appears to be used for *inclination*:

“ For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden.”

Again, in *K. Lear*, act IV. sc. ii.

“ ——— Were it my fitness

“ To let these hands obey my *blood*.”

In *K. Henry VIII.* act III. sc. iv. is the same thought:

“ — subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,

“ As I saw it inclin'd.” STEEVENS.

I would propose to make this passage clear by a very slight alteration, only leaving out the last letter:

You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers

Still seem, as does the *king*. ———

That is, *Still look as the king does*; or, as he expresses it a little differently afterwards:

————— wear their *faces* to the *bent*

Of the king's *look*. TYRWHITT.

The

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the
queen,

That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* ³ I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush

The original reading was probably this:

— our bloods

No more obey the heavens; *they are* courtiers:

Still seem as does the king's.

i. e. our countenances no longer depend on each *skye* influence,
by which in the ordinary course of things they are regulated; they
are become mere courtiers: still are dress'd either in smiles or
frowns, according to *the bent of the king's look*. MALONE.

³ I DO EXTEND *him, sir; within himself;*] I extend him
within himself: my praise, however *extensive*, is *within* his me-
rit. JOHNSON.

Perhaps this passage may be somewhat illustrated by the fol-
lowing lines in *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii:

“ ——— no man is the lord of any thing,

“ ‘Till

Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o'the time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand: for which, their
father

(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learning that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: ⁴ Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
⁵ A glass that feated them; and to the graver,

A child

“ 'Till he communicate his parts to others:

“ Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,

“ 'Till he behold them form'd in the applause

“ Where they are *extended*,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *liv'd in court,*

(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd:] This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree loved and praised, is truly rare. JOHNSON.

⁵ *A glass that featur'd them; ———*] Such is the reading in all the modern editions, I know not by whom first substituted, for
A glass that *feared* them; ———

I have displaced *featur'd*, though it can plead long prescription, because I am inclined to think that *feared* has the better title.

Mir-

A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,
 For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him

Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king ?

1 *Gent.* His only child.

He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen ; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

Mirrou was a favourite word in that age for an *example*, or a *pattern*, by noting which the manners were to be formed, as dress is regulated by looking in a glass. When Don Bellianis is stiled *The Mirrou* of *Knighthood*, the idea given is not that of a glass in which every knight may behold his own resemblance, but an example to be viewed by knights as often as a glass is looked upon by girls ; to be viewed, that they may know, not what they are, but what they ought to be. Such a glass may *feare* the more mature, as displaying excellencies which they have arrived at maturity without attaining. To *feare*, is here, as in other places, to *fright*.

If *feated* be the right word, it must, I think, be explained thus : a glass that formed them ; a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners. JOHNSON.

Feated is the old reading.

This passage may be well explained by another in the first part of *King Henry IV* :

—— He was indeed the glass
 Wherein the noble youths did dress themselves.

Again, Ophelia describes Hamlet, as

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form.

To dress themselves therefore may be to form themselves.

Dresser, in French, is to form. To *dress* a Spaniel is to break him in.

Feat is nice, exact. So in the *Tempest* :

—— look, how well my garments fit upon me,
 Much feater than before.

To *feat* therefore may be a verb meaning—to render nice, exact : by the dress of Posthumus, even the more mature courtiers condescended to regulate their external appearance. STEEVENS.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!

So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-cy'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
(Always

(¹ Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me : You must be gone ;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
O, lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
'Than doth become a man ! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's ;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
² Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure :—Yet I'll move him
[*Aside.*
To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow : Adieu !

¹ (*Always reserv'd my holy duty*)—] I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty. JOHNSON.

² *Though ink be made of gall.*] Shakespeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable galls used in ink, with the animal gall, supposed to be bitter. JOHNSON.

The poet might mean either the *vegetable* or the *animal galls* with equal propriety, as the *vegetable* gall is bitter ; and I have seen an ancient receipt for making ink, beginning, "Take of the black juice of the gall of oxen two ounces," &c. STEEVENS.

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
 This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
 But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
 When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?—
 You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
 And fear up ³ my embracements from a next
 With bonds of death !—Remain, remain thou here
 [Putting on the ring.]
 * While sense can keep it on ! And sweetest, fairest,
 As I my poor self did exchange for you,
 To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
 I still win of you : For my sake, wear this ;
 It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.]
 Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O, the gods !—
 When shall we see again ?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king !

³ *And fear up my embracements from a next
 With bonds of death !—*] Shakespeare may poetically call
 the *cere-cloths* in which the dead are wrapp'd, *the bonds of death*.
 If so, we should read *cere* instead of *fear*.

Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
 Have burst their *cerements* ?

⁴ *To fear up*, is properly to *close up by burning* ; but in this
 passage the poet may have dropp'd that idea, and used the word
 simply for to *close up*. STEEVENS.

* *While sense can keep thee on !—*], The folio (the only an-
 cient and authentic copy of this play) reads :

While sense can keep it on !—

which I believe to be right. The expression means, *while sense
 can maintain its operations ; while sense continues to have power*.

STEEVENS.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my fight!

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st: Away!

Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!

And bless the good remainders of the court!

I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; 'thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; ⁵ a touch more rare

Subdues

⁵ ———— *thou heapest*

A year's age on me!] Dr. Warburton reads:

A yare age on me.

It seems to me, even from Skinner, whom he cites, that *yare* is used only as a personal quality. Nor is the authority of Skinner sufficient, without some example, to justify the alteration. Hanmer's reading is better, but rather too far from the original copy:

——— *thou heapest* many

A year's age on me.

I read:

——— *thou heap'st*

Years, ages, *on me.* JOHNSON.

I would receive Dr. Johnson's emendation: he is however mistaken when he says that *yare* is used only as a personal quality. See *Antony and Cleopatra*:

Their ships are *yare*, yours heavy.

Yare, however, will by no means apply to Dr. Warburton's sense.

STEEVENS.

⁶ ———— *a touch more rare*

Subdues all pangs, all fears.] *Rare* is used often for *eminently good*; but I do not remember any passage in which it stands for *eminently bad*. May we read:

——— *a touch more near.*

"*Cura deam propior luctusque domesticus angit.*" *Ovid.*

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a ⁷ puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made
my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus;
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is

Shall we try again:

— a touch more rare,

Crudum vulnus. But of this I know not any example. There is yet another interpretation, which perhaps will remove the difficulty. *A touch more rare*, may mean *a nobler passion*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act I. sc. ii.

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent *touches*,
Do strongly speak to us.

Again, in the *Tempest*:

Hast thou, which art but air, a *touch*, a feeling
Of their afflictions? &c.

A *touch* is not unfrequently used, by other ancient writers, in this sense. So in Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph*, a masque, 1623;

“ You must not, Phillis, be so sensible

“ Of these small *touches* which your passion makes.”

“ — Small *touches*, Lydia! do you count them small?”

Again:

“ When pleasure leaves a *touch* at last

“ To shew that it was ill,”

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

“ So deep we feel impressed in our blood

“ That *touch* which nature with our breath did give.”

A *touch more rare* is undoubtedly a *more exquisite feeling*; a superior sensation. STEEVENS.

? — a puttock.] A kite. JOHNSON.

A man

A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, fir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I
were

A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!

They were again together: you have done

[*To the queen.*

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet soveraign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some com-
fort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[*Exit.*

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, fir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his
part.—

To draw upon an exile !—O brave fir !—
 I would they were in Africk both together ;
 Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
 The goer back. Why came you from your master ?

Pis. On his command : He would not suffer me
 To bring him to the haven : left these notes
 Of what commands I should be subject to,
 When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
 Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour,
 He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you, speak
 with me :

You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard :
 For this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III,

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt ; the
 violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice :
 Where air comes out, air comes in : there's none
 abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
 Have I hurt him ?

2 Lord. No, faith ; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Hurt him ? his body's a passable carcass,
 if he be not hurt : it is a thorough-fare for steel, if it
 be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt ; it went o' the back-
 side the town.

[*Aside.*]

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord.

2 Lord. No ; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*

1 Lord. Stand you ! You have land enough of your own : but he added to your having ; gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans : Puppies ! [*Aside.*

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me !

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. [*Aside.*

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, ⁸ her beauty and her brain go not together : ⁹ She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*

⁸ — *her beauty and her brain, &c.*] I believe the lord means to speak a sentence, “ Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together.” JOHNSON.

⁹ — *She's a good sign, —*] If *sign* be the true reading, the poet means by it *constellation*, and by *reflection* is meant *influence*. But I rather think, from the answer, that he wrote *shine*. So, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“ As if, from thence, they borrowed all their *shine*.”

WARBURTON.

There is acuteness enough in this note, yet I believe the poet meant nothing by *sign*, but *fair outward shew*. JOHNSON.

The same allusion is common to other writers. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

“ ——— a common trull,

“ A tempting *sign*, and curiously set forth

“ To draw in riotous guests.”

Again, in the *Elder Brother*, by the same authors :

“ Stand still, thou *sign* of man. — ”

To understand the whole force of Shakespeare's idea, it should be remember'd that anciently almost every *sign* had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism, underneath it. STEEVENS.

Clot.

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Imogen's apartments.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

' ————— 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. —] i. e. Should one of his letters miscarry, the loss would be as great as that of offer'd mercy. But the Oxford Editor amends it thus:

————— 'twere a paper lost,
With offer'd mercy in it. WARBURTON.

I believe the poet's meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemn'd criminal.

A thought resembling this occurs in *All's well that ends well*:

" Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried."

Dr. Warburton's opinion may, however, be supported from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, b. iii. l. 185:

" The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd

" Their sinful state, and to appease betimes

" Th' incens'd deity, while offer'd grace

" Invites." STEEVENS.

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; ² for so long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him; ³ 'till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:

² ——— for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others.——] But how could Posthumus
make himself distinguished by his ear to Pisanio? By his tongue
he might to the other's ear: and this was certainly Shakespeare's
intention. We must therefore read:

As he could make me with *this* eye or ear,
Distinguish him from others.——

The expression is *διετινάω*, as the Greeks term it: the party
speaking points to that part spoken of. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer alters it thus:

——— for so long

As he could *mark* me with his eye, or I
Distinguish———

The reason of Hanmer's reading was, that Pisanio describes no ad-
dress made to the ear. JOHNSON.

³ ——— 'till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:] The diminution of
space, is the diminution of which space is the cause. Trees are
killed by a blast of lightning, that is, by *blasting*, not *blasted*
lightning. JOHNSON.

Nay,

Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his ⁴ next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him
swear,

The she's of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; ⁵ or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
⁶ Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter

⁴ ——— next vantage.] Next opportunity. JOHNSON,

⁵ ——— or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss, which I had set

Betwixt two charming words; ———] Dr. Warburton pronounces as absolutely as if he had been present at their parting, that these two charming words were *adieu Posthumus*; but as Mr. Edwards has observed, “she must have understood the language of love very little, if she could find no tenderer expression of it, than the name by which every one called her husband.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Shakes all our buds from growing.*] A bud, without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits. JOHNSON.

——— *the tyrannous breathing of the north,*

Shakes all our buds from growing.

A great critic proposes to read:

Shuts all our buds from blowing;

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dis-
patch'd:—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

R O M E.

An apartment in Philario's house.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a Frenchman⁷.

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain; he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endow-

and his emendation may in some measure be confirmed by those beautiful lines in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, which I have no doubt were written by Shakespeare. Emilia is speaking of a *rose*:

“It is the very emblem of a maid.

“For when the *west* wind courts her gently,

“How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

“With her chaste blushes?—when the *north* comes near
her

“Rude and impatient, then like charity,

“She *shuts* her beauties in her *bud* again,

“And leaves him to base briars.” FARMER.

I think the old reading may be sufficiently supported by the following passage in the 18th Sonnet of our author:

“Rough winds do *shake* the darling *buds* of May.”

Again, in the *Taming of a Shrew*:

“Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds *shake* fair *buds*.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ —and a Frenchman.] The old copy reads— a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard. STEEVENS.

ments

ments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which ⁸ makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own) ⁹ words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, ¹ under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar ² without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all,

⁸ — makes him —] In the sense in which we say, This will make or mar you. JOHNSON.

⁹ — words him — a great deal from the matter.] Makes the description of him very distant from the truth. JOHNSON.

¹ — under her colours, —] Under her banner; by her influence. JOHNSON.

² — without more quality. —] The folio reads *less quality*. Mr. Rowe first made the alteration. STEEVENS.

be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad ³ I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; ⁴ rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in

³ ——— *I did atone, &c.*] To *atone* signifies in this place to *reconcile*. So Ben. Jonson, in *The Silent Woman*:

“ There had been some hope to *atone* you.”

Again, in Heywood's *English Traveller*, 1633:

“ The constable is call'd to *atone* the broil.”

Again,

“ Yet for thy sake I am *aton'd* with all.” STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, &c.*] This is expressed with a kind of fantastical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself. JOHNSON.

publick, ⁵ which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; ⁶ though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. ⁷ If she went before others I have

⁵ — *which may, without contradiction,* —] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *though I profess, &c.*] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer.

JOHNSON.

⁷ — *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many,* —] What? if she did really excel others, could he not believe she did excel them? Nonsense. We must strike out the negative, and the sense will be this, "I can easily believe your mistress excels many, tho' she be not the most excellent; just as I see that diamond of yours is of more value than many I have beheld, though I know there are other diamonds of much greater value." WARBURTON.

The old reading, I think, may very well stand; and I have therefore replaced it. "If (says Iachimo) your mistress went before some others I have seen, only in the same degree your diamond outlustres many I have likewise seen, I should not admit

have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a

mit on that account that she excelled many: but I ought not to make myself the judge of who is the fairest lady, or which is the brightest diamond, till I have beheld the finest of either kind which nature has hitherto produced." The passage is not nonsense. It was the business of Iachimo to appear on this occasion as an infidel to beauty, in order to spirit Posthumus to lay the wager, and therefore will not admit of her excellence on any comparison.

The author of *The Revival* would read:

I could but believe. ——— STEEVENS.

I should explain the sentence thus: "Though your lady excelled as much as your diamond, *I could not believe she excelled many*; that is, I too could yet believe that there are many whom she did not excel." But I yet think Dr. Warburton right.

JOHNSON.

courtier, ¹ to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal ²abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. ³Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the ³ approbation of what I have spoke.

¹ ——— to convince the honour of my mistress; ———] Convince, for overcome. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— their malady convinces

“ The great essay of art.” JOHNSON.

² —abus'd—] Deceiv'd. JOHNSON.

³ —approbation—] Proof. JOHNSON.

Post. What lady would you chuse to assail ?

Iach. Yours ; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it : my ring I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it.

Iach. ⁴ You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting : But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue : you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches ; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you ?—I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return :—Let there be covenants drawn between us : My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match : here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one :—⁵ If I bring you no sufficient

* *You are a friend, and therein the wiser.*—] I correct it :

You are afraid, and therein the wiser.

What Iachimo says, in the close of his speech, determines this to have been our poet's reading :

— But, I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

WARBURTON.

You are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard ; and that you fear, is a proof of your religious fidelity. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Iach.* — If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours ; so is your diamond too : if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours, &c.

sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;— provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain uneduc'd, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold,

Post. *I embrace these conditions, &c.*] This was a wager between the two speakers. Iachimo declares the conditions of it; and Posthumus embraces them, as well he might; for Iachimo mentions only *that* of the two conditions which was favourable to Posthumus, namely, that if his wife preserved her honour he should win: concerning the other, in case she preserved it not, Iachimo, the accurate expounder of the wager, is silent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him sharp enough in the prosecution of his bet, we should strike out the negative, and read the rest thus: *If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd, &c. my ten thousand ducats are mine; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour, &c. she your jewel, &c. and my gold are yours.* WARBURTON.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that Shakespeare intended that Iachimo, having gained his purpose, should designedly drop the invidious and offensive part of the wager, and to flatter Posthumus, dwell long upon the more pleasing part of the representation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both.

JOHNSON.

and

and starve : I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus, and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you ?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers ;

Make haste : Who has the note of them ?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.— [*Exeunt ladies.*]

Now, master doctor ; have you brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam :

But I beseech your grace, (without offence ;
My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death ;
But, though slow, deadly ?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question : Have I not been
Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes ? distill ? preserve ? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions ? I will try the forces

⁶ *Other conclusions?* —] Other experiments. I commend, says
Waton, an angler that tries conclusions, and improves his art.

JOHNSON.

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects,

Cor. ⁷ Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside,*
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way,

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—

Cor. [*Aside.*] ⁸ I do not like her. She doth think,
she has

Strange

⁷ *Your highness*

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:] There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men that have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor. JOHNSON.

⁸ *I do not like her.*—] This soliloquy is very inartificial. The speaker is under no strong pressure of thought; he is neither resolving, repenting, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows.

JOHNSON.

I do

Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damn'd nature : Those, she has,
 Will stupify and dull the sense a while :
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and
 dogs ;

Then afterward up higher : but there is
 No danger in what shew of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
 Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou
 think, in time

She will not quench ; and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :
 When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master : greater ; for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp : Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is : ' to shift his being,
 Is to exchange one misery with another ;
 And every day, that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him : What shalt thou expect,
 To be depend on a thing ' that leans ?

I do not like her.——] This soliloquy, however inartificial in respect of the speaker, is yet necessary to prevent that uneasiness which would naturally arise in the mind of an audience on recollection that the queen had mischievous ingredients in her possession, unless they were undeceiv'd as to the quality of them ; and it is no less useful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life. STEEVENS.

' ——*to shift his being,*] To change his abode. JOHNSON.

' ——*that leans ?*] That *inclines* towards its fall. JOHNSON.

Who cannot be new built ; nor has no friends,
 [The Queen drops a phial : Pisanio takes it up.
 So much as but to prop him ?—Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :
 It is a thing I make, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death ; I do not know
 What is more cordial :—Nay, I pry'thee, take it ;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself.
 2 Think what a chance thou changest on ; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still ; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women :

[Exit Pisanio.

Think on my words.—A fly, and constant knave ;
 Not to be shak'd : the agent for his master ;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 3 Of leigers for her sweet ; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

2 *Think what a chance thou changest on ;——*] Such is the reading of the old copy, which by succeeding editors has been altered into,

Think what a *chance* thou *chancest* on ;——
 and Think what a *change* thou *chancest* on ;——
 but unnecessarily. The meaning is : “ think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service.” STEEVENS.

3 *Of leigers for her sweet ;——*] A *leiger* ambassador, is one that resides at a foreign court to promote his master's interest.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ —— Lord Angelo

“ Intends you for his swift ambassador ;

“ Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.” STEEVENS,

Re-enter

Re-enter Pisanio, and ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done :
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet :—Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do :

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself : there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

Imogen's apartment.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
A foolish sutor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd ;—O, that husband !
My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy ! ⁴ but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious : ⁵ Blessed be those,

How

⁴ —but most miserable

Is the desire that's glorious : —] Her husband, she says, proves her supreme grief. She had been happy had she been stolen as her brothers were, but now she is miserable, as all those are who have a sense of worth and honour superior to the vulgar, which occasions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthless part of mankind. Had she not so refined a taste as to be content only with the superior merit of Posthumus, but could have taken up with Cloten, she might have escaped these persecutions. This elegance of taste, which always discovers an excellence and chuses it, she calls with great sublimity of expression, *The desire that's glorious* ; which the Oxford editor not understanding, alters to, *The degree that's glorious*. WARBURTON.

⁵ —Blessed be those,

How mean so'er, that have their honest wills,

Which seasons comfort, —] The last words are equivocal ;
but

How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Gives a letter.*]

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [*Aside.*]
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

but the meaning is this: Who are beholden only to the seasons for their support and nourishment; so that, if those be kindly, such have no more to care for or desire. WARBURTON.

I am willing to comply with any meaning that can be extorted from the present text, rather than change it, yet will propose, but with great diffidence, a slight alteration:

———— Bless'd be those,

How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,

With reason's comfort. —

Who gratify their innocent wishes with reasonable enjoyments.

JOHNSON.

I shall venture at another explanation, which, as the last words are admitted to be equivocal, may be proposed. "To be able to refine on calamity (says she) is the miserable privilege of those who are educated with aspiring thoughts and elegant desires. Blessed are they, however mean their condition, who have the power of gratifying their honest inclinations, which circumstance bestows an additional relish on comfort itself."

"You lack the *season* of all natures, sleep." *Macbeth.*

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"—— the memory of misfortunes past

"*Seasons* the welcome." ——— STEEVENS.

Imogen

Imogen reads.

— He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses
I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly,
as you value your trust.

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud :
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully,—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them
eyes

[*Aside.*

To see this vaulted arch, ⁶ and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, ⁷ and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach ? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo.

⁶ — and the rich crop

[*Of sea and land,*—] He is here speaking of the covering
of sea and land. Shakespeare therefore wrote :

— and the rich cope. WARBURTON.

Surely no emendation is necessary. The vaulted arch is alike
the cope or covering of sea and land. When the poet had spoken
of it once, could he have thought this second introduction of it
necessary ? The crop of sea and land means only the productions
of either element. STEEVENS.

⁷ — and the twinn'd stones

[*Upon the number'd beach ?*—] I have no idea in what sense
the beach, or shore, should be called number'd. I have ventured,
against all the copies, to substitute :

Upon th' unnumber'd beach ?—

i. e. the infinite extensive beach, if we are to understand the epi-
thet as coupled to that word. But, I rather think, the poet in-
tended an *hypallage*, like that in the beginning of *Ovid's Meta-*
morphoses :

“(In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
“ Corpora.)”——

And

Imo. What makes your admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye ; for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other : Nor i' the judgment ;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite : Nor i' the appetite ;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo.

And then we are to understand the passage thus: *and the infinite number of twinn'd stones upon the beach.* THEOBALD.

Upon th' unnumber'd beach ?] Sense and the antithesis oblige us to read this nonsense thus :

Upon the *humbled* beach ? —————

i. e. because daily insulted with the flow of the tide.

WARBURTON.

I know not well how to regulate this passage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd stones* I do not understand. *Twinn'd shells*, or *pairs of shells*, are very common. For *twinn'd* we might read *twinn'd*; that is, *twisted*, *convolved*: but this sense is more applicable to shells than to stones. JOHNSON.

The pebbles on the sea shore are so much of the same size and shape, that *twinn'd* may mean as like as *twins*. So in the *Maid of the Mill*, by B and Fletcher :

——“ But is it possible that two faces

“ Should be so *twinn'd* in form, complexion, &c.

Again in our author's *Coriolanus*, act IV. sc. iv :

Are still together, who *twinn'd* as 'twere, in love.

The author of *The Revival* conjectures the poet might have written *spurn'd* stones. He might possibly have written that or any other word. — In *Coriolanus* a different epithet is bestowed on the beach :

“ Then let the pebbles on the *hungry* beach

“ Fillop the stars —————”

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. vi. c. 7.

“ But as he lay upon the *humbled* grass.” STEEVENS.

I think we may read the *umbered*, the *shaded* beach. This word is met with in other places. FARMER.

Should make desire vomit emptiness,

Not so allur'd to feed.] i. e. that appetite, which is not allured to feed on such excellence, can have no stomach at all ; but, though empty, must nauseate every thing. WARBURTON.

Imo. What is the matter, trow ?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiety yet unsatisfy'd desire,
That tub both fill'd and running) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear fir,
Thus raps you ? Are you well ?

Iach. Thanks, madam ; well :—'Beseech you, fir,
[*To Pisanio.*

Desire my man's abode where I did leave him :
° He's strange, and peevish.

Pis.

I explain this passage in a sense almost contrary. Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has shewn how the *eyes* and the *judgment* would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the present mistress of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be *not so allured to feed*, but, seized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptiness*, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being un-fed, it had nothing to eject.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have both taken the pains to give their different senses of this passage ; but I am still unable to comprehend how desire, or any other thing, can be made to *vomit emptiness*. I rather believe the passage should be read thus :

Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit, emptiness
Not so *allure* to feed.

That is, Should *not so*, [in such circumstances] *allure* [even] *emptiness to feed*. TYRWHITT.

This is not ill conceived ; but I think my own explanation right. *To vomit emptiness* is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude. JOHNSON.

We might read—*vomit to emptiness*. The oddity and indelicacy of this passage may be kept in countenance by the following circumstance in the tragedy of *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578 :

“ Now will I essay to *vomit* if I can ;

“ Let him hold your head, and I will hold your stomach, &c.”

“ *Here money shall make as though he would vomit.*”

Again : “ *Here pleasure shall make as though he would vomit.*”

STEEVENS.

° *He's strange, and peevish.*] He is a foreigner, and easily fretted. JOHNSON.

Strange

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech
you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamefome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller¹.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces²
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton

Strange, I believe, signifies *shy* or *backward*. So Holinshed, p. 735: "——brake to him his mind in this mischievous matter, in which he found him nothing *strange*."

Peevish anciently meant weak, silly. So in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591: "Never was any so *peevish* to imagine the moon either capable of affection, or shape of a mistress." Again, in Lylly's *Galatea*, when a man has given a conceited answer to a plain question, Diana says, "let him alone, he is but *peevish*." Again, in *Love's Metamorphosis* by Lylly, 1601: "In the heavens I saw an orderly course, in the earth nothing but disorderly love and *peevishness*." Again, in Goffon's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "We have infinite poets and pipers, and such *peevish* cattel among us in Englande." Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"How now! a madman! why thou *peevish* sheep,

"No ship of Epidamnum stays for me." STEEVENS.

¹ —— *he is call'd*

The Briton reveller.] So, in Chaucer's *Coke's Tale*, late edit. v. 4369:

"That he was cleped Perkin *revelour*." STEEVENS.

² —— *he furnaces*

The thick sighs from him; ——] So in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "——*furnaceth* the univerfall sighes and complaintes of this transposed world."

STEEVENS.

(Your

(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs,
cries, O!

*Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be,—will his free hours languish
For assur'd bondage?*

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens
know,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, fir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, fir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, fir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know

Something

Something of me, or what concerns me; Pray you,
 (Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
 Than to be sure they do: For certainties
 Either are past remedies; or, ³ timely knowing,
 The remedy then born) discover to me
⁴ What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch
 Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
 To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs ⁵
 That mount the Capitol; ⁶ join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falshood (falshood, as
 With labour) then lie peeping in an eye,

Base

³ ——— *timely knowing,*] Rather *timely known.* JOHNSON.

⁴ *What both you spur and stop.*] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it. JOHNSON.

What both you spur and stop.] I think Imogen means to enquire what is that news, that intelligence, or information, you profess to bring, and yet withhold: at least I think Dr. Johnson's explanation a mistaken one, for Imogen's request supposes Iachimo an agent, not a patient. Sir J. HAWKINS.

I think my explanation true. JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— *as common as the stairs*

That mount the Capitol; —] Shakespear has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial phrase "as common as the high-way."

STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *join gripes with hands, &c.*] The old edition reads

————— join gripes with hands

Made hard with hourly falshood (*(falshood as*
 With labour) then *by* peeping in an eye, &c.

I read,

————— then *lye* peeping ———

The author of the present regulation of the text I do not know, but have suffered it to stand, though not right. *Hard with falshood* is, hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands. JOHNSON.

————— *join gripes with hands*

Made hourly hard by falshood, as by labour;

Then glad myself with peeping in an eye,] Mr. Rowe first regu-

Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow ; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change ; but 'tis your graces
That, from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deareſt ſoul ! your cauſe doth ſtrike my
heart
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A lady
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery¹,
Would make the greateſt king double ! to be part-
ner'd
With tomboys²,³ hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which

regulated the paſſage thus, as it has been handed down by ſuc-
ceeding editors ; but the repetition which they wiſhed to avoid, is
now reſtored, for if it be not abſolute nonſenſe, why ſhould we re-
fuſe to follow the old copy ? STEEVENS.

¹ — to an empery,] *Empery* is a word ſignifying ſovereign
command ; now obſolete. Shakeſpeare uſes it in another play ;
“ Your right of birth, your *empery*, your own.”

STEEVENS.

² *With tomboys,*] We ſtill call a maſculine, a forward girl, a
tomboy. So in Middleton's *Game at Cheſs*, 1625 :

“ Made threeſcore year a *tomboy*, a mere wanton.”

Again, in Lylly's *Midas*, 1592 : “ If thou ſhould'ſt rigg up and
down in our jackets, thou would'ſt be thought a very *tomboy*.”

Again, in *Lady Alimony* :

“ What humourous *tomboys* be theſe ? —

“ The only gallant Meſſalipas of our age.”

It appears, from ſeveral of the old plays, that the ladies of
pleaſure, in the time of Shakeſpeare, often went abroad in the
habits of young men. Verſtegan, however, gives the following ety-
mology of the word *tomboy*. “ *Tumbe*. To dance. *Tumbod*, danced ;
heerof wee yet call a wench that ſkippeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a
tomboy : our name alſo of *tumbling* cometh from hence.”

STEEVENS.

— *bir'd*

Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
 That play with all infirmities for gold
 Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff*,
 As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
 Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
 (As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
 How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
 In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it.
 I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
 More noble than that runagate to your bed
 And will continue fast to your affection,
 Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips⁴.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
 So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
 Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honour; and
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
 Thee and the devil alike:—What ho, Pisanio!—

³ ——— *bir'd with that self-exhibition*] *Gross strumpets*, hired with the *very person* which you allow your husband. JOHNSON.

* — *such boil'd stuff*,] So in the *Old Law* by Massinger:

“ — look parboil'd,

“ As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Let me my service tender on your lips.*] Perhaps this is an allusion to the ancient custom of swearing servants into noble families. So in *Caltha Poetarum*, &c. 1599:

“ ——— she swears him to his good abearing,

“ Whilst her faire sweet lips were the books of swearing.”

STEEVENS.

The

The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A faucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest fir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He fits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath

^s *As in a Romish stew,—*] The stews of Rome are deservedly censured by the reformed. This is one of many instances in which Shakespeare has mingled the manners of distant ages in this play. JOHNSON.

Romish was in the time of Shakespeare used instead of *Roman*. There were stews at Rome in the time of Augustus. The same phrase occurs in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

“ ——— my mother deem'd me chang'd,

“ Poor woman! in the loathsome *Romish* stews:”

and the author of this piece appears to have been a scholar. Again in *Wit in a Constable*, by Glapthorne, 1640:

“ A *Romish* cirque, or Grecian hippodrome.”

Again in Tho. Drant's translation of the first epistle of the second book of Horace, 1567:

“ The *Romish* people wise in this, in this point only just.”

STEEVENS.

Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
 In the election of a fir so rare,
 Which you know, cannot err : The love I bear him
 Made me to fan you thus ; but the gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, fir : Take my power i' the court
 for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
 To intreat your grace but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends,
 Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
 (The best feather of our wing) have mingled fums,
 To buy a present for the emperor ;
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
 In France : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels,
 Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;
 And I am something curious, ⁶ being strange,
 To have them in safe stowage ; May it please you
 To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;
 And pawn mine honour for their safety : since
 My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
 In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
 Attended by my men : I will make bold
 To send them to you, only for this night ;
 I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,
 By length'ning my return. From Gallia
 I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
 To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;
 But not away to-morrow ?

Iach. O, I must, madam :

⁶ —being strange,] i. e. being a stranger. STEEVENS.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :
I have out-stood my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.

Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you : You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I
kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away !
I had a hundred pound on't : And then a whore-
son jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as
if I borrow'd my oaths of him, and might not spend
them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that ? You have broke
his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it,
it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

⁷ ——— *kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast,* ———] He is describing
his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others
are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a state
of great advantage. JOHNSON.

This expression frequently occurs in the old comedies. So, in
A Woman never vex'd, by Rowley, 1632 :

“ This city bowler has kiss'd the mistress at the first cast.”

STEEVENS.

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 Lord. ⁸ No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clot. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth, —A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock, that no body can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, ⁹ with your comb on. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be, Who told you of this stranger?

⁸ *No, my lord; &c.*] This, I believe, should stand thus:

1 Lord. No, my lord.

2 Lord. Nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.* JOHNSON.

⁹ ———with your comb on.] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a comb like a cock's. JOHNSON.

[†] ———every companion —] The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. JOHNSON.

1 Lord.

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten, and first Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce² he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

Imogen reading in her bed; a lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

² — he'd make! —] In the old editions:

— hee'ld make! —

Hanmer,

— hell made. —

In which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then : mine eyes are weak :—

Fold down the leaf where I have left : To bed :
Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods !
From fairies³, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye !

[*Sleeps.*]

[*Iachimo, from the trunk.*]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
sense

Repairs itself by rest : ⁴ Our Tarquin thus
⁵ Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

³ *From fairies, &c.*] In Macbeth is a prayer like this :
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose ! STEEVENS.

⁴ —our Tarquin—] The speaker is an Italian.
JOHNSON.

⁵ *Did softly press the rushes, —*] It was the custom in the
time of our author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover
them with carpets. The practice is mentioned in *Caius de Ephe-*
mera Britannica. JOHNSON.

So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 :

“ ———his blood remains.

“ Why strew rushes.”

Again :

“ For in his slip'd shoe I did find some *rushes*.”

Again, in *Buffy D'Ambois*, 1641 :

“ Were not the king here, he should strew the chamber like a
rush.”

Shakespeare has the same circumstance in his *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ ———by the light he spies

“ Lucretia's glove wherein her needle sticks ;

“ He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies,” &c.

The ancient English stage, as appears from more than one passage
in Decker's *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, was strewn with *rushes* :
“ — Salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spread either on
the *rushes* or on stools about you, and drawe what troope you can
from the stage after you.” STEEVENS.

The

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd⁶
 Under these windows: ⁷ White and azure! lac'd
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?
 To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
 Such, and such pictures;—There the window:—

Such

The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures?
 Why, such, and such:—And the contents o' the
 story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 (Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify) to enrich mine inventory.

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!

And be her sense but as a monument,

Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[Taking off her bracelet.]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—

'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the conscience does within,

To the madding of her lord. On her left breast

⁶ —now canopy'd] Shakespeare has the same expression in *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

“ Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,

“ And canopy'd in darkness sweetly lay,

“ 'Till they might open to adorn the day.” MALONE.

⁷ —white and azure! lac'd

With blue of heaven's own tinct.—] We should read:

—white with azure lac'd,

The blue of heaven's own tinct.—] i. e. the white skin
 laced with blue veins. WARBURTON.

A mole cinque-spotted, ⁸ like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip : Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
 ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
 end ?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading late,
 The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where Philomel gave up——I have enough :
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, ⁹ you dragons of the night ! ¹ that
 dawning

May

⁸ —— like the crimson drops

I' the bottom of a cowslip :——] This simile contains the
 smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakespeare was a most accu-
 rate observer of nature. STEEVENS.

⁹ —— you dragons of the night !——] The task of drawing the
 chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their sup-
 posed watchfulness. Milton mentions *the dragon yoke of night* in
St Penferoso ; and in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle* : “ the dragon
 womb of Stygian darkness.” It may be remarked that the whole
 tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear
 to exert a constant vigilance. STEEVENS.

¹ —— that dawning

May bear the raven's eye :——] Some copies read *bare*, or
make bare ; others *ope*. But the true reading is *bear*, a term
 taken from heraldry, and very sublimely applied. The meaning
 is, that morning may assume the colour of the raven's eye, which
 is grey. Hence it is so commonly called the *grey-ey'd morning*.
 And *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ I'll say you grey is not the morning's eye.”

Had Shakespeare meant to *bare* or *open* the eye, that is, to awake,
 he had instanced rather in the lark than raven, as the earlier riser,
 Besides, whether the morning *bared* or *opened* the raven's eye was
 of no advantage to the speaker, but it was of much advantage that
 it should *bear* it, that is, become light. Yet the Oxford editor
 judiciously alters it to :

May *bare* its raven, eye.— WARBURTON.

I have received Hammer's emendation, JOHNSON.

—— that

May bare the raven's eye : I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three :—Time, time !

[*Goes into the trunk : the scene closes.*

S C E N E III,

Another room in the palace.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in
lofs, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble
temper of your lordship ; You are most hot, and fu-
rious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage : If
I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold
enough : It's almost morning, is't not ?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clot. I would this music would come : I am ad-
vis'd to give her music o' mornings ; they say, it will
penetrate.

Enter Musicians,

Come on ; tune : If you can penetrate her with your
fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will
do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a
very excellent good-conceited thing ; after, a wonder-
ful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and
then let her consider,

————— *that dawning*

May bare the raven's eye :—] The old reading is *bears*. The
colour of the *raven's eye* is not *grey*, but totally *black*. This I
affirm on repeated inspection : therefore the poet means no more
than that the light might wake the raven ; or, as it is poetically
expressed, *bare his eye*. STEEVENS.

S O N G.

S O N G.

² Hark! bark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus' gins arise,
³ His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies;

² Hark! bark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,] The same hyperbole occurs in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book v:

“ ——— ye birds

“ That singing up to heaven's gate ascend.”

Again, in Shakespeare's 29th Sonnet:

“ Like to the lark at break of day arising

“ From fullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.”

STEEVENS.

³ His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lies;] i. e. the morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads:

Each *chalic'd* flower supplies;

to escape a false concord: but correctness must not be obtained by such licentious alterations. It may be noted, that the *cup* of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice*. JOHNSON.

——— *those springs*

On chalic'd flowers that lies.] It may be observed, with regard to this apparent false concord, that in very old English, the third person plural of the present tense endeth in *eth*, as well as the singular; and often familiarly in *es*, as might be exemplified from Chaucer, &c. Nor was this antiquated idiom quite worn out in our author's time, as appears from the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,

Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:

as well as from many others in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.

PERCY.

Dr. Percy might have added, that the third person plural of the *Anglo-Saxon* present tense ended in *eth*, and of the *Dano-Saxon* in *es*, which seems to be the original of such very ancient English idioms. TOLLET.

Shakespeare frequently offends in this manner against the rules of grammar. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ She lifts the coffer lids that close his eyes,

“ Where lo, *two lamps*, burnt out, in darkness lies.”

STEEVENS.

And

And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With every thing that ⁴ pretty bin :
 My lady sweet, arise ;
 Arise, arise.

So, get you gone : If this penetrate, I will consider
 your music the better : if it do not, it is a vice in
 her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts ⁶, nor the
 voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter Cymbeline, and Queen.

² Lord. Here comes the king.

Clot. I am glad, I was up so late ; for that's the
 reason I was up so early : He cannot choose but take
 this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow
 to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern
 daughter ?

Will she not forth ?

⁴ ———pretty bin,] is very properly restored by Hammer, for
pretty is : but he too grammatically reads :

With all the things that pretty bin. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, book i. c. 1.

“ That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.”

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584 :

“ Sir, you may boast your flockes and herdes, that bin both
 fresh and fair.”

Again—“ As fresh as bin the flowers in May.” Again,

“ Oenone, while we bin disposed to walk.”

Kirkman ascribes this piece to Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

⁵ ———I will consider your music the better:—] i. e. I will
 pay you more amply for it. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, act IV :

“ ———being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ ———cats-guts,——] The old copy reads——*calves-guts.*

STEEVENS.

Clot.

Clot. I have assail'd her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king ;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter : Frame yourself
To orderly solicits⁷ ; and be friended
With aptness of the season : make denials
Encrease your services : so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless ? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his : We must receive him
According to the honour of his sencer ;
And towards himself, ⁸ his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,

⁷ *To orderly solicits ;—*] i. e. regular courtship, courtship after the established fashion. STEEVENS.

⁸ *—his goodness forespent on us,*] i. e. The good offices done by him to us heretofore. WARBURTON.

Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

[Knocks.

I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves⁹, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose taylors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There's gold for you; sell me your good
report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet
hand.

⁹ —false themselves,—] Perhaps, in this instance, *false* is not an *adjective*, but a *verb*; and as such I think is used in another of our author's plays. Spenser often has it:

“Thou *falsed* hast thy faith with perjury.” STEEVENS.

Imo. Good-morrow, fir : You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness : 'one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. ² To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin ;
I will not,

Imo.

¹ ———one of your great knowing

Should learn, being taught, forbearance.] i. e. A man who
is taught forbearance should learn it. JOHNSON.

² To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin.

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:] But does she really call him
fool? The acutest critic would be puzzled to find it out, as the
text stands. The reasoning is perplexed by a slight corruption,
and we must restore it thus:

Fools cure not mad folks.

You are mad, says he, and it would be a crime in me to leave you
to yourself. Nay, says she, why should you stay? A fool never
cured madness. Do you call me fool? replies he, &c. All this
is easy and natural. And that cure was certainly the poet's word,
I think is very evident from what Imogen immediately sub-
joins :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;

That cures us both.——

i. e. If you'll cease to torture me with your foolish solicitations,
I'll cease to shew towards you any thing like madness; so a dou-
ble cure will be effected of your folly, and my supposed frenzy.

WARBURTON.

Fools

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, fir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being 'so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
² The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) ³ in self-figur'd knot;

Yet

Fools are not mad folks.] This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, *Fools are not mad folks.* STEEVENS.

¹ —so verbal:—] Is, so verbose, so full of talk.

JOHNSON.

² *The contract, &c.]* Here Shakespeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one,

Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen.—

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched. JOHNSON.

³ —in self-figur'd knot;] This is nonsense. We should read:

———— self-finger'd knot;

Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown ; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane fellow !

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignify'd enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clip'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—⁴ How now, Pisanio ?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment ? Now, the devil——

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently :—

Clot. His garment ?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool⁵ ;

i. e. A knot solely of their own tying, without any regard to parents, or other more public considerations. WARBURTON.

But why nonsense ? A *self-figured knot* is a knot formed by yourself. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio ?*] Sir T. Hanmer regulates this line thus :

—— all made such men.

Clot. How now ?

Imo. Pisanio ! JOHNSON.

⁵ *I am sprighted with a fool ;*] i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*. *Over-sprighted* is a word that occurs in *Law-tricks*, &c. 1608. Again in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra* :

—— Julius Cæsar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus *ghosted*. STEEVENS.

Frighted,

Frighted, and anger'd worse :—Go, bid my woman
 Search for ⁶ a jewel, that too casually
 Hath left mine arm ; it was thy master's : shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
 I saw't this morning : confident I am,
 Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kissed it :
 I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go, and search. [Exit *Pisanio*.

Clot. You have abus'd me :—
 His meanest garment ?

Imo. Ay ; I said so, sir :

If you will make't an action, call witnesses to't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too :

She's my good lady ; and will conceive, I hope,
 But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
 To the worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clot. I'll be reveng'd :—

His meanest garment ?—Well. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

R O M E.

An apartment in Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would, I were so sure
 To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
 Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any ; but abide the change of time ;

⁶ ——— a jewel, that too casually

Hath left mine arm ; —] i. e. Too many chances of losing it
 have arisen from my carelessness. WARBURTON.

Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come : In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly : And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist^s though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at : Their discipline
(Now⁹ mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

⁷ Or look ———] This the modern editors had changed into
E'er look. *Or* is used for *e'er*. So Douglas, in his translation of
Virgil:

“ ——— sufferit he also,

“ Or he his goddess brocht in Latio.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Statist*] i. e. Statesman. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— mingled with their courages ———] The old folio has this
odd reading :

————— Their discipline,

(Now wing-led with their courages) will make known.

JOHNSON.

————— Their discipline,

Now wing-led with their courages] May mean their discipline
borrowing wings from their courage ; i. e. their military know-
ledge being animated by their natural bravery. STEEVENS.

¹ To their approvers, ———] i. e. To those who try them.

WARBURTON.

Enter

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

² *Post.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy,

Post. Make not, sir,

² *Post.*] I think this speech should be given to Philario. Posthumus was employed in reading his letters. STEEVENS.

Your loss your sport : I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant : Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further : but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours : If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine ; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not ; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride : A piece of work

So

³ *And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride.* —] This is an agreeable
ridicule on poetical exaggeration, which gives human passions
to inanimate things : and particularly, upon what he himself
writes in the foregoing play on this very subject :

“ ———— And made

“ The water, which they beat, to follow faster,

“ As amorous of their strokes.”

But

So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship, and value ; which, I wonder'd,
 Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
 Since the true life on't was ——

Post. This is true ;

And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
 Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
 Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
 Chaste Dian, bathing : never saw I figures

But the satire is not only agreeably turned, but very artfully employed ; as it is a plain indication, that the speaker is secretly mocking the credulity of his hearer, while he is endeavouring to persuade him of his wife's fallhood. The very same kind of satire we have again, on much the same occasion, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where the false Protheus says to his friend, of his friend's mistress :

“ —— and she hath offer'd to the doom,

“ Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,

“ *A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears.*”

A certain gaiety of heart, which the speaker strives to conceal, breaking out under a satire, by which he would insinuate to his friend the trifling worth of woman's tears. **WARBURTON.**

It is easy to fit down and give our author meanings which he never had. Shakespeare has no great right to censure poetical exaggeration, of which no poet is more frequently guilty. That he intended to ridicule his own lines is very uncertain, when there are no means of knowing which of the two plays was written first. The commentator has contented himself to suppose, that the foregoing play in his book was the play of earlier composition. Nor is the reasoning better than the assertion. If the language of *Iachimo* be such as shews him to be mocking the credibility of his hearer, his language is very improper, when his business was to deceive. But the truth is, that his language is such as a skillful villain would naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shews his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art. **JOHNSON.**

⁴ So likely to report themselves : the cutter
⁵ Was as another nature, dumb ; out-went her,
 Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
 Which you might from relation likewise reap ;
 Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
 With golden cherubims is fretted : Her andirons
 (I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
 Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
 Depending on their brands⁶.

Post. ⁷ This is her honour !—
 Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
 Be given to your remembrance) the description
 Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
 The wager you have laid.

Iach.

⁴ *So likely to report themselves:—*] So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture*. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Was as another nature, dumb;—*] This nonsense should without question be read and pointed thus :

*Has as another nature done; out-went her,
 Motion and breath left out.*

i. e. Has worked as exquisitely, nay has exceeded her, if you will put motion and breath out of the question. WARBURTON.

This emendation I think needless. The meaning is this : The sculptor was as nature, but as nature dumb ; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *_____ nicely
 Depending on their brands.]* I am not sure that I understand this passage. Perhaps Shakespeare meant that the figures of the Cupids were *nicely poised on their inverted torches*, one of the legs of each being taken off the ground, which might render such a support necessary. STEEVENS.

⁷ *This is her honour!—*

Let it be granted you have seen all this, &c.] Iachimo impudently pretends to have carried his point ; and, in confirmation, is very minute in describing to the husband all the furniture and adornments of his wife's bed-chamber. But how is fine furniture any ways a princess's honour ? It is an *apparatus* suitable to her dignity,

Iach. Then, * if you can, [*Pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this
too; [*Gives the ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,

dignity, but certainly makes no part of her character. It might have been called her father's honour, that her allotments were proportioned to her rank and quality. I am persuaded the poet intended Posthumus should say, "This particular description, which you make, cannot convince me that I have lost my wager: your memory is good; and some of these things you may have learned from a third hand, or seen yourself; yet I expect proofs more direct and authentic." I think there is little question but we ought to restore the place as I have done:

What's this t' her honour? THEOBALD.

This emendation has been followed by both the succeeding editors, but I think it must be rejected. The expression is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Posthumus answers with impatience,

This is her honour!

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour. JOHNSON.

* ——— if you can,
Be pale; ———] If you can forbear to flush your cheek
with rage. JOHNSON.

Where

Where there's another man : ° The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing :—
O, above measure false !

Phil. Have patience, fir,
And take your ring again ; 'tis not yet won :
It may be probable, she lost it ; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true ;
And so, I hope, he came by't :—Back my ring ;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true ;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true : ° I am
sure,
She could not lose it : her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable :—They induc'd to steal
it !

And

° — *The vows of women, &c.*] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. JOHNSON.

° — — — *I'm sure*

She could not lose it: her attendants are

All sworn and honourable.—They induc'd to steal it,

And by a stranger!—no,—] The absurd conclusions of jealousy are here admirably painted and exposed. Posthumus, on the credit of a bracelet, and an oath of the party concerned, judges against all appearances from the intimate knowledge of his wife's honour, that she was false to his bed ; and grounds that judgment, at last, upon much less appearances of the honour of her attendants. WARBURTON.

Her attendants are all sworn and honourable.] It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility and other great personages (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office. In the household book of the 5th earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512.) it is expressly ordered [page 49] that “ what person soever he be that comyth to my Lordes service, that incontynent after he be entered

And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her :
 2 The cognizance of her incontinency
 Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
 dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
 Divide themselves between you !

Phil. Sir, be patient :

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
 Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't :

She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast,
 3 (Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging : By my life,
 I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
 To feed again, though full. You do remember
 This stain upon her ?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm

Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
 Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more ?

Post. Spare your arithmetick : never count the
 turns ;

Once, and a million !

tered in the chequyrroull [check-roll] that he be *sworn* in the
 countyng hous by a gentillman-usher or yeman-usher in the pre-
 sence of the hede officers ; and on theire absence before the clerke
 of the kechyng either by such an oath as is in the *Book of Othes*,
 yff any such [oath] be, or ells by such an oth as shall seyme beste
 to their discrecion."

Even now every *servant* of the king's, at his first appointment,
 is sworn in, before a gentleman usher, at the lord chamberlain's
 office. PERCY.

² *The cognizance*——] The badge ; the token ; the visible
 proof. JOHNSON.

³ (*Worthy the pressing*)—] Thus the modern editions. The
 old folio reads,

(*Worthy her pressing*)—— JOHNSON.

Iach.

Iach. I'll be sworn,——

Post. No swearing:—

If you will swear you have not done't, you lye;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father:——I'll do something—— [Exit.

Phil. Quite besides

The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Another room in Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. ' Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this.—Oh vengeance, vengeance!

' *Is there no way, &c.*] Milton was very probably indebted to this speech for one of the sentiments which he has given to Adam. *Paradise Lost*, book x.

“———O why did God,
“ Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
“ With spirits masculine, create at last
“ This novelty on earth, this fair defect
“ Of nature, and not fill the world at once
“ With men as angels without feminine,
“ Or find some other way to generate
“ Mankind?” STEEVENS.

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance : did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I thought
 her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow :—O, all the devils!—
 This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,——was't not?—
 Or less,—at first : Perchance he spoke not ; but,
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
 Cry'd, *ob!* and mounted : found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part : Be't lying, note it,
 The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges, hers ;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, flanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all ; but, rather, all :
 For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them :—Yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter, in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords, at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us¹?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues, Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it) for him, And his succeſſion, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately It left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors; together with The natural bravery of your isle; which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in

¹ Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?] So in *K. John*:

Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

STEEVENS.

With

² With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters ;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping,
³ (Poor ignorant baubles !) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks : For joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglet fortune !) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid :
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ;
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars : other
of them may have crook'd noses ; but, to own such
strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ; but I
have a hand.—Why tribute ? why should we pay
tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a
blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay

² *With rocks unscalable,——*] This reading is Hammer's.
The old editions have :

With *oaks* unscalable,—— JOHNSON.

“ The strength of our land consists of our seamen in their
wooden forts and castles ; our *rocks*, *shelves*, and *sirtes*, that lye
along our coasts ; and our trayned bands.” From chapter 109
of Bariffé's *Military Discipline*, 1639, seemingly from Tooke's
Legend of Britomart. TOLLET.

³ (Poor ignorant baubles !)——] *Ignorant*, for *of no use*.

WARBURTON.

Rather, *unacquainted* with the nature of our boisterous seas.

JOHNSON.

him

him tribute for light; else, fir, no more tribute,
pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
'Till the injurious Roman did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's am-
bition,

(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world) ⁴ against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be; we do. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and fran-
chise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius
made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy:
Receive it from me then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. ⁵ Thou art welcome, Caius.

Thy

⁴ ——— against all colour, —] Without any pretence of right.
JOHNSON.

⁵ Thou art welcome, Caius.

Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: ———] Some few hints for this part of the
play are taken from Holinshed:

“Kymbeline, says he, (as some write) was brought up at
Rome, and there was made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under
whom

Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
 Much under him : of him I gather'd honour ;
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behoves me ⁶ keep at utterance. ⁷ I am perfect,
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms : a precedent
 Which, not to read, would shew the Britons cold :
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
 time with us a day, or two, or longer : If you seek
 us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our
 salt-water girdle : if you beat us out of it, it is
 yours ; if you fall in the adventure, our crows
 shall fare the better for you ; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :
 All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him,
 that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not."

"———Yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius
 Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the
 empire, the Britains refused to pay that tribute."

"———But whether the controversy, which appeareth to fall
 forth betwixt the Britains and Augustus, was occasioned by Kim-
 beline, I have not a vouch."

"———Kymbeline reigned thirty-five years, leaving behind
 him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus." STEEVENS.

⁶ ——keep at utterance.——] i. e. At extreme distance.

WARBURTON.

More properly, in a state of hostile defiance, and deadly oppo-
 sition. JOHNSON.

At utterance means to keep at the extremity of defiance. *Com-
 bat à outrance* is a desperate fight, that must conclude with the life
 of one of the combatants. So in *The History of Helyas Knight of
 the Swanne*, bl. l. no date : "———Here is my gage to sustaine
 it to the utterance, and besight it to the death." STEEVENS.

⁷ ——I am perfect,] I am well informed. So, in *Macbeth* :

"———in your state of honour *I am perfect.*" JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

*Another room.**Enter Pisanio.*

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not

¹ What monsters her accuse?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? ² What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would ' take in some virtue.—O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her
blood?

If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*
[Reading.

³ *What monsters her accuse?—*] Might we not safely read:
What monster's her accuser?— STEEVENS.

⁴ *—What false Italian,*

(*As poisonous tongu'd, as handed*)—] About Skakespeare's
time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the
suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common. JOHNSON.

⁵ *—take in some virtue.—*] *To take in* a town, is to con-
quer it. JOHNSON.

So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

— cut the Ionian seas,
And take in Toryne — STEEVENS.

That

*That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble!
Art thou a feodary for this act², and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.*

Enter Imogen.

³ I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? What is my lord? Leonatus?

⁴ O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him⁵!
(Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
⁶ For it doth phyfic love)—of his content,

² *Art thou a feodary for this act?—*] A *feodary* is one who holds his estate under the tenure of suit and service to a superior lord. HANMER.

³ *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.*] i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

⁴ *O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer, &c.*] This was a very natural thought. She must needs be supposed, in her circumstances, to be extremely solicitous about the *future*; and desirous of coming to it by the assistance of that superstition. WARBURTON.

⁵ *—let that grieve him!*] I should wish to read:

Of my lord's health, of his content;—yet no;

That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!

TYRWHITT.

⁶ *For it doth phyfic love*]— That is, grief for absence, keeps love in health and vigour. JOHNSON.

So in *Macbeth*:

The labour we delight in, *physic pain*. STEEVENS.

All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave :—⁷ Blest be,
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike ;
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reading.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

Leonatus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
 (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
 O, let me 'bate,—but not like me :—yet long'st,—
 But in a fainter kind :—O, not like me ;

⁷ ————Blest be

You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike ;

Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet

You clasp young Cupid's tables.—]

The meaning of this, which had been obscured by printing *forfeitures* for *forfeiters*, is no more than that the bees are not blest by the man who forfeiting a bond is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of sealing letters. STEEVENS.

⁸ ————*loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love,]* I read:

Loyal to his vow and you, increasing in love. JOHNSON.

We should rather, I think, read thus :—*and your, increasing in love,* Leonatus Posthumus.—To make it plain, that *your* is to be joined in construction with *Leonatus*, and not with *increasing*; and that the latter is a *participle present*, and not a *noun*.

TYRWHITT.

For

For mine's beyond, beyond,) say, and speak thick,
 (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense) how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
 How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
 'Till our return, to excuse:—but first, how get
 hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pry'thee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
 Madam,'s enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
 wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 ' That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this is fool-
 ery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
 She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
 A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
 ' A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. ' I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
 Nor

⁹ *That run i' the clock's behalf:—*] This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time. WARBURTON.

¹ *A franklin's housewife.*] A franklin is literally a freeholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal. JOHNSON.

² *I see before me, man, nor here, nor here, Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them, That I cannot look thro.*—] Where is the substantive to which this relative plural, *them*, can possibly have any reference? There is none; and the sense, as well as grammar, is defective.

Nor what ensues ; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee ;
Do as I bid thee : There's no more to say ;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to a forest, in Wales, with a cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours ! ³ Stoop, boys : This gate
Instructs

I have ventured to restore, against the authority of the printed
copies :

~~but have a fog in ken,~~

That I cannot look thro'.

Imogen would say : " Don't talk of considering, man ; I neither
see present events, nor consequences ; but am in a mist of for-
tune, and resolved to proceed on the project determined." *In ken,*
means in prospect, within sight, before my eyes. THEOBALD.

I see before me, man ; nor here nor there,

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,

That I cannot look through. — } Shakespeare says she can

see before her, yet on which side soever she looks there is a fog
which she cannot see through. This nonsense is occasioned by
the corrupt reading of but *have a fog*, for, that *have a fog* ; and
then all is plain. " I see before me (says she) for there is no fog
on any side of me which I cannot see through." Mr. Theobald
objects to a *fog in them*, and asks for the substantive to which the
relative plural (them) relates. The substantive is *places*, implied
in the words *here, there, and what ensues* : for not to know that
Shakespeare perpetually takes these liberties of grammar, is
knowing nothing of his author. So that there is no need for his
strange stuff of a *fog in ken*. WARBURTON.

This passage may, in my opinion, be very easily understood,
without any emendation. The lady says : " I can see neither
one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways
are covered with an impenetrable fog." There are objections in-
superable to all that I can propose, and since reason can give me
no counsel, I will resolve at once to follow my inclination.

JOHNSON.

³ — Stoop boys : —] The old copy reads : — *sleep*, boys : —
from whence Hamner conjectured that the poet wrote — *sleep*,
boys —

Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep + their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to you hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
5 This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
6 The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life

boys — as that word affords a good introduction to what follows. Mr. Rowe reads "See boys—", which (as usual) had been silently copied. STEEVENS.

+ — *their impious turbands on*, —] The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen. JOHNSON.

5 *This service is not service, &c.*] In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. JOHNSON.

6 *The sharded beetle* —] i. e. the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry *husks* or *shards*. So in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. V. fol. 103. b.

"That with his sword, and with his spere,

"He might not the serpent dere:

"He was so *sharded* all aboute,

"It held all edge toole withoute."

Gower is here speaking of the dragon subdued by Jason.

STEEVENS.

Is nobler, than attending for a check⁷;
 Richer,⁸ than doing nothing for a babe;
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

⁷ ———attending for a check;] *Check* may mean in this place a reproof; but I rather think it signifies command, controul. Thus in *Troilus and Cressida*, the restrictions of Aristotle are called Aristotle's checks. STEEVENS,

⁸ ———than doing nothing for a bauble;] i. e. Vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. But the Oxford editor reads, for a bribe. WARBURTON.

The Oxford editor knew the reason of this alteration, though his censurer knew it not. The old edition reads:

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe.

Of *babe* some corrector made *bauble*; and Hanmer thought himself equally authorised to make *bribe*. I think *babe* can hardly be right. It should be remembered, however, that *bauble* was anciently spelt *bable*; so that Dr. Warburton in reality has added but one letter. A *bauble* was part of the insignia of a fool. So in *All's well that ends well*, act IV. sc. v. the clown says:

“I would give his wife my *bauble*, sir.”

It was a kind of truncheon, (says sir John Hawkins) with a head carved on it. To this Belarius may allude, and mean that honourable poverty is more precious than a *sinécure* at court, of which the badge is a truncheon or a wand.

So, in *Middleton's Game at Chesse*, 1623:

“Art thou so cruel for an honour's *bable*?”

As, however, it was once the custom in England for favourites at court to beg the wardship of *infants* who were born to great riches, our author may allude to it on this occasion. Frequent complaints were made that *nothing was done* towards the education of these unhappy orphans. STEEVENS.

I have always suspected that the right reading of this passage is what I had not in a former edition the confidence to propose:

Richer, than doing nothing for a *brabe*.

Brabium is a badge of honour, or the ensign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity. The word was strange to the editors, as it will be to the reader; they therefore changed it to *babe*; and I am forced to propose it without the support of any authority. *Brabium* is a word found in Holyoak's Dictionary, who terms it a reward. Cooper, in his *Thesaurus*, defines it to be a prize, or reward for any game. JOHNSON.

Guid,

Guid. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest ; nor know
not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
With your stiff age : but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed ;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
¹To stride a limit.

Arv. ' What should we speak of,
When we are as old as you ? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :
We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
Our valour is, to chace what flies ; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. ²How you speak !
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling : the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour ; which dies i' the
search ;

¹ *To stride a limit.*] To overpass his bound. JOHNSON.

² *What should we speak of*] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind. JOHNSON.

³ *How you speak !*] Otway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation that passes between Acasto and his sons, from the scene before us. STEEVENS.

And

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
 Must curt'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
 With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather³.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
 But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
 I was confederate with the Romans: so,
 Follow'd my banishment; and, these twenty years,
 This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
 This is not hunters' language: He, that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
 To him the other two shall minister;
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

{*Exeunt Guid. and Arv.*}

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.

³ *And left me bare to weather.*] So in *Timon*:
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush,
 Fallen from their boughs, and left me open, bare,
 For every harm that blows. STEEVENS.

They think, they are mine : and, though train'd up
thus meanly

* I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,

* *I' the cave, &c.*] Mr. Pope reads :

*Here in the cave, wherein their thoughts do hit
The roof of palaces ;*————

but the sentence breaks off imperfectly. The old editions read :

I' the cave, whereon the bow their thoughts do hit, &c.

Mr. Rowe saw this likewise was faulty ; and therefore amended it
thus :

I' the cave, where, on the bow, their thoughts do hit, &c.
I think it should be only with the alteration of one letter, and the
addition of another :

I' the cave, there, on the brow,————

And so the grammar and syntax of the sentence is complete. We
call the *arching* of a cavern, or *overhanging* of a hill, metaphori-
cally, the *brow* ; and in like manner the Greeks and Latins used
ὄφρυς, and *supercilium*. THEOBALD.

———— *tho' train'd up thus meanly,*

I' the cave, there on the brow, —] The old editions read :

I' the cave whereon the bow ;————

which, though very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading ;
which, when rightly pointed, is thus :

———— *though train'd up thus meanly*

I' the cave wherein they bow————

i. e. Thus meanly brought up. Yet in this very cave, which is
so low that they must bow or bend in entering it, yet are their
thoughts so exalted, &c. This is the antithesis. Belarius had
spoken before of the lowness of this cave :

A goodly day ! not to keep house, with such

Whose roof's as low as ours. See, boys ! this gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens ; and bows you

To morning's holy office. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads ;

I' the cave, here in this brow.————

I think the reading is this :

I' the cave, wherein the bow, &c.

That is, they are trained up in the *cave*, where their thoughts in
hitting the *bow*, or arch of their habitation, hit the *roofs of pa-*
laces. In other words, though their condition is low, their
thoughts are high. The sentence is at last, as Theobald re-
marks, abrupt, but perhaps no less suitable to Shakespeare. I know
not whether Dr. Warburton's conjecture be not better than mine.

JOHNSON.

In

In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. ⁵ This Polydore,—
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rouz'd!—
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three, and two years old, ⁶ I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'ft me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
 mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave;
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*

⁵ — [*This Polydore,*—] The old copy of the play (except here, where it may be only a blunder of the printer) calls the eldest son of Cymbeline Polidore, as often as the name occurs; and yet there are some who may ask whether it is not more likely that the printer should have blundered in the other places, than that he should have hit upon such an uncommon name as *Paladour* in this first instance. STEEVENS.

⁶ — [*I stole these babes;*] Shakespeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs.—The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNSON.

S C E N E IV.

*Near Milford-Haven.**Enter Pisanio, and Imogen.*

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place

Was near at hand :—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now :—Pisanio ! Man !
Where is Posthumus ? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that
figh

From the inward of thee ? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication : Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear^s, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter ?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender ? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before : if winterly, thou need'st

⁷ *Where is Posthumus ?*—] Shakespeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the least among many proofs of his want of learning. Throughout this play he calls *Posthūmus*, *Posthūmus*, and *Arvirāgus*, *Arvirāgus*. It may be said that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded. In the tragedy of *Darius*, by Alexander Menstrie (lord Sterling) 1603, *Darius* is always called *Darius*, and *Euphrātes*, *Euphrātes* :

“ The diadem that *Darius* erst had borne —

“ The famous *Euphrātes* to be your border —”

Again, in the 21st Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

“ That gliding go in state like swelling *Euphrātes*.”

Throughout sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, *Euphrātes* is likewise given instead of *Euphrātes*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *haviour* —] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakespeare, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time. See Spenser, *Aeglogue* 9 :

“ Their ill *haviour* garres men missay.” STEEVENS.

But

But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That ⁹drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms ¹all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and ²states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave

⁹ —drug-damn'd—] This is another allusion to Italian poisons. JOHNSON.

¹ —worms of Nile;—] Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called *worms*. Of this, several instances are given in the last act of *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

² —states,] Persons of highest rank. JOHNSON.

This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?

To lie in watch there, and to think on him?

To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,

And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?

Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo, Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;

Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,

Thy favour's good enough.—'Some jay of Italy,

Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;

And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,

I must be ript:—to pieces with me!—O,

Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,

³ — [*Some jay of Italy,*] There is a prettiness in this expression; *putta*, in Italian, signifying both a *jay* and a *whore*: I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Merry Wives*, &c. “teach him to know turtles from jays.” STEEVENS.

⁴ [*Whose mother was her painting,*——] This puzzles Mr. Theobald much: he thinks it may signify, *whose mother was a bird of the same feather*; or that it should be read, *whose mother was her planting*. What all this means I know not. In Mr. Rowe's edition, the *M* in mother happening to be reversed at the press, it came out *Wotber*. And what was very ridiculous, Gildon employed himself (properly enough indeed) in finding a meaning for it. In short, the true word is *meether*, a north country word, signifying *beauty*. So that the sense of, *her meether was her painting*, is, that she had only an appearance of beauty, for which she was beholden to her paint. WARBURTON.

Some jay of Italy, made by art the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*. JOHNSON.

I met with a similar expression in one of the old comedies, but forgot to note the date or name of the piece:

“—— a parcel of conceited feather-caps, *whose fathers were their garments.*” STEEVENS.

By

By thy revolt, O, husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas,

Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weep-
ing

Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: ^s So, thou, Post-
humus,

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!

I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
'The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

^s ————*So, thou, Posthumus,*

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;] When Posthumus thought his wife false, he unjustly scandalized the whole sex. His wife here, under the same impressions of his infidelity, attended with more provoking circumstances, acquits his sex, and lays the fault where it was due. The poet paints from nature. This is life and manners. The man thinks it a dishonour to the superiority of his understanding to be jilted, and therefore flatters his vanity into a conceit that the disgrace was inevitable from the general infidelity of the sex. The woman, on the contrary, not imagining her credit to be at all affected in the matter, never seeks out for so extravagant a consolation; but at once eases her malice and her grief, by laying the crime and damage at the door of some obnoxious coquet. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads:

———lay the level———

without any necessity. JOHNSON.

Pis.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart;—

¹ Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?

² The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are be-
tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, that diddest set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her

³ That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch!
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,

¹ *Something's afore't*—] The old copy reads:
Something's a-foot— JOHNSON.

² *The scriptures*—] So Ben Jonson, in *The sad Shepherd*:
“The lover's scriptures, Heliodore's, or Tattus’.”
Shakespeare, however, means in this place, an opposition between
scripture, in its common signification, and *heresy*. STEEVENS.

³ *That now thou tir'st on*,—] A hawk is said to *tire* upon
that which he pecks; from *tirer*, French. JOHNSON.

When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one-wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. * I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
5 To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time

To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,

I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:

But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:

* *I'll wake mine eye-balls first.*

Imo. Wherefore then] This is the old reading. The modern editions for *wake* read *break*, and supply the deficient syllable by *Ab*; wherefore. I read:

I'll wake mine eye-balls *out* first, or, *blind* first. JOHNSON.

5 *To be unbent, —]* To have thy bow unbent, alluding to a hunter. JOHNSON.

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be mis'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,——

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The embassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: * Now, if you could wear a mind

Dark

* — Now, if you could wear a mind

Dark as your fortune is;——] What had the *darkness* of her
mind to do with the concealment of person, which is here advis'd?
On the contrary, her *mind* was to continue unchang'd, in order
to support her change of fortune. Shakespeare wrote:

—— Now, if you could wear a *mein*.

Or, according to the French orthography, from whence I pre-
sume arose the corruption:

—— Now, if you could wear a *mine*. WARBURTON.

Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and ⁷ full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!

⁸ Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then here's the point:

You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: ⁹ nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch

To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is *secrecy*, applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*. The next lines are obscure. *You must*, says Pisanio, *disguise that greatness, which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself.* JOHNSON.

⁷ ——— full of view: ———] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes. JOHNSON.

⁸ Though *peril to my modesty*, ———] I read:

Through peril ———

I would for such means adventure through peril of modesty; I would risque every thing but real dishonour. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— nay, you must

Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek;

Exposing it (but, oh, the harder heart!

Alack, no remedy) I think it very natural to reflect in this distress on the cruelty of Posthumus. Dr. Warburton proposes to read:

—— the harder hap! —— JOHNSON.

Of common-kissing Titan ; and forget
Your labourfome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :

I fee into thy end, and am almoft
A man already.

Pif. Firft, make yourfelf but like one.

Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hofe, all
That answer to them : Would you in their ferving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of fuch a feafon, 'fore noble Lucius
Prefent yourfelf, defire his fervice, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (' which you'll make him
know,

If that his head have ear in mufic) doubtlefs,
With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, moft holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor fupplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort

The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :
There's more to be confider'd ; but ² we'll even
All that good time will give us : ³ This attempt
I am foldier to, and will abide it with

¹ ——— *which you'll make him know,*] This is Hanmer's reading. The common books have it :

————— *which will make him know.*

Mr. Theobald, in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove, that it fhould be :

————— *which will make him fo.*

He is followed by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

² ————— *we'll even*

All that good time will give us : —————] We'll make our work even with our time ; we'll do what time will allow.

JOHNSON.

³ ————— *This attempt*

I am foldier to, —————] i. e. I have inlifted and bound myfelf to it. WARBURTON.

A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell ;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box ; I had it from the queen ;
What's in't is precious : if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote : I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of honour in no point omit :—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
'Till he have crost the Severn.—Happinefs!

[*Exit. Lucius, &c.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readinefs:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy businefs;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too light in sufferance. [*Exit a servant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Serv. Please you, sir,

S 4

Her

Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close ;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer : this
She wish'd me to make known ; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd ?
Not seen of late ? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false ! [Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clot. That man of hers, Pisanio her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.

Queen. Go, look after.—
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus !—
He hath a drug of mine : I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that ; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone ? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her ;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus : Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour ; and my end
Can make good use of either : She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son ?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled :
Go in, and cheer the king ; he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better : May
This night fore-stall him of the coming day !

[Exit Queen.

Clot. I love, and hate her : for she's fair and
royal ;

And

*And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
 The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
 Outfells them all: I love her therefore; But,
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low Posthumus, flanders so her judgment,
 That what's else rare, is choak'd; and, in that point,
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter Pisanio.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing,
 firrah?

Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
 Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
 Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip

* *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than lady ladies woman; from each one
 The best she hath, ———]* The second line is intolerable
 nonsense. It should be read and pointed thus:

Than lady ladies; *winning* from each one.

The sense of the whole is this, I love her because she has, in a
 more exquisite degree, all those courtly parts that ennoble [*lady*]
 women of quality [*ladies*] *winning* from each of them the best of
 their good qualities, &c. *Lady* is a plural verb, and *ladies* a
 noun governed of it; a quaint expression in Shakespeare's way,
 and suiting the folly of the character. WARBURTON.

I cannot perceive the second line to be intolerable, or to be
 nonsense. The speaker only rises in his ideas. *She has all courtly
 parts*; says he, *more exquisite than any lady*, than all *ladies*, than
 all *womankind*. Is this nonsense? JOHNSON.

There is a similar passage in *All's well that ends well*, act II.
 sc. iii. "To any count; to all counts; to what is man."

TOLLET.

Thy

Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,——No more of worthy lord,——
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. ⁵ Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } [*Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh!

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O,
Imogen, } [*Aside.*

⁵ *Or this, or perish.*] These words, I think, belong to Cloten,
who, requiring the paper, says:

Let's see't: I will pursue her

Even to Augustus' throne. Or this, or perish.

Then Pisanio giving the paper, says to himself:

She's far enough, &c. JOHNSON.

I own I am of a different opinion. *Or this, or perish*, properly
belongs to Pisanio, who says to himself, as he gives the paper into
the hands of Cloten, *I must either give it him freely, or perish in*
my attempt to keep it: or else the words may be considered as a re-
ply to Cloten's boast of following her to the throne of Augustus,
and are added flily: *You will either do what you say, or perish,*
which is the more probable of the two. STEEVENS.

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again !

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true ?

Pif. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus hand ; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service ; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy so'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man : thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pif. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me ? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou can'st not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me ?

Pif. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession ?

Pif. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither : let it be thy first service ; go.

Pif. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven :—I forgot to ask him one thing ; I'll remember't anon :—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her : First kill him, and in her eyes ; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—

body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, with the cloaths.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true.

[*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

The forest and cave.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,

When

When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee,
 Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think,
 Foundations fly the wretched : such, I mean,
 Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
 I could not miss my way : Will poor folk lye,
 That have afflictions on them ; knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial ? Yes : no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true : To lapse in fullness
 ' Is forer, than to lye for need ; and falshood
 Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord !
 Thou art one o' the false ones : Now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food.—But what is this ?
 Here is a path to it : 'Tis some savage hold :
 I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards ; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho ! who's here ?
² If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,

Take,

¹ *Is forer*,——] Is a *greater*, or *heavier* crime. JOHNSON.

² *If any thing that's civil*,——] *Civil*, for human creature.
 WARBURTON.

If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,

Take, or lend.——] She is in doubt, whether this cave be the habitation of a man or beast. If it be the former, she bids him *speak* ; if the latter, that is, the den of a savage beast, what then ? *Take or lend*—We should read :

Take 'or 't end.——

i. e. Take my life ere famine end it. *Or* was commonly used for *ere* : this agrees to all that went before. But the Oxford editor cuts the knot :

Take, or yield food,

says he ; as if it was possible so plain a sentence should ever have been blundered into *Take or lend*. WARBURTON.

I suppose the emendation proposed will not easily be received ; it is strained and obscure, and the objection against Hanmer's reading is likewise very strong. I question whether, after the words, *if savage*, a line be not lost. I can offer nothing better than to read ;

——Ho !

Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens! [She goes into the cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,
 and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll brouze
 on that,

———Ho! who's here?

If any thing that's civil, *take or lend,*

If savage, *speak.*

If you are *civilised* and *peaceable*, take a price for what I want, or
lend it for a future recompence; if you are *rough inhospitable* in-
 habitants of the mountain, *speak*, that I may know my state.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation of these words is confirmed by what
 Imogen says afterwards—

“ I call'd, and thought to have *begg'd* or *bought*.” MALONE.

If any thing that's civil, *speak*; if savage,

Take, or lend.—Ho!——] It is by no means necessary to sup-
 pose that *savage-hold* signifies the habitation of a *beast*. It may
 as well be used for the cave of a *savage*, or *wild man*, who, in the
 romances of the time, were represented as residing in the woods,
 like the famous *Orson*, *Bremo* in the play of *Mucedorus*, or the
 savage in the seventh canto of the fourth book of Spenser's *Faery*
Queen, and the 6th B. C. 4. STEEVENS.

Whilst

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:— [*Looking in.*]
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, fir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good
troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had
found

Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, fir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds

By

By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Wère you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty
³ I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mong'ft friends!

If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! ⁴ then had my
prize } [*Aside.*
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*

³ I'd bid for you, as I'd buy.] This is Hanmer's reading. The other copies,

I bid for you, as I do buy. JOHNSON.

I think this passage might be better read thus:—

I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty

I bid for you, as I'd buy.

That is, I should woo hard, but *I would* be your bride-groom.
[And when I say that I would *woo hard*, be assured that] in honesty I bid for you, *only at the rate at which* I would purchase you.

TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this punctuation, which is undoubtedly the true one. STEEVENS.

⁴ — then had my prize

Been less; and so more equal ballasting] Hanmer reads plausibly, but without necessity, *price* for *prize*, and *balancing* for *ballasting*. He is followed by Dr. Warburton. The meaning is,—Had I been less a prize, I should not have been too heavy for Posthumus. JOHNSON.

Imo.

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
' That nothing gift of differing multitudes)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false——

Bel. It shall be so :
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in :
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, fir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

R O M E.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ ;
* That since the common men are now in action

¹ *That nothing gift of differing multitudes*)] The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am persuaded therefore our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote :

That nothing gift of *differing* multitudes :
i. e. obsequious, paying deference.—*Deferer, Ceder par respect a quelcun, obeir, condescendre, &c.*—*Deferent, civil, respectueux, &c.* Richelet. THEOBALD.

He is followed by fir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton ; but I do not see why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the *many-headed* rabble. JOHNSON.

² *That since the common men are now in action*

¹ *Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that, &c.*] These facts are historical. STEEVENS.

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;
 And that the legions now in Gallia are
 Full weak to undertake our wars against
 The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite
 The gentry to this business : He creates
 Lucius pro-consul : ³ and to you the tribunes,
 For this immediate levy, he commands
 His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar !

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 Sen. With those legions.

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
 Must be supplyant : The words of your commission
 Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
 Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The forest, near the cave.

Enter Cloten.

I am near to the place where they should meet, if
 Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his gar-

³ — and to you, the tribunes,

For this immediate levy, he commands

His absolute commission. —] Commands his commission is
 such a phrase as Shakespeare would hardly have used. I have
 ventured to substitute :

————— he commends

His absolute commission. —————

i. e. He recommends the care of making this levy to you ; and
 gives you an absolute commission for so doing. WARBURTON.

The plain meaning is, he *commands* the commission to be given
 to you. So we say, I *ordered* the materials to the workmen.

JOHNSON.

ments

ments serve me ! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the taylor, not be fit too ? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for, 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer ; in his own chamber, I mean) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his ; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions : yet this ⁴ imperfeverant thing loves him in my despight. What mortality is ! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off ; thy mistress enforced ; thy garments cut to pieces ⁵ before thy face : and all this done, spurn her home to her father ; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage : but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe : Out, sword, and to a sore purpose ! Fortune, put them into my hand ! This is the very description of their meeting-place ; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

⁴ — *imperfeverant* —] Thus the former editions. Hamner reads — *ill-perfeverant*. JOHNSON.

Imperfeverant may mean no more than *perseverant*, like *imbosom'd*, *impassion'd*, *immask'd*. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *before thy face* : —] Posthumus was to have his head struck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face ; we should read, — *her face*, i. e. Imogen's, done to despite her, who had said, she esteemed Posthumus's garment above the person of Cloten. WARBURTON.

SCENE II.

*The Cave.**Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.*

Bel. You are not well : remain here in the cave ;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here : [To Imogen.]
Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not ; yet I am not well :
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick : So please you, leave me ;
6 Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill ; but your being by me
Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
7 How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, fir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why,
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,

6 *Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom*

Is breach of all.—] Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted ;
if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion. JOHNSON.

7 *How much the quantity, —*] I read :

As much the quantity. JOHNSON.

Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain !

O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things fire base :
Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. — So please you, fir^s.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !
The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still ; heart-sick ; — Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Guid. ⁹ I could not stir him :

He said, he was 'gentle, but unfortunate ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field : —

We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

⁸ — [*So please you, fir.*] I cannot relish this courtly phrase from the mouth of Arviragus. It should rather, I think, begin Imogen's speech. TYRWHITT.

⁹ [*I could not stir him :*] Not move him to tell his story.

JOHNSON.

¹ — [*gentle, but unfortunate ;*] Gentle, is well born, of birth above the vulgar. JOHNSON.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit Imogen.*]

Bel. And shalt be ever.—
This youth, how'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arw. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!
He cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arw. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
² Mingle their spurs together.

Arw. Grow, patience!
And let the ³ stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. ⁴ It is great morning. Come; away.—
Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates; that villain

² *Mingle their spurs together.*] *Spurs*, an old word for the fibres of a tree. POPE.

³ —*stinking elder*,—] Shakespeare had only seen *English vines* which grow against walls, and therefore may be sometimes entangled with the *elder*. Perhaps we should read,—*untwine from the vine*. JOHNSON.

Sir John Hawkins proposes to read *entwine*. He says, "Let the stinking elder [*Grief*] *entwine* his root with the vine [*Patience*] and in the end *Patience* must outgrow *Grief*." STEEVENS.

⁴ *It is great morning.* —] A Gallicism. *Grand jour*.

STEEVENS.

Hath mock'd me :—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates !

Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he :—We are held as outlaws :—Hence.

Guid. He is but one : You and my brother search
What companies are near : pray you, away ;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius, and Arviragus.*

Clot. Soft ! What are you
That fly me thus ? some villain mountaineers ?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou ?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain : Yield thee, thief.

Guid. To who ? to thee ? What art thou ? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger ; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art ;
Why I should yield to thee ?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes ?

Guid. No, nor thy taylor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather ; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee ^s.

Clot. Thou precious varlet,
My taylor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;
I am loth to beat thee,

^s No, nor thy taylor, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather ; he made those clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.] See a note on a similar pas-
sage in a former scene :

“ Whose mother was her painting.” STEEVENS.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the
wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death:

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:

Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt.*

Enter

⁶ *Yield, rustic mountaineer.*] I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very consistent one. Act I. scene iv. the lords who are conversing with him on the subject of his rencontre with Posthumus, represent the latter as having neither put forth his strength or courage, but still advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him; yet at this his last appearance, we see him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Arviragus. The same persons afterwards speak of him as of a mere ass or idiot; and yet, act III. scene i. he returns one of the noblest and most reasonable answers to the Roman envoy: and the rest of his conversation on the same occasion, though it may lack form a little, by no means resembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius describes him as not having sense enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being sometimes the effect of judgment); and yet he forms very artful schemes for gaining the affection of his mistress, by means of her attendants; to get her person into his power afterwards; and seems to be no less acquainted

Enter Belarius, and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him, But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour Which then he wore; ⁷ the snatches in his voice, And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute; 'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them: I wish my brother make good time with him, You say he is so fell.

Bel. ⁹ Being scarce made up,

I mean,

quainted with the character of his father, and the ascendancy the queen maintained over his uxorious weakness. We find Cloten, in short, represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutal, sagacious and foolish, without that subtilty of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in *Hamlet*, and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

⁷ ———— *the snatches in his voice,*

And burst of speaking, ————] This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding.

JOHNSON.

⁹ In the old editions:

Being scarce made up,

I mean, to man, he had not apprehension

Of roaring terrors: for defect of judgment

Is oft the cause of fear. —] If I understand this passage, it is mock reasoning as it stands, and the text must have been slightly corrupted. Belarius is giving a description of what Cloten formerly was; and in answer to what Arviragus says of *his being so fell*. "Ay, says Belarius, he was so fell; and being scarce then at man's estate, he had no apprehension of roaring terrors, i. e. of any thing that could check him with fears." But then, how does the inference come in, built upon this? *For defect of judgment is oft the cause of fear.* I think the poet meant to have said the mere contrary. Cloten was defective in judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehensions of fear grow from a judgment in weighing dangers. And a very easy change, from the

traces

I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear,—But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. 'I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's
head,

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd 'take us in,
Displace our heads, where thank the gods, they grow,

traces of the letters, gives us this sense, and reconciles the reason-
ing of the whole passage:

————— for *th'* effect of judgment

Is oft the cause of fear. ————— THEOBALD.

Hammer reads, with equal justness of sentiment:

————— for defect of judgment

Is oft the *cure* of fear. —————

But, I think, the play of *effect* and *cause* more resembling the
manner of our author. JOHNSON.

If *fear*, as in other passages of Shakespeare, be understood in
an active signification for what may cause fear, it means that Clo-
ten's defect of judgment caused him to commit actions to the
terror of others, without due consideration of his own danger
therein. Thus in *K. Henry IV.* part 2.

————— all these bold *fears*,

Thou see'st with peril I have answered. TOLLET.

'*I am perfect, what:—*] I am *well informed*, what. So
in this play:

I'm *perfect*, the Pannonians are in arms. JOHNSON.

'*—take us in,*] To *take in*, was the phrase in use for to
apprehend an out-law, or to make him amenable to public justice.

JOHNSON.

To *take in* means, simply, to conquer, to subdue. So in *An-
tony and Cleopatra*:

————— cut the Ionian seas,

And *take in* Toryne. STEEVENS.

And

And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. ³ Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time

² For *we do fear the law?* —] *For* is here used in the sense
of *because*. So in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“ See the simplicity of these base slaves !

“ Who, *for* the villains have no faith themselves,

“ Think me to be a senseless lump of clay.”

So, in *Otello*:

“ And *for* I know thou art full of love and honesty.”

MALONE.

³ ——— *Though his honour*

Was nothing but mutation, &c.] What has his *honour* to do
here, in his being changeable in this sort? in his acting as a mad-
man, or not? I have ventured to substitute *humour*, against the
authority of the printed copies; and the meaning seems plainly
this: “ Though he was always fickle to the last degree, and go-
verned by *humour*, not sound sense; yet not madness itself could
make him so hardy to attempt an enterprize of this nature alone,
and unseconded.” THEOBALD.

——— *Though his honour*

Was nothing but mutation; —] Mr. Theobald, as usual, not
understanding this, turns *honour* to *humour*. But the text is right,
and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the fa-
shion, which was perpetually changing. A fine stroke of satire,
well expressed: yet the Oxford editor follows Mr. Theobald.

WARBURTON.

May

May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
 (As it is like him) might break out, and swear
 He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
 To come alone, either he so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering: then on good ground we
 fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail
 More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come as the gods forefay it: howfoe'er,
 My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
 * Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
 His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek

Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,

And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:

That's all I reck,

[*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:

'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though
 valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,

So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,

I love thee brotherly; but envy much,

Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, 'revenges,
 That possible strength might meet, would seek us
 through,

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger

* *Did make my way long forth.*] Fidele's sickness made my walk
 forth from the cave tedious. JOHNSON.

^s ————revenges,

That possible strength might meet, —] Such pursuit of ven-
 geance as fell within any possibility of opposition. JOHNSON.

Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock ;
 You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
 'Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
 To dinner presently,

Arr. Poor sick Fidele !
 I'll willingly to him : To gain his colour,
 ' I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
 And praise myself for charity. [Exit.]

Bel. O thou goddess,
 Thou divine Nature, thou thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rudest wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;
 Civility not seen from other ; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange,
 What Cloten's being here to us portends ;
 Or what his death will bring us.

⁶ *I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,*] This nonsense should be corrected thus :

I'd let a *marsh* of such Clotens blood :
 i. e. a marsh or lake. So Smith, in his account of Virginia,
 " Yea Venice, at this time the admiration of the earth, was at
 first but a *marsh*, inhabited by poor fishermen." In the first book
 of *Maccabees*, chap. ix. ver. 24. the translators use the word in the
 same sense. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has dealt the reproach of nonsense
 very liberally through this play. Why this is nonsense, I cannot
 discover. I would, says the young prince, to recover Fidele, kill
 as many Clotens as would fill a *parish*. JOHNSON.

" His visage, says Fenner of a *catchpole*, was almost eaten
 through with pock-holes, so that half a *parish* of children might
 have played at cherry-pit in his face." FARMER.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?

I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return.

[*Solemn music.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!

Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? since death of my
dearest mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter Arviragus, with Imogen as dead, bearing her
his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lilly!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!

Who

O, melancholy!

*Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crave
Might easiliest harbour in?—] The folio reads:
——thy sluggish care:*

which

Who ever yet could found thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
but I^s,

Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see;

which Dr. Warburton allows to be a plausible reading, but substitutes *carrack* in its room; and with this, Dr. Johnson tacitly acquiesces, and inserts it in the text. Mr. Symphon, in his notes on Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. vi. page 441, has retrieved the true reading, which is,

— thy sluggish crare.

See *The Captain*, page 10:

“ — let him venture

“ In some decay'd crare of his own.”

A *crare*, says the author of *The Revival*, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. The same word, though somewhat differently spelt, occurs in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, book 39, stanza 28:

“ A miracle it was to see them grown

“ To ships, and barks, with gallies, bulks and crayeres,

“ Each vessel having tackling of her own,

“ With sails and oars to help at all essays.”

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

“ Behold a form to make your crayers and barks.”

Again, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret*:

“ After a long chase took this little crayer,

“ Which he suppos'd him safely should convey.”

Again, in the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ — — some shell, or little crea,

“ Hard labouring for the land on the high-working sea.”

Again, in *Amintas for his Phyllis*, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“ Till thus my soule doth passe in Charon's crare.”

Mr. Tollet observes that the word often occurs in Holinshed, as twice, p. 906, vol. II. STEEVENS.

The word is used in the stat. 2 Jac. I. c. 32. “ the owner of every ship, vessel, or crayer.” TYRWHITT.

— but I,] This is the reading of the first folio, which later editors not understanding, have changed into *but ah!* The meaning of the passage I take to be this:—*Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made, but I know, thou diedst, &c.* TYRWHITT.

Thus

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;

His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and
put

My clouted brogues⁹ from off my feet, whose rude-
ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps¹:

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;

With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,

And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,

Whilst summer lasts², and I live here, Fiddle,

I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack

The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor

The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,

⁹ —clouted *brogues*—] Are shoes strengthened with *clout* or *bob-nails*. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron called *clouts* are likewise fixed to the soles of ploughmen and other rusticks.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Why, he but sleeps:*] I cannot forbear to introduce a passage somewhat like this, from Webster's *White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, on account of its singular beauty.

“ Oh, thou soft natural death! that art joint twin

“ To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet

“ Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl

“ Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse wolf

“ Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corse,

“ While horror waits on princes!”

STEEVENS.

² *With fairest flowers*

Whilst summer lasts, &c.] So in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

“ No, I will rob Tellus of her weede

“ To strew thy greene with flowers: the yellowes, blues,

“ The purple violets and marygolds,

“ Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,

“ While summer dayes doth last.” STEEVENS.

Out-

Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : 'the ruddock would,
 With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming
 Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
 Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,

' ——— *The ruddock would,*

With charitable bill, bring thee all this ;

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.—] Here again, the metaphor is strangely mangled. What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss*? A corse might indeed be said to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd to moss* directs us plainly to another reading,

To winter-gown thy corse : —

i. e. thy summer habit shall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moss*. WARBURTON.

I have no doubt but that the rejected word was Shakespeare's, since the protection of the dead, and not their ornament, was what he meant to express. To *winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be.

The *ruddock* is the *red-breast*, and is so called by Chaucer and Spenser :

“ The tame *ruddock*, and the coward kite.”

The office of covering the dead is likewise ascribed to the *ruddock*, by Drayton in his poem called *The Owl* :

“ Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,

“ The little *redbreast* teacheth charitie.” STEEVENS.

— *the ruddock would, &c.*] Is this an allusion to the *babes of the wood*, or was the notion of the *redbreast* covering dead bodies, general before the writing that ballad? PERCY.

This passage is imitated by Webster in his tragedy of *The White Devil*; and in such a manner, as confirms the old reading :

“ The robin-red-breast, and the wren,

“ With leaves and flowers do cover friendless bodies ;

“ The ant, the field mouse, and the mole

“ Shall raise him *hillocks* that shall keep him warm, &c.”

FARMER.

Which of these two plays was first written, cannot now be determined. Webster's play was published in 1612, that of Shakespeare did not appear in print till 1623. In the preface to the edition of Webster's play in 1631 (for it is wanting in my copy 1612) he thus speaks of Shakespeare : “ And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shakespeare, &c.” STEEVENS.

To winter-ground thy corse.

Guid. Pr'ythee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother ; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Guid. Cadwal,
I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee :
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for
Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
² He was paid for that : Though mean and mighty,
rotting
Together, have one dust ; yet ³ reverence,
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely ;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray you, fetch him hither.

² *He was paid for that :—*] Hanmer reads :

He has paid for that :—

rather plausibly than rightly. *Paid* is for *punished*. So Jonson :

“ Twenty things more, my friend, which you know due,

“ For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.”

JOHNSON.

³ *—reverence,*

(*That angel of the world*)—] *Reverence*, or due regard to
subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the
world. JOHNSON.

Ther-

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit Belarius.*

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—Begin.

S O N G.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Both golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arv. ⁴ *Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to cloath, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
⁵ The scepter, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv.* *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Guid.* ⁶ *Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv.* *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*

⁴ *Fear no more, &c.*] This is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. Τέκνον ἄθλιον ἔμετι διψήσεις, ἔμετι πεινήσεις, &c. WARBURTON.

⁵ *The scepter, learning, &c.*] The poet's sentiment seems to have been this.—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death: neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Fear not slander, &c.*] Perhaps,
Fear not slander's censure rash. JOHNSON.

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must
 7 Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

Guid. *No exorciser harm thee!*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

Guid. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

Both. *Quiet consummation⁸ have;
 And renowned be thy grave⁹!*

Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,

Are strewings fitt'ft for graves.—Upon their faces:—
 You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
 These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
 Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

⁷ *Consign to thee,——]* Perhaps,
Consign to this.——

And in the former stanza, for *all follow this*, we might read, *all follow thee*. JOHNSON.

Consign to thee, is right. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:
 _____*seal*

A dateless bargain to engrossing death.

To consign to thee, is to seal the same contract with thee, i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Quiet consummation have;*] *Consummation* is used in the same sense in *K. Edward III.* 1599:

“ My soul will yield this castle of my flesh,

“ This mangled tribute, with all willingness,

“ To darkness, consummation, dust and worms.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ —*thy grave.*] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory. JOHNSON.

The

The ground, that gave them first, has them again :
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [*Exeunt.*]

Imogen, awaking.

Imo. Yes, fir, to Milford-Haven ; Which is the
way ?——

I thank you.——By yon bush ?——Pray, how far
thither ?

“Ods pittikins !——can it be fix miles yet ?——
I have gone all night :——’Faith, I’ll lie down and
sleep.

But, soft ! no bedfellow :——O, gods and goddeses !
[Seeing the body.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;
This bloody man, the care on’t.—I hope, I dream ;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures : But ’tis not so ;
’Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes : Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear : But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren’s eye, fear’d gods, a part of it !
The dream’s here still : even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me ; not imagin’d, felt.
A headless man !——The garments of Posthumus !
I know the shape of his leg : this is his hand ;
His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;
The brawns of Hercules : but ² his Jovial face——
Mur-

¹ ‘Ods pittikins ! ——] This diminutive adjuration is used by Decker and Webster in *Westward Hoe*, 1607 ; in the *Shoemaker’s Holiday*, or the *Gentle Craft*, 1600 : It is derived from *God’s my pity*, which likewise occurs in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

² ——his Jovial face——] *Jovial* face signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramatic writers. So Heywood, in *The Silver Age* :

Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
³ Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,——damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's
 that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on.—How should this be?
 Pisanio?

'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-
 nant!

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord! my lord!

“ ——— Alcides here will stand,
 “ To plague you all with his high *joyial* hand.”
 Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:
 “ Thou *joyial* hand hold up thy scepter high.”
 Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611, speaking of Jupiter;
 “ ——— all that stand,
 “ Sink in the weight of his high *joyial* hand.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Conspir'd with*, &c.] The old copy reads thus:

——— thou,
 Conspir'd with that *irregulous* divel, Cloten.

I suppose it should be,

Conspir'd with *th'* *irreligious* devil, Cloten. JOHNSON.

Irregulous (if there be such a word) must mean lawless, licen-
 tious, out of rule, *jura negans sibi nata*. In Reinolds's *God's Re-
 wenge against Adultery*, p. 121, I meet with “*irregulated* lust.”

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Lucius, Captains, &c. and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea ; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships :
They are in readines.

Luc. But what from Rome ?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy ; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service ; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them ?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present
numbers

Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to't.—Now, fir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's pur-
pose ?

Sooth. * Last night the very gods shew'd me a
vision :

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams : which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

* *Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision :*] The *very gods* may, indeed, signify the gods themselves immediately, and not by the intervention of other agents or instruments ; yet I am persuaded the reading is corrupt, and that Shakespeare wrote,

Last night, the *wary* gods——

Wary here signifying *animadverting, forewarning, ready to give notice* : not, as in its more usual meaning, *cautious, reserved.*

WARBURTON.

Of this meaning I know not any example, nor do I see any need of alteration. It was no common dream, but sent from *the very gods*, or the gods themselves. JOHNSON.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young
one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or^s who was he,
That,

^s ————— *who was he,*

That, otherwise than noble nature did,

Hath alter'd that good picture?——] The editor, Mr. Theobald, cavils at this passage. He says, it is far from being *strictly grammatical*; and, yet, what is strange, he subjoins a paraphrase of his own, which shews it to be *strictly grammatical*. “For, says he, the construction of these words is this: who hath alter'd that good picture otherwise than nature alter'd it?” I suppose then this editor's meaning was, that the grammatical construction would not conform to the sense; for a bad writer, like a bad man, generally says one thing and means another. He subjoining, “Shakespeare designed to say (if the text be genuine) Who hath alter'd that good picture from what noble nature at first made it?” Here again he is mistaken; Shakespeare meant, like a plain man, just as he *spoke*; and as our editor first paraphrased him, Who hath *alter'd* that good picture otherwise than nature *alter'd* it? And the solution of the difficulty in this sentiment, which so much perplexed him, is this: the speaker sees a young man without a head, and consequently much *shorten'd* in stature; on which he breaks out into this exclamation: Who hath *alter'd* this good form, by making it shorter; so contrary to the practice of nature, which by yearly accession of growth *alters* it by making it taller? No occasion then for the editor to change *did* into *bid*, with an allusion to the command against murder; which then should have been *forbid* instead of *bid*. WARBURTON.

Here are many words upon a very slight debate. The sense is not much cleared by either critic. The question is asked, not about a *body*, but a *picture*, which is not very apt to grow shorter or longer. To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are stand-
ing

That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. 'Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,

ing phrases; the question therefore is, Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it. JOHNSON.

Olivia speaking of her own beauty as of a *picture*, asks Viola if it “is not well *done*?” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Richard du Champ.*—] Shakespeare was indebted for his modern names (which sometimes are mixed with ancient ones) as well as his anachronisms, to the fashionable novels of his time. In a collection of stories, entitled *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, 1576, I find the following circumstances of ignorance and absurdity. In the story of the Horatii and the Curiatii, the *roaring of caunons* is mentioned. Cephalus and Procris are said to be of the court of Venice; and “*that her father wrought so with the duke, that this Cephalus was sent post in ambassage to the Turke.*—Eriphile, after the death of her husband Amphiarus, (*the Theban prophet*) calling to mind the affection wherein *Don Infortunio* was drowned towards her,” &c. &c. STEEVENS.

No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee : Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As ⁷ these poor pick-axes can dig : and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his
grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh ;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth ;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties : Let us
Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave : Come, ⁸ arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us ; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be chearful ; wipe thine eyes :
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

⁹ *Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word, how 'tis with
her.

A fever

⁷ —these poor pick-axes—] Meaning her fingers.

JOHNSON.

⁸ —arm him.—] That is, *Take him up in your arms.*

HANMER.

⁹ *Cymbeline's palace.*] This scene is omitted against all authority by sir T. Hanmer. It is indeed of no great use in the progress of the fable, yet it makes a regular preparation for the next act.

JOHNSON.

The

A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—
Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me: her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your high-
ness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
¹ And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season; but ² our jealousy [*To Pis.*
Does yet depend.

The fact is, that sir Thomas Hanmer has inserted this supposed omission as the eighth scene of act III. The scene which in Dr. Johnson's first edition is the eighth of act III. is printed in a small letter under it in Hanmer's, on a supposition that it was spurious. In this impression it is the third scene of act IV. and that which in Johnson is the eighth scene of act IV. is in this the seventh scene.

STEEVENS.

¹ *And will, —]* I think it should be read:

And he'll, — — — STEEVENS.

² *— — — our jealousy*

Does yet depend.] My suspicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the cause is depending. JOHNSON.

Lord.

Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter ³.

Lord. Good my liege,
⁵ Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're
ready:

The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.——Away. [Exit.

Pis. ⁵ I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even ⁶ to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[Exit.

³ *I am amaz'd with matter.*] i. e. confounded by variety of business. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Your preparation &c.*] Your forces are able to face such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us. JOHNSON.

⁵ *I heard no letter—*] I suppose we should read with Hamner,
I've had no letter.— STEEVENS.

Perhaps, "I heard no later." MUSGRAVE.

⁶ *—to the note o' the king, —*] I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour. JOHNSON.

SCENE IV.

Before the cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, fir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to ⁷ a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, ⁸ whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, fir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold ⁹ their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes

⁷ ————— a render

Where we have liv'd; —] An account of our place of
abode. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous
caution of an old man. JOHNSON.

Render is used in a similar sense in *Timon*, act V.

“ And sends us forth to make their sorrow'd render.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *whose answer* —] The *retaliation* of the death of Cloten
would be *death*, &c. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *their quarter'd fires*, —] Their fires regularly disposed.

JOHNSON.

And

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known

Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,

Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,

I'll thither : What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heavens, I'll go :

If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans !

Arv. So say I ; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys :
If

For wrying but a little ⁴?—O, Pisanio!
 Every good servant does not all commands:
 No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had liv'd ⁵ to put on this: so had you saved
 The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
 To have them fall no more: you some permit
 To second ill with ill, ⁶ each elder worse;
⁷ And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.

But

⁴ For wrying but a little?—] This uncommon verb is likewise used by Stanyhurst in the third book of his translation of Virgil, 1582:

“——the maysters wrye the vessels.”

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

“——in her sinking down, she wryes

“The diadem.——” STEEVENS.

⁵ —to put on—] Is to incite, to instigate. JOHNSON.
 So, in *Macbeth*: “——the powers above,

“Put on their instruments.”

⁶ —each elder worse;] For this reading all the later editors have contentedly taken,

——each worse than other;

without enquiries whence they have received it. Yet they knew, or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy reads,

——each elder worse;—

The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakespeare calls the deed of an elder man an elder deed. JOHNSON.

—each elder worse;] i. e. where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldest sinner is the greatest. You, Gods, permit some to proceed in iniquity, and the older such are, the more their crime. TOLLET.

⁷ And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.] The divinity-schools have not furnished juster observations on the conduct of Providence, than Posthumus gives us here in his private reflections. You gods, says he, act in a different manner with your different creatures;

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,

To have them fall no more.—

Others, says our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increase in crimes;

And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.

He

But Imogen is your own: ' Do your best wills,
 And make me blest to obey!—I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself

Here is a relative without an antecedent substantive; which is a breach of grammar. We must certainly read:

And make them *dreaded*, to the doers' thrift.

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, respect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity. THEOBALD.

This emendation is followed by Hammer. Dr. Warburton reads, I know not whether by the printer's negligence,

And make them *dread*, to the doers' thrift.

There seems to be no very satisfactory sense yet offered. I read, but with hesitation,

And make them *decided*, to the doers' thrift.

The word *decided* I know not indeed where to find; but Shakespeare has, in another sense, *undecided* in *Macbeth*:

“ ———— my sword

“ I sheath again *undecided*.” ————

I will try again, and read thus:

——— others you permit

To second ills with ills, each other worse,

And make them *trade it*, to the doers' thrift.

Trade and *thrift* correspond. Our author plays with *trade*, as it signifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So Isabella says:

“ Thy sin's, not accidental, but a *trade*.” JOHNSON.

However ungrammatical, I believe the old reading is the true one. To make them *dread it* is to make them *persevere in the commission of dreadful actions*. Dr. Johnson has observed on a passage in Hamlet, that Pope and Rowe have not refused this mode of speaking:—“ To *sin* it or *saint it*” —and “ to *coy it*.”

STEEVENS.

' — Do your best wills,

And make me blest t' obey! —] So the copies. It was more in the manner of our author to have written,

—— Do your *best* wills,

And make me blest t' obey. ——— JOHNSON.

As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
 Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door; and the British army at another; Leonatus Posthumus following it like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carle²,
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

² ——— *this carle,*] *Carle* is used by our old writers in opposition to a *gentleman*. See the poem of *John the Reeve*.

PERCY.

Carlet is a word of the same signification, and occurs in our author's *As you like it*. Again, in an ancient *interlude* or *morality*, printed by Rastell, without title or date.

“A *carlys* sonne, brought up of nought.”

The thought seems to have been imitated in *Philaster*:

“The gods take part against me; could this *boor*

“Have held me thus else?” STEEVENS.

The

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken: then enter to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then, enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Another part of the field.

Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down

Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
turf³;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
+ The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those⁵ for preservation cas'd, or shame)

Made

³ *Close by the battle, &c.*] The stopping of the Roman army by three persons, is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his *History of Scotland*, p. 155: "There was neere to the place of the battell, a long lane fenced on the sides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enemies on heapes.

"Here Haie with his sonnes supposing they might best staie the fight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor fo; but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith divers hardie personages cried unto their fellowes to returne backe unto the battell, &c."

It appears from Peck's *New Memoirs &c.* article 88, that Milton intended to have written a play on this subject.

MUSGRAVE.

⁴ *The country base, —*] i. e. A rustic game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*. So, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1632.

" — I'll run a little course

" At base or barley-break —"

Again, in the *Antipodes*, 1638:

" — my men can run at base."

Again, in the 30th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" At hood-wink, barley-brake, at tick, or *prison-base*."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. 5. c. 8.

" So ran they all as they had been at base." STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— for preservation cas'd, or shame)] Shame for modesty. WAREURTON.

Sir

Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
 Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
 To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
 Or we are Romans, and will give you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
 But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing) with this word, *stand, stand*,
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks,
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
 coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
 'A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: And now our cowards,
 (Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' the need) having found the back-door open

Sir T. Hanmer reads the passage thus:

Than some for preservation cas'd.

For shame,

Make good the passage, cry'd to those that fled,

Our Britain's harts die flying, &c.

Tincobald's reading is right. JOHNSON.

'A rout, confusion thick:—] This is read as if it was a *thick confusion*, and only another term for *rout*: whereas *confusion-thick* should be read thus, with an hyphen, and is a very beautiful compound epithet to *rout*. But Shakespeare's fine diction is not a little obscured throughout by thus disfiguring his compound adjectives. WARBURTON.

I do not see what great addition is made to *fine diction* by this compound. Is it not as natural to enforce the principal event in a story by repetition, as to enlarge the principal figure in a picture?

JOHNSON.

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal ⁷ bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old inan, and two boys!

Post. ⁸ Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,

I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewel; you are angry.

[*Exit.*]

⁷ — bugs —] Terrors. JOHNSON.

So in the *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

“Where nought but furies, bugs, and tortures dwell.”

So in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

“Is Amurath Bassa such a bug,

“That he is mark'd to do this doughty deed?”

Again:

“And shall we be afraid of bassas, and of bugs?”

Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1638:

“He brings with him that great Egyptian bug,

“Strong Tonombey.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Nay, do not wonder at it:—*] Sure, this is mock reasoning with a vengeance. What! because he was made fitter to wonder at great actions, than to perform any, he is therefore forbid to wonder? *Nay* and *but* are perpetually mistaken for one another in the old editions. THEOBALD.

There is no need of alteration. Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for. JOHNSON.

Post.

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? 'I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find
him:

For, being now a' favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

* ——— *I, in mine own woe charm'd,*] Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition; which made Erasmus, where, in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristic, say, “*Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione sibi placent.*” And Prior, in his *Alma*:

“North Britons hence have *second fight*;

“And Germans free from *gun-shot fight.*” WARBURTON.

See a note on *Macbeth*, act V. sc. ult. So in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

*Their seconds minister an oath
Which was indifferent to them both,
That, on their knightly faith and troth,
No magic them supplied;
And sought them that they had no charms
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms*

To have their causes tried. STEEVENS.

* ——— *favourer to the Roman,*] The editions before Hanmer's for Roman read Briton; and Dr. Warburton reads Briton still.

JOHNSON.

Here made by the Roman ; * great the answer be
 Britons must take : For me, my ransom's death ;
 On either side I come to spend my breath ;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd ! Lucius is taken ;
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit³,
 † That gave the affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported ;
 But none of them can be found.—Stand ! Who's
 there ?

Post. A Roman ;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him ; A dog !
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here : He brags his
 service
 As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

² ——— *great the answer be*] *Answer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *a silly habit.*] *Silly* is *simple* or *rustic*. So in *K. Lear* :
 ——— *twenty silly ducking observants*—— STEEVENS.

⁴ *That gave the affront with them.* That is, that turned their faces to the enemy. JOHNSON.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Alchymist* :

“ To day thou shalt have ingots, and to-morrow

“ *Give lords the affront.*” STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman captives. The captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a gaoler: after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.

A prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way, I think, to liberty: Yet am I better Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd By the sure physician, death; who is the key To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,

Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desir'd, more than constrain'd: ⁵ to satisfy,

If

⁵ *You shall not now be stolen,——*] This wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. JOHNSON.

⁶ *—— to satisfy,*

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
 No stricter render of me, than my all.
 I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire:
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
 You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these ⁷ cold bonds, O Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.]

[No stricter render of me, than my all.] What we can discover from the nonsense of these lines is, that the speaker, in a fit of penitency, compares his circumstances with a debtor's, who is willing to surrender up all to appease his creditor. This being the sense in general, I may venture to say, the true reading must have been this:

————— to satisfy,
 I d'off my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
 No stricter render of me than my all.

The verb *d'off* is too frequently used by our author to need any instances; and is here employed with peculiar elegance, i. e. To give all the satisfaction I am able to your offended godheads, I voluntarily divest myself of my freedom: 'tis the only thing I have to atone with;

————— take
 No stricter render of me, than my all. WARBURTON.

Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his present all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment. This interpretation appears to be warranted by the former part of the speech. The Revival is justly severe on the inconsistency of Dr. Warburton's correction. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— cold bonds. —] This equivocal use of *bonds* is another instance of our author's infelicity in pathetic speeches. JOHNSON.

² *Solemn musick.* Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies:
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates, and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
 Whose face I never saw?
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
 Attending Nature's law.

³ *Solemn musick, &c.]* Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophecy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakespeare.

POPE.

Every reader must be of the same opinion. The subsequent narratives of Posthumus, which render this masque, &c. unnecessary, (or perhaps the scenical directions supplied by the poet himself) seem to have excited some manager of a theatre to disgrace the play by the present metrical interpolation. Shakespeare, who has conducted his fifth act with such matchless skill, could never have designed the vision to be twice described by Posthumus, had this contemptible nonsense been previously delivered on the stage. The following passage from Dr. Farmer's *Essay* will shew that it was no unusual thing for the players to indulge themselves in making additions equally unjustifiable.—“We have a sufficient instance of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet, by Nash, called *Lenten Stuffe, with the Prayse of the red Herring*, 4to. 1599, where he assures us, that in a play of his called *The Isle of Dogs, foure acts*, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players.” STEEVENS.

Whose

Whose father then (as men report,
 Thou orphan's father art)
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes ;

? That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity !

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
 As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel ;
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
 To be exil'd, and thrown
 From Leonati' seat, and cast
 From her his dearest one,
 Sweet Imogen ?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy,
 To taint his nobler heart and brain
 With needless jealousy ;
 And to become the geck and scorn
 O' the other's villainy ?

9 *That from me my Posthumus ript,]* The old copy reads :
 That from me *was* Posthumus ript.
 Perhaps we should read,

That from *my womb* Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes. JOHNSON.

This circumstance is met with in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607,
 The play of *Cymbeline* did not appear in print till 1623 :

“ What would'st thou run again into my womb ?

“ If thou wert there, thou should'st be *Posthumus*,

“ And ript out of my sides, &c.” STEEVENS.

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
 Our parents, and us twain,
 That, striking in our country's cause,
 Fell bravely, and were slain;
 Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
 With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
 To Cymbeline perform'd:
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The graces for his merits due;
 Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy chrystal window ope; look out;
 No longer exercise,
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
 And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
 Or we poor ghosts will cry
 To the shining synod of the rest,
 Against thy deity.

2 *Broth.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly.

*Jupiter descends*¹ in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

¹ *Jupiter descends*—] It appears from *Acolastus*, a comedy by T. Palsgrave, chaplain to K. Henry VIII. bl. l. 1529, that the descent of deities was common to our stage in its earliest state. "Of whyche the lyke thyng is used to be shewed now a days in stage-plaies, when some *God* or some *Saynt* is made to appere forth of a cloude, and succoureth the parties which semed to be towards some great danger, through the Soudan's crueltie." The author, for fear this description should not be supposed to extend itself to our theatres, adds in a marginal note, "the lyke maner used nowe at our days in stage playes." STEEVENS.

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts,
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;
 No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
 And so, away: no farther with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 Mount eagle, to my palace chrySTALLINE. [*Ascends.*
Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
 More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing², and³ cloy^s his beak,
 As when his god is pleas'd.

All.

² Prunes the immortal wing, —] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he clears his feathers from superfluities. So in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I.

“Some, sitting on the beach to *prune* their painted breasts.”
 STEEVENS.

³ — cloy^s his beak,] Perhaps we should read,
 ———— *claws* his beak. TYRWHITT.

A *cloy* is the same with a *claw* in old language. FARMER.
 So in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. iv. fol. 69:

“And as a catte wold ete fishes

“Without wetyng of his *cles*.”

Again;

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Vanish.*]

Post. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire,
and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare
one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads]

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*:

“ ——— from the feize

“ Of vulture death and those relentless cleys.”

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, speaks “of a disease in cattell betwixt the clees of their feete.” And in the *Book of Hawking*, &c. bl. l. no date, under the article *Pounces*, it is said, “The cleis within the fote ye shall call aright her pounces.” To *claw* their beaks, is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.

STEEVENS.

'Tis

⁴ 'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not : either both, or nothing :
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, fir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, fir ; if you be ready
for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,
the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, fir : But the
comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments,
fear no more tavern bills ; which are often the sadness
of parting, as the procuring of mirth : you come in
faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much
drink ; sorry that you have paid too much, ⁵ and sorry
that

⁴ 'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen

Tongue, and brain not—do either both, or nothing—

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such

As sense cannot untie. —] The obscurity of this passage

arises from part of it being spoke of the prophesy, and part to it.
This writing on the tablet (says he) is still a dream, or else the
raving of madness. Do thou, O tablet, either both or nothing ;
either let thy words and sense go together, or be thy bosom a *rasa*
tabula. As the words now stand they are nonsense, or at least in-
volve in them a sense which I cannot develope. **WARBURTON.**

The meaning, which is too thin to be easily caught, I take to
be this : *This is a dream or madness, or both—or nothing—but whether*
it be a speech without consciousness, as in a dream, or a speech
unintelligible, as in madness, be it as it is, it is like my course of
life. We might perhaps read,

Whether both, or nothing ——— **JOHNSON.**

The word—*do* is inserted unnecessarily by Dr. Warburton, both
in his text and his note. It is not in the old copy. **STEEVENS.**

⁵ — and sorry that you are paid too much ; —] *Tavern bills,*
says the goaler, are the sadness of parting, as the procuring of
mirth—you depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry that you have
paid too much, and—what ? sorry that you are paid too much.

Where

that you are paid too much ; purse and brain both empty : the brain the heavier, for being too light ; the purse too light, being drawn ¹ of heaviness : O ! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord ! it sums up thousands in a trice : you have no true ² debtor and creditor but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge :—Your neck, fir, is pen, book, and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, fir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach : But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer : for, look you, fir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him so pictur'd : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know ; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know ;

Where is the opposition ? I read, *And merry that you are paid so much.* I take the second *paid* to be *'paid*, for *appaid*, filled, satiated. JOHNSON.

—*sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much ;*—] i. e. sorry that you *have paid* too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you *are paid*, or *subdued*, too much by the liquor. So Falstaff :

“ ———seven of the eleven I *pay'd*.”

The same conceit is in the 2nd part of Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630 :

“ You are *paid* ?

“ Yes, fir,

“ So shall some of us be anon, I fear.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's 73d Epigram.

“ For which or *pay* me quickly, or I'll *pay* you.”

Again in the fifth scene of the fourth act of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. STEEVENS.

¹ ———*being drawn of heaviness :*] Drawn is *embowell'd*, *exenterated*.—So in common language a fowl is said to be *drawn* when its intestines are taken out. STEEVENS.

² ———*debitor and creditor*——] For an *accounting book*.

JOHNSON.

or ³ jump the after-enquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus, and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, ⁴ I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*]

³ — jump the after-enquiry —] That is, venture at it without thought. So *Macbeth*:

“ We'd jump the life to come.” JOHNSON.

⁴ — I never saw one so prone. —] i. e. forward. In this sense the word is used in Wilfride Holme's poem, entitled *The Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, &c. 1537:

“ Thus lay they in Doncaster, with curtal and serpentine,

“ With bombard and basilisk, with men prone and vigorous.”

Again in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the sixth book of *Lucan*:

“ ——— Thessalian fierce steeds

“ For use of war so prone and fit.” STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

*Cymbeline's tent.**Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made

Prefervers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in ⁶ one that promis'd nought
But

⁵ *Scene V.]* Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakespeare's contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramatic violence than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expense of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. STEEVENS.

⁶ ———— *one that promis'd nought*

But beggary and poor looks. But how can it be said, that one, whose *poor looks* promise *beggary*, promised *poor looks* too? It was not the poor look which was promised; that was visible. We must read:

But beggary and poor luck.
This sets the matter right, and makes Belarius speak sense and to the purpose. For there was the extraordinary thing; he promised nothing but *poor luck*, and yet performed all these wonders.

WARBURTON.

But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him ?

Pif. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am

The heir of his reward ; which I will add

To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

By whom, I grant, she lives : 'Tis now the time

To ask of whence you are :—report it.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :

Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,

Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees :

Arise my knights o' the battle ? ; I create you

Companions to our person, and will fit you

With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces :—Why so sadly

Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,

And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king !

To four your happiness, I must report

The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician

Would this report become ? But I consider,

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death

Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she ?

To promise *nothing but poor looks*, may be, to give no promise of courageous behaviour. JOHNSON.

So in *K. Rich. II.*

“ To look so *poorly* and to speak so fair.” STEEVENS.

7 — *knights o' the battle ;—*] Thus in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 164, edit. 1615 : “ Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet *knight of the felde.*” STEEVENS.

Cor.

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wise to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she
had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
 Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
 That thought her like her seeming ; it had been
 vicious,
 To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
 That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners ;
 Posthumus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
 The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
 Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit,
 That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
 Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
 So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
 Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
 We should not, when the blood was cold, have
 threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
 May be call'd ransom, let it come : suffice it,
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
 Augustus lives to think on't : And so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat ; My boy, a Briton born,
 Let him be ransom'd : never master had
 A page so kind, so dutious, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join
 With my request, which, I'll make bold, your high-
 nefs
 Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,

So feat, —] So ready ; so dextrous in waiting. JOHNSON.
 Though

Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, fir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him ;
His ⁹ favour is familiar to me :—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art
Mine own. I know not why, wherefore, I say,
Live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no ; alack,
There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more ; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?
 speak,
Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your
 vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'ft him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, fir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

⁹ —favour is familiar—] I am acquainted with his countenance. JOHNSON.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, fir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen walk aside.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arw. ' One sand another

Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele—What think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead,

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress:

[*Aside.*]

Since she is living, let the time run on,

To good, or bad. [*Cymb. and Imogen come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;

Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth;

[*To Iachimo.*]

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;

Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,

Which is our honour, bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

[*Aside.*]

' One sand another

[*Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad,*] A slight corruption
has made nonsense of this passage. One grain might resemble
another, but none a human form. We should read:

Not more resembles, than he th' sweet rosy lad.

WARBURTON.

There was no great difficulty in the line, which, when properly
pointed, needs no alteration. JOHNSON.

Cym.

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
which

Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler fir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would

² *Quail to remember*,—] To *quail* is to sink into dejection.
The word is common to many authors; among the rest, to Stany-
hurst, in his translation of the second book of the *Æneid*:

“With nightly silence was I *quail'd*, and greatly with
horror.”

Again, in *David and Bethsabe*, 1599:

“Can make us yield, or *quail* our courages.”

Again, in *Mucedorus*:

“That so dost *quail* a woman's mind.”

Again, in the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590:

“One day there will come a day

“Which shall *quail* thy fortune's flowr.”

Again, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

“She cannot *quail* me if she come in likeness of the great Devil.”

STEEVENS.

Our

Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Post-
humus,

(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones) fitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: ³ for feature, laming
The

³ ——— for feature, laming] *Feature* for proportion of parts,
which Mr. Theobald not understanding, would alter to *feature*.

————— for feature, laming

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond *brief* nature; ———

i. e. The ancient statues of Venus and Minerva, which exceeded,
in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of
brief nature; i. e. of hasty, unelaborate nature. He gives the
same character of the beauty of the antique in *Antony and Cleo-
patra*:

“ O'er picturing *that* Venus where we see

“ *The fancy out-work nature.*”

It appears, from a number of such passages as these, that our au-
thor, was not ignorant of the fine arts. A passage in *De Piles'*
Cours de Peinture par Principes will give great light to the beauty
of the text. — “ *Peu de sentimens ont été partagez sur la beauté de
l'antique. Les gens d'esprit qui aiment les beaux arts ont estimé
dans tous les tems ces merveilleux ouvrages. Nous voyons dans les
anciens auteurs quantité de passages ou pour louer les beautez vi-
vantes on les comparoit aux statuës.*” — *Ne vous imaginez* (dit
Maxime de Tyr) *de pouvoir jamais trouver une beauté naturelle, qui
le dispute aux statuës. Ovid, où il fait la description de Cyllare, le
plus beau de Centaures, dit, Qu'il avoit une si grande vivacité dans
le visage, que le col, les épaules, les mains, & l'estomac en
etoient si beaux qu'on pouvoit assurer qu'en tout ce qu'il avoit de
l'homme c'étoit la meme beauté que l'on remarque dans les statuës
les plus parfaites.*” — Et Philostrate, parlant de la beauté de
Neoptoleme, & de la ressemblance qu'il avoit avec son pere
Achille, dit: “ *Qu'en beauté son pere avoit autant d'avantage
sur lui que les statuës en ont sur les beaux hommes. Les au-
teurs modernes ont suivi ces mêmes sentimens sur la beauté de
l'Antique.*” — Je reporterai seulement celui de Scaliger. “ *Le
moyen* (dit il) *que nous puissions rien voir qui approche de la per-
fection des belles statuës, puisqu'il est permis à l'art de choisir, de*
re,

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
 Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
 Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire:
 Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Post-
 humus,

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
 That had a royal lover) took his hint;
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
 He was as calm as virtue) he began
 His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
 made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
 Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
 Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

retrancher, d'ajouter, de diriger, & qu'au contraire, la nature s'est toujours altérée depuis la creation du premier homme en qui Dieu joignit la beauté de la forme à celle de l'innocence." This last quotation from Scaliger well explains what Shakespeare meant by—*brief nature*;—i. e. inelaborate, hasty, and careless as to the elegance of form, in respect of *art*, which uses the peculiar address, above explained, to arrive at perfection. WAREBURTON.

I cannot help adding, that passages of this kind are but weak proofs that our poet was conversant with what we call at present *the fine arts*. The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) afford a most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty imputed to the different deities; and as Shakespeare had at least an opportunity of reading Chapman's translation of *Homer*, the first part of which was published in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular observation, or acquaintance with statuary and painting. It is surely more for his honour to remark how well he has employed the little knowledge he appears to have had of sculpture or mythology, than from his frequent allusions to them to suppose he was intimately acquainted with either. STEEVENS.

Iach.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.—
 He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold : Whereat, I, wretch !
 Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery : he, true knight,
 No-leffer of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle ⁴
 Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
 Post I in this design : Well may you, sir,
 Remember me at court, where I was taught
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate
 Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent ;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof enough
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown
 With tokens thus, and thus ; ⁵ averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
 (O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
 Methinks, I see him now,— —

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, [Coming forward,
 Italian fiend !—Ah me, most credulous fool,

⁴ —a carbuncle, &c.] So in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled

“ Like *Phœbus*' car.” — STEEVENS.

⁵ —averring notes] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report. JOHNSON.

Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer⁶! Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious: it is I
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
 Of virtue was she; yea,⁷ and she herself.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
 Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
 Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
 page,

There lie thy part.

[*Striking her, she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help

Mine, and your mistress—O, my lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now:—Help, help!—
 Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come⁸ these staggers on me?

⁶ *Some upright justicer!*] I meet with this antiquated word in
The Tragedy of Darius, 1603:

“———this day,

“Th' eternal justicer sees through the stars.”

Again in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:

“No: we must have an upright justicer.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, book x. chap. 54.

“Precelling his progenitors, a justicer upright.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ ——and she herself.] That is, She was not only the temple of
 virtue, but virtue herself. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——these staggers——] This wild and delirious perturbation.
Staggers is the horse's apoplexy. JOHNSON.

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on
me, if

That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!——

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.——

Guid. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

Think,

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard¹ in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you
not;

You had a motive for't. [To Guiderius and Arviragus.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me

² *Think, that you are upon a rock;—*] In this speech, or in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose, she would say, Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps only a stage direction is wanting to clear this passage from obscurity. Imogen first upbraids her husband for the violent treatment she had just experienced; then confident of the return of passion which she knew must succeed to the discovery of her innocence, the poet might have meant her to rush into his arms, and while she clung about him fast, to dare him to throw her off a second time, lest that precipitation should prove as fatal to them both, as if the place where they stood had been a rock. To which he replies, *hang there*, i. e. round my neck, till the frame that now supports you shall decay. STEEVENS.

¹ *—a dullard—*] In this place means a person stupidly unconcern'd. So in *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

“What dullard! would'st thou doat in rusty art?”

Again, Stanyhurst in his version of the first book of Virgil, 1582:

“We Moores, lyke dullards, are not so wytles abyding.”

STEEVENS.

With

With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death : By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket ; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour : what became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story :
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend !
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence : pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most incivil one : The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law : Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, fir king :
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself ; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens

Had

Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone ;

[*To the guard.*]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent
As good as we ?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three :

But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—

By leave ;—Thou had'st, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him ? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age : indeed, a banish'd man ;
I know

³ *By tasting of our wrath ?*——] But how did Belarius *undo*
or forfeit his merit by *tasting* or feeling the king's wrath ? We
should read :

By hastening of our wrath ?——

i. e. by hastening, provoking ; and as such a provocation is un-
dutiful, the demerit, consequently, undoes or makes void his
former worth, and all pretensions to reward. WARBURTON.

There is no need of change ; the consequence is taken for the
whole action ; *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make thee taste.*

JOHNSON.

⁴ *Assum'd this age :*——] I believe is the same as *reach'd* or
attain'd this age. STEEVENS.

As there is no reason to imagine that Belarius had assumed the
appearance of being older than he really was, I suspect that, in-
stead of *age*, we ought to read *gage* ; so that he may be under-
stood to refer to *the engagement*, which he had entered into, a few
lines before, in these words :

I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence ;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons ?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy : Here's my knee :
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
'These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
'They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ! my issue ?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes

“ ———— We will die all three ;

“ But I will prove that two of us are as good

“ As I have given out him.” TYRWHITT.

⁵ *Your pleasure was my near offence, —*] I think this passage may better be read thus :

Your pleasure was my *dear* offence, my punishment
Itself *was* all my treason ; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. ————

The offence which cost me so *dear* was only your caprice. My sufferings have been all my crime. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copies, though corrupt, is generally nearer to the truth than that of the later editions, which, for the most part, adopt the orthography of their respective ages. An instance occurs in the play of *Cymbeline*, in the last scene. Belarius says to the king :

Your pleasure was my *near* offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason. ————

Dr. Johnson would read *dear* offence. In the folio it is *ncere* ; which plainly points out to us the true reading, *meere*, as the word was then spelt. TYRWHITT.

(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
 Have I train'd up : those arts they have, as I
 Could put into them ; my breeding was, fir, as
 Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
 Upon my banishment : I mov'd her to't ;
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,
 For that which I did then : Beaten for loyalty
 Excited me to treason : Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious fir,
 Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world :——
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. ° Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
 The service, that you three have done, is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st : I lost my children ;
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius :
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
 Your younger princely son ; he, fir, was lap'd
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
 Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;

° *Thou weep'st and speak'st.*] “ Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation ; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate.”
 The king reasons very justly. JOHNSON.

Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Blest may you be,⁷
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now !—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord ;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle bro-
thers,
Have we thus met ? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
⁸ When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?

Arw. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd ;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !

When shall I hear all through ? This⁹ fierce abridg-
ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where ? how liv'd
you ?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive ?
How parted with your brothers ? how first met them ?

⁷—*may you be.*] The old copy reads—*pray* you be. STEEVENS.

⁸ *When you were so, indeed.*] The folio gives :

When we were so, indeed.

If this be right, we must read :

Imo. I, you brothers.

Arw. When we were so, indeed. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *fierce abridgment*] *Fierce*, is *vehement*, *rapid*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Timon of Athens* :

Oh, the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings ! STEEVENS.

' Why fled you from the court ? and whither ? These,
 And your three motives to the battle, with
 I know not how much more, should be demanded ;
 And all the other by-dependancies,
 From chance to chance ; but nor the time, nor place,
 Will serve our long² interrogatories. See,
 Posthumus anchors upon Imogen ;
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master ; hitting
 Each object with a joy : the counter-change
 Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
 Thou art my brother ; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To Belarius.

Imo. You are my father too ; and did relieve me,
 To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
 Save these in bonds : let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
 I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
 He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
 The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
 The soldier that did company these three
 In poor beseeming ; 'twas a fitment for

¹ *Why fled you from the court, and whether these ?*] It must be rectified thus :

Why fled you from the court ? and *whither* ? These, &c.
 The king is asking his daughter, how she has lived ; why she fled
 from the court, and to what place : and having enumerated so
 many particulars, he stops short. THEOBALD.

² *Will serve our long—*] So the first folio. Later editors have
 omitted *our*, for the sake of the metre, I suppose ; but unneces-
 sarily ; as *interrogatory* is used by Shakespeare as a *quadrifyllable*.
 See the *Merchant of Venice* near the end, where in the old edi-
 tion it is written *intergatory*. TYRWHITT.

The purpose I then follow'd :—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again :

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
As then your force did. 'Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe : but, your ring first ;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me :

The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
The malice towards you, to forgive you : Live,
And deal with others better.

Cymb. Nobly doom'd :

We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,

As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer : As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews⁹
Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom ; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it¹ : let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

⁹ — sprightly *shews*—] Are ghostly appearances. STEEVENS.

¹ *Make no collection of it.*] A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So, in Sir John Davies's poem on *The Immortality of the Soul* :

“ When she, from sundry arts, one skill doth draw ;

“ Gath'ring from divers fights, one act of war ;

“ From many cases like, one rule of law :

“ These her *collections*, not the senses are.” STEEVENS.

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothsayer reads.

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[*To Cymbeline.*

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; [*To Post.*] who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unfought, were clip'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

² My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising

² *My peace we will begin:—*] I think it better to read:
By peace we will begin.— JOHNSON.

To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
 On whom heaven's justice, (both on her, and hers)
 Hath lay'd most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
 The harmony of this peace. The vision
 Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
 Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle,
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
 So vanish'd : which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
 The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
 Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
 And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
 From our blest altars ! Publish we this peace
 To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let
 A Roman and a British ensign wave
 Friendly together : so through Lud's town march ;
 And in the temple of great Jupiter
 Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
 Set on there :—Never was a war did cease,
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THIS play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation. JOHNSON,

SONG

A SONG, sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over
Fidele, supposed to be dead.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids, and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.

2.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove :
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

3.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew :
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

4.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

5.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each

6.

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed :
Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more ;
And mourn'd 'till pity's self be dead.*

KING

K I N G L E A R.

Persons Represented.

Lear, King of Britain.

King of France.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Cornwall.

Duke of Albany.

Earl of Gloster.

Earl of Kent.

Edgar, Son to Gloster.

Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloster.

Curan, a Courtier.

Physician.

Fool.

Oswald, Steward to Goneril.

A Captain, employed by Edmund.

Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.

Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril,
Regan,
Cordelia, } *Daughters to Lear.*

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, Britain.

K I N G L E A R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

King Lear's Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo.

¹ The story of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakespeare seems to have been more indebted to the *True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605, (which I have already published at the end of a collection of the quarto copies) than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that some play on this subject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moste famous Chronicle Hystorie of Leire King of England, and his three Daughters.*" A piece with the same title is enter'd again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607. See the extracts from these Entries at the end of the Prefaces, &c. From *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1586, Shakespeare has, however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The episode of Gloster and his sons must have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, as I have not found the least trace of it in any other work. I have referred to these pieces, whenever our author seems more immediately to have followed them, in the course of my notes on the play. For the first *King Lear*, see likewise *Six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross.

The reader will also find the story of *K. Lear*, in the second book and 10th canto of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and in the 15th chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602.

The whole of this play, however, could not have been written till after 1603. Harfnet's pamphlet to which it contains so many references, (as will appear in the notes) was not published till that year. STEEVENS.

Camden, in his *Remains*, (p. 306. ed. 1674.) tells a similar story to this of *Leir* or *Lear*, of Ina king of the West Saxons; which,

Glo. It did always seem so to us : but now, ² in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most ; for ³ equalities are so weigh'd, ⁴ that curiosity in neither can ⁵ make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord ?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge : I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could : where-

which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. See under the head of *Wife Speeches*. PERCY.

² — in the division of the kingdom, —] There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters he examines his daughters, to discover in what proportions he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloster only were privy to his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as subsequent reasons should determine him.

JOHNSON.

³ — equalities, —] So, the first quartos ; the folio reads—*Qualities*. JOHNSON.

Either may serve ; but of the former I find an instance in the *Flower of Friendship*, 1568 : “ After this match made, and equalities considered, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — that curiosity in neither —] *Curiosity*, for exactest scrutiny. The sense of the whole sentence is, The qualities and properties of the several divisions are so weighed and balanced against one another, that the exactest scrutiny could not determine in preferring one share to the other. WARBURTON.

Curiosity is scrupulousness, or captiousness. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, act IV. sc. iv.

“ For curious I cannot be with you.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — make choice of either's moiety.] The strict sense of the word *moiety* is *half*, one of two equal parts ; but Shakespeare commonly uses it for *any part* or *division*.

Methinks my *moiety* north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours :

and here the *division* was into three parts. STEEVENS.

Heywood likewise uses the word *moiety* as synonymous to *any part* or *portion*. “ I would unwillingly part with the greatest *moiety* of my own means and fortunes.” *Hist. of Women*, 1624.

MALONE.

upon

upon she grew round-womb'd; and had, indeed, fir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, fir, a son by order of law, ⁶ some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account, though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for: yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia; and attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt Gloster, and Edmund.*]

Lear. Mean time we shall ⁷ express our darker purpose.

The

⁶ — *some year elder than this,* —] The Oxford editor, not understanding the common phrase, alters year to years. He did not consider, the Bastard says:

For that I am *some* twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother. ——— WARBURTON.

Some year, is an expression used when we speak indefinitely.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *express our darker purpose.*] *Darker,* for more secret; not for indirect, oblique. WARBURTON.

This

The map there.—Know, that we have divided,
 In three, our kingdom : * and 'tis our fast intent
 To shake all cares and business from our age ;
 Conferring them on younger strengths ¹, while we *
 Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Corn-
 wall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
 We have this hour a ³ constant will to publish
 Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
 May be prevented now. The princes, France and
 Burgundy,

This word may admit a further explication. *We shall express our darker purpose* : that is, we have already made known in some measure our design of parting the kingdom ; we will now discover what has not been told before, and the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition. This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue. JOHNSON.

³ ——— and 'tis our fast intent.] This is an interpolation of Mr. Lewis Theobald, for want of knowing the meaning of the old reading in the quarto of 1608, and first folio of 1623 ; where we find it,

————— and 'tis our *first* intent ;
 which is as Shakespeare wrote it ; who makes Lear declare his purpose with a dignity becoming his character : that the *first* reason of his abdication was the love of his people, that they might be protected by such as were better able to discharge the trust ; and his natural affection for his daughters, only the *second*.

WARBURTON.

Fast is the reading of the first folio, and, I think, the true reading. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——— from our age ;] The quartos read—*off our state*.

STEEVENS.

² Conferring them on younger strengths,] is the reading of the folio ; the quartos read, *Confirming* them on younger years.

STEEVENS.

² ——— while we, &c.] From *while we*, down to *prevented now*, is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

³ ——— constant will seems a confirmation of *fast* intent. JOHNSON.
Constant is *firm, determined*. *Constant will* is the *certa voluntas* of Virgil. The same epithet is used with the same meaning in the *Merchant of Venice* :

————— else nothing in the world
 Could turn so much the constitution
 Of any *constant* man.

STEEVENS.

Great

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
 Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
 And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
 (Since now ⁴ we will divest us, both of rule,
 Interest of territory, cares of state,)
 Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
 That we our largest bounty may extend
⁵ Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
 Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
 Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
 As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
⁶ Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia ⁷ do? Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to
 this,
 With shadowy forests and with ⁸ champains rich'd,

⁴ *Since now &c.*] These two lines are omitted in the quartos:
 STEEVENS.

⁵ *Where nature doth with merit challenge.*—] Where the claim of *merit* is superadded to that of *nature*; or where a superiour degree of *natural filial affection* is joined to the claim of other *merits*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Beyond all manner of so much*—] Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is *so much*, for how much soever I should name, it would yet be more.

JOHNSON.

⁷ *—do?—*] So the quarto; the folio has *speak*. JOHNSON.

⁸ *—and with champains rich'd,*

With plenteous rivers—

These words are omitted in the quartos. *To rich* is an obsolete verb. It is used by Tho. Drant in his translation of Horace's *Epistles*, 1567:

“To *ritch* his country let his words lyke flowing water fall.” STEEVENS.

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady : To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister ¹,
And prize me ² at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love ;
Only she comes too short : ³ that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
³ Which the most precious square of sense possesses ;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Afide.*
And yet not so ; since, I am sure, my love's
⁴ More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear.

¹ *I am made, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *Sir, I am made of the self-same metal that my sister is.* STEEVENS.

² *And prize me*] I believe this passage should rather be pointed thus :

*And prize me at her worth, in my true heart
I find, she names, &c.*

That is, *And so may you prize me at her worth, as in my true heart I find, that she names, &c.* TYRWHITT.

³ ——— *that I profess*] That seems to stand without relation, but is referred to *find*, the first conjunction being inaccurately suppressed. I find *that* she names my deed, I find that I profess, &c. JOHNSON.

³ *Which the most precious square of sense possesses ;*] By the square of sense, we are, here, to understand the four nobler senses, viz. the *sight, hearing, taste, and smell.* For a young lady could not, with decency, insinuate that she knew of any pleasures which the *fifth* afforded. This is imagined and expressed with great propriety and delicacy. But the Oxford editor, for *square*, reads *spirit.* WARBURTON.

This is acute ; but perhaps *square* means only *compass, comprehension.* JOHNSON.

So, in a *Parænesis to the Prince*, by lord Sterline, 1604 :

“ The square of reason, and the mind's clear eye.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *More pond'rous than my tongue.*] We should read, *their tongue*, meaning her sisters. WARBURTON.

I think

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
⁵ No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
 Than that confirm'd ⁶ on Goneril.— ⁷ Now, our joy,
⁸ Although the last, not least; to whose young love
 The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
 Strive to be interests'd ⁹; what can you say, ¹ to draw
 A third, more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

I think the present reading right. JOHNSON.

More pond'rous than my tongue.] Thus the folio: the quarto reads, *more richer.* STEEVENS.

⁵ *No less in space, validity,*—] *Validity*, for worth, value; not for integrity, or good title. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“The countenance of your friend is of less value than his council, yet both of very small *validity.*” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *confirm'd* —] The folio reads, *conferr'd.* STEEVENS.

⁷ — *Now our joy,*] Here the true reading is picked out of two copies. Butter's quarto reads:

—— *But now our joy,*

Although the last, not least in our dear love,

What can you say to win a third, &c.

The folio:

—— *Now our joy,*

Although our last, *and* least; to whose young love

The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,

Strive to be int'res'd. *What can you say* &c. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Although our last, not least,* &c.] So, in the old anonymous play, King Lear speaking to Mumford:

“—— to thee last of all;

“Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Strive to be interests'd*;) So, in the Preface to Drayton's *Polyolbion*: “—there is scarce any of the nobilitie, or gentry of this land, but he is some way or other by his blood *interestted* therein.” Again, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

“Our sacred laws and just authority

“Are *interestted* therein.”

To *interest* and to *interesse*, are not, perhaps, different spellings of the same verb, but are two distinct words though of the same import; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *intereffer*. STEEVENS.

¹ — *to draw*] The quarto reads—what can you say, *to win.*

STEEVENS.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. ² Nothing?

Cor. ² Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing : speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty
According to my bond ; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia ? ³ mend your speech
a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all ? ⁴ Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
⁵ To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this ?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender ?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower :
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;

² These two speeches are wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

³ How, how, Cordelia ?] Thus the folio. The quarto reads
—Go to, go to. STEEVENS.

⁴ —Haply, when I shall wed, &c.] So, in *The Mirror of
Magistrates*, 1586, Cordila says :

“ To love you as I ought, my father, well ;

“ Yet shortly I may chance, if fortune will,

“ To find in heart to beare another more good will :

“ Thus much I said of nuptial loves that meant.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ To love my father all.—] These words are restored from the
first edition, without which the sense was not complete. POPE.

The mysteries of Hecate, and the night ;
 By all the operations of the orbs,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 ° Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
 Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent !

Come not between the dragon and his wrath :
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight !—

[*To Cordelia* ?.

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her !—Call France ;—Who
 stirs ?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this third :
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Preheminance, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
 With reservation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. ° Only we shall retain
 The

° *Hold thee, from this,——*] i. e. from this time. STEEVENS.

° [*To Cordelia.*] Rather, as the author of the *Revisal* observes, to *Kent*. For in the next words *Lear* sends for France and Burgundy to offer *Cordelia* without a dowry. STEEVENS.

° *Only retain*

The name, and all the additions to a king :

The sway, revenue, execution,

Belov'd sons, be yours ;——]

The name, and all the addition to a king;
 The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
 Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
 This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,
 Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
 Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
 As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the
 shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
 The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
 When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?
 ' Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
 When

The old books read the lines thus;

The sway, revenue, execution *of the rest*,
 Beloved sons, be yours. —

This is evidently corrupt; and the editors not knowing what to
 make of—*of the rest*—, left it out. The true reading, with-
 out doubt, was:

The sway, revenue, execution *of th' best*,
 Beloved sons, be yours. —

Best is an old word for regal command: so that the sense of the
 whole is,—I will only retain the *name* and all the ceremonious ob-
 servances that belong to a king; the *essentials*, as sway, revenue,
 administration of the laws, be yours. WARBURTON.

—*execution of the rest*,] I do not see any great difficulty in
 the words, *execution of the rest*, which are in both the old copies.
 The *execution of the rest* is, I suppose, *all the other business*. Dr.
 Warburton's own explanation of his amendment confutes it; it
best be a *regal command*, they were, by the grant of Lear, to
 have rather the *best* than the execution. JOHNSON.

' *Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,*] I have
 given this passage according to the old folio, from which the mo-
 dern editions have silently departed, for the sake of better num-
 bers. with a degree of insincerity, which, if not sometimes de-
 tected and censured, must impair the credit of ancient books.
 One of the editors, and perhaps only one, knew how much mis-
 chief may be done by such clandestine alterations. The quarto
 agrees with the folio, except that for *reserve thy state*, it gives,
reverse thy doom, and has *sloops*, instead of *falls to folly*. The
 meaning of *answer my life my judgment*, is, *Let my life be answer-
 able for my judgment*, or, *I will stake my life on my opinion*.—The
 read.

When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check

This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound

¹ Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as ² a pawn
To wage against thine enemies: nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my fight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
³ The true blank of thine eye.

Lear.

reading which, without any right, has possessed all the modern
copies is this:

——— to plainness honour

Is bound, when majesty to folly falls.

Reserve thy state; with better judgment check

This hideous rashness; with my life I answer,

Thy youngest daughter, &c.

I am inclined to think that *reverse thy doom* was Shakespeare's
first reading, as more apposite to the present occasion, and that
he changed it afterwards to *reserve thy state*, which conduces more
to the progress of the action. JOHNSON.

¹ *Reverbs*——] This is perhaps a word of the poet's own
making, meaning the same as *reverberates*. STEEVENS.

² —— a pawn

To wage against thine enemies; ——]

i. e. I never regarded my life, as my own, but merely as a thing
of which I had the possession not the property; and which was
entrusted to me as a *pawn* or pledge, to be employed in *waging*
war against your enemies.

To *wage against* is an expression used in a letter from Guil.
Webbe to Rob^t. Wilmot, prefixed to *Tancred and Guismond*,
1592: "—— you shall not be able to *wage against* me in the
charges growing upon this action." STEEVENS.

³ *The true blank of thine eye.*] The *blank* is the *white* or exact
mark at which the arrow is shot. See better, says Kent, and keep
me always in your view. JOHNSON.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear ⁴.

Kent. Do; kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift ⁵;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me!—

Since thou hast fought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with ⁶ strain'd pride,
⁷ To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(⁸ Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)

Our

So, in the tragedy of *C. T. Nero*, 1607 :

“ He will climb, and aim at honour's white.”

Again, in the *Isle of Gulls*, 1633 :

“ It cannot but cleave the very white of our hopes.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Dear sir, forbear.*] This speech is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *thy gift.*] The quartos read—*thy doom.* STEEVENS.

⁶ ——— *strain'd pride*] The oldest copy reads *strayed pride*;
that is, *pride exorbitant*; pride passing due bounds. JOHNSON.

⁷ *To come betwixt our sentence and our power;*] *Power*, for execution of the sentence. WARBURTON.

Rather, as Mr. Edwards observes, *our power to execute that sentence.* STEEVENS.

⁸ *Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear,*

Our potency make good;—] Mr. Theobald, by putting the first line into a parenthesis, and altering *make* to *made* in the second line, had destroyed the sense of the whole; which, as it stood before he corrupted the words, was this: “ You have endeavoured, says Lear, to make me break my oath; you have presumed to stop the execution of my sentence: the latter of these attempts neither my temper nor high station will suffer me to bear; and the other, had I yielded to it, my power could not make good, or excuse.”—*Which*, in the first line, referring to both attempts: but the ambiguity of it, as it might refer only to the latter, has occasioned all the obscurity of the passage. WARBURTON.

Theo-

Our potency made good, take thy reward.
 Five days we do allot thee, for provision
 To shield thee from difasters⁹ of the world;
 And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
 Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
 Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
 The moment is thy death: Away! ' By Jupiter,
 This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Why, fare thee well, king: since thus thou
 wilt appear,

² Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
 The gods to their dear shelter³ take thee, maid,
 [To Cordelia.
 That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—

Theobald only inserted the parenthesis; he found *made good* in the best copy of 1623: Dr. Warburton has very acutely explained and defended the reading that he has chosen, but I am not certain that he has chosen right. If we take the reading of the folio, *our potency made good*, the sense will be less profound indeed, but less intricate, and equally commodious. *As thou hast come with unreasonable pride between the sentence which I had passed, and the power by which I shall execute it, take thy reward in another sentence which shall make good, shall establish, shall maintain, that power.* If Dr. Warburton's explanation be chosen, and every reader will wish to choose it, we may better read:

Which nor our nature, nor our state can bear,
 Or potency make good.——

Mr. Davies thinks, that *our potency made good*, relates only to our place.—Which our nature cannot bear, nor our place, without departure from the *potency* of that place. This is easy and clear.—Lear, who is characterized as hot, heady, and violent, is, with very just observation of life, made to entangle himself with vows, upon any sudden provocation to vow revenge, and then to plead the obligation of a vow in defence of implacability.

JOHNSON.

⁹ — *difasters.*] The quartos read *diseases*. STEEVENS.

¹ — *By Jupiter,*] Shakespeare makes his Lear too much a mythologist: he had Hecate and Apollo before. JOHNSON.

² *Freedom lives hence,* —] So the folio: the quartos concur in reading—*Friendship* lives hence. STEEVENS.

³ — *dear shelter*—] The quartos read—*protection*. STEEVENS.

And

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[To Regan and Goneril.]
 That good effects may spring from words of love.—
 Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
 † He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.]

Re-enter Gloster, with France, Burgundy, and attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
 We first address towards you, who with this king
 Have rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
 Will you require in present dower with her,
 Or cease your quest of love? †

Bur. Most royal majesty,
 I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
 Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
 When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
 But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
 If aught within that little, † seeming substance,
 Or all of it, with our displeasure picc'd,
 And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
 She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

† *He'll shape his old course—*] He will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the same principles. JOHNSON.

‡ *—quest of love.*] *Quest of love* is amorous expedition. The term originated from Romance. A quest was the expedition in which a knight was engaged. This phrase is often to be met with in the *Faëry Queen*. STEEVENS.

§ *Seeming*] is beautiful. JOHNSON.

Seeming rather means *specious*. So, in the *Merry Wives*, &c.

“*—* pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so *seeming* mistress Page.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“*—* hence shall we see,

“ If power change purpose, what our *seemers* be.”

STEEVENS.

Lear.

Lear. Sir, will you, with those infirmities she
⁷ owes,

Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
 Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
 Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal fir;

⁸ Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, fir; for, by the power that
 made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[To France.]

I would not from your love make such a stray,
 To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
 To avert your liking a more worthier way,
 Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
 Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!

That she, who even but now was your best object,
 The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
⁹ The best, the dearest; should in this trice of time
 Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
 So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
 Must be of such unnatural degree,
 That monsters it¹, ² or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall

⁷ ——— owes,] i. e. Is possessed of. STEEVENS.

⁸ Election makes not up on such conditions.] To make up signifies to complete, to conclude; as, they made up the bargain; but in this sense it has, I think, always the subject noun after it. To make up, in familiar language, is neutrally, to come forward, to make advances, which, I think, is meant here. JOHNSON.

⁹ The best, the dearest; —] Best is added from the first copy.
 JOHNSON.

There is no copy in which best is omitted. The quartos read—
 Most best, most dearest. STEEVENS.

¹ That monsters it.] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Coriolanus*, act II. sc. ii:

“To hear my nothings monster'd.” STEEVENS.

² The common books read:

————— or your fore-vouch'd affection

Fall'n into taint; —————

Fall into taint : which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not ; since what I well intend,

This line has no clear or strong sense, nor is this reading authorized by any copy, though it has crept into all the late editions. The early quarto reads :

————— or you for vouch'd affections
Fall'n into taint. —————

The folio :

————— or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint —————

Taint is used for *corruption* and for *disgrace*. If therefore we take the oldest reading it may be reformed thus :

————— sure her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it ; or you for vouch'd affection
Fall into taint.

Her offence must be prodigious, or you must *fall into reproach* for having *vouch'd affection* which you did not feel. If the reading of the folio be preferred, we may with a very slight change produce the same sense :

————— sure her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Falls into taint. —————

That is, *falls into reproach* or *censure*. But there is another possible sense. *Or* signifies *before*, and *or ever* is *before ever* ; the meaning in the folio may therefore be, *Sure her crime must be monstrous before your affection can be affected with hatred*. Let the reader determine. — As I am not much a friend to conjectural emendation, I should prefer the latter sense, which requires no change of reading. JOHNSON.

Or, without the adjunct *ever*, signifies *before*. So, in *Maplet's Nat. Hist.* 1567 : "The pyrites alio sparkleth ; and being hardly holden and pressed in any man's hand, burneth him sore or he perceiveth it. Again, *Ibid* : " — perceiving I should be wet or I got home." COLLINS.

Taint is a term belonging to falconry. So, in the *Booke of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date : "A *taint* is a thing that goeth overthwart the fethers, &c. like as it were eaten with wormes."

STEVENS.

I'll do't before I speak) that you make known
 It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
 No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
 That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour :
 But even for want of that, for which I am richer ;
 A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
 That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
 Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
 Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me
 better.

France. Is it no more but this? a tardiness in
 nature,
 Which often leaves the history unspoke,
 That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
 What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
 When it is mingled with regards, that stand
 Aloof⁴ from the entire point. Will you have her?
 She is herself a dowry⁵.

*Bur.*⁶ Royal Lear,
 Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
 And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
 Dutcheffs of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing : I have sworn ; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
 That you must lose a husband.

³ ———with regards that stand.] The quarto reads :

—————with respects that stands. STEEVENS.

⁴ ———from the entire point.——] Entire, for right, true.

WARBURTON.

Rather, single, unmixed with other considerations. JOHNSON.
 Dr. Johnson is right. The meaning of the passage is, that
 his love wants something to mark its sincerity ;

“ Who seeks for aught in love but love alone.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *She is herself a dowry.*] The quartos read :

She is herself and dower. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Royal Lear,*] So, the quarto : the folio has—*Royal king.*

STEEVENS.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
 Since that respects of fortune are his love,
 I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being
 poor;
 Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
 Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
 Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
 Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
 neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
 Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
 Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
 Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
 Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
 Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
⁷ Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her bethine; for we
 Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
 That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
 Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
 Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, &c.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
 Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
 And, like a sister, am most loth to call
 Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father:
 To your professing bosoms⁸ I commit him:
 But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,

⁷ *Thou lovest here, ———*] *Here* and *where* have the power of nouns. Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another place. JOHNSON.

⁸ *—professing bosoms.*] All the ancient editions read—*professed*. The alteration is Mr. Pope's, but, perhaps, is unnecessary, as Shakespeare often uses one participle for the other;—*longing* for *longed* in the *Gentlemen of Verona*, and *all-obeying* for *all-obeyed* in *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

I would

I would prefer him to a better place.

So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study

Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you

At fortune's alms: You have obedience scant'd,

⁹ And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what 'plaited cunning hides,

² Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France, and Cordelia.*]

⁹ *And well are worth the want that you have wanted.*] This is a very obscure expression, and must be pieced out with an implied sense to be understood. This I take to be the poet's meaning, stript of the jingle which makes it dark: "You well deserve to meet with that *want* of love from your husband, which you have professed to *want* for our father." THEOBALD.

And well are worth the want that you have wanted.] This nonsense must be corrected thus:

And well are worth the want that you have *vaunted*.

i. e. that disherison, which you so much glory in, you deserve.

WARBURTON.

I think the common reading very suitable to the manner of our author, and well enough explained by Theobald. JOHNSON.

I explain the passage thus:—You are well deserving of the want of dower that you are without. So, in the third part of *K. Henry VI.* act IV. sc. i: "Though I *want* a kingdom," i. e. though I am without a kingdom. Again, in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 137: "Anselm was expelled the realm, and *wanted* the whole profits of his bishoprick," i. e. he did not receive the profits, &c. TOLLET.

¹ —*plaited cunning*—] i. e. *complicated, involved cunning.*

JOHNSON.

The word *unfold*, and the following lines in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, shew that *plaited*, or (as the quarto has it) *pleated*, is the true reading:

"For that he colour'd with his high estate,

"Hiding base sin in *pleats* of majesty." MALONE.

² *Who cover faults, &c.*] The quartos read,

Who *covers* faults, at last *shame them* derides.

This I have replaced. The former editors read with the folio:

Who *covers* faults at last with shame derides. STEEVENS.

Gon.

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always lov'd our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and 'i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ ———let us hit———] So the old quarto. The folio, *let us sit.* JOHNSON.

———let us hit———] i. e. agree. STEEVENS.

⁴ ———i' the heat] i. e. We must strike while the iron's hot.

STEEVENS.

S C E N E . II.

A castle belonging to the earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. ⁵ Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
⁶ Stand in the plague of custom; and permit

⁵ *Thou, nature, art my goddess;—*] He makes his bastard an atheist. Italian atheism had much infected the English court, as we learn from the best writers of that time. But this was the general title those atheists in their works gave to nature; thus Vanini calls one of his books, *De admirandis Naturæ Reginæ deæque mortalium Arcanis*. So that the title here is emphatical. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton says that Shakespeare has made his *bastard* an *atheist*; when it is very plain that Edmund only speaks of *nature* in opposition to *custom*, and not (as he supposes) to the existence of a *God*. Edmund means only, as he came not into the world as *custom* or *law* had prescribed, so he had nothing to do but to follow *nature* and her laws, which make no difference between legitimacy and illegitimacy, between the eldest and the youngest.

To contradict Dr. Warburton's assertion yet more strongly, Edmund concludes this very speech by an invocation to heaven.

“Now gods stand up for bastards!” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Stand in the plague of custom,—*] The word *plague* is in all the old copies: I can scarcely think it right, nor can I yet reconcile myself to *plage*, the emendation proposed by Dr. Warburton, though I have nothing better to offer. JOHNSON.

The meaning is plain, though oddly expressed. Wherefore should I acquiesce, submit tamely to the plagues and injustice of custom?

Shakespeare seems to mean by the *plague of custom*, Wherefore should I remain in a situation where I shall be plagued and tormented only in consequence of the contempt with which custom regards those who are not the issue of a lawful bed? Dr. Warburton defines *plage* to be *the place, the country, the boundary* of custom; a word to be found only in Chaucer. STEEVENS.

7 The curiosity of nations ⁸ to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
⁹ Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,

⁷ *The courtesy of nations*—] Mr. Pope reads *nicety*. The copies give, — *the curiosity of nations*; — but our author's word was, *curtesy*. In our laws some lands are held by the *curtesy of England*. THEOBALD.

Curiosity, in the time of Shakespeare, was a word that signified an *over-nice scrupulousness* in manners, dress, &c. In this sense it is used in *Timon*. "When thou wast (says Apemantus) in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much *curiosity*." Barrett in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets it, *piked diligence: something too curious, or too much affected*: and again in this play of *K. Lear*, Shakespeare seems to use it in the same sense, "which I have rather blamed as my own jealous *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is the old reading, which Mr. Theobald changed into *courtesy*, though the former is used by Beaumont and Fletcher, with the meaning for which I contend.

It is true, that Orlando, in *As You Like It*, says: "The *courtesy* of nations allows you my better;" but Orlando is not there inveighing against the law of primogeniture, but only against the unkind advantage his brother takes of it, and *courtesy* is a word that fully suits the occasion. Edmund, on the contrary, is turning this law into ridicule; and for such a purpose, the *curiosity of nations*, (i. e. the idle, nice distinctions of the world) is a phrase of contempt much more natural in his mouth, than the softer expression of—*courtesy of nations*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *to deprive me*,] *To deprive* was, in our author's time, synonymous to *disinherit*. The old dictionary renders *exheredo* by this word: and Holinshed speaks of *the line of Henry before deprived*.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book III. ch. xvi.

"To you, if whom ye have *depriv'd* ye shall restore again."

Again, *Ibid*:

"The one restored, for his late *depriving* nothing mov'd."

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Lag of a brother?*] Edmund inveighs against the tyranny of custom, in two instances, with respect to younger brothers, and to bastards. In the former he must not be understood to mean himself, but the argument becomes general by implying more than is said, *Wherefore should I or any man*.

HANMER.

My

My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
 ' Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 More composition and fierce quality,
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to the creating of a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
 As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
^a Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—

Now,

^a *Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, &c.*] These fine lines are an instance of our author's admirable art in giving proper sentiments to his characters. The *bastard's* is that of a confirmed atheist; and his being made to ridicule *judicial astrology* was designed as one mark of such a character. For this impious juggle had a religious reverence paid to it at that time. And therefore the best characters in this play acknowledge the force of the stars' influence. But how much the lines following this, are in character, may be seen by that monstrous wish of Vanini, the Italian atheist, in his tract *De admirandis Naturæ, &c.* printed at Paris, 1616. the very year our poet died. "*O utinam extra legitimum & connubialem thorum essem procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in venerem incaluissem ardentius, ac cumulatim affatimque generosa semina contulissent, è quibus ego formæ blanditiâ et elegantiam, robustas corporis vires, mentemque innubilem consequutus fuisset. At quia conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum bonis.*" Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believed that Shakespeare alluded to this passage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an atheist as Vanini would say, when he wrote upon such a subject.

WARBURTON.

² *Shall be the legitimate.*—] Here the Oxford editor would shew us that he is as good at coining phrases as his author, and so alters the text thus:

Shall *toe* th' legitimate.————

i. e. says he, *stand on even ground with him*, as he would do with his author. WARBURTON.

³ Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! ⁴ subscrib'd his power!
 Confir'd to ⁵ exhibition! ⁶ All this done
 Upon the gad!—Edmund! How now? what news?

Hanmer's emendation will appear very plausible to him that shall consult the original reading. Butter's quarto reads:

— Edmund the base

Shall *tooth*' legitimate. —

The folio, — Edmund the base

Shall *to th*' legitimate. —

Hanmer, therefore, could hardly be charged with coining a word, though his explanation may be doubted. To *toe* him, is perhaps to *kick* him out, a phrase yet in vulgar use; or, to *toe*, may be literally to *supplant*. The word *be* has no authority.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read, — Shall *top* the legitimate.

I have received this emendation, because the succeeding expression, I *grow*, seems to favour it. STEEVENS.

³ *Now, gods, stand up for bastards!*] For what reason? He does not tell us; but the poet alludes to the debaucheries of the Pagan gods, who made heroes of all their bastards.

WARBURTON.

⁴ — subscrib'd *his power!*] *Subscrib'd*, for *transferred*, *alienated*. WARBURTON.

To subscribe, is, to transfer by signing or *subscribing* a writing of testimony. We now use the term, He *subscribed* forty pounds to the new building. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*prescribed*. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *exhibition!* —] Is *allowance*. The term is yet used in the universities. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *All this done*

Upon the gad! —]

So the old copies: the later editions read:

— *All is gone*

Upon the gad! —

which, besides that it is unauthorized, is less proper. To do upon the *gad*, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are stung by the gad fly.

JOHNSON.

Edm.

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter.

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or ⁷ taste of my virtue.

Glo. reads.] ⁸ *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an ⁹ idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is*

⁷ — taste of my virtue.] Though *taste* may stand in this place, yet I believe we should read; *assay* or *test* of my virtue: they are both metallurgical terms, and properly joined. So, in *Hamlet*:

“Bring me to the test.” JOHNSON.

⁸ *This policy and reverence of ages* —] *Age* is the reading of both the copies of authority. Butter's quarto has, *this policy of age*; the folio, *this policy and reverence of age*. JOHNSON. The two quartos published by Butter, concur with the folio in reading *age*. Pope's duodecimo is the only copy that has *ages*.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — idle and fond —] Weak and foolish. JOHNSON.

suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep 'till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—Hum—Conspiracy!—Sleep, 'till I wak'd him,—you should enjoy half his revenue.—
—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore founded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, firrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath
writ

writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other ¹ pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. ² Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; ³ wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: ⁴ I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm.

¹ — pretence —] Pretence is design, purpose. So, afterwards in this play.

Pretence and purpose of unkindness. JOHNSON.

² *Edm.*] From *Nor is, to heaven and earth!* are words omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

³ — wind me into him, —] I once thought it should be read, you into him; but, perhaps, it is a familiar phrase, like *do me this*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*: “ — challenge me the duke’s youth to fight with him.” Instances of this phraseology occur in the *Merchant of Venice*, *K. Henry IV.* Part I. and in *Othello*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.] i. e. I will throw aside all consideration of my relation to him, that I may act as justice requires. WAREURTON.

Such is this learned man’s explanation. I take the meaning to be rather this, *Do you frame the business*, who can act with less emotion; *I would unstate myself*; it would in me be a departure from the paternal character, *to be in a due resolution*, to be settled and composed on such an occasion. The words *would* and *should* are in old language often confounded. JOHNSON.

The same word occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
 “ Unstate his happiness, and be stag’d to shew
 “ Against a sworder.” —

To *unstate*, in both these instances, seems to have the same meaning. Edgar has been represented as wishing to possess his father’s fortune, i. e. to *unstate* him; and therefore his father says

Edm. I will seek him, fir, presently; ' convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though ⁶ the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. ⁷* This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature;

he would *unstate* himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish him.

To *enstate* is to confer a fortune. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

———— his possessions

We do *enstate* and widow you withal. STEEVENS.

It seems to me, that *I would unstate myself* in this passage means simply, *I would give my estate* (including rank as well as fortune.)

TYRWHITT.

⁵ ——— convey the business——] *Convey*, for introduce: but *convey* is a fine word, as alluding to the practice of clandestine conveying goods, so as not to be found upon the felon.

WARBURTON.

To *convey* is rather to carry through than to introduce; in this place it is to manage artfully: we say of a juggler, that he has a clean conveyance. JOHNSON.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, by Lilly, 1599: "Two, they say, may keep counsel if one be away; but to *convey* knavery two are too few, and four are too many."

Again, in *A mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1640:

"———— thus I've convey'd it; —"

"I'll counterfeit a fit of violent sickness." STEEVENS.

So, in lord Sterling's *Julius Caesar*, 1607:

"A circumstance or an indifferent thing

"Doth oft mar all, when not with care convey'd.

MALONE.

⁶ ——— (the wisdom of nature ———) That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences. JOHNSON.

⁷ *This villain*——] All from asterisk to askerisk is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS,

there's

there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time : Machinations, hollownes, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves ! *——Find out this villain, Edmund ; it shall lose thee nothing ; do it carefully :——And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd ! his offence, honesty !——Strange ! strange ! [Exit.

Edm. ^s This is the excellent foppery of the world !
that,

^s *This is the excellent foppery of the world, &c.*] In Shakespeare's best plays, besides the vices that arise from the subject, there is generally some peculiar prevailing folly, principally ridiculed, that runs through the whole piece. Thus, in *The Tempest*, the lying disposition of travellers, and, in *As You Like It*, the fantastical humour of courtiers, is exposed and satirized with infinite pleasantry. In like manner, in this play of *Lear*, the dotages of judicial astrology are severely ridiculed. I fancy, was the date of its first performance well considered, it would be found that something or other happened at that time which gave a more than ordinary run to this deceit, as these words seem to intimate ; *I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.* However this be, an impious cheat, which had so little foundation in nature or reason, so detestable an original, and such fatal consequences on the manners of the people, who were at that time strangely besotted with it, certainly deserved the severest lash of satire. It was a fundamental in this noble science, that whatever seeds of good dispositions the infant unborn might be endowed with either from nature, or traductively from its parents, yet if, at the time of its birth, the delivery was by any casualty so accelerated or retarded, as to fall in with the predominancy of a malignant constellation, that momentary influence would entirely change its nature, and bias it to all the contrary ill qualities : so wretched and monstrous an opinion did it set out with. But the Italians, to whom we owe this, as well as most other unnatural crimes and follies of these latter ages, fomented its original impiety to the most detestable height of extravagance. Petrus Aponensis, an Italian physician of the 13th century, assures us that those prayers which are made to God when the moon is in conjunction with Jupiter in the Dragon's tail, are infallibly heard. The great Milton, with a just indignation of this impiety, hath, in his *Paradise Regained*, satirized it in a very beautiful manner, by putting these reveries into the mouth of the devil. Nor could the licentious Rabelais himself forbear to ridicule

that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, ⁹ and treachers, by spherical predominance;

ridicule this impious dotage, which he does with exquisite address and humour, where, in the fable which he so agreeably tells from Æsop, of the man who applied to Jupiter for the loss of his hatchet, he makes those who, on the poor man's good success, had projected to trick Jupiter by the same petition, a kind of astrologic atheists, who ascribed this good fortune, that they imagined they were now all going to partake of, to the influence of some rare conjunction and configuration of the stars. "Hen, hen, disent ils — Et doncques, telle est au temps present la revolution des Cieulx, la constellation des Astres, & aspect des planetes, que quiconque coignée perdra, soubdain deviendra ainsi riche?" — *Nou. Prol. du IV. Livre.* — But to return to Shakespeare. So blasphemous a delusion, therefore, it became the honesty of our poet to expose. But it was a tender point, and required managing. For this impious juggle had in his time a kind of religious reverence paid to it. It was therefore to be done obliquely; and the circumstances of the scene furnished him with as good an opportunity as he could wish. The persons in the drama are all Pagans, so that as, in compliance to custom, his good characters were not to speak ill of judicial astrology, they could on account of their religion give no reputation to it. But in order to expose it the more, he, with great judgment, makes these Pagans fatalists; as appears by these words of Lear:

By all the operations of the orbs,

From whom we do exist and cease to be.

For the doctrine of fate is the true foundation of judicial astrology. Having thus discredited it by the very commendations given to it, he was in no danger of having his direct satire against it mistaken, by its being put (as he was obliged, both in paying regard to custom, and in following nature) into the mouth of the villain and atheist, especially when he has added such force of reason to his ridicule, in the words referred to in the beginning of the note. **WARBURTON.**

⁹ — *and treachers,* —] The modern editors read *treacherous*; but the reading of the first copies, which I have restored to the text, may be supported from most of the old contemporary writers. So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

"How smooth the cunning *treacher* look'd upon it!"

Again,

minance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers; by an in-
forc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that
we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: ¹ An admi-
rable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish
disposition to the charge of a star! ² My father com-
pounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and
my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows,
I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been
that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament
twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar——

Enter Edgar.

and ³ *pat* ⁴ he comes, like the catastrophe of the
old

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*:

“——— Oh, you treachour!”

Again, in *Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601*:

“——— Hence, trecher as thou art!”

Again, in the *Bloody Banquet, 1639*:

“To poison the right use of service—a trecher.”

Chaucer, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, mentions “the false
treacher,” and Spenser often uses the same word. STEEVENS.

¹ *An admirable evasion—to lay his—disposition on the charge
of a star!———*] We should read, *change of a star!*
which both the sense and grammar require. It was the opinion
of astrologers (see what is said just above) that the momentary
influence did all; and we do not say, *Lay a thing on the charge*,
but *to the charge*. Besides, *change* answering to *evasion* just
above, gives additional elegance to the expression.

WARBURTON.

²—*of a star.*] Both the quartos read—to the charge of stars.

STEEVENS.

³ *pat* *he comes*——] The quartos read,

——— and *out* he comes.——. STEEVENS.

⁴ —— *he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy:——*]

This we are to understand, as a compliment intended by the
author, on the natural winding up of the plot in the comedy of
the ancients; which as it was owing to the artful and yet nat-
ural introduction of the persons of the drama into the scene,
just in the nick of time, or *pat*, as our author says, makes the
similitude very proper. This, without doubt, is the supreme
beauty of comedy, considered as an *action*. And as it depends
solely on a strict observance of the *unities*, it shews that these
unities are in nature, and in the reason of things, and not in a
mere

old comedy : My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, me——

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I

mere arbitrary invention of the Greeks, as some of our own country critics, of a low mechanic genius, have, by their works, persuaded our wits to believe. For common sense requiring that the subject of *one comedy* should be *one action*, and that that action should be contained nearly within the period of time which the representation of it takes up; hence we have the unities of *time* and *action*; and, from these, unavoidably arises the third, which is that of *place*. For when the whole of one *action* is included within a proportionable small space of *time*, there is no room to change the *scene*, but all must be done upon one *spot of ground*. Now from this last unity (the necessary issue of the two other, which derive immediately from nature) proceeds all that beauty of the *catastrophe*, or the winding up the plot in the ancient comedy. For all the persons of the drama being to appear and act on one limited spot, and being by their several interests to embarrass, and at length to conduct the action to its destin'd period, there is need of consummate skill to *bring them on*, and *take them off*, *naturally* and *necessarily*; for the grace of action requires the one, and the perfection of it the other. Which conduct of the action must needs produce a beauty that will give a judicious mind the highest pleasure. On the other hand, when a comic writer has a whole country to range in, nothing is easier than to *find* the persons of the drama just *where* he would have them; and this requiring no art, the beauty we speak of is not to be found. Consequently a violation of the *unities* deprives the drama of one of its greatest beauties; which proves what I asserted, that the *three unities* are no arbitrary, mechanic invention, but founded in reason and the nature of things. *The Tempest* of Shakespeare sufficiently proves him to be well acquainted with these unities; and the passage in question shews him to have been struck with the beauty that results from them. WARBURTON.

This supposition will not at all suit with the character of Edmund, with the comic turn of his whole speech, nor with the general idea of Shakespeare's want of learning; so that I am more apt to think the passage *satire* than *panegyric*, and intended to ridicule the very awkward conclusions of our old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry inartificially, and just when the poet wants them on the stage. WARNER.

read

read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. ⁵ I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; ^{6*} as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts ⁷, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. ⁸ How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; * when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in

⁵ *I promise you,*—] The folio edition commonly differs from the first quarto, by augmentations or insertions, but in this place it varies by omission, and by the omission of something which naturally introduces the following dialogue. It is easy to remark, that in this speech, which ought, I think, to be inserted as it now is in the text, Edmund, with the common craft of fortune-tellers, mingles the past and future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture. JOHNSON.

⁶—*as of*—] All from this asterisk to the next, is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

⁷—*dissipation of cohorts.*—] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnson reads, *of courts.* STEEVENS.

⁸ *How long have you* ———] This line I have restored from the two eldest quartos, and have regulated the following speech according to the same copies. STEEVENS.

him,

him, 'that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. ²* I pray you, have a continent forbearance, 'till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother? *

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—[*Exit Edgar.* A credulous father, and a brother noble, Whose nature is so far from doing harms, That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty My practices ride easy!—I see the business.— Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit: All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

—*that with the mischief of your person—*] This reading is in both copies; yet I believe the author gave it, *that but with the mischief* of your person it would scarce allay.

JOHNSON.

I do not see any need of alteration. He could not express the violence of his father's displeasure in stronger terms than by saying it was so great that it would scarcely be appeas'd by the destruction of his son. MALONE.

² [*That's my fear.*] All between this and the next asterisk, is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*The duke of Albany's palace.**Enter Goneril, and Steward.*

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour He flashes into one gross crime or other, That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it: His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:— If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question: If he dislike it, let him to my sister, Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
* Not to be over-rul'd. † Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities, That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
‡ Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd

With

* — Idle old man,] The lines from one asterisk to the other, as they are fine in themselves, and very much in character for Goneril, I have restored from the old quarto. The last verse, which I have ventur'd to amend, is there printed thus:

With checks, like flatt'ries when they are seen abus'd.

THEOBALD.

‡ Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd

[With checks like flatt'ries when they are seen abus'd.] Thus the old quarto reads these lines. It is plain they are corrupt. But they have been made worse by a fruitless attempt to correct them. And first, for

Old fools are babes again; —————

With checks, as flatteries when they are seen abus'd *.
Remember what I have said.

- Stew.

A proverbial expression is here plainly alluded to; but it is a strange proverb which only informs us that fools are innocents. We should read,

Old folks are babes again; ———
Thus speaks the proverb, and with the usual good sense of one. The next line is jumbled out of all meaning:

With checks like flatt'ries when they're seen abus'd.
Mr. Theobald restores it thus,

With checks like flatt'ers when they're seen to abuse us.
Let us consider the sense a little. *Old folks*, says the speaker, *are babes again*; well, and what then? Why then they must be used like flatterers. But when Shakespeare quoted the proverb, we may be assured his purpose was to draw some inference from it, and not run rambling after a similitude. And that inference was not difficult to find, had common sense been attended to, which tells us Shakespeare must have wrote,

Old folks are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, not flatt'ries when they're seen abus'd.
i. e. Old folks being grown children again, they should be used as we use children, with checks, when we find that the little flatt'ries we employed to quiet them are abused, by their becoming more peevish and perverse by indulgence.

————— when they're seen abus'd.
i. e. When we find that those flatt'ries are abus'd.

WARBURTON.

These lines hardly deserve a note, though Mr. Theobald thinks them *very fine*. Whether *fools* or *folks* should be read is not worth enquiry. The controverted line is yet in the old quarto, not as the editors represent it, but thus:

With checks as flatteries when they are seen abus'd.
I am in doubt whether there is any error of transcription. The sense seems to be this: *Old men must be treated with checks*, when as they are seen to be deceived with flatteries: or, when they are weak enough to be seen abused by flatteries, they are then weak enough to be used with checks. There is a play of the words used and abused. To abuse is, in our author, very frequently the same as to deceive. This construction is harsh and ungrammatical; Shakespeare perhaps thought it vicious, and chose to throw away the lines rather than correct them, nor would now thank the officiousness of his editors, who restore what they do not understand. JOHNSON.

The

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so: I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister, To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

An open place before the palace.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. ^s If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent

May

The plain meaning, I believe, is—old fools must be used with checks, as flatteries must be check'd when they are made a bad use of. TOLLET.

I understand this passage thus. *Old fools—must be used with checks, as well as flatteries, when they [i. e. flatteries] are seen to be abused.* TYRWHITT.

^s *If but as well I other accents borrow,
And can my speech diffuse.——]*

Thus Rowe, Pope, and Johnson, in contradiction to all the ancient copies.

The first folio reads the whole passage as follows:

If but as *will* I other accents borrow,
That can my speech *defuse*, my good intent
May carry through, &c.

We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise. This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which, otherwise, would have no very apparent introduction. *If I can change my speech as well as I have changed my dress.* To diffuse speech, signifies to disorder it, and so to disguise it; as in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act IV. sc. vii:

“———rush at once

“With some *diffused* song.”———

Again, in the *Nice Valour*, &c. by Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid says to the *Passionate Man*, who appears disordered in his dress:

“——Go not so *diffusedly*.” Again, in our author's *K. Henry V*: “———swearing, and stern looks, *diffus'd* attire.”

May carry through itself to that full issue
 For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
 If thou can't serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
 Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready.

How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with⁶ him that is

Again, in a book entitled, *A Green Forest, or A Natural History*, &c. by John Maplet, 1567: "In this stone is apparently seene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with bespotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and *defusedly*."——To *diffuse speech* may, however, mean to *speake broad*, with a clownish accent.——The two eldest quartos concur with the folio, except that they read *well* instead of *will*. STEEVENS.

Diffused certainly meant, in our author's time, wild, irregular, heterogeneous. So, in Green's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617:

"I have seen an English gentleman so *defused* in his suits, his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice, his hat for France, his cloak for Germany, that hee seemed no way to be an Englishman but by the face." MALONE.

⁶ ——*him that is wise, and says little*; ——] Though saying little may be the character of wisdom, it was not a quality to chuse a companion by for his conversation. We should read,——to say *little*; which was prudent when he chose a wise companion to profit by. So that it was as much as to say, I profess to talk little myself, that I may profit the more by the conversation of the wise. WAREBURTON.

To *converse* signifies immediately and properly to *keep company*, not to *discourse* or *talk*. His meaning is, that he chuses for his companions men of reserve and caution; men who are no tattlers nor tale-bearers. The old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

We still say in the same sense—he had criminal *conversation* with her—meaning *commerce*. MALONE.

wife,

wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; ⁷ and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services can'st thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for sing-

⁷ ——— and to eat no fish.] In queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man, and eats no fish*; to signify he's a friend to the government and a Protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoin'd for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast*. To this disgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his *Woman-hater*, who makes the courtesan say, when Lazarillo, in search of the Umbrano's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traitor: "Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him, when he called for fish." And Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*: "I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a fryday."

ing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, firrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,——— [*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clot-pole back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceiv'd a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence^s and purpose of

^s —a very pretence.] *Pretence* in Shakespeare generally signifies *deſign*. So, in a foregoing ſcene in this play: “——to no other *pretence* of danger.” Again, in *Holinſhed*, p. 648: “the *pretens'd* evil purpoſe of the queene.” STEEVENS.

unkindness : I will look further into't.—But where's my fool ? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, fir, the fool hath much pin'd away.

Lear. No more of that ; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you fir, you fir, come you hither : Who am I, fir ?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father ! my lord's knave : you whoreson dog ! you slave ! you cur !

Stew. I am none of these, my lord ; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks^o with me, you rascal ?
[Striking him.]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither ; you base foot-ball player.
[Tripping up his heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow ; thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, fir, arise, away ; I'll teach you differences ; away, away : If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry : but away : go to ; Have you wisdom ? so. [Pushes the Steward out.]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee : there's earnest of thy service. [Giving Kent money.]

^o ———bandy looks———] A metaphor from Tennis :

“ Come in, take this *bandy* with the racket of patience.”

Decker's Satiromastix.

Again : “ ———buckle with them hand to hand,

“ And *bandy* blows as thick as hailstones fall.”

Wily Beguiled.

STEEVENS.

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving Kent his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou can'st not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must

¹ *Why fool?*] The folio reads—*why, my boy?* and gives this question to Lear. STEEVENS.

² —*take my coxcomb.*—] Meaning his cap, called so, because on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, was used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow.

WARBURTON.

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation, who has since added, that Minshew, in his *Dictionary*, 1627 says, "Natural ideots and fools, have, and still do accustome themselves to weare in their cappes cockes feathers, or a hat *with a necke and head of a cocke on the top*, and a bell thereon, &c." STEEVENS.

³ —*two coxcombs.*—] Two fools caps, intended, as it seems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters. JOHNSON.

be whipp'd out, when the ⁴ lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [To Kent.]

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
⁵ Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,
⁶ Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest;
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool⁷.

⁴ ———*lady brach*———] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind.

“Nos quidem hodie *brach* dicimus de cane foeminea, quæ leporem ex odore persequitur. Spelm. Gloss. in voce *Bracco*.”

Dr. Letherland, on the margin of Dr. Warburton's edition, proposed *lady's brach*, i. e. *favour'd animal*. The third quarto has a much more unmannerly reading, which I would not wish to establish: but all the other editions concur in reading *lady brach*. *Lady* is still a common name for a hound. So Hotspur:

“I had rather hear *lady*, my *brach*, howl in Irish.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Poem to a Friend*, &c.

“Do all the tricks of a salt *lady* bitch.”

In the old black letter *Booke of Huntyng*, &c. no date, the list of dogs concludes thus: “———and small *ladi popies* that bere awai the fleas and divers small fautes.” We might read—“when *lady* the *brach*, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Lend less than thou owest*,] That is, *do not lend all that thou hast*. To *owe*, in old English, is *to possess*. If *owe* be taken for *to be in debt*, the more prudent precept would be:

Lend more than thou owest. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Learn more than thou trowest*,] To *throw*, is an old word which signifies *to believe*. The precept is admirable.

WARBURTON.

⁷ *This is nothing, fool*,] The quartos give this speech to *Lear*.

STEEVENS.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't:—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*To Kent.*]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. ⁸ No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; ⁹ if I had a monopoly out, they would have part

⁸ *No, lad—*] This dialogue, from *No, lad, teach me*, down to, *Give me an egg*, was restored from the first edition by Mr. Theobald. It is omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reasons, as it seemed to censure monopolies. JOHNSON.

⁹ *—if I had a monopoly out, they would have a part on't:—*] A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went shares with the patentee. WARBURTON.

The modern editors, without authority, read—

————a monopoly on't,——

Monopolies were in Shakespeare's time the common objects of satire. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“—Give

part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

*10 Fools ne'er had' less grace in a year; [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.*

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, firrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

“—Give him a court loaf, stop his mouth with a *monopoly*.”
Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“A knight, and never heard of smock-tees! I would I had a *monopoly* of them, so there was no impost set on them.”

Again, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

“—So foul a monster would be a fair *monopoly* worth the begging.”

In the books of the Stationers' Company, I meet with the following entry. “John Charlewoode, Oct. 1587: lycensed unto him by the whole consent of the assistants, the *onlye* ymprinting of all manner of billes for plaiers.” Again, Nov. 6, 1615. The liberty of printing *all* billes for fencing was granted to Mr. Purfoot. STEEVENS.

10 Fools ne'er had less grace in a year,] There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place. Such I think is the meaning. The old edition has *wit* for *grace*.

JOHNSON.

‘—*less grace*—] So the folio. Both the quartos read—*less wit*. STEEVENS.

Then

*Then they for sudden joy did weep*², [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, firrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes³ that frontlet on?

Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

² *Then they for sudden joy did weep, &c.*] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, by Heywood, 1630:

“ When 'Tarquin first in court began,
 “ And was approved king,
 “ So men for sudden joy did weep,
 “ But I for sorrow sing.”

I cannot ascertain in what year T. Heywood first published this play, as the copy in 1630, which I have used, was the *fourth* impression. STEEVENS.

³ ———*that frontlet*———] *Lear* alludes to the *frontlet*, which was anciently part of a woman's dress. So, in the play called the *Four P's*, 1569:

“ Forsooth women have many lets,
 “ And they be masked in many nets:
 “ As *frontlets*, fillets, partlets, and bracelets:
 “ And then their bonets and their poinets.”

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592:

“ ———Hoods, *frontlets*, wires, cauls, curling-irons, perriwigs, bodkins, fillets, hair-laces, ribbons, roles, knotstrings, glasses, &c.”

STEEVENS.

Fool.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To Goneril*] so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

* That's a sheal'd peascod. [*Pointing to Lear.*]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and ' put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

* *That's a sheal'd peascod.*] i. e. Now a mere husk, which contains nothing. The outside of a king remains, but all the intrinsic parts of royalty are gone: he has nothing to give.

JOHNSON.

That's a sheal'd peascod.] The robing of Richard II's effigy in Westminster-abbey is wrought with *peascods open*, and the *peas out*; perhaps in allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title. See Camden's *Remains*, 1674, p. 453, edit. 1657, p. 340. TOLLET.

⁵ — *put it on*] i. e. promote, push it forward. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ———— the pow'rs

“ *Put on their instruments.*” ———— STEEVENS.

So,

So, out went the candle, and we ⁶ were left dark-
ling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, fir,

I would, you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions, which of late transform you ⁷
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws
the horse?—⁸ Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not
Lear ⁹:

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus?—Where are his
eyes?

Either his notion weakens, or his discernings
Are lethargy'd—Ha! waking?—'Tis not so'.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's
shadow ²?

⁶ ————were left darkling.] This word is used by Milton,
Paradise Lost, book i:

—————as the wakeful bird

Sings *darkling*."——— STEEVENS.

⁷ ————transform you.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—
transport you. STEEVENS.

⁸ ————Whoop, Jug, &c.] There are in the fool's speeches
several passages which seem to be proverbial allusions, perhaps
not now to be understood. JOHNSON.

———Whoop, Jug, I love thee.] This, as I am informed, is a
quotation from the burthen of an old song. STEEVENS.

⁹ ————this is not Lear:] This passage appears to have been
imitated by Ben Jonson in his *Sad Shepherd*:

“———this is not Marian!

“Nor am I Robin Hood! I pray you ask her!

“Ask her, good shepherds! ask her all for me:

“Or rather ask yourselves, if she be she;

“Or I be I.” STEEVENS.

'—Ha! waking?—'Tis not so.] Thus the folio. The quartos
read:

———*sleeping* or waking; ha! *sure* 'tis not so. STEEVENS.

² ————Lear's shadow?] The folio gives these words to the Fool.
STEEVENS.

I would

I would learn that ; ³ for by the marks
Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
I should

³ ———— for by the marks

Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason]

His daughters prove so unnatural, that, if he were only to judge by the reason of things, he must conclude, they cannot be his daughters. This is the thought. But how does his kingship or sovereignty enable him to judge of this matter? The line, by being false pointed, has lost its sense. We should read,

Of sovereignty of knowledge. ———

i. e. the understanding. He calls it, by an equally fine phrase, in *Hamlet*,—*Sov'reignty of reason*. And it is remarkable that the editors had depraved it there too. See note, act i. scene 7. of that play. WARBURTON.

The contested passage is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

The difficulty, which must occur to every reader, is, to conceive how *the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason*, should be of any use to persuade Lear that he had, or had not, daughters. No logic, I apprehend, could draw such a conclusion from such premises. This difficulty, however, may be entirely removed, by only pointing the passage thus :

————— for by the marks

Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason,

I should be false persuaded—I had daughters.—

Your name, fair gentlewoman ?

The chain of Lear's speech being thus untangled, we can clearly trace the succession and connection of his ideas. The undutiful behaviour of his daughter so disconcerts him, that he doubts, by turns, whether she is Goneril, and whether he himself is Lear. Upon her first speech, he only exclaims,

————— Are you our daughter ?

Upon her going on in the same style, he begins to question his own sanity of mind, and even his personal identity. He appeals to the by-standers,

Who is it that can tell me who I am ? ———

I should be glad to be told. For (if I was to judge myself) by *the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason*, which once distinguished Lear, (but which I have now lost) *I should be false* (against my own consciousness) *persuaded* (that I am not Lear). He then slides to the examination of another distinguishing mark of Lear :

————— I had daughters.

But not able, as it should seem, to dwell upon so tender a subject, he hastily recurs to his first doubt concerning Goneril, ———

Your name, fair gentlewoman. TYRWHITT.

This

I should be false persuaded I had daughters ⁴.—
Your name, fair gentlewoman ?

Gon. Come, fir ;

This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright :
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise :
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires ;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn : epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than ⁵ a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy : Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
⁶ A little to disquantity your train ;

And

This note is written with confidence disproportionate to the conviction which it can bring. Lear might as well know by the marks and tokens arising from sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, that he had or had not daughters, as he could know by any thing else. But, says he, if I judge by these tokens, I find the persuasion false by which I long thought myself the father of daughters. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *I had daughters.*—] Here the quarto interposes the following short and useless speech of the fool :

“ Which they will make an obedient father.”

Which, is on this occasion used with two deviations from present language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians, to the pronoun *I*, and is employed, according to a mode now obsolete, for *whom*, the accusative case of *who*. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *a grac'd palace.*—] A palace grac'd by the presence of a sovereign. WARBURTON.

⁶ *A little to disquantity your train ;*] *A little* is the reading ; but it appears, from what Lear says in the next scene, that this number *fifty* was required to be cut off, which (as the editions stood) is no where specified by Goneril. POPE.

Of fifty to disquantity your train ;] If Mr. Pope had examined the old copies as accurately as he pretended to have done, he would have found, in the *first folio*, that Lear had an *exit* marked for him after these words—

To have a thankless child.—Away, away.
and goes out while Albany and Goneril have a short conference
of

And the remainder, ⁷ that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darknes and devils!—

Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd
rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, fir, are
you come?

Is it your will? speak, fir.—Prepare my horses.—
[*To Albany.*

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
⁸ Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, fir, be patient ⁹.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To Goneril.*

of two speeches; and then returns in a still greater passion, having been informed (as it should seem) of the express number, without.

What? *fifty* of my followers at a clap!

This renders all change needless; and *away, away*, being restored, prevents the repetition of *go, go, my people*; which, as the text stood before this regulation, concluded both that and the foregoing speech. Goneril, with great art, is made to avoid mentioning the limited number; and leaves her father to be informed of it by accident, which she knew would be the case as soon as he left her presence. STEEVENS.

⁷—[*that shall still depend,*] *Depend*, for continue in service. WARBURTON.

⁸ *Than the sea-monster!*] Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the *Hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his travels, says—"that he killeth his sire, and ravisheth his own dam." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Pray, fir, be patient.*] The quartos omit this speech.

STEEVENS.

My

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew!
Which, ² like an engine, wrench'd my frame of na-
ture

From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*]
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you ³.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.———
Hear, nature! hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility;
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And ⁴ from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd ⁵ torment to her!

² —*like an engine,*—] Mr. Edwards conjectures that by an engine is meant the *rack*. He is right. To *engine* is, in Chaucer, to *strain* upon the *rack*; and in the following passage from the *Three Lords of London*, 1590, *engine* seems to be used for the same instrument of torture.

“From Spain they come with *engine* and intent

“To slay, subdue, to triumph, and torment.”

Again, in the *Night-Walker*, by B. and Fletcher:

“Their souls shot through with adders, torn on *engines*.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Of what hath mov'd you.*] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

⁴ —*from her derogate body*—] *Derogate* for *unnatural*.

WARBURTON.

Rather, I think, *degraded*; *blasted*. JOHNSON.

⁵ —*disnatur'd*] *Disnatur'd* is wanting natural affection. So, Daniel in *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:

“I am not so *disnatur'd* a man.” STEEVENS.

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;
 With ⁶ cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks ;
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child !—Away, away ! [*Exit.*]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes
 this ?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause ;
 But let his disposition have that scope
 That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap !
 Within a fortnight !

Alb. What's the matter, sir ?

Lear. I'll tell thee ;—Life and death ! I am ashamed
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus :
 [*To Goneril.*]

⁷ That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
 upon thee !

⁸ The untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee !—Old fond eyes,

⁶ — cadent tears—] i. e. Falling tears. Dr. Warburton would read *cadent*. STEEVENS.

⁷ I will transcribe this passage from the first edition, that it may appear to those who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of revision, and what indulgence is due to those that endeavour to restore corrupted passages.—*That these hot tears, that break from me perforce, should make thee worth blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curse, peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, bewep this cause again, &c.*

JOHNSON.

⁸ *The untented woundings*—] *Untented wounds*, means wounds in their worst state, not having a *tent* in them to digest them ; and may possibly signify here such as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpose. One of the quartos reads, *untender*. STEEVENS.

Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose⁹,
 To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
¹ Let it be so:—Yet I have left a daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and attendants.*]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
 To the great love I bear you,——

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
 You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*]

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
 the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
 And such a daughter,
 Should sure to the slaughter,
 If my cap would buy a halter;
 So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*]

*² *Gon.* This man hath had good counsel:—A hun-
 dred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
³ At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
 dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

⁹ ————*that you lose.*] The quartos read—that you *make*.
 STEEVENS.

¹ *Let it be so, &c.*] The reading is here gleaned up, part
 from the first, and part from the second edition. JOHNSON.

Let it be so is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

² *Gon.* All from this asterisk to the next, is omitted in the
 quartos. STEEVENS.

³ *At point,*] I believe, means completely armed, and conse-
 quently ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice.

STEEVENS.

He

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives at mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far :

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart :
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sifter ;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have shew'd the unfitness *,—How now,
Oswald † ?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sifter ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse :
Inform her full of my particular fear ;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may † compact it more. Get you gone ;
And hasten your return. No, no, my lord,

[*Exit Steward.*]

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much † more at task for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell ;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

* —*How now, Oswald?*] The quartos read—*what Oswald, ho!*
Osw. Here, Madam.

Gon. What have you writ this letter, &c. STEEVENS.

† —*compact it more.*—] Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make a consistent account. JOHNSON.

† —*more at task*—] It is a common phrase now with parents and governesses. *I'll take you to task*, i. e. *I will reprehend and correct you. To be at task*, therefore, is to be liable to reprehension and correction. JOHNSON.

Both the quartos instead of *at task*—read, *alapt*. A late editor of *King Lear*, says, that the first quarto reads *attask'd*; but unless there be a third quarto which I have never seen or heard of, his assertion is erroneous. STEEVENS.

Gon. Nay, then——

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A court-yard before the duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be⁷ there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, wer't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly: for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why what can'st thou tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou can'st tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes on either side one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. ⁸ I did her wrong:—

⁷ ————*there before you.*] He seems to intend to go to his daughter, but it appears afterwards that he is going to the house of Gloster. JOHNSON.

⁸ *I did her wrong*——] He is musing on Cordelia. JOHNSON.

Fool. Can't tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. ⁹ To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*]

⁹ *To take it again perforce!*—] He is meditating on the resumption of his royalty. JOHNSON.

He is rather meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him. STEEVENS.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A castle belonging to the earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund, and Curan, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you; fir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his dutchefs, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ' ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, fir.

[*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best! This weaves itself perforce into my business! My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a ³ queazy question, Which

¹ ——— ear-kissing arguments,] Subjects of discourse; topics.

JOHNSON.

Ear-kissing arguments means that they are yet in reality only *whisper'd ones.* STEEVENS.

² *Cur.* This and the following speech, are omitted in one of the quartos. STEEVENS.

³ ——— queazy question,] Something of a *suspicious, questionable, and uncertain nature.* This is, I think, the meaning. JOHNSON.

Queazy, I believe, rather means *delicate*, what requires to be handled nicely. So, Ben Jonson, in *Sejanus*:

“ Those times are somewhat *queazy* to be touch'd.—

“ Have you not seen or read part of his book?”

So,

Which I must act :—Briefness, and fortune, work! —
 Brother, a word ;—descend :—Brother, I say ;

Enter Edgar.

My father watches :—O fir, fly this place ;
 Intelligence is given where you are hid ;
 You have now the good advantage of the night :—
 Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall ?
 He's coming hither ; now, i' the night, ' i' the haste,
 And Regan with him ; ' Have you nothing said
 Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany ?
 Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me :—
 In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you :—
 Draw : Seem to defend yourself : Now quit you well.
 Yield :—come before my father ;—Light, ho, here!—
 Fly, brother ;—Torches ! torches !—So, farewell.—
 [*Exit Edgar.*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
 [*Wounds his arm.*
 Of my more fierce endeavour : I have seen drunkards
 Do more than this in sport.—Father ! father !
 Stop, stop ! No help ?

So, in Ben Jonson's *New Inn* :

“ Notes of a *queasy* and sick stomach, labouring
 “ With want of a true injury.”—

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing* :

“ Despight of his quick wit and *queazy* stomach.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *i' the haste,*] I should suppose we ought to read only *in*
haste ; *i' the* being repeated accidentally by the compositor.

STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *have you nothing said*

Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany ?]

The meaning is, *have you said nothing upon the party formed by*
him against the duke of Albany ? HANMER.

I cannot but think the line corrupted, and would read :

Against his party, for the duke of Albany ? JOHNSON.

Enter Gloster, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain ?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword
out,

⁶ Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress :—

Glo. But where is he ?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund ?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he
could——

Glo. Pursue him, ho !—Go after.—By no
means,—what ?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all ⁷ their thunders bend ;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father ;——Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm :
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether ⁸ gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

⁶ *Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon*] This was a proper circumstance to urge to Gloster ; who appears, by what passed between him and his bastard son in a foregoing scene, to be very superstitious with regard to this matter. WARBURTON.

The quartos read, *warbling* instead of *mumbling*. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——*their thunders*——] First quarto ; the rest have it, *the thunder*. JOHNSON.

⁸ ——*gasted*——] Frighted. JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons* :

“ ——either the sight of the lady has *gasted* him, or else he's drunk.” STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. Let him fly far :

¹ Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;
And found—Dispatch.—The noble duke my master,
My worthy ² arch and patron, comes to-night :
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the ³ murderous coward to the stake ;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
⁴ And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him : He replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, ⁵ would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd ? No : what I should deny,

¹ Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;
And found dispatch—the noble duke, &c.]†

This nonsense should be read and pointed thus :

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;
And found, dispatch'd— WARBURTON.

I do not see how this change mends the sense : I think it may be better regulated as in the page above. The sense is interrupted. He shall be caught—and found, *he shall be punished.* Dispatch. JOHNSON.

² — arch —] i. e. Chief; a word now used only in composition, as arch-angel, arch-duke.

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1613 :

“ Poole, that arch for truth and honesty.” STEEVENS.

³ — murderous coward —] The first edition reads, *caitiff*. JOHNSON.

⁴ And found him pight to do it, with curst speech] *Pight* is pitched, fixed, settled. *Curst* is severe, harsh, vehemently angry. JOHNSON.

So, in the old morality of *Lusty Juventus*, 1561 :

“ Therefore my heart is surely pyght

“ Of her alone to have a fight.”

Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ ——— tents

“ Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ — would the reposal] i. e. Would any opinion that men have repos'd in thy trust, virtue, &c. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads, *could the reposeure.* STEEVENS.

(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character) I'd turn it all

To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:

And thou must make a dullard of the world,

If they not thought the profits of my death

Were very pregnant and potential spurs

To make thee seek it.

[Trumpets within.]

Glo. O° strange, fasten'd villain!

Would he deny his letter, said he?—I never got him.

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he
comes:—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him: and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable⁷.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came
hither,

(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How does my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
knights

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:

It is too bad, too bad.—

⁶ *Strange and, &c.*] Strong and fastened. Quarto. JOHNSON.
⁷ *Capable of my land—*] i. e. capable of succeeding to my
land, notwithstanding the legal bar of thy illegitimacy.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected ;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expence and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them ; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. * He did bewray his practice ; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursu'd ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours ;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;
You we first seize on

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

* *He did bewray his practice ;—*] i. e. *Discover, betray.* So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601 :

“ We were *bewray'd*, beset, and forc'd to yield.”

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607 :

“ Thy solitary passions should *bewray*

“ Some discontent.” —

Practice is always used by Shakespeare for *insidious mischief*. So, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman :

“ Howe'er thou scap'it my *practices* with life.”

The quartos read *betray*. STEEVENS.

Reg. Thus out of season; ⁹ threading dark-ey'd night.

¹ Occasions, noble Gloster, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer ² from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businessses,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Kent and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good even ³ to thee, friend: Art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

⁹ ———threading *dark-ey'd night*.] I have not ventur'd to displace this reading, though I have great suspicion that the poet wrote:

————— *treading* dark-ey'd night,

i. e. travelling in it. The other carries too obscure and mean an allusion. It must either be borrow'd from the cant phrase of *threading of alleys*, i. e. going through bye passages to avoid the high streets; or to *threading a needle in the dark*. THEOBALD.

The quarto reads:

————— *threath'ning* dark-ey'd night. JOHNSON.

Shakespear uses the former of these expressions in *Coriolanus*: act III:

They would not *thread* the gates. STEEVENS.

¹ *Occasions, noble Gloster, of some prize*,] We should read, *poize*, i. e. weight. WARBURTON.

Prize, or *price*, for value. JOHNSON.

² ———*from our home*:—] Not at home, but at some other place. JOHNSON.

³ *Good even*.] Thus the quarto. The folio—*Good dawning*.

STEEVENS.

Stew.

Stew. Where may we fet our horses ?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in ⁺Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew.

* ——— *Lipsbury pinfold*, ———] The allusion which seems to be contained in this line I do not understand. In the violent eruption of reproaches which bursts from Kent in this dialogue, there are some epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Of a *three-suited knave* I know not the meaning, unless it be that he has different dresses for different occupations. *Lilly-liver'd* is cowardly; *white-blooded* and *white-liver'd* are still in vulgar use. An *one-trunk-inheriting slave*, I take to be a wearer of old cast-off cloaths, an inheritor of torn breeches. JOHNSON.

I do not find the name of *Lipsbury*: it may be a cant phrase, with some corruption, taken from a place where the fines were arbitrary. *Three-suited* should, I believe, be *third-suited*, wearing cloaths at the *third-hand*. Edgar, in his pride, had *three suits* only. FARMER.

Lipsbury pinfold may be a cant expression importing the same as *Lob's Pound*. So, in Massinger's *Duke of Milan*:

“ To marry her, and say he was the party

“ Found in *Lob's Pound*.”

A *Pinfold* is a *pound*. Thus in Gascoigne's *Dan Bartholemew of Bathe*, 1587:

“ In such a *pin-folde* were his pleasures pent.”

Three suited knave might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakespeare, one who had no greater change of rayment than *three suits* would furnish him with; so, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: “ —wert a pitiful fellow, and hadst nothing but *three suits of apparel* :” or it may signify a fellow *thrice-sued at law*, who has *three suits* for debt standing out against him. A *one-trunk-inheriting slave* may be used to signify a fellow, the whole of whose possessions are confined to *one coffer*, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his *successor in poverty*; a *poor rogue hereditary*, as *Timon* calls *Apemantus*. A *worsted-socking knave* is another reproach of the same kind. The stockings in England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth (as I learn from Stubbs's *Anatomic of Abuses*, printed in 1595) were remarkably expen-

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, ⁵ hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would't be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mungrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny't the least syllable of thy addition ⁶.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus

expensive, and scarce any other kind than silk were worn, even (as this author says) by those who had not above forty shillings a year wages.—So, in an old comedy, called *The Hog bath lost his Pearl*, 1611, by R. Taylor:

“ —good parts are no more set by in these times, than a good leg in a *woollen stocking*.”

Again, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Green sicknesses and serving-men light on you,
“ With greasy breeches, and in *woollen stockings*.”

Again, in the *Miseries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607: Two sober young men come to claim their portion from their elder brother who is a spendthrift, and tell him: “ Our birthright, good brother: this town craves maintenance; *silk-stockings* must be had, &c.”

Silk stockings were not made in England till 1560, the second year of queen Elizabeth's reign. Of this extravagance Drayton takes notice in the 16th song of his *Polyolbion*:

“ Which our plain tathers erst would have accounted sin
“ Before the costly coach and *filken stock* came in.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ —*hundred-pound*,—] A *hundred-pound gentleman* is a term of reproach used in Middleton's *Phoenix*, 1607. STEEVENS.

—⁶ *addition*.] i. e. titles. The act 1 Hen. V. ch. v. which directs that in certain writs, a description should be *added* to the name of the defendant, expressive of his estate, mystery, degree, &c. is called the statute of *Additions*. MALONE.

to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; ⁷ I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: Draw you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, ⁸ draw.

[Drawing his sword.]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take ⁹ vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

⁷ ——— I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you. ———] This is equivalent to our modern phrase of making *the sun shine through any one*. But, alluding to the natural philosophy of that time, it is obscure. The Peripatetics thought, though falsely, that the rays of the moon were cold and moist. The speaker therefore says, he would make a sop of his antagonist, which should absorb the humidity of the moon's rays, by letting them into his guts. For this reason Shakespeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, says:

“ ——— the moonshine's watry beams.”

And, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watry moon.”

WARBURTON.

⁸ I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you.] Perhaps here an equivocal was intended. In the *Old Shepherd's Calendar*, among the dishes recommended for *Prymetyne*, “ One is egges in moonshine.”

FARMER.

⁹ ——— barber-monger, ———] Of this word I do not clearly see the force. JOHNSON.

Barber-monger may mean, *dealer in the lower tradesmen*: a slur upon the steward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the business of the family. FARMER.

⁹ ——— vanity the puppet's ———] Alluding to the mysteries or allegorical shews, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were personified. JOHNSON.

Kent.

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand;
you ' neat slave, strike. [Beating him.]

Stew. Help ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come,
I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour,
You cowardly rascal, ' nature disclaims in thee;
A tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow:
A tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter,

' —neat slave,—] You mere slave, you very slave.

JOHNSON.

You neat slave, I believe, means no more than *you finical rascal*, you who are an assemblage of *foppery and poverty*. Ben Jonson uses the same epithet in his *Poetaster*:

"By thy leave, my neat scoundrel." STEEVENS.

' —nature disclaims in thee;] So the quartos and the folio.
The modern editors read, without authority:

————nature disclaims *her share* in thee.

The old reading is the true one. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Lass*, 1633:

"——I will *disclaim* in your favour hereafter."

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609:

"Thus to *disclaim* in all th' effects of pleasure."

Again:

"No, I *disclaim* in her, I spit at her."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. III. chap. xvi:

"Not these, my lords, make me *disclaim* in it which
all pursue." STEEVENS.

could

could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. 'Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread 'this unbolted villain' into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn.

³ *Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter! —*] I do not well understand how a man is reproached by being called *zed*, nor how *Z* is an *unnecessary letter*. Scarron compares his deformity to the shape of *Z*, and it may be a proper word of insult to a crook-backed man; but why should Goneril's steward be crooked, unless the allusion be to his bending or cringing posture in the presence of his superiors. Perhaps it was written, *thou whorson C* (for cuckold) *thou unnecessary letter*. *C* is a letter unnecessary in our alphabet, one of its two sounds being represented by *S*, and one by *K*. But all the copies concur in the common reading. JOHNSON.

Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter! —] *Zed* is here probably used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet, and as its place may be supplied by *S*, and the Roman alphabet has it not; neither is it read in any word originally Teutonic. In Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, it is quite omitted, as the author affirms it to be rather a syllable than a letter. *C* cannot be the unnecessary letter, as there are many words in which its place will not be supplied by any other, as *charity*, *chastity*, &c. STEEVENS.

Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter. This is taken from the grammarians of the time. Mulcaster says, "*Z* is much harder amongst us, and seldom seen:—*S* is become its lieutenant general. It is lightlie expressed in English, saving in foren en-tranchisments." FARMER.

⁴ *—this unbolted villain—*] i. e. unrefined by education, the bran yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouse. WARBURTON.

⁵ *—into mortar, —*] This expression was much in use in our author's time. So, Massinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, act I. scene 1:

"——— I will help your memory,

"And tread thee into mortar." STEEVENS.

Corn. Peace, firrah !
You beastly knave, know you no reverence ?

Kent. Yes, fir ; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry ?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
‘ Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain

Too

Unbolted mortar is mortar made of unsifted lime, and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes. This *unbolted* villain is therefore this *coarse* rascal.

TOLLET.

‘ Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwaine,
Which are t’ intrince, t’ unloose ; ———]

Thus the first editors blundered this passage into unintelligible nonsense. Mr. Pope so far has disengaged it, as to give us plain sense ; but by throwing out the epithet *holy*, it is evident that he was not aware of the poet’s fine meaning. I will first establish and prove the reading, then explain the allusion. Thus the poet gave it :

Like rats, oft bite the *holy* cords in twain,
Too *intrinfcate* t’ unloose : ———

This word again occurs in our author’s *Antony and Cleopatra*, where she is speaking to the Aspick :

“ ——— Come, mortal wretch ;

“ With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinfcate*

“ Of life at once untie.” ———

And we meet with it in *Cynthia’s Revels*, by Ben Jonson. ———
Yet there are certain punchilios, or, as I may more nakedly insinnate them, certain intrinfcate strokes and words, to which your activity is not yet amounted, &c. It means inward, hidden, perplexed ; as a knot, hard to be unravelled : it is derived from the Latin adverb *intrinfcus* ; from which the Italians have coined a very beautiful phrase, *intrinfcarsi col uno*, i. e. to grow intimate with, to wind one self into another. And now to our author’s sense. Kent is rating the steward, as a parasite of Goneril’s ; and supposes very justly, that he has fomented the quarrel betwixt that princess and her father : in which office he compares him to a sacrilegious rat : and by a fine metaphor, as Mr. Warburton observed to me, stiles the union between parents and children the *holy cords*. THEOBALD.

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Too *intrinfcate* t’ unloose : ———]

By these *holy cords* the poet means the natural union between parents and children. The metaphor is taken from the *cords of the sanc-*

Too 'intrinicate t'unloose : sooth every passion
 That in the nature of their lords rebels ;
 Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;
 Renege, affirm, ' and turn their halcyon beaks
 With every gale and vary of their masters ;
 Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
 A plague upon your ' epileptic visage !
 Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool ?
 Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
 I'd drive ye cackling home to ' Camelot.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow ?

Glo. How fell you out ? say that.

sanctuary ; and the fomenters of family differences are compared to these sacrilegious rats. The expression is fine and noble.

WARBURTON.

' ——— and turn their halcyon beaks

With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters ;]

The *halcyon* is the bird otherwise called the *king-fisher*. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would vary with the wind, and by that means shew from what point it blew.

So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

“ But how now stands the wind ?

“ Into what corner peers my *Halcyon's bill* ?”

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Tho. Wolfey, Cardinal*, a poem, 1599 :

“ Or as a *halcyon* with her turning brest,

“ Demonstrates wind from wind, and east from west.”

STEEVENS.

' ——— *epileptic visage* !] The frighted countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit. JOHNSON.

' ——— *Camelot*] Was the place where the romances say king Arthur kept his court in the West ; so this alludes to some proverbial speech in those romances. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662 :

“ ——— raise more powers

“ To man with strength the castle *Camelot*.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song III :

“ Like *Camelot*, what place was ever yet renown'd ?

“ Where, as at Carlion, oft he kept the table round.”

STEEVENS.

In Somersethire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geese, so that many other places are from hence supplied with quills and feathers. HANMER.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his
offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not².

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or
hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stand on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and³ constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
⁴ Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent.

² *No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.]*

Hence Mr. Pope's expression:

“The strong antipathy of good to bad.” TOLLET.

² — likes me not.] i. e. pleases me not. So, in *Every Man
out of his Humour*:

“I did but cast an amorous eye, e'en now,

“Upon a pair of gloves that somewhat lik'd me.”

STEEVENS.

³ — constrains the garb

Quite from his nature.—]

Forces his *outside* or his *appearance* to something totally *different*
from his natural disposition. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Than twenty silly ducking observants,]* The epithet *silly* can-
not be right. 1st, Because Cornwall, in this beautiful speech,
is not talking of the *different success* of these two kinds of para-
sites, but of their *different corruptions of heart*. 2d, Because he
says these ducking observants *know how* to stretch their duties
nicely. I am persuaded we should read:

Than twenty *silly* ducking observants,

which

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, or in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Cor. What mean'st thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-
mend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he
that beguil'd you, in a plain accent, was a plain
knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though

which not only alludes to the *garb* of a court sycophant, but ad-
mirably well denotes the smoothness of his *character*. But what is
more, the poet generally gives them this epithet in other places.
So, in *Richard III.* he calls them:

“ ——— Silky, sly, insinuating Jacks.”

And, in *Coriolanus*:

“ ——— when steel grows

“ Soft as the *parasite's silk*.” ——— WARBURTON.

The alteration is more ingenious than the arguments by which
it is supported. JOHNSON.

Silly means only *simple*, or rustic. So, in *Cymbeline*, act V.
sc iii:

“ There was a fourth man in a *filly* habit,” meaning Posthu-
mus in the dress of a peasant. *Nicely is foolishly.* NIAIS. FR.

STEEVENS.

On flickering Phœbus' front—] Dr. Johnson in his *Dictionary*
says this word means to *flutter*. I meet with it in *The History of*
Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield, 1599:

“ By flying force of *flickering* fame your grace shall under-
stand.”

Again, in *The Pilgrim* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ——— some castrel

“ That hovers over her, and dares her daily;

“ Some *flickring* slave.” ———

Sir Thomas North, in his translation of *Plutarch*, talks of the
flickering enticements of Cleopatra.—Stanyhurst, in his translation
of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582, describes Iris,

“ From the sky down *flickering*, &c.”

And again in the old play, entitled, *Fuimus Troes*, 1603:

“ With gaudy pennons *flickering* in the air.”

Again, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“ Her turtles and her swans unyoked be,

“ And *flicker* near her side for company.” STEEVENS.

“ ——— *though I should win your displeasure to intreat me to't.*] Though I should win you, displeas'd as you now are, to like me
so well as to intreat me to be a knave. JOHNSON.

I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Cor. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any :

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction ;
When he, ⁷ conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tript me behind ; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd ;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
⁸ But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho !
You stubborn ancient knave⁹, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you——

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn :
Call not your stocks for me : I serve the king ;
On whose employment I was sent to you :
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks :—
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit 'till noon.

Regan. 'Till noon ! 'till night, my lord ; and all
night too.

⁷ *Conjunct* is the reading of the old quartos ; *compact*, of the folio. STEEVENS.

⁸ *But Ajax is their fool.*] *Their fool* means here, their butt, their laughing-stock. These finical puppies (says Kent) these rogues and cowards, never meet with a man superior to themselves, but they make him their jest, like *Ajax* with *Thersites*. Shakespeare's idea of *Ajax* may be seen in his *Troilus and Cressida*, where he is the fool of the play, and the constant object of *Thersites*' ridicule, for a scurvy valiant ass, Mars's idiot, &c.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — ancient knave.] Two of the quartos read—*miscreant* knave, and one of them—*unreverent*, instead of *reverend*.

STEEVENS.

Kent.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out* ¹.

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour ²
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:

³ * His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and the meanest ⁴ wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with *: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[*Kent is put in the stocks* ⁵.

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt Regan, and Cornwall.*

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's
pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,

¹ —*stocks*] This is not the first time that stocks had been introduced on the stage. In *Hick-scorner*, which was printed early in the reign of *K. Henry VIII.* Pity is put into them and left there till he is freed by *Perseveraunce* and *Contemplacyon.* STEEVENS.

² —*colour.*] The quartos read, *nature.* STEEVENS.

³ *His fault*—] All between the asterisks is omitted in the folio.
STEEVENS.

⁴ —*the meanest* —] This is a conjectural emendation by Mr. Pope. The quartos read—*and temnest*, perhaps, for *contemned'st.* STEEVENS.

⁵ I know not whether this circumstance of putting Kent in the stocks be not ridiculed in the punishment of Numps, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-Fair.*

It should be remembered, that formerly in great houses, as still in some colleges, there were moveable *stocks* for the correction of the servants. FARMER.

⁶ Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd : I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, fir : I have watch'd, and
travell'd hard ;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels :

Give you good morrow !

Glo. The duke's to blame in this ; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

Kent. ⁷ Good king, that must approve the common
saw !

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st

To the warm sun !

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

[*Looking up to the moon.*

That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter !—Nothing almost sees miracles ⁸ ;

But misery,—⁹ I know, 'tis from Cordelia ;

[*Reading the letter,*

Who

⁶ *Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd.*——] Metaphor from
bowling. WARBURTON.

⁷ *Good king, that must approve the common saw !*] That art
now to exemplify the common proverb, *That out of,* &c. That
changeſt better for worſe. Hanmer obſerves, that it is a pro-
verbial ſaying, applied to thoſe who are turned out of houſe and
home to the open weather. It was perhaps firſt uſed of men diſ-
miſſed from an hoſpital, or houſe of charity, ſuch as was erected
formerly in many places for travellers. Thoſe houſes had
names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction.*

JOHNSON.

The *saw* alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*,
book ii, chap. 5.

“ In your renning from him to me, ye runne

“ Out of God's bleſſing into the warme ſunne.”

TYRWHITT.

⁸—*Nothing almost sees miracles,*] Thus the folio. The quartos
read—*Nothing almost sees my wrack.* STEEVENS.

⁹——— *I know 'tis from Cordelia,* &c.] This paſſage, which
ſome of the editors have degraded as ſpurious, to the margin,
and others have ſilently altered, I have faithfully printed ac-
cording to the quarto, from which the folio differs only in punc-
tuation. The paſſage is very obſcure, if not corrupt. Perhaps
it may be read thus ;

—————Cor-

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
 Of my obscured course ;—' and shall find time
 From this enormous state,——seeking to give
 Losses their remedies ;—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
 Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 This shameful lodging.
 Fortune, good night ; smile once more ; turn thy wheel !
 [He sleeps.]

S C E N E III.

A part of the beach.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd ;
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free ; no place,

—— Cordelia —— has been —— informed
 Of my obscured course, and shall find time
 From this enormous state-seeking, to give
 Losses their remedies. ——

Cordelia is informed of our affairs, and when the enormous care of seeking her fortune will allow her time, she will employ it in remedying losses. This is harsh ; perhaps something better may be found. I have at least supplied the genuine reading of the old copies. *Enormous* is unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary course of things. JOHNSON.

So Holinshed, p. 647, " The maior perceiving this enormous doing, &c." STEEVENS.

¹ —— and shall find time
 From this enormous state, seeking to give
 Losses their remedies. ——]

I confess I do not understand this passage, unless it may be considered as *divided parts of Cordelia's letter*, which he is reading to himself by moonlight : it certainly conveys the sense of what she would have said. In reading a letter, it is natural enough to dwell on those circumstances in it that promise the change in our affairs which we most wish for ; and Kent having read Cordelia's assurances that she will find a time to free the injured from the enormous misrule of Regan, is willing to go to sleep with that pleasing reflection uppermost in his mind. But this is mere conjecture.

STEEVENS.

That

That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
 I will preserve myself: and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
 Blanket my loins; ² elf all my hair in knots;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars ³, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks ⁴, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms ⁵,

² ——— *elf all my hair in knots*;) Hair thus knotted, was vulgarly supposed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— platts the manes of horses in the night,

“ And cakes the *elf-locks* in foul fluttish hairs,

“ Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Of Bedlam beggars*,] In the *Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640, is the following account of one of these characters, under the title of an *Abraham-Man*. “ ——— he sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calles himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poor Tom is a cold*. Of these *Abraham-men*, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their owne braines: some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so fullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the servants through feare to give them what they demand.” To *sham Abraham*, a cant term, still in use among sailors and the vulgar, may have this origin.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *wooden pricks*,] i. e. skewers. So, in *The Wyll of the Dewyll*, bl. l. no date. “ I give to the butchers, &c. *pricks* inough to set up their thin meate, that it may appeare thicke and well fedde.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *low farms*,] The quartos read, *low service*. STEEVENS.

Poor

* Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans⁷, sometime with prayers,
Inforce their charity.—⁸ Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
That's something yet;—⁹ Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit*.

* *Poor pelting villages*, —] *Pelting* is used by Shakespeare in the sense of beggarly: I suppose from *pelt* a skin. The poor being generally clothed in leather. WARBURTON.

Pelting is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. Shakespeare uses it in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* of *small brooks*. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher often use the word in the same sense as Shakespeare. So in *King and no King*, act IV:

“ This *pelting*, prating peace is good for nothing.”

Spanish Curate, act II. sc. ult. — “ To learn the *pelting* law.”
Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, — “ every *pelting* river.”
Measure for Measure, act II. sc. vii:

“ And every *pelting* petty officer.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Hector says to Achilles:

“ We have had *pelting* wars since you refus'd

“ The Grecian cause.”

From the first of the two last instances it appears not to be a *corruption of petty*, which is used the next word to it, but seems to be the same as *paltry*; and if it comes from *pelt* a skin, as Dr. Warburton says, the poets have furnished *villages*, *peace*, *law*, *ivers*, *officers of justice* and *wars*, all out of one wardrobe. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *lunatic bans*,] To *ban*, is to curse.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, a comedy by Lilly:

“ Well, be as be may is no *banning*.”

So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“ Nay, if those *ban*, let me breathe curses forth.

STEEVENS.

* ———— *poor Turlygood! poor Tom!*] We should read *Turlupin*. In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gipsies, called *Turlupins*, a *fraternity of naked beggars*, which ran up and down Europe. However, the church of Rome hath dignified them with the name of *heretics*, and actually burned some of them at Paris. But what sort of religionists they were, appears from Genebrard's account of them. “ *Turlupin Cynicorum sectam fuscitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, & publico coitu.*” Plainly, nothing but a band of *Tom-o'-Bedlams*. WARBURTON.
Hanmer reads, *poor Turlurù*. It is probable the word *Turlygood* was the common corrupt pronunciation. JOHNSON.

⁹ ———— *Edgar I nothing am.*] As Edgar I am outlawed, dead in law; I have no longer any political existence. JOHNSON.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

¹ *Earl of Gloster's castle.*

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,

'The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How! mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord².

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters!
Horses

¹ *Earl of Gloster's castle.*] It is not very clearly discovered why Lear comes hither. In the foregoing part he sent a letter to Gloster; but no hint is given of its contents. He seems to have gone to visit Gloster while Cornwall and Regan might prepare to entertain him. JOHNSON.

It is plain, I think, that Lear comes to the earl of Gloucester's, in consequence of his having been at the duke of Cornwall's, and having heard there, that his son and daughter were gone to the earl of Gloucester's. His first words shew this: "'Tis strange that they (Cornwall and Regan) should so depart from home, and not send back my messenger (Kent)." It is clear also from Kent's speech in this scene, that he went directly from Lear to the duke of Cornwall's, and delivered his letters, but, instead of being sent back with any answer, was ordered to follow the duke and dutchess to the earl of Gloucester's. But what then is the meaning of Lear's order to Kent in the preceding act, scene v. *Go you before to Gloucester with these letters.* — The obvious meaning, and what will agree best with the course of the subsequent events, is, that the duke of Cornwall and his wife were then residing at Gloucester. Why Shakespeare should choose to suppose them at Gloucester, rather than at any other city, is a different question. Perhaps he might think, that Gloucester implied such a neighbourhood to the earl of Gloucester's castle, as his story required. TYRWHITT.

² *No, my lord.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

³ — *he wears cruel garters.* —] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Cruel* signifies *worsled*, of which stockings, garters, night-

Horfes are ty'd by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkees by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty ⁴ at legs, ⁵ then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

night-caps, &c. are made; and it is used in that sense in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, act ii.

"For who that had but half his wits about him

"Would commit the counsel of a serious sin

"To such a *crewel night-cap*." —

So again in the comedy of *The Two angry Women of Abington*, printed 1599:

"—— I'll warrant you, he'll have

"His *cruell gariers* cros about the knee."

So, in the *Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

"I speak the prologue to our filk and *cruel*

"Gentlemen in the hangings."

Again, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Wearing of *filk* why art thou still so *cruel*?"

Again, in Edmund Prestwich's Poem on a lady working a bed with *crewel*:

"Not *crewel* bed, but bed of *cruelty*." STEEVENS.

⁴— *over-lusy* in this place has a double signification. *Lustiness* anciently meant *sauciness*.

So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"—— upon pain of being plagued for their *lustyness*."

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"—— she'll snarl and bite,

"And take up Nero for his *lustiness*."

Again, in sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*:

"Cassius' soldiers did shewe themselves verie stubborne and *lustie* in the campe, &c." STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *then he wears wooden nether-stocks.*] *Nether-stocks* is the old word for *stockings*. *Breeches* were at that time called "men's *overstockes*," as I learn from Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580. Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, has a whole chapter on *The Diversitie of Nether-Stockes worne in England*, 1595. Heywood among his *Epigrams*, 1562, has the following:

"Thy *upper-stocks*, be they stuf with filke or flocks,

"Never become thee like a *nether paire of stocks*."

Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1585:

—"to cover the pot with my right *netherstock*."

STEEVENS.

Lear.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place
mistook

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. ⁶ No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
murder,

² To do upon respect such violent outrage:

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;

⁹ Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission,

Which

⁶ *Lear.*] This and the next speech are omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *By Juno, I swear, ay.*] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *To do upon respect such violent outrage:*] To violate the public and venerable character of a messenger from the king.

JOHNSON.

⁹ *Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission,*] *Intermission*, for another message which they had then before them, to consider of; called *intermission*, because it came between their leisure and the steward's message. WARBURTON.

Spight

Which presently they read : on whose content,
 ' They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse ;
 Commanded me to follow, and attend
 The leisure of their answer ; gave me cold looks :
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
 (Being the very fellow which of late
 Display'd so saucily against your highness)
 Having more man than wit about me, I drew ;
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries :
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. ' Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly
 that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind ;
 But fathers, that bear bags,
 Shall see their children kind.
 Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

*Spight of intermission is without pause, without suffering time to
 intervene. So, in Macbeth :*

“ ——— gentle heaven,

“ Cut short all *intermission*, &c.” STEEVENS.

' They summon'd up their meiny, —] *Meiny*, i. e. people.

POPE.

Mesne, a house. *Mesnie*, a family, Fr.

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606 :

“ ——— if she, or her sad *meiny*,

“ Be towards sleep, I'll wake them.”

Again, in the bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, no
 date :

“ Of the emperoure took he leave ywys,

“ And of all the *meiny* that was there.”

Again :

“ Here cometh the king of Israel,

“ With a fayre *meinye*.” STEEVENS.

' *Winter's not gone yet*, &c.] If this be their behaviour, the
 king's troubles are not yet at an end. JOHNSON.

This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

But

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many³ dolours from thy dear daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother⁴ swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [Exit.]

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

³ ——— dolours.] Quibble intended between *dolours* and *dollars*. HANMER.

The same quibble had occurred in the *Tempest*, and in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Oh, how this mother, &c.*] *Lear* here affects to pass off the swelling of his heart ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *Mother*, or *Hysterica Passio*, which, in our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women only. In Harfnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, Richard Mainy, Gent. one of the pretended demoniacs, deposes, p. 263, that the first night that he came to Denham, the seat of Mr. Peckham, where these impostures were managed, he was somewhat evill at ease, and he grew worse and worse with an old disease that he had, and which the priests persuaded him was from the possession of the devil, viz. "The disease, I spake of was a spice of the *Mother*, wherewith I had bene troubled . . . before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly term it the *Mother* or no, I knowe not . . . When I was sicke of this disease in Fraunce, a Scottish doctor of phylick then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *Vertiginem Capitis*. It riseth . . . of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painfull collicke in the stomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head."

It is at least very probable, that Shakespeare would not have thought of making *Lear* affect to have the *Hysterick Passion*, or *Mother*, if this passage in Harfnet's pamphlet had not suggested it to him, when he was selecting the other particulars from it, in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam, to whom this demoniacal gibberish is admirably adapted. PERCY.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. ⁵ All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. ⁶ When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, fir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,

⁵ *All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell, &c.*] There is in this sentence no clear series of thought. If he that follows his nose is led or guided by his eyes, he wants no information from his nose. I persuade myself, but know not whether I can persuade others, that our author wrote thus:—"All men are led by their eyes, but blind men, and they follow their noses: and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking."—Here is a succession of reasoning. You ask, why the king has no more in his train? why, because men who are led by their eyes see that he is ruined; and if there were any blind among them, who, for want of eyes, followed their noses, they might by their noses discover that it was no longer fit to follow the king.

JOHNSON.

The word *twenty* refers to the *noses* of the *blind men*, and not to the men in general. The passage, thus considered, bears clearly the very sense which the above note endeavours to establish by alteration. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *When a wise man gives thee, &c.*] One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses, on all occasions, to prevent his sentiments from being perversely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and base desertion of the unfortunate, for fear it should be understood seriously, though delivered by his buffoon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine sense:—"I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it." WARBURTON.

Will pack, when it begins to rain,
 And leave thee in the storm.
 7 But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
 And let the wise man fly:
 The knave turns fool, that runs away;
 The fool no knave, perdy.
Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?
Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick?
 they are weary?
 They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
 The images of revolt and flying off!
 Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
 You know the fiery quality of the duke;
 How unremoveable and fixt he is
 In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
 Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
 I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. 8 Well, my good lord, I have inform'd
 them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me,
 man?

7 *But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
 And let, &c.]*

I think this passage erroneous, though both the copies concur.
 The sense will be mended if we read:

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
 And let the wise man fly;
 The fool turns knave, that runs away;
 The knave no fool, —————

That I stay with the king is a proof that I am a fool, the wise
 men are deserting him. There is knavery in this desertion, but
 there is no folly. JOHNSON.

8 *Glo.]* This, with the following speech, is omitted in the
 quartos. STEEVENS.

Glo.

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the
dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her
service :

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—⁹

No, but not yet:——may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on Kent.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,

That this remotion of the duke and her

¹ Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,

Now, presently; bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,

'Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but,
down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney ² did to
the

⁹ —*Tell the hot duke, that——*] The quartos read—Tell the hot duke, that *Lear*—— STEEVENS.

¹ *Is practice only.*———] *Practice* is in Shakespeare, and other old writers, used commonly in an ill sense for *unlawful artifice*. JOHNSON.

² ——*the cockney*] It is not easy to determine the exact power of this term of contempt, which, as the editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer observes, might have been originally borrowed from the kitchen. From the ancient ballad of the *Tournament of Tottenham*, published by Dr. Percy in his second volume of *Ancient Poetry*, p. 24, it should seem to signify a *cook* :

³ the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapt 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down*: 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [*Kent is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulch'ring an adultress⁴.—O, are you free?

[*To Kent.*]

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan, ⁵ she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—
[*Points to his heart.*]

“ At that feast were they served in rich array ;

“ Every five and five had a cokeney.”

i. e. a cook, or scullion, to attend them.

Shakespeare, however, in *Twelfth Night*, makes his Clown say, “ I am afraid this great lubber the world, will prove a cokeney.” In this place it seems to have a signification not unlike that which it bears at present; and, indeed, Chaucer in his *Reeve's Tale*, ver. 4205, appears to employ it with such a meaning:

“ And when this jape is told another day,

“ I shall be halden a daffe or a cokenay.”

See the notes on the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, Vol. IV. p. 253, where the reader will meet with all the information to be had on this subject. STEEVENS.

³ —the eels, when she put them i' the paste—] Hinting that the eel and Lear are in the same danger. JOHNSON.

⁴ sepulchring, &c.] This word is accented in the same manner by Fairfax and Milton:

“ As if his work should his sepulcher be,” C. i. st. 25.

“ And so sepulcher'd in such pomp doe lie.”

Milton on Shakespeare, line xv. STEEVENS.

⁵ ————she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,]

Alluding to the fable of Prometheus. WARBURTON.

• I can

I can scarce speak to thee ; thou'lt not believe,

⁶ Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan !

Reg. I pray you, fir, take patience ; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,

⁷ Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say ? ⁸ How is that ?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation ; If, fir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her !

Reg. O, fir, you are old ;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine : you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself : Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return ;
Say, you have wrong'd her, fir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness ?

⁶ Of how deprav'd a quality——] Thus the quarto. The folio reads :

With how deprav'd a quality—— JOHNSON.

⁷ Than she to scant her duty.] The word *scant* is directly contrary to the sense intended. The quarto reads :

———*slack* her duty,

which is no better. May we not change it thus :

You less know how to value her desert,

Than she to *scan* her duty.

To *scan* may be to *measure* or *proportion*. Yet our author uses his negatives with such licentiousness, that it is hardly safe to make any alteration.—*Scant* may mean to *adapt*, to *fit*, to *proportion* ; which sense seems still to be retained in the mechanical term *scantling*. JOHNSON.

Hanmer had proposed this change of *scant* into *scan*, but surely no alteration is necessary. The other reading—*slack* would answer as well. You less know how to value her desert, than she (knows) to *scant* her duty, i. e. than she can be capable of being wanting in her duty. STEEVENS.

⁸ Say, &c.] This, as well as the following speech, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

9 Do you but mark how this becomes the house?

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

1 Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [Kneeling.
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg.

9 Do you but mark how this becomes the house?] This phrase to me is unintelligible, and seems to say nothing to the purpose: neither can it mean, how this becomes the order of families. Lear would certainly intend to reply, how does asking my daughter's forgiveness agree with common fashion, the established rule and custom of nature? No doubt, but the poet wrote, *becomes the use*. And that Shakespeare employs *use* in this signification, is too obvious to want a proof. THEOBALD.

Do you but mark how this becomes the house?] Mr. Theobald says, "This phrase seems to say little to the purpose;" and therefore alters it to, — becomes the *use*, — which signifies less. The Oxford Editor makes him still more familiar — becometh *us*. All this chopping and changing proceeds from an utter ignorance of a great, a noble, and a most expressive phrase, — becomes the *house*; — which signifies the order of families, duties of relation. WARBURTON.

With this most expressive phrase I believe no reader is satisfied. I suspect that it has been written originally:

Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becometh — thus.

Dear daughter, I confess, &c.

Becomes the house, and becometh thus, might be easily confounded by readers so unskilful as the original printers. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be supported by the following passage in *Milton on Divorce*, book ii. ch. 12. " — the restraint whereof, who is not too thick-sighted, may see how hurtful, how destructive, it is to the house, the church, and commonwealth!" TOLLET.

The old reading may likewise receive additional support from the following passage in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:

"Come up to supper; it will become the house wonderful well."

Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with the following extract from sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 4to. 1601. chap. II. which has much the same expression, and explains it. "They two together [man and wife] ruleth the house. The house I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their servants, bond and free, &c." STEEVENS.

1 Age is unnecessary: —] i. e. Old age has few wants.

JOHNSON.

This usage of the word *unnecessary* is quite without example; and I believe my learned coadjutor has rather improved than explained

Reg. Good fir, no more; these are unfightly tricks :
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan :
She hath abated me of half my train ;
* Look'd black upon me ; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart :——
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness !

Corn. Fie, fir, fie !

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
flames

Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful fun,
‡ To fall and blast her pride !

Reg.

plained the meaning of his author, who seems to have designed to say no more than that it seems unnecessary to children that the lives of their parents should be prolonged. Age is unnecessary, may mean, old people are useless. So, in *The Old Law*, by Massinger :

“ ————your laws extend not to desert,

“ But to unnecessary years ; and, my lord,

“ His are not such.” STEEVENS.

Unnecessary in Lear's speech, I believe, means—in want of necessities unable to procure them. TYRWHITT.

‡ Look'd black upon me ; ——] To look black, may easily be explain'd to look cloudy or gloomy. See Milton :

“ So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell

“ Grew darker at their frown.” —— JOHNSON.

So, Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 1157 : “ ——The bishops thereat repined, and looked black.” TOLLET.

‡ To fall, and blast her pride !] Thus the quarto : the folio reads not so well, to fall and blister. I think there is still a fault, which may be easily mended by changing a letter :

——— Infect her beauty,

You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful fun,

Do, fall, and blast her pride ! JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's alteration will appear unnecessary, if we consider fall to be used here as an active verb, signifying to humble, to pull down. Infect her beauty, ye fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the sun for this end—to fall and blast, i. e. humble and destroy her pride. Shakespeare in other places uses fall in an active sense. So, in *Othello* :

Reg. O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, ⁴ when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy ⁵ tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy halcy words, ⁶ to scant my sizes,

And

“ Each drop she falls will prove a crocodile.”

Again, in the *Tempest*:

“ To fall it on Gonzalo.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ ———— make him fall

“ His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.” MALONE.

⁴ ———— when the rash mood is on.] Thus the folio. The quartos read only, — when the rash mood — perhaps leaving the sentence purposely unfinished. STEEVENS.

⁵ — tender-hefted—] This word, though its general meaning be plain, I do not critically understand. JOHNSON.

Thy tender-hefted nature—] *Hefted* seems to mean the same as *heaved*. *Tender-hefted*, i. e. whose bosom is agitated by tender passions. The formation of such a participle, I believe, cannot be grammatically accounted for. Shakespeare uses *hefts* for *heavings* in *The Winter's Tale*, act II. Both the quartos however read, “ tender-hefted nature;” which may mean a nature which is governed by gentle dispositions. *Heft* is an old word signifying *command*. So, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, &c. 1594:

“ Must yield to *heft* of others that be free.”

Hefted is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

⁶ ———— to scant my sizes,] To contract my allowances or proportions settled. JOHNSON.

A *fizer* is one of the lowest rank of students at Cambridge, and lives on a stated allowance.

Sizes are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in public societies are set down to the account of particular persons: a word still used in colleges. So, in the *Return from Parnassus*:

“ You are one of the devil's fellow-commoners; one that *hizeth* the devil's butteries.”

“ Fiddlers, set it on my head; I use to *size* my music, or go on the score for it.” *Return from Parnassus*.

Size sometimes means *company*. So, in *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613;

“ He

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in : thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude ;
Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose. [*Trumpets within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks ?

Corn. What trumpet's that ?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sifter's : this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come ?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows :—
Out, varlet, from my sight !

Corn. What means your grace ?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant ? Regan, I have
good hope
Thou did'st not know on't.—Who comes here ? O
heavens,

Enter Goneril.

7 If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,

Make

“ He now attended with a barbal *size*

“ Of sober statesmen, &c.”

I suppose a *barbal size* is a bearded company. STEEVENS.

See a *size* in Minshew's Dictionary. TOLLET.

7 *If you do love old men, if your sweet sway*

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,]

Mr. Upton has proved by irresistible authority, that to *allow* signifies not only to *permit*, but to *approve*, and has deservedly replaced the old reading, which Dr. Warburton had changed into *allow obedience*, not recollecting the scripture expression, *The Lord alloweth the righteous*, Psalm xi. ver. 6. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616 : “ —she *allows* of thee for love, not for lust.”

Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?—[*To Gon.*
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I
offended?

All's not offence,⁸ that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, fides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd⁹ much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.

If,

lust." Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "I allow
those pleasing poems of Guazzo, which begin, &c." Again,
Sir Tho. North's translation of *Plutarch*, concerning the reception
with which the death of Cæsar met: "they neither greatly re-
proved, nor *allowed* the fact." Dr. Warburton might have found
the emendation which he proposed, in Tate's alteration of *King*
Lear, which was first published in 1687. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— that indiscretion finds,] *Finds* is here used in the same
sense as when a jury is said to *find* a bill, to which it is an allu-
sion. Our author again uses the same word in the same sense in
Hamlet, act V. sc. i:

"Why 'tis *found* so." EDWARDS.

To *find* is little more than to *think*. The French use their
word *trouver* in the same sense; and we still say I *find* time te-
dious, or I *find* company troublesome, without thinking on a jury.

STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— much less advancement] The word *advancement* is
ironically used for *conspicuousness* of punishment; as we now say,
a man is advanced to the pillory. We should read:

————— but his own disorders

Deserv'd much *more* advancement. JOHNSON.

By *less advancement* is meant, a still worse or more disgraceful
situation; a situation not so reputable. PERCY.

Cornwall certainly means, that Kent's *disorders* had entitled him
even a post of less honour than the stocks. STEEVENS.

¹ I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.] This is a very
odd request. She surely asked something more reasonable. We
should read,

"——— being

If, 'till the expiration of your month,
 You will return and sojourn with my sister,
 Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
 I am now from home, and out of that provision
 Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?

² No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

To

———being weak, *deem't* so.

i. e. believe that my husband tells you true, that Kent's disorders deserved a more ignominious punishment. WARBURTON.

The meaning is, since *you are weak*, be content to think yourself weak. No change is needed. JOHNSON.

² *No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse*

To wage against the enmity o' the air:

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,

Necessity's sharp pinch. ———]

Thus should these lines (in the order they were read, in all the editions till Mr. Theobald's) be pointed: the want of which pointing contributed, perhaps, to mislead him in transposing the second and third lines; on which imaginary regulation he thus descants. "The breach of the sense here is a manifest proof that these lines were transposed by the first editors. Neither can there be any syntax or grammatical coherence, unless we suppose (*necessity's sharp pinch*) to be the accusative to (*wage*)." But this is supposing the verb *wage*, to want an accusative, which it does not. To *wage*, or *wager against one*, was a common expression; and, being a species of acting (namely, acting in opposition) was as proper as to say, *act against any one*. So, *to wage against the enmity o' the air*, was to strive or fight against it. *Necessity's sharp pinch*, therefore, is not the accusative to *wage*, but declarative of the condition of him who is a *comrade of the wolf and owl*; in which the verb (*is*) is understood. The consequence of all this is, that it was the *last editors*, and not the *first*, who transposed the lines from the order the poet gave them: for the Oxford editor follows Mr. Theobald. WARBURTON.

To *wage* is often used absolutely without the word *war* after it, and yet signifies *to make war*, as before in this play:

My life I never held but as a pawn

To *wage* against thine enemies.

The spirit of the following passage seems to be lost in the hands of both the commentators. It should, perhaps, be pointed thus:

To be a comrade of the wolf and owl,—

Necessity's sharp pinch!—

These last words appear to be the reflection of Lear on the wretched

To wage against the enmity o' the air ;
 To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
 Necessity's sharp pinch !—Return with her ?
 Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
 Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
 To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
 To keep ³ base life afoot ;—Return with her ?
 Persuade me rather to be slave ⁴ and sumpter
 To this detested groom. [Looking on the Steward.

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. Now I prythee, daughter, do not make me
 mad ;

I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell :
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another :—
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;
 Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine : thou art a bile,
 A plague-sore, an ⁵ embossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee ;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove :
 Mend, when thou canst ; be better, at thy leisure :
 I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan,
 I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir ;

wretched sort of existence he had described in the preceding
 lines. STEEVENS.

³ ——— *base life*—] i. e. In a *servile* state. JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *and sumpter*] *Sumpter* is a horse that carries necessaries on a
 journey, though sometimes used for the case to carry them in.—
 Vide B. and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, Seyward's edit, vol. viii.
 note 35 ; and *Cupid's Revenge*.

“ ——— I'll have a horse to leap thee,

“ And thy base issue shall carry *sumpters*.”

Again, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

“ He is indeed a guarded *sumpter-cloth*

“ Only for the remove o' the court.” STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *embossed carbuncle*] *Embossed* is *swelling*, *protuberant*.

JOHNSON.

I look'd

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome : Give ear, fir, to my fifter ;
 For thofe that mingle reason with your paffion,
 Muft be content to think you old, and fo——
 But ſhe knows what ſhe does.

Lear. Is this well ſpoken now ?

Reg. I dare avouch it, fir : What, fifty followers ?
 Is it not well ? What ſhould you need of more ?

Yea, or fo many ? ſith that both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number ? How, in one houſe,
 Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity ? 'Tis hard ; almoſt impoſſible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive at-
 tendance
 From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine ?

Reg. Why not, my lord ? If then they chanc'd to
 flack you,

We could controul them : If you will come to me,
 (For now I ſpy a danger) I intreat you
 To bring but five and twenty ; to no more
 Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all——

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries ;
 But kept a reſervation to be follow'd
 With ſuch a number : What, muſt I come to you
 With five and twenty, Regan ? ſaid you ſo ?

Reg. And ſpeak it again, my lord ; no more
 with me.

Lear. ' Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-
 favour'd,

When

*' Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
 When others are more wicked,——]*

Dr. Warburton would exchange the repeated epithet *wicked*
 into *wrinkled* in both places. The commentator's only objection
 to the lines as they now ſtand, is the discrepancy of the meta-
 phor, the want of oppoſition between *wicked* and *well-favour'd*.
 But he might have remembered what he ſays in his own preface
 concern-

When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;

[*To Goneril.*

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true
need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a⁷ poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

concerning *mixed modes*. Shakespeare, whose mind was more intent upon notions than words, had in his thoughts the pulchritude of virtue, and the deformity of wickedness; and though he had mentioned *wickedness*, made the correlative answer to *deformity*.

JOHNSON.

A similar thought occurs in *Cymbeline*, act V.

——— it is I

That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,

By being worse than they. STEEVENS.

This passage, I think, should be pointed thus:

Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst

Stands in some rank of praise.—

That is, *To be not the worst* deserves some praise. TYRWHITT.

⁷ —poor old man,] The quarto has, poor old fellow.

JOHNSON.

To

To bear it tamely ; ⁸ touch me with noble anger !
 O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks !—No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall,—I will do such things ⁹,—
 What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep :
 No, I'll not weep :—

I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep :—O, fool, I shall go mad !

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest heard.*

Reg. This house is little ; the old man and his people
 Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame ; he hath put himself from
 rest,

⁸ ———*touch me with noble anger !*] It would puzzle one at first to find the sense, the drift, and the coherence of this petition. For if the gods sent this evil for his punishment, how could he expect that they should defeat their own design, and assist him to revenge his injuries ? The solution is, that Shakespeare here makes his speaker allude to what the ancient poets tell us of the misfortunes of particular families : namely, that when the anger of the gods, for an act of impiety, was raised against an offending house, their method of punishment was, first to inflame the breasts of the children to unnatural acts against their parents ; and then, of the parents against their children, in order to destroy one another ; and that both these outrages were the instigation of the gods. To consider Lear as alluding to this divinity, makes his prayer exceeding pertinent and fine.

WARBURTON.

⁹ ———*I will do such things*———

What they are, yet I know not ;]

——— *magnum est quodcunque paravi,
 Quid sit, adhuc dubito. Ovid. Met. lib. vi.*

——— *haud quid sit scio,*

Sed grande quiddam est. Seneca Thyestes.

Let such as are unwilling to allow that copiers of nature must occasionally use the same thoughts and expressions, remember, that of both these authors there were early translations.

STEEVENS.

And

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter Gloster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth :—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going¹?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not
whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds

² Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, fir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their school-masters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild
night;
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Whither is he going?*

Glo. He calls to horse;]

Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

² *Do sorely ruffle,——*] Thus the folio. The quartos read,
Do sorely ruffel, i. e. ruffle. STEEVENS.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Heath.

A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's there, beside foul weather ?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you ; Where's the king ?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element :
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main³,
That things might change, or cease :⁴ tears his
white hair ;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of :
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

⁵ This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch,

The

³ Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,] The main seems to signify here the main land, the continent. So, in Bacon's War with Spain : " In 1589, we turned challengers, and invaded the main of Spain."

This interpretation sets the two objects of Lear's desire in proper opposition to each other. He wishes for the destruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the waters, or raising the waters so as to overwhelm the land. STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— tears his white hair ;] The six following verses were omitted in all the late editions : I have replaced them from the first, for they are certainly Shakespeare's. POPE.

The first folio ends the speech at *change or cease*, and begins again at Kent's question, *But who is with him?* The whole speech is forcible, but too long for the occasion, and properly retrenched. JOHNSON.

⁵ This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,] *Cub-drawn* has been explained to signify *drawn by nature to its young* ;

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of ⁶ my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Corn-
wall;

⁷ Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Throne and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen ⁸,

whereas it means, *whose dugs are drawn dry by its young.* For
no animals leave their dens by night but for prey. So that the
meaning is, "that even hunger, and the support of its young,
would not force the bear to leave his den in such a night."

WARBURTON.

Shakespeare has the same image in *As you Like It*:

"A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

"Lay couching——"

Again, *Ibidem*:

"Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness." STEEVENS.

⁶ —my note,] My observation of your character. JOHNSON.

The quartos read:

—— upon the warrant of my art:

i. e. on the strength of *my skill* in physiognomy. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Who have (as who have not, ——]* The eight subsequent
verses were degraded by Mr. Pope, as unintelligible, and to no
purpose. For my part, I see nothing in them but what is very
easy to be understood; and the lines seem absolutely necessary to
clear up the motives upon which France prepared his invasion:
nor without them is the sense of the context complete.

THEOBALD.

The quartos omit these lines. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*what hath been seen,*] What follows, are the circumstances
in the state of the kingdom, of which he supposes the spies gave
France the intelligence. STEEVENS.

Either

' Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes ;
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king ; or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these ' are but furnishings ;—
 [² But, true it is, ³ from France there comes a power
 Into

⁹ *Either in snuffs or packings* —] *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.

So, in *Henry IV.* first part : “ Took it in *snuff* ; ” and in *King Edward III.* 1599 :

“ This *packing* evil, we both shall tremble for it.”

Again, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582 :

“ With two gods *packing* one woman filly to cozen.

We still talk of *packing* juries, and Antony says of Cleopatra, that she has “ *pack'd* cards with Cæsar.” STEEVENS.

¹ ——— are but furnishings.] *Furnishings* are what we now call colours, external pretences. JOHNSON.

A *furnish* anciently signified a *sample*. So, in the Preface to Greene's *Groatfworth of Wit*, 1621 : “ To lend the world a *furnish* of wit, she lays her own to pawn.” STEEVENS.

² *But true it is, &c.*] In the old editions are the five following lines which I have inserted in the text, which seem necessary to the plot, as a preparatory to the arrival of the French army with Cordelia in act IV. How both these, and a whole scene between Kent and this gentleman in the fourth act, came to be left out in all the later editions, I cannot tell ; they depend upon each other, and very much contribute to clear that incident. POPE.

³ ——— from France there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom ; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret sea
 In some of our best ports. —]

Scatter'd kingdom, if it have any sense, gives us the idea of a kingdom fallen into an *anarchy* : but that was not the case. It submitted quietly to the government of Lear's two sons-in-law. It was divided, indeed, by this means, and so hurt, and weaken'd. And this was what Shakespeare meant to say, who, without doubt, wrote :

————— *scathed* kingdom ; —————

i. e. hurt, wounded, impaired. And so he frequently uses *scath* for hurt or damage. Again, what a strange phrase is, having *sea in a port*, to signify a fleet's lying at anchor ? which is all it can signify. And what is stranger still, a *secret sea*, that is, lying incognito, like the army at Knight's Bridge in *The Rehearsal*. Without doubt the poet wrote :

Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wife in our negligence, have secret fee
In some of our best ports, and are at point

————— have secret *seize*

In some of our best ports; —————

i. e. they are secretly secure of some of the best ports, by having a party in the garrison ready to second any attempt of their friends, &c. The exactness of the expression is remarkable; he says, *secret seize in some*, not *of some*. For the first implies a conspiracy ready to seize a place on warning, the other, a place already seized. WARBURTON.

The true state of this speech cannot from all these notes be discovered. As it now stands it is collected from two editions: the eight lines, degraded by Mr. Pope, are found in the folio, not in the quarto; the following lines inclosed in crotchets are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the speech be read with omission of the former, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the former are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then stand according to the second. The speech is now tedious, because it is formed by a coalition of both. The second edition is generally best, and was probably nearest to Shakespeare's last copy, but in this passage the first is preferable; for in the folio, the messenger is sent, he knows not why, he knows not whither. I suppose Shakespeare thought his plot opened rather too early, and made the alteration to veil the event from the audience; but trusting too much to himself, and full of a single purpose, he did not accommodate his new lines to the rest of the scene.—The learned critic's emendations are now to be examined. *Scattered* he has changed to *scathed*; for *scattered*, he says, gives the idea of an anarchy, which was not the case. It may be replied that *scathed* gives the idea of ruin, waste, and desolation, which was not the case. It is unworthy a lover of truth, in questions of great or little moment, to exaggerate or extenuate for mere convenience, or for vanity yet less than convenience. *Scattered* naturally means *divided, unsettled, disunited*.—Next is offered with great pomp a change of *sea* to *seize*; but in the first edition the word is *fee*, for hire, in the sense of having any one in *fee*, that is, at devotion for money. *Fee* is in the second quarto changed to *see*, from which one made *sea* and another *seize*. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos (for there are two that differ from each other, though printed in the same year, and for the same printer) reads *secret feet*. Perhaps the author wrote *secret foot*, i. e. footing.

So, in a following scene:

————— what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late *footed* in the kingdom? STEEVENS.

To shew their open banner,—Now to you :
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
 And from some knowledge and assurance, offer
 This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains : If you shall see Cordelia,
 (As fear not but you shall) shew her this ring ;
 And she will tell you who your fellow is
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm !
 I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand : Have you no more to
 say ?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet ;
 That, when we have found ⁴ the king, (in which
 your pain
 That way ; I'll this,) he that first lights on him,
 Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

⁴ ——— the king, in which your pain,
 That way, I'll this: he that first, &c.

Thus the folio. The late reading :

————— for which you take

That way, I this, ———

was not genuine. The quartos read :

That when we have found the king,
 He this way, you that, he that first lights
 On him, hollow the other. STEEVENS.

S C E N E II.

Another part of the heath.

Storm still. Enter Lear, and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage!
blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
'Till you have drench'd our steeple, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and ⁵ thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers ⁶ to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,
⁷ Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!

⁸ Crack nature's moulds; all germens spill at once⁹,
That make ingrateful man!

⁵ ———*thought-executing*———] Doing execution with rapidity
equal to thought. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Vaunt-couriers.*] *Avant couriers*, Fr. This phrase is not un-
familiar to other writers of Shakespeare's time. It originally
meant the foremost scouts of an army. So, in Jarvis Markham's
English Arcadia, 1607:

—“as soon as the first *vancurrer* encountered him face to face.”
Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

“Might to my death, but the *vaunt-currier* prove.”

Again, in *Darius*: 1603:

“Th' *avant-courours*, that came for to examine.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Strike flat*, &c.] The quarto reads,—*Smite flat*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Crack nature's moulds, all germains spill at once*] Thus all the
editions have given us this passage; and Mr. Pope has explained
germains to mean *relations*, or *kindred* elements. But the poet
means here, “Crack nature's mould, and spill all the *seeds* of
matter, that are hoarded within it.” To retrieve which sense
we must write *germins* from *germen*. Our author not only uses
the same thought again, but the word that ascertains my explica-
tion, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,

“And mar the *seeds* within.” THEOBALD.

Theobald is right. So, in *Macbeth*:

“——— and the sum

“Of nature's *germins* tumble altogether.” STEEVENS.

Fool.

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water ' in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters blessing; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters: I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness, I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children, ² You owe me no subscription; why then let fall Your horrible pleasure; ³ here I stand, your slave, A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:— But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O! O! ⁴ 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good head-piece.

⁹ — spill at once.] To *spill* is to destroy. So, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. iv. fol. 67:

So as I shall myself *spill*. STEEVENS.

¹ — court holy-water—] Ray, among his proverbial phrases, p. 184, mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words*. The French have the same phrase. *Eau benite de cour*; fair empty words.—*Chambraud's Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

² You owe me no subscription;—] *Subscription* for obedience. WARBURTON.

³ — Here I stand your slave,] But why so? It is true, he says, that they owed him no subscription; yet sure he owed them none. We should read:

— Here I stand your *brave*;

i. e. I defy your worst rage, as he had said just before. What led the editors into this blunder was what should have kept them out of it, namely, the following line:

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.

And this was the wonder, that such a one should *brave* them all. WARBURTON.

The meaning is plain enough, he was not their *slave* by right or compact, but by necessity and compulsion. Why should a passage be darkened for the sake of changing it? Besides, of *brave* in that sense I remember no example. JOHNSON.

⁴ — 'tis foul.] Shameful; dishonourable. JOHNSON.

The cod-piece that will house,

Before the head has any :

The head and he shall louse ;—

⁵ *So beggars marry many.*

The man that makes his toe

What he his heart should make,

Shall of a corn cry, woe !

And turn his sleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter Kent.

Leir. ⁶ No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there ?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece ⁷ ; that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas sir, ⁸ are you here ? things that love night,

Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful skies

⁹ Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,

And make them keep their caves : Since I was man,

⁵ *So beggars marry many.*] i. e. A beggar marries a wife and lice. JOHNSON.

⁶ *No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.*]

So Perillus, in the old anonymous play, speaking of *Leir* :

“ But he, the myrrour of mild patience,

“ Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply.” STEEVENS,

⁷ —and a cod-piece, that's a wise man and a fool.] Alluding perhaps to the saying of a contemporary wit ; that there is no discretion below the girdle. STEEVENS.

⁸ —are you here ? — The quartos read—*fit you here ?*

STEEVENS.

⁹ Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,] Gallow, a west-country word, signifies to scare or frighten. WARBURTON.

So, the Somersetshire proverb : “ The dunder do gally the beans.” Beans are vulgarly supposed to shoot up faster after thunder-storms. STEEVENS.

Such

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the ¹ fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep ² this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and ³ thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
⁴ That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your ⁵ concealing continents, ⁶ and cry
These

¹ —*fear.*] So the folio: the later editions read, with the quarto, *force* for *fear*, less elegantly. JOHNSON.

² —*this dreadful pother*—] Thus one of the quartos and the folio. The other quarto reads *thund'ring*.

The reading in the text, however, is an expression common to others. So, in the *Scornful Lady* of B. and Fletcher:

“ ——— fain out with their meat, and kept a pudder.”

STEEVENS.

³ —*thou simular of virtue,*] Shakespeare has here kept exactly to the Latin propriety of the term. I will only observe, that our author seems to have imitated Skelton in making a substantive of *simular*, as the other did of *diffimular*:

“ With other foure of theyr affynyte,

“ Dysdayne, ryotte, *diffymuler*, subtylte.”—*The Bouge of Courte.* WARBURTON.

The quartos read *simular man*, and therefore Dr. Warburton's note might be spared. STEEVENS.

⁴ *That under covert and convenient seeming,*] *Convenient* needs not be understood in any other than its usual and proper sense; *accommodate* to the present purpose; *suitable* to a design. *Convenient seeming* is *appearance* such as may promote his purpose to destroy. JOHNSON.

⁵ —*concealing continents,*—] *Continent* stands for that which contains or incloses. JOHNSON.

Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent!

Again, in Chapman's translation of the XIIth. Book of Homer's *Odysey*:

“ I told

These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man⁷,
More finn'd against, than finning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—

Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel.—

Poor fool and knave, I have⁸ one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. ⁹ *He that has a little tiny wit,—*

With beigh, ho, the wind and the rain—

Must

“ I told our pilot that past other men

“ He most must bear firm spirits, since he sway'd

“ The continent that all our spirits convey'd, &c.”

The quartos read, *concealed centers.* STEEVENS.

⁶ ————— and cry

These dreadful summoners grace. —]

Summoners are here the *officers* that summon offenders before a
proper tribunal. STEEVENS.

⁷ *I am a man,*] Oedipus, in Sophocles, represents himself in
the same light. Oedip. Colon. v. 258.

————— τὰ ἑγὼ μὲν

Πικροδοτ' ἐστὶ μάλλον ἢ δειδρακτοτα. TYRWHITT.

⁸ ————— one part in my heart &c.] Some editions read,

————— thing in my heart;

from which Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, have made
bring, very unnecessarily; both the copies have *part*.

JOHNSON.

The old quartos read,

That sorrows yet for thee. STEEVENS.

⁹ *He that has a little tiny wit,—*] I fancy that the second
line of this stanza had once a termination that rhymed with the
fourth

*Must make content with his fortunes fit ;
For the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [Exit.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.

▪ I'll speak a prophecy ere I go :

When

fourth ; but I can only fancy it ; for both the copies agree. It was once perhaps written,

With heigh ho, the wind and the rain *in his way*.

The meaning seems likewise to require this insertion. " He that has wit, however small, and finds wind and rain in his way, must content himself by thinking, that somewhere or other *it raineth every day*, and others are therefore suffering like himself." Yet I am afraid that all this is chimerical, for the burthen appears again in the song at the end of *Twelfth Night*, and seems to have been an arbitrary supplement, without any reference to the sense of the song. JOHNSON.

▪ I'll speak a prophecy ere I go :

When priests are more in words than matter ;

When brewers marr their malt with water ;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;

No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors ;

When every case in law is right ;

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;

When slanders do not live in tongues,

And cut purses come not to throngs ;

When usurers tell their gold i' the field,

And bawds and whores do churches build ;

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion.

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,

That going shall be us'd with feet.]

The judicious reader will observe through this heap of nonsense and confusion, that this is not *one* but *two* prophecies. The first, a satyrical description of the *present manners as future* : and the second, a satyrical description of *future manners, which the corruption of the present would prevent from ever happening*. Each of these prophecies has its proper inference or deduction : yet, by an unaccountable stupidity, the first editors took the whole to be all one prophecy, and so jumbled the two contrary inferences together. The whole then should be read as follows, only premising that the first line is corrupted by the loss of a word—*ere I go*, is not English, and should be helped thus :

1. I'll

When priests are more in word than matter ;
 When brewers mar their malt with water ;
² When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
³ No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors :
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet.—
 When every case in law is right ;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
 When flanders do not live in tongues ;
 Nor cut-purses come not to throngs ;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;
 And bawds, and whores, do churches build ;—
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.

1. I'll speak a prophecy or *two* ere I go :
 When priests are more in words than matter ;
 When brewers marr their malt with water ;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
 No heretics burnt, but wenches' suitors ;
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet.—*i. e.* Now.

2. When every case in law is right ;
 No squire in debt, and no poor knight ;
 When flanders do not live in tongues,
 And cut-purses come not to throngs ;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
 And bawds and whores do churches build ;
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.—*i. e.* Never. WARBURTON.

The sagacity and acuteness of Dr. Warburton are very conspicuous in this note. He has disentangled the confusion of the passage, and I have inserted his emendation in the text. *Or e'er* is proved by Mr. Upton to be good English ; but the controversy was not necessary, for *or* is not in the old copies.

JOHNSON.

² *When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;*] *i. e.* Invent fashions for them. WARBURTON.

³ *No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors ;*] The disease to which *wenches' suitors* are particularly exposed, was called in Shakespeare's time the *brenning* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

This

* This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before his time. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

An apartment in Gloster's castle.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing : When I desir'd their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house ; charg'd me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural !

Glo. Go to ; say you nothing : There is division between the dukes ; and a worse matter than that : I have received a letter this night ;—'tis dangerous to be spoken.—I have lock'd the letter in my closet : these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home ; there is part of a power already footed : we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him : go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived : If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund ; pray you, be careful. [Exit.

* *This prophecy—*] This prophecy is not in the quartos.

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion.]

These lines are taken from Chaucer. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, quotes them as follows :

“ When faith fails in priestes saws,

“ And lords hests are holden for laws,

“ And robbery is tane for purchase,

“ And letchery for solace,

“ *Then shall the realm of Albion*

“ *Be brought to great confusion.*” STEEVENS.

Edm.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

A part of the heath, with a howl.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord,
enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord,
enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt⁵. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the⁶ raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind

⁵ *But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.*]

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. I. c. vi.

“He lesser pangs can bear who hath endur'd the chief.”
STEEVENS.

⁶ ————raging sea,] Such is the reading of that which appears to be the elder of the two quartos. The other, with the folio, reads,—roaring sea. STEEVENS.

Doth

Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
 Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude !
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
 For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home :—
 No, I will weep no more.—In such a night⁷
 To shut me out !—Pour on ; I will endure :—
 In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril !—
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you
 all,—

O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
 No more of that,———

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself ; seek thine own
 ease ;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in :—
⁸ In, boy ; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless
 poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
 [*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wherefoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness⁹, defend you

⁷ ——— *In such a night*

To shut me out !—Pour on, I will endure :—

Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁸ *In, boy ; go first.*——] These two lines were added in the author's revision, and are only in the folio. They are very judiciously intended to represent that humility, or tenderness, or neglect of forms, which affliction forces on the mind.

JOHNSON.

⁹ —— window'd raggedness—

So in the *Amorous War*, 1648 :

“ —— spare me a doublet which

Hath linings in't, and no glass windows.”

This allusion is as old as the time of *Plautus*, in one of whose plays it is found.

Again, in the comedy already quoted :

“ —— this jerkin

“ Is wholly made of doors.” STEEVENS.

From

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half', fathom and half!
Poor Tom!

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me! [*The Fool runs out from the bowel.*]

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the
straw?

Come forth.

Enter Edgar, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
² Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?³
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom
the foul fiend hath⁴ led through fire and through
flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and

¹ *Fathom, &c.*] This speech of Edgar is omitted in the quartos. He gives the sign used by those who are founding the depth at sea. STEEVENS.

² *Humph! go to thy bed—*] So the folio. The quarto, Go to thy cold bed and warm thee. JOHNSON. So, in the introduction to the *Taming of a Shrew*, Sly says, "go to thy cold bed and warm thee." A ridicule, I suppose, on some passage in a play as absurd as the *Spanish Tragedy*. STEEVENS.

³ *Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *Didst thou give all to thy daughters?*

STEEVENS.

⁴ — led through fire and through flame,—] Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction. JOHNSON.

quagmire; that hath⁵ laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—⁶ Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from

⁵ — *laid knives under his pillow,*—] He recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to suicide; the opportunities of destroying himself, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare found this charge against the fiend, with many others of the same nature, in Harfenet's *Declaration*, and has used the very words of it. The book was printed in 1603. See Dr. Warburton's note, act IV. sc. i.

Infernal spirits are always represented as urging the wretched to self-destruction. So, in Dr. *Faustus*, 1604:

“ Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel,
“ Are laid before me to dispatch myself.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *bless thy five wits.*] So the five senses were called by our old writers. Thus in the very ancient interlude of *The Fyve Elements*, one of the characters is *Sensual Appetite*, who with great simplicity thus introduces himself to the audience:

“ I am callyd sensual apetyte,
“ All creatures in me delyte,
“ I comforte the wyttys fyve;
“ The tastyng smelling and herynge
“ I refreshe the syghte and felynge
“ To all creaturs alyve.”

Sig. B. iij.

PERCY.

So again, in *Every Man*, a Morality:

“ *Every man*, thou arte made, thou hast thy wyttes fyve.”

Again, in *Hycke Scorne*:

“ I have spent amys my wittes.”

Again, in the *Interlude of the Four Elements*, by John Rastell, 1519:

“ Brute bestis have memory and their wyttes fyve.”

Again, in the first book of Gower *De Confessione Amantis*:

“ As touchende of my wittes fyve.” STEEVENS.

Shakespeare, however, in his 141st Sonnet seems to have considered the *five wits*, as distinct from *the senses*:

“ But my *five wits*, nor my *five senses* can
“ Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee.” MALONE.

whirlwinds, star-blasting, and ⁷ taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:— There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those ⁸ pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit

⁷ —taking!—] To *take* is to blast, or strike with malignant influence:

—————strike her young bones,

Ye *taking* airs, with lameness. JOHNSON.

⁸ —pelican daughters.] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630, second part:

“ Shall a silly bird pick her own breast to nourish her young ones? the *pelican* does it, and shall not I?”

Again, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

“ The *pelican* loves not her young so well

“ That digs upon her breast a hundred springs.”

STEEVENS.

not⁹ with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array:—Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, ¹ wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it: Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: False of heart, ² light of ear, bloody of hand; ³ Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf

⁹ *Commit not, &c.*] The word *commit* is used in this sense by Middleton, in *Women beware Women*:

“His weight is deadly who *commits* with strumpets.”

STEEVENS.

¹ —wore gloves in my cap,—] i. e. His mistress's favours: which was the fashion of that time. So in the play called *Campaspe*: “Thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers, gloves worn in velvet caps, instead of plumes in graven helmets.”

WARBURTON.

It was anciently the custom to wear *gloves* in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boasts that he will pluck a glove from the commonest creature, and fix it his helmet; and Tucca says to sir Quintilian, in *Decker's Satyromastix*:

“—Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful *hat*, like to a leather brooch:” and Pandora in *Lylly's Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“—he that first presents me with his head,

“Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the deed.”

Portia, in her assumed character, asks Bassanio for his *gloves*, which she says she will wear for his sake: and King Henry V. gives the pretended *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occasions his quarrel with the English soldier. STEEVENS.

² —light of ear,—] i. e. Credulous. WARBURTON.

Not merely *credulous*, but *credulous of evil*, ready to receive malicious reports. JOHNSON.

³ —Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, &c.] The Jesuits pretended to cast the seven deadly sins out of Mainz in the shape of those animals that represented them; and before each was cast out, Mainz by gestures acted that particular sin;

H l a

curl-

wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets⁴, thy pen from lenders' books⁵, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: ⁶ Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Sessy; let him trot by. [*Storm still.*

Lear.

curling his hair to shew *pride*, vomiting for *gluttony*, gaping and snoring for *sloth*, &c.—Harsenet's book, pp. 279, 280, &c. To this probably our author alludes. STEEVENS

⁴ — *thy hand out of plackets.*] It appeareth from the following passage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, a silly comedy, that *placket* doth not signify the petticoat in general, but only the aperture therein: “—between which is discovered the *open part* which is now called the *placket*.” Bayly in his *Dictionary*, giveth the same account of the word.

Yet peradventure, our poet hath some deeper meaning in the *Winter's Tale*, where Autolycus saith—“You might have pinch'd a *placket*, it was senseless.” AMNER.

⁵ *Thy pen from lenders' books.*] So, in *All Fools*, a comedy by Chapman, 1605:

“If I but write my name in mercers' books,

“I am as sure to have at six months end

“A rascal at my elbow with his mace, &c.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *Says suum, mun, nonny, &c.*] Of this passage I can make nothing. I believe it corrupt; for wildness, not nonsense, is the effect of a disordered imagination. The quarto reads, *hay no on ny, dolphins, my boy, cease, let him trot by*. Of interpreting this there is not much hope or much need. But any thing may be tried. The madman, now counterfeiting a proud fit, supposes himself met on the road by some one that disputes the way, and cries *Hey!*—*No*—but altering his mind, condescends to let him pass, and calls to his boy *Dolphin* (*Rodolph*) not to contend with him. *On—Dolphin, my boy, cease. Let him trot by.* JOHNSON.

The reading of the quarto is right. *Hey no nonny* is the burthen of a ballad in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (said to be written by Shakespeare in conjunction with Fletcher) and was probably common to many others. The folio introduces it into one of *Ophelia's* songs.

Dolphin, my boy, my boy,

Cease, let him trot by;

It seemeth not that such a foe

From me or you would fly.

This

Lear. Why thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come⁸; unbutton here.—
[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old lecher's heart⁹; a small spark,

This is a stanza from a very old ballad written on some battle fought in France, during which the king, unwilling to put the suspected valour of his son the *Dauphin*, i. e. *Dolphin* (so called and spelt at those times) to the trial, is represented as desirous to restrain him from any attempt to establish an opinion of his courage on an adversary who wears the least appearance of strength; and at last assists in propping up a dead body against a tree for him to try his manhood upon. Therefore as different champions are supposed crossing the field, the king always discovers some objection to his attacking each of them, and repeats these two lines as every fresh personage is introduced.

Dolphin, my boy, my boy, &c.

The song I have never seen, but had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to repeat part of it, and died before I could have supposed the discovery would have been of the least importance to me.—As for the words, *says suum, mun*, they are only to be found in the first folio, and were probably added by the players, who, together with the compositors, were likely enough to corrupt what they did not understand, or to add more of their own to what they already concluded to be nonsense.

STEEVENS.

Cokes cries out in *Bartholomew Fair*:

“God's my life!—He shall be *Dauphin my boy!*” FARMER.

⁸ *Come; unbutton here.*] Thus the folio. One of the quartos reads:

Come on, be true. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— *an old lecher's heart.*] This image appears to have been imitated by B. and Fletcher in the *Humourous Lieutenant*:

“————— *an old man's loose desire*

“Is like the glow-worm's light the apes so wonder'd at;

H h 3

“Which

spark, and all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend ¹ *Flibbertigibbet*: he begins at curfew, and walks 'till the first cock; he gives the ² web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

³ *Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;*
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid

“ Which when they gather'd sticks, and laid upon't,
“ And blew and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently.”

STEEVENS.

¹ — *Flibbertigibbet*; —] We are not much acquainted with this fiend. Latimer in his sermons mentions him; and Heywood, among his sixte hundred of *Epigrams*, edit. 1576, has the following, *Of calling one Flebergibbet*:

“ Thou *Flebergibbet*, *Flebergibbet*, thou wretch!
“ Wottest thou whereto last part of that word doth stretch?
“ Leave that word, or I'lle baste thee with a libet;
“ Of all words I hate words that end with gibet.”

STEEVENS.

“ *Frateretto*, *Fliberdigibet*, *Hoberdidance*, *Tocobatto*, were four devils of the round or morice. . . . These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confesse.” *Harsenet*, p. 49. PERCY.

² — *web and the pin*, —] Diseases of the eye. JOHNSON. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1600. One of the characters is giving a ludicrous description of a lady's face, and when he comes to her eyes he says, “ a *pin and web* argent in hair du roy.” STEEVENS.

³ *Switbold footed thrice the old*;] The *old*, my ingenious friend Mr. Bishop says, must be *wold*, which signifies a down, or ground, hilly and void of wood. THEOBALD.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!]

We should read it thus:

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the night-mare, and her name told,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee right.

i. e. Saint Withold traversing the *wold* or *downs*, met the night-mare;

*Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, Aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!*

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter

mare; who having told her name, he obliged her to *alight* from those persons whom she rides, and *plight her troth* to do no more mischief. This is taken from a story of him in his legend. Hence he was invoked as the patron saint against that distemper. And these verses were no other than a popular charm, or *night-spell* against the Epialtes. The last line is the formal execration or apostrophe of the speaker of the charm to the witch, *aroynt thee right*, i. e. depart forthwith. Bedlams, gypsies, and such like vagabonds, used to sell these kinds of spells or charms to the people. They were of various kinds for various disorders. We have another of them in the *Monsieur Thomas* of Fletcher, which he expressly calls a *night-spell*, and is in these words:

“ Saint George, Saint George, our lady’s knight,
“ He walks by day, so he does by night;
“ And when he had her found,
“ He her beat and her bound;
“ Until *to him her troth she plight*,
“ She would not stir from him that night.”

WARBURTON.

This is likewise one of the “magical cures” for the *incubus*, quoted, with little variation, by Reginald Scott in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584. STEEVENS.

In the old quarto the corruption is such as may deserve to be noted. “Swithald footed thrice the olde anelthu night moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee.” JOHNSON.

Her *nine fold* seems to be put (for the sake of the rime) instead of her *nine foals*. I cannot find this adventure in the common legend of St. Vitalis, who, I suppose, is here called St. Withold.

TYRWHITT.

Shakespeare might have met with St. Withold in the old spurious play of *King John*, where this saint is invoked by a Franciscan friar. The *wold* I suppose to be the true reading. So in the *Coventry Collection of Mysteries*, Mus. Brit. Vesp. D. viii, p. 93, Herod says to one of his officers:

“ Seyward bolde, walke thou on *wolde*,
“ And wyfely behold all abowte, &c.”

Dr. Hill’s reading, the *cold*, is the reading of Mr. Tate in his alteration of this play in 1681. STEEVENS.

Enter Gloster, with a torch.

Lear. What's he ?

Kent. Who's there ? What is't you seek ?

Glo. What are you there ? Your names ?

Edg. Poor Tom ; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt ; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for fallets ; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog ; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool ; who is ⁴ whipt from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd ; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,——

It is pleasant to see the various readings of this passage. In a book called the *Actor*, which has been ascribed to Dr. Hill, it is quoted "*Swithin footed thrice the cold.*" Mr. Colman has it in his alteration of *Lear*,

"*Swithin footed thrice the world.*"

The ancient reading is *the olds* : which is pompously corrected by Mr. Theobald, with the help of his friend Mr. Bishop, to the *wolds* : in fact it is the same word. Spelman writes, *Burton upon olds* : the provincial pronunciation is still the *oles* : and that probably was the vulgar orthography. Let us read then,

St. Withold footed thrice the oles,

He met the night-mare, and her nine *foles*, &c."

FARMER.

I was surpris'd to see in the *Appendix* to the last edition of Shakespeare, that my reading of this passage was "*Swithin footed thrice the world.*" I have ever been averse to capricious variations of the old text ; and, in the present instance, the rhyme, as well as the sense, would have induced me to abide by it. *World* was merely an error of the press. *Wold* is a word still in use in the North of England ; signifying a kind of down near the sea. A large tract of country in the East-Riding of Yorkshire is called the *Wolds*. COLMAN.

⁴ —— *whipt from tything to tything,* ——] A *tything* is a division of a place, a district ; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*. STEEVENS.

But

*But mice, and rats, and such^s small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin⁶; peace,
thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman⁷;

² *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

Glo.

⁵ ——— *small deer*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *geer*, and is followed by Dr. Warburton. But *deer* in old language is a general word for wild animals. JOHNSON.

Mice and rats and such small deere

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.]

This distich has excited the attention of the critics. Instead of *deere*, Dr. Warburton would read, *geer*, and Dr. Grey *cheer*. The ancient reading is, however, established by the old metrical romance of Sir Bevis, which Shakespeare had probably often heard sung to the harp, and to which he elsewhere alludes, as in the following instances:

“As *Bevis of Southampton* fell upon *Ascapart*.”

Hen. VI. Act II.

Again, *Hen. VIII. Act I.*

“That *Bevis* was believ'd.”

This distich is part of a description there given of the hardships suffered by *Bevis* when confined for seven years in a dungeon:

“Rattes and myce and such final dere

“Was his meate that seven yere.”

Sig. F. iij.

PERCY.

⁶ —Peace, Smolkin, peace,—] “The names of other punie spirits cast out of Trayford were these: Hilco, *Smolkin*, Hillio, &c.” Harfenet, p. 49. PERCY.

⁷ *The prince of darkness is a gentleman* ;] This is spoken in resentment of what Gloster had just said—“Has your grace no better company?” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Modo he's call'd, and Mahu*.] So in Harfenet's *Declaration*, *Maho* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams; but another of the possessed, named Richard Mainy, was molested by a still more considerable fiend called *Modu*. See the book already mentioned, p. 268, where the said Richard Mainy deposes: “Furthermore it is pretended, that there remaineth still in mee the prince of all other devils, whose name should be *Modu* ;” he is elsewhere called, “the prince *Modu* :” so, p. 269, “When
the

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
Theban⁹:—

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him? [*Storm still.*]

His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good
Kent!—

He said, it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now out-law'd from my blood; he fought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

the said priests had dispatched their business at Hackney (where they had been exorcising Sara Williams) they then returned towards mee, upon pretence to cast the great prince *Modu* . . . out mee." STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— learned Theban.] Ben Jonson in his *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, has introduced a *Tinker* whom he calls a *learned Theban*, perhaps in ridicule of this passage. STEEVENS.

The

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, fir :—

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel : keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him ;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him ; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words ; hush.

Edg. ' *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*

His word was still,—Fie, fob, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

' *Child Rowland*—] In the old times of chivalry, the noble youth who were candidates for knighthood, during the season of their probation, were called *Infans*, *Varlets*, *Damoysels*, *Bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth particularly, *Infans*. Here a story is told, in some old ballad, of the famous hero and giant-killer Roland, before he was knighted, who is, therefore, called *Infans* ; which the ballad-maker translated, *Child Roland*.

WARBURTON.

This word is in some of our ballads. There is a song of *Child Walter, and a Lady*. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Woman's Prize*, refer also to this :

“ ——— a mere hobby-horse

“ She made the *Child Rowland*.”

In *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up*, 1598. part of these lines repeated by Edgar is quoted :
“ — a pedant, who will find matter enough to dilate a whole daye of the first invention of

“ Fy, fa, fum,

“ I smell the blood of an Englishman.”

Spenser

S C E N E V.

*Gloster's castle.**Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.**Corn.* I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house,*Edm.* How, my lord, I may be censur'd, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.*Corn.* I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; ² but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.*Edm.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke*Spenser* often uses the word *child*, to signify a prince, or a youthful knight: So, in the *Faerie Queen*, Book V. c. xi. st. 8.

" — that sad steel seiz'd not where it was hight

" Upon the *child*, but somewhat short did fall."By the *child* is here meant *Prince Arthur*. Both the quartos read:
_____ to the dark town come. STEEVENS.*Child Rowland.*] The word *child* (however it came to have this sense) is often applied to *Knights*, &c. in old historical songs and romances; of this, innumerable instances occur in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. See particularly in Vol. I. f. iv. v. 97, where in a description of a battle between two knights, we find these lines:

" The Eldridge knight, he prick'd his steed;

" Syr Cawline bold abode:

" Then either shook his trusty spear,

" And the timber these two *children* bare

" So soon in sunder flode."

See in the same volumes the ballads concerning the *child of Elle*, *child waters*, *child Maurice* [Vol. III. f. xx.] &c. The same idiom occurs in *Spenser's Faerie Queen*, where the famous knight sir Tristram is frequently called *Child Tristram*. See B. V. c. ii. st. 8. 13. B. VI. c. ii. st. 36. *ibid.* c. viii. st. 15. PERCY.² — but a provoking merit,] i. e. A merit which being neglected by the father, was provoked to an extravagant act. The Oxford editor, not understanding this, alters it to *provoked spirit*.

WARBURTON.

of,

of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the dutchefs.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him³ comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be fore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

A chamber, in a Farm house.

Enter Gloster, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*]

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness!

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. + No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman

³ ——— *comforting* ———] He uses the word in the juridical sense for *supporting*, *helping*, according to its derivation; *salvia confortat nervos.*—*Schol. Sal.* JOHNSON.

+ *Fool.*] This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son
a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hizzing in upon them:—

Edg. ⁶ The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a
wolf, ⁷ a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's
oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—

[*To Edgar.*

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*]—Now, you
the foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest
thou eyes ⁸ at trial, madam?

Come

⁵ *Come hizzing in upon 'em.*—] Then follow in the old
edition several speeches in the mad way, which probably were
left out by the players, or by Shakespeare himself: I shall how-
ever insert them here, and leave them to the reader's mercy.

POPE.

As Mr. Pope had begun to insert several speeches in the mad
way, in this scene, from the old edition, I have ventured to re-
place several others, which stand upon the same footing, and had
an equal right of being restored. THEOBALD.

⁶ *Edgar.*] This and the next fourteen speeches (which Dr.
Johnson had enclosed in crotchets) are only in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *the health of a horse,*—] Without doubt we should read
heels, i. e. to stand behind him. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare is here speaking not of things maliciously
treacherous, but of things uncertain and not durable. A horse is
above all other animals subject to diseases. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Wantest, &c.*] I am not confident that I understand the mean-
ing of this desultory speech. When Edgar says, *Look where he*
stands and glares! he seems to be speaking in the character of a
mad man, who thinks he sees the fiend. *Wantest thou eyes at*
trial, madam? is a question which appears to be addressed to the
visionary Goneril, or some other abandon'd female, and may sig-
nify, *Do you want to attract admiration, even while you stand at the*
bar of justice? Mr. Seyward proposes to read, *wanton'st* instead of
wantest. STEEVENS.

At

° Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg:

At trial, madam?] It may be observed that Edgar, being supposed to be found by chance, and therefore to have no knowledge of the rest, connects not his ideas with those of Lear, but pursues his own train of delirious or fantastic thoughts. To these words, *At trial, madam?* I think therefore that the name of Lear should be put. The process of the dialogue will support this conjecture.

JOHNSON

° Come o'er the broom, Bessy, to me:] As there is no relation between *broom* and a *boat*, we may better read,

Come o'er the *brook*, Bessy, to me. JOHNSON.

At the beginning of *A very merry and pythie commedie, called, The longer thou Liveest, the more Fooles thou art, &c.* Imprinted at London by Wyllyam How, &c. black letter, no date, "Entreth Moros, counterfaiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songs, as fooles were wont;" and among them is this passage, which Dr. Johnson has very justly suspected of corruption.

"Com over the boorne Bessé

"My little pretie Bessé

"Com over the boorne Bessé to me."

A *boorne* in the north signifies a *rivulet* or *brook*. Hence the names of many of our villages terminate in *burn*, as *Milburn*, *Sherburn*, &c. The former quotation, together with the following instances, at once confirm the justness of Dr. Johnson's remark, and support the reading.

So in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 1:

"The *bourns*, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the rivulets."

Again, in Song xxviii.

"But that the brooks and *bournes* so hotly her pursue."

Again, in Song the xxixth:

"As petty *bournes* and becks I scorn but once to call."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vi:

"My little boat can safely passe this perilous *boorne*."

Shakespeare himself, in the *Tempest*, has discriminated *boorne* from *bound of land* in general:

"*Bourn*, bound of land, tilth, vineyard none."

Again in the *Vision of Pierce Plowman*, line 8:

"Under a brode banke by *bourne* syde."

To this I may add, that *boorne*, a boundary, is from the French *borne*.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice ¹ of a nightingale. ² *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herring *. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, fir? Stand you not so amaz'd: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To *Edgar*.
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [To *Kent*.]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

³ *Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?*
Thy sheep be in the corn;

And

borne. *Bourne*, or (as it ought to be spelt) *burn*, a rivulet, is from the German *burn*, or *born*, a well. STEEVENS.

¹ —[*in the voice of a nightingale.*] Another deponent in Harfnet's book (p. 225, says) that the mistress of the house kept a *nightingale* in a cage, which being one night killed, and conveyed away into the garden, it was pretended the devil had killed it in spite. Perhaps this passage suggested to Shakespeare the circumstance of Tom's being haunted *in the voice of a nightingale*.

PERCY.

² —[*Hopdance cries in Tom's belly*—] In Harfnet's book, p. 194, 195, Sarah Williams (one of the pretended demoniacs) deposeth, “—that if at any time she did belch, as often times she did by reason that shee was troubled with a wind in her stomacke, the priests would say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her . . . and that the wind was the devil.” And, “as she saith, if they heard any *croaking in her belly* . . . then they would make a wonderful matter of that.” *Hoberdidance* is mentioned before in Dr. Percy's note. STEEVENS.

* —[*white herring.*] *White herrings* are *pickled herrings*. See the *Northumberland Household Book*, p. 8. STEEVENS.

³ *Sleepest, or wakest, &c.*] This seems to be a stanza of some pastoral song. A shepherd is desired to pipe, and the request is enforced by a promise, that though his sheep be in the corn, i. e. committing a trespass by his negligence, implied in the question, *Sleepest thou or wakest?* Yet a single tune upon his pipe shall secure them from the pound. JOHNSON.

Minikin

*And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.*

Purre! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool⁴.

Lear. And here's another, whose warpt looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*]

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me⁵.

Minikin was anciently a term of endearment. So, in the interlude of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567, the *Vice* says, "What *minikin* carnal concupiscence!" Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets *feat*, by "proper, well-fashioned, *minikin*, handsome." In the *Interlude of the Four Elements*, &c. printed by Rastell, 1519, *Ignorance* sings a song composed of the scraps of several others. Among them is the following line, on which Shakespeare may have designed a parody:

"Sleepyft thou, wakyft thou, Geffery Coke."

⁴ *Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.*] This is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

⁵ —see *they bark at me.*] The hint for this circumstance might have been taken from the pretended madness of one of the brothers in the translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595:

"Here's an old mastiff bitch stands barking at me, &c."

STEEVENS.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them :—Avaunt,
you curs !

Be thy mouth or black or white ⁶,
Tooth that poisons if it bite ;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,
Hound, or spaniel, ⁷ brache, or lym ;
Or bobtail tike ⁸, or trundle-tail ⁹ ;
Tom will make him weep and wail :

For

⁶ *Be thy mouth or black or white,*] To have the roof of the mouth black is in some dogs a proof that their breed is genuine.

STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *brache or hym,* &c.] Names of particular sorts of dogs. POPE.

Sir T. Hanmer for *hym* reads *lym*. JOHNSON.

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, Quarlous says,—“ all the lime-hounds of the city should have drawn after you by the scent.”—A *limmer* or *leamer*, a dog of the chace, was so called from the *leam* or leash in which he was held till he was let slip. I have this information from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*.—So, in the book of *Ancient Tenures*, by T. B. 1679, the words, “ *canes domini regis lesos,*” are translated “ Leash hounds, such as draw after a hurt deer in a *leash*, or *liam*.”

Again, in the *Muses Elysiun*, by Drayton :

“ My dog-hook at my belt, to which my *lyam*'s ty'd.”

Again : “ My *hound* then in my *lyam*, &c.”

Among the presents sent from James I. to the king and queen of Spain were, “ A cupple of *lyme-boundes* of singular qualities.”

Again, in Massinger's *Bassful Lover* :

“ ——— smell out

“ Her footing like a *lime-hound*.”

The late Mr. Hawkins, in his notes to the *Return from Parnassus*, p. 237, says, that a *rache* is a dog that hunts by scent wild beasts, birds, and even fishes, and that the female of it is called a *brache* : and in *Magnificence*, an ancient interlude or morality, by Skelton ; printed by Rastell, no date, is the following line :

“ Here is a leyshe of *ratches* to renne an hare.” STEEVENS.

What is here said of a *rache* might perhaps be taken by Mr. Hawkins, from Holinshed's *Description of Scotland*, p. 14, where the sleuthhound means a bloodhound. The females of all dogs were once called *braches* ; and Ulitius upon Gratius observes, “ *Racha* Saxonibus canem significabat unde Scoti hodie *Rache* pro cane foemina habent, quod Anglis est *Brache*.” TOLLET.

⁸ ——— *bobtail tike* ———] *Tijk* is the Runic word for a little, or worthless dog :

‘ Arc

For, with throwing thus my head,
 Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
 Do de, de de. ¹ Sessy, come, march to wakes and
 fairs,
 And market towns:—Poor Tom, ² thy horn is dry.
 Lear.

“ Are Mr. Robinson’s dogs turn’d *tikes* with a wanion ?”

Witches of Lancaster, 1634. STEEVENS.

“ ——— *trundle-tail*.] This sort of dog is mentioned in *A oman killed with Kindness*, 1617:

“ ——— your dogs are *trundle-tails* and cürs.”

Again, in *The Booke of Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date :

“ ——— dunghill dogs, *trindle-tails*, &c.” STEEVENS.

¹ *Sessy, come*, &c.] Here is *sessy* again, which I take to be the French word *cesser* pronounced *cessy*, which was, I suppose, like some others in common use among us. It is an interjection enforcing cessation of any action, like, *be quiet, have done*. It seems to have been gradually corrupted into, *so, so*. JOHNSON.

This word is wanting in the quarto: in the folio it is printed *sefe*. It is difficult in this place to say what is meant by it. It should be remembered, that just before, Edgar had been calling on *Bessy* to come to him; and he may now with equal propriety invite *Sessy* (perhaps a female name corrupted from *Cecilia*) to attend him to *wakes and fairs*. Nor is it impossible but that this may be a part of some old song, and originally stood thus :

Sissy, come march to wakes,

And fairs, and market towns. ———

So, in *Humor’s Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of satires, no date :

“ To make *Sisse* in love withal.”

Again: “ My heart’s deare blood, sweet *Sisse* is my carouse.”

There is another line in the character of Edgar which I am very confident I have seen in an old ballad, viz.

Through the sharp haw-thorn blows the cold wind.

STEEVENS.

² ——— *thy horn is dry*.] Men that begged under pretence of lunacy used formerly to carry a horn, and blow it through the streets. JOHNSON.

A *horn* is at this day employed in many places in the country as a cup for drinking, but anciently the use of it was much more general. *Thy horn is dry*, appears to be a proverbial expression, introduced when a man has nothing further to offer, when he has said all he had to say. *Such a one’s pipe’s out* is a phrase current in Ireland on the same occasion.

I suppose Edgar to speak these words *aside*. Being quite weary

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart : Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts ?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred ; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments : ³ you will say, they are Persian attire ; but let them be chang'd. [*To Edgar.*

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise ; draw the curtains :

So, so, so : We'll go to supper i' the morning : So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon ⁴.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glo. Come hither, friend : Where is the king my master ?

Kent. Here, sir ; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms ; I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him :

There is a litter ready ; lay him in't,

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master : If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,

of his Tom o' Bedlam's part, and finding himself unable to support it any longer, he says privately, "—I can no more : all my materials for sustaining the character of Poor Tom are now exhausted ;" *my horn is dry* : i. e. has nothing more in it ; and accordingly we have no more of his dissembled madness till he meets his father in the next act, when he resumes it for a speech or two, but not without expressing the same dislike of it that he expresses here, "—I cannot daub it further." STEEVENS.

³ — *You will say they are Persian ;* —] Alluding perhaps to Clytus refusing the Persian robes offered him by Alexander.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *And I'll go to bed at noon.]* Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

With

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss : Take up, take up⁵ ;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* ⁶ Oppressed nature sleeps :—
This rest might yet have balm'd⁷ thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master ;
Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt, bearing off the king.*

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind ;
Leaving⁸ free things, and happy shows, behind :
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erstep,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

⁵ *Take up, take up.*] One of the quartos reads—Take up *the king*, &c. the other—Take up *to keep*, &c. STEEVENS.

⁶ ————*Oppressed nature sleeps.*—] These two concluding speeches by Kent and Edgar, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have restored from the old quarto. The soliloquy of Edgar is extremely fine ; and the sentiments of it are drawn equally from nature and the subject. Besides, with regard to the stage, it is absolutely necessary : for as Edgar is not designed, in the constitution of the play, to attend the king to Dover ; how absurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the scene without one word said, or the least intimation what we are to expect from him ? THEOBALD.

The lines inserted from the quarto are in crotchets. The omission of them in the folio is certainly faulty : yet I believe the folio is printed from Shakespeare's last revision, carelessly and hastily performed, with more thought of shortening the scenes, than of continuing the action. JOHNSON.

⁷ ————*thy broken senses,*] The quarto, from whence this speech is taken, reads,—thy broken *sincws*. *Senses* is the conjectural emendation of Theobald. STEEVENS.

⁸ ————*free things,*—] States clear from distress. JOHNSON.

How light and portable my pain seems now,
 When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
 He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
 ' Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray',
 When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
 In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
 What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
 Lurk, Lurk.]—— [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Gloster's castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gouevil, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; shew him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—
 Seek out the traitor Gloster. [Exit servants,

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, when you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are

' *Mark the high noises!* —] Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyself known when that *false opinion* now prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of *just proof* of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence, and recall thee to honour and reconciliation. JOHNSON.

' — *and thyself bewray,*] *Bewray* which at present has only a dirty meaning, anciently signified to *betray*, to *discover*. In this sense it is used by Spenser; and in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“ Well, to the king Andrugio now will hye,

“ Hap lyfe, hap death, his safetic to *bewray*.”

Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“ With ink *bewray* what blood began in me.”

Again, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591:

“ —lest my head break, and so I *bewray* my brains.”

STEEVENS.

bound

bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us². Farewel, dear sister;—farewel,³ my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence: Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
⁴ Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
 Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
 Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
 To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt Goneril, and Edmund.*

Corn. Edmund, farewel.—Go, seek the traitor
 Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:—

⁵ Though well we may not pass upon his life

With-

² ——— and intelligent betwixt us.] So, in a former scene:
 ——— spies and speculations

“ Intelligent of our state. STEEVENS.

³ ——— my lord of Gloster.] Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his father's titles. The steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same title. JOHNSON.

⁴ Hot questrists after him, ———] A *questrist* is one who goes in search or *quest* of another. Mr. Pope and sir T. Hanmer read *questers*. STEEVENS.

⁵ Though well we may not pass upon his life,
 ——— yet our pow'r

Shall do a courtesy to our wrath. ———]

To do a courtesy is to gratify, to comply with. *To pass*, is to pass a judicial sentence. JOHNSON.

The original of the expression, *to pass on any one* may be traced from *Magna Charta*:

“ ——— nec super eum ibimus, nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum.”

It is common to most of our early writers. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529: “ I do not nowe consider the myschievous pageants he hath played; I do not now *pass* upon them.” Again,

Without the form of justice ; yet our power
 Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
 May blame, but not controul. Who's there? The
 traitor ?

Enter Gloster, brought in by servants.

Reg. Ingrateful fox ! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his ⁶ corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces ?—Good my friends,
 consider

You are my guests : do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say, [*They bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard :—O filthy traitor !

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him :—Villain, thou shalt
 find—— [*Regan plucks his beard.*]

Glo. ⁷ By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
 To pluck me by the beard.

Reg.

in *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in It*, 1617: "A jury of brokers, impanel'd, and deeply sworn to *passé on* all villains in hell." STEEVENS.

⁶ —*corky arms.*] Dry, wither'd, husky arms. JOHNSON.

As Shakespeare appears from other passages of this play to have had in his eye *Bishop Harpsnet's Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures*, &c. 1603, 4to, it is probable, that this very expressive, but peculiar epithet, *corky*, was suggested to him by a passage in that very curious pamphlet. "It would pose all the cunning exorcists, that are this day to be found, to teach an old *corkie* woman to writhe, tumble, curvet, and fetch her *mórice* gamboles, as Martha Bressier (one of the possessed mentioned in the pamphlet) did." PERCY.

⁷ *By the kind gods,*——] We are not to understand by this the gods in general, who are beneficent and kind to men; but that particular species of them called by the ancients *dii hospitales*, *kind gods*. So, Plautus in *Pænulo*:

"*Deum hospitalem ac tesseram mecum fero.*"

This was a beautiful exclamation, as those who insulted the speaker were his *guests*, whom he had *hospitably* received into his house. But to say the truth, Shakespeare never makes his people swear at random. Of his propriety in this matter take the following

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, ⁸ my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from
France?

Reg. ⁹ Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the
traitors

lowing instances. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Æneas, in an expostulation with Diomede, swears *by the hand of his mother Venus*, as a covert reproof for Diomede's brutality in wounding the goddess of beauty in the hand, and a secret intimation that he would revenge her injuries. In *Coriolanus*, when that hero is exasperated at the fickle inconstant temper of the multitude, he swears *by the clouds*: and again, when he meets his wife after a long absence, *by the jealous queen of heaven*; for Juno was supposed the avengress of conjugal infidelity. In *Othello*, the double Iago is made to swear *by Janus*. And in this very play of *Lear*, a Pagan, much given to judicial astrology, very consonantly to his character, swears:

By all the operations of the orbs,

By whom we do exist, and cease to be. WARBURTON.

By the kind gods, ———] Shakespeare hardly received any assistance from mythology to furnish out a proper oath for Gloucester. People always invoke their deities as they would have them shew themselves at particular times in their favour; and he accordingly calls those *kind gods* whom he would wish to find so on this occasion. He does to yet a second time in this scene. Our own liturgy will sufficiently evince the truth of my supposition.

STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *my hospitable favours*] It is nonsense to understand it of gifts, kindnesses, &c. We should read *favour*, i. e. visage. For *they pluck'd him by the beard*. WARBURTON.

Favours means the same as *features*, i. e. the different parts of which a face is composed. So, in Drayton's epistle from *Matilda to K. John*:

“ Within the compass of man's face we see,

“ How many sorts of several *favours* be.”

Again, in *David & Bethsabe*, 1599:

“ To daunt the *favours* of his lovely face. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Be simple-answer'd*, ———] The old quarto reads, *Be simple answerer*.—Either is good sense: *simple* means *plain*. STEEVENS.

Late

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter gueffingly fet down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where haft thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Wast thou not charg'd at peril——

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. ⁹ I'm ty'd to the stake, and I must stand
 ¹ the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs ².
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He help the heavens to rain ³.

⁹ *I am ty'd to the stake,——*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ They have chain'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,

“ But, bear-like, I must stand the course.” STEEVENS.

¹ *——the course.*] The running of the dogs upon me. JOHNSON.

² *——stick boarish fangs.*] The quartos read—*rasb* boarish fangs.

This verb occurs in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:

“ And shields did share, and mailles did *rasb*, and helmes
did hew.”

Again, B. V. c. iii:

“ *Rasbing* off helmes, and rying plates afunder.”

STEEVENS.

³ *—— to rain.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*to rage*,

STEEVENS.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd³ that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key*;
All cruels else + subscrib'd :—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never :—Fellows, hold the
chair :—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot⁵.

[*Gloster is held down, while Cornwall treads out
one of his eyes.*

Glo. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me some help :—O cruel ! O ye gods !

Reg. One side will mock another ; the other too,

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord :

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child ;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog ?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

³ — *that stern time,*] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read, — *that dearn time.* — *Dearn* is a north-country word, signifying *lonely, solitary, melancholy, far from neighbours.* So, in the *Valiant Scot*:

“ Of all thy joys the *dearne* and dismal end.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II, c. i :

“ They heard a rueful voice that *dearnly* cride.”

Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ By many a *dearne* and painful perch.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *subscrib'd* :—] Yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Upon these eyes, &c.*] In *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, one of the sons of *Bajazet* pulls out the eyes of an aga on the stage, and says,

“ Yes thou shalt live, but never see that day,

“ Wanting the tapers that should give thee light.”

[*Pulls out his eyes.*

Immediately after, his hands are cut off. I have introduced this passage to shew that Shakespeare's drama was not more sanguinary than that of his contemporaries. STEEVENS.

In Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, p. ii, 1602. Piero's tongue is torn out on the stage. MALONE.

I'd shake it on this quarrel : What do you mean ?

Corn. My villain⁶ ! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger. [*Fight ; Cornwall is wounded.*]

Reg. [*To another servant.*] Give me thy sword.—A peasant stand up thus !

[*Comes behind, and kills him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain !—My lord, yet you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him :—O ! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it :—Out, vile jelly !

Where is thy lustre now ? [*Treads the other out.*]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund ?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain !

Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us ;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies !

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him !

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord ? How look
you ?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt :—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyesless villain ;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace :
Untimely comes this hurt : Give me your arm.

[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan ;—Servants lead
Gloster out.*]

1st Serv. 'I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If

⁶ *My villain!*] Villain is here perhaps used in its original sense of one in servitude. STEEVENS.

⁷ *I'll never care what wickedness I do,*] This short dialogue I have

If this man come to good,
2d Serv. If she live long,
 And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
 Women will all turn monsters.

1st Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the
 Bedlam

To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
 Allows itself to any thing.

2d Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch ^s some flax, and
 whites of eggs,
 To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
 [*Exeunt severally.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

An open country.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. ⁹ Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
 The

have inserted from the old quarto, because I think it full of nature. Servants could hardly see such a barbarity committed on their master, without pity; and the vengeance that they presume must overtake the actors of it, is a sentiment and doctrine well worthy of the stage. THEOBALD.

It is not necessary to suppose them the servants of Gloster; for Cornwall was opposed to extremity by his own servant.

JOHNSON.

^s ——— *some flax, &c.*] This passage is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609.

“ ——— go get a white of an egg, and a little flax, and close the breaches of the head, it is the most conducive thing that can be.” STEEVENS.

The Case is alter'd was written before the end of the year 1599; but Ben Jonson might have inserted this sneer at our author, between the time of *King Lear's* appearance, and the publication of his own play in 1609. MALONE.

⁹ *Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,*] The meaning

The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear¹ :
 The lamentable change is from the best ;
 The worst returns to laughter. ² Welcome then,
 Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace !
 The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
 Owes nothing to thy blasts².—But who comes here ?

Enter Gloster, led by an old man.

My father, poorly led ?—³ World, world, O world !
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
 Life would not yield to age.

Old

is, 'Tis better to be thus contemned, and known to yourself to be contemned. Or perhaps there is an error, which may be rectified thus :

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd.

When a man divests himself of his real character he feels no pain from contempt, because he supposes it incurred only by a voluntary disguise which he can throw off at pleasure. I do not think any correction necessary. JOHNSON.

I cannot help thinking that this passage should be written thus :

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd,
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd to be *worse*.
 The lowest, &c.

The quarto edition has no stop after *flatter'd*. The first folio, which has a comma there, has a colon at the end of the line.

The expression in this speech—*owes nothing to thy blasts*—(in a more learned writer) might seem to be copied from Virgil, *Æn.* xi. 51 :

“ *Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam cœlestibus ullis*

“ *Debentem, vano mœsti comitamur honore.*” TYRWHITT.

¹ ——— *lives not in fear.*] So in Milton's *Par. Reg.* B. iii.

“ For where no hope is left, is left no fear.” STEEVENS.

² ——— *Welcome then,*] The next two lines and a half are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

³ ——— *World, world, O world!*

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,]

The reading of this passage has been explained, but not satisfactorily. My explanation of the poet's sentiment was, “ If the number of changes and vicissitudes, which happen in life, did not make us wait, and hope for some turn of fortune for the better,

we

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone: Thy comforts can do me no good at all, Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, fir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes; I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
 * Our mean secures us; and our meer defects

Prove

we could never support the thought of living to be old, on any other terms." And our duty, as human creatures, is piously inculcated in this reflection of the author. I read therefore, *make us wait thee.* THEOBALD.

————— O world!

*But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
 Life would not yield to age.]*

The sense of this obscure passage is, O world! so much are human minds captivated with thy pleasures, that were it not for those successive miseries, each worse than the other, which overload the scenes of life, we should never be willing to submit to death, though the infirmities of old age would teach us to chuse it as a proper asylum. Besides, by uninterrupted prosperity, which leaves the mind at ease, the body would generally preserve such a state of vigour as to bear up long against the decays of time. These are the two reasons, I suppose, why he said,

Life would not yield to age.

And how much the pleasures of the body pervert the mind's judgment, and the perturbations of the mind disorder the body's frame, is known to all. WARBURTON.

Yield to signifies no more than *give way to, sink under,* in opposition to the *struggling with, bearing up against* the infirmities of age. HANMER.

* *Our mean secures us; —*] i. e. Moderate, mediocre condition. WARBURTON.

Hanmer writes, by an easy change, *meannefs* secures us. The two original editions have:

Our meanes secures us. —————

I do not remember that *mean* is ever used as a substantive for low fortune, which is the sense here required, nor for mediocrity, except in the phrase, the *golden mean*. I suspect the passage of corruption, and would either read:

Our means *seduce* us:

Our

Prove our commodities.—O, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,^s
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! ° Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

Our powers of body or fortune draw us into evils. Or,
Our *maims* secure us.————

That hurt or deprivation which makes us defenceless, proves our safeguard. This is very proper in Gloucester, newly maimed by the evulsion of his eyes. JOHNSON.

There is surely no reason for alteration. *Mean* is here a substantive, and signifies a *middle state*, as Dr. Warburton rightly interprets it. So again in the *Merchant of Venice*, "it is no mean happiness therefore to be seated in the *mean*." See more instances in Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

^s ——— to see thee in my touch.] So, in another scene, I see it feelingly. STEEVENS.

° ——— who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*

————— the worst is not,

So long as we can say, This is the worst.]

i. e. While we live; for while we yet continue to have a sense of feeling, something worse than the present may still happen. What occasioned this reflection was his rashly saying in the beginning of this scene,

————— To be worst,

The lowest, most dejected thing of fortune, &c.

° The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst, &c.

WARBURTON.

I'the

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw ;
Which made me think a man a worm : My son
Came then into my mind ; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him : I have heard
more since :

⁷ As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods ;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be ?—

Bad is the trade, that must play the fool to sorrow,
⁸ Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]——Bless thee,
master !

Glo. Is that the naked fellow ?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone : If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love ;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead
the blind :

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure ;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—⁹ I cannot daub it
further. [*Aside.*]

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

⁷ *As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods ;
They kill us for their sport.*]

“ *Dii nos quasi pilas homines habent.*”—*Plaut. Captiv.*
Prol. 1. 22. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Ang'ring*——] Oxford editor and Dr. Warburton.—Vulg.
Ang'ring, rightly. JOHNSON.

⁹ ——*I cannot daub it*——] i. e. Disguise. WARBURTON.
So, in *King Richard III* :

“ So smooth he *daub'd* his vice with shew of virtue.”
The quartos read, I cannot *dance* it further. STEEVENS.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.
—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits: Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! [Five¹ fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness: *Mabu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since² possesses

¹ *Five* fiends, &c.] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. In *Harsnet's* Book, already quoted, p. 278, we have an extract from the account published by the exorcists themselves, viz. "By commaundement of the exorcist . . . the devil in Ma. Mainy confessed his name to be *Modu*, and that he had besides himself *seaven other spirits*, and all of them captains, and of great fame." "Then Edmundes (the exorcist) began againe with great earnestness, and all the company cried out, &c. . . . so as both that wicked prince *Modu* and his company, might be cast out." This passage will account for *five fiends having been in poor Tom at once.* PERCY.

² — *possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.*—] Shakspeare has made Edgar, in his feigned distraction, frequently allude to a vile imposture of some English jesuits, at that time much the subject of conversation; the history of it having been just then compos'd with great art and vigour of stile and composition by Dr. S. Harsenet, afterwards archbishop of York, by order of the privy-council, in a work intitl'd, *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures to withdraw her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c. practis'd by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish Priests his wicked Associates*: printed 1603. The imposture was in substance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armado against England, the jesuits were here busy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employ'd was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-catholic, where Marwood, a servant of Anthony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treason) Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith, *three chambermaids* in that family, came into the priest's hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and

esses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!]

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!

³ Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,

⁴ That slaves your ordinance, that will not see

Be-

and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce upon the *chamber-maids and waiting-women*; and they were generally so ridiculously nick-named, that Harfnet has one chapter on the *strange names of their devils*; lest, says he, *meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for the names of tapsters or jugglers.* WARBURTON.

The passage in crotchets is omitted in the folio, because I suppose as the story was forgotten, the jest was lost. JOHNSON.

³ *Let the superfluous,*—] Lear has before uttered the same sentiment, which indeed cannot be too strongly impressed, though it may be too often repeated. JOHNSON.

⁴ *That slaves your ordinance,*—] *Superfluous* is here used for one living in abundance. But the next line is corrupt. The only sense I know of, in which *slaves your ordinance* can be understood, is when men employ the form or semblance of religion to compass their ill designs. But this will not do here. Gloster is speaking of such who by an uninterrupted course of prosperity are grown wanton, and callous to the misfortunes of others; such as those who fearing no reverse, slight and neglect, and therefore may be said to *brave* the ordinance of heaven: which is certainly the right reading. And this is the second time in which *slaves* has, in this play, been read for *braves*.

WARBURTON.

The emendation is plausible, yet I doubt whether it be right. The language of Shakespeare is very licentious, and his words have often meanings remote from the proper and original use. To *slave* or *bestave* another is to *treat him with terms of indignity*: in a kindred sense, to *slave the ordinance*, may be, to *slight* or *ridicule* it. JOHNSON.

To *slave an ordinance*, is to treat it as a *slave*, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it.

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly ;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know
Dover ?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep :
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me : from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm ;
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Goneril, and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my lord : I marvel, ^s our mild
husband
Not met us on the way :—Now, where's your master ?

“ ——— none

“ Could *slave* him like the Lydian Omphale.”

Again, in *A New Way to pay old Debts*, by Massinger :

“ ——— that *slaves* me to his will.” STEEVENS.

Heywood, in his *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637, uses this
verb in the same sense :

“ What shall I do ? my love I will not *slave*

“ To an old king, though he my love should crave.”

Again, in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604 :

“ Oh powerful blood, how dost thou *slave* their soul !”

MALONE.

^s ——— our mild husband] It must be remembered that Albany,
the husband of Goneril, disliked, in the end of the first act,
the scheme of oppression and ingratitude. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [*To Edmund.*
It is the cowardish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: ⁶ Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms ⁷ at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;

[*Giving a favour.*

⁸ Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—

⁶ ——— our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects. ———]

I believe the meaning of the passage to be this: "What we wish, before our march is at an end, may be brought to happen," i. e. the murder or dispatch of her husband. — *On the way*, however, may be equivalent to the expression we now use, viz. *By the way*, or *By the by*, i. e. *en passant*. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *I must change arms, &c.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*change names*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.*]

She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss (the steward being present) and that it might appear only to him as a whisper. STEEVENS.

Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gen. My most dear Gloster! [Exit Edmund,

O, the difference of man, and man⁹!

To thee a woman's services are due;

¹ My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

Enter Albany.

Gov. ² I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind

Blows in your face.—³ I fear your disposition:

That nature, which contemns its origin,

⁴ Cannot be border'd certain in itself;

⁵ She that herself will fliver and disbranch

From

⁹ O, the difference of man and man!] Omitted in the quartos.
STEEVENS.

¹ My fool usurps my body.] One of the quartos reads:

My foot usurps my head; the other,

My foot usurps my body. STEEVENS.

² I have been worth the whistle.] This expression is a reproach to Albany for having neglected her; though you disregard me thus, I have been worth the whistle, I have found one that thinks me worth calling. JOHNSON.

This expression is a proverbial one. Heywood in one of his dialogues, consisting entirely of proverbs, says:

“It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling.”

Goneril's meaning seems to be—There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you; reproaching him for not having summon'd her to consult with on the present critical occasion. STEEVENS.

³ ——— I fear your disposition;] These and the speech ensuing are in the edition of 1608, and are but necessary to explain the reasons of the detestation which Albany here expresses to his wife. POPE.

⁴ Cannot be border'd certain——] Certain, for within the bounds that nature prescribes. WARBURTON.

⁵ She that herself will fliver and disbranch,] Thus all the editions, but the old quarto, that reads *fliver*, which is right. *Sbiv*
wer

From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,
And

ver means to shake or fly a-pieces into splinters. As he says afterwards :

Thou'd'st *shiver'd* like an egg.

But *shiver* signifies to tear off or disbranch. So, in *Macbeth* :

——— slips of yew

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse. WARBURTON.

From her material sap, ——] Thus the old quarto; but *material sap* is a phrase that I do not understand. The *mother-tree* is the true technical term; and considering our author has said but just before, *That nature, which contemns its origin*, there is little room to question but he wrote :

From her *maternal sap*. THEOBALD.

From her material sap, ——] Thus all the editions till Mr. Theobald's, who alters *material* to *maternal*; and for these wise reasons: *Material sap* (says he) *I own is a phrase that I do not understand. The mother-tree is the true technical term, and considering our author had said just before, That nature, which contemns its origin, there is no room to question but he wrote, From her maternal sap.* And to prove that we may say *maternal sap*, he gives many authorities from the classics, and says he could produce more, where words equivalent to *maternal stock* are used; which is quite another thing, as we shall now see. In making his emendation, the editor did not consider the difference between *material sap*, and *material body*, or trunk or stock: the latter expression being indeed not so well; *material* being a proper epithet for *body*. But the first is right; and we should say, *material sap*, not *maternal*. For *material sap* signifies that whereby a branch is nourished, and increases in bulk by fresh accession of matter. On which account *material* is elegant. Indeed *sap* when applied to the *whole tree*, might be called *maternal*, but could not be so when applied to a branch only. For though *sap* might, in some sense, be said to be *maternal* to the *tree*, yet it is the *tree* that is *maternal* to the *branch*, and not the *sap*: but here the epithet is applied to the *branch*. From all this we conclude that the old reading is the true. But what if, after all, *material* was used by the writers of these times in the very sense of *maternal*? It would seem so by the title of an old English translation of Froissart's *Chronicle*, which runs in these words, *Syr John Froissart's Chronicle, translated out of Frenche into our material English Tongue by John Bouchier, printed 1525.*

WARBURTON.

I suppose no reader doubts but the word should be *maternal*. Dr. Warburton has taken great pains without much success, and indeed without much exactness of attention, to prove that *material*

7 And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :
Filths favour but themselves, What have you done ?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick *,
Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you madded,
Could my good brother suffer you to do it ?

9 A man, a prince, by him so benefited ?

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come, humanity must perforce prey on
1 Itself, like monsters of the deep.

has a more proper sense than *maternal*, and yet seemed glad at last to infer from an apparent error of another press that *material* and *maternal* meant the same. JOHNSON.

7 *And come to deadly use.*] Alluding to the *use* that witches and inchanters are said to make of *wither'd branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life. WARBURTON.

8 ——— *would lick.*] This line, which had been omitted by all my predecessors, I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

9 *A man, a prince by him so benefited?*] After this line I suspect a line or two to be wanting, which upbraids her for her sister's cruelty to Gloster. And my reason is, that in her answer we find these words :

Fools do these villains pity, who are punish'd

Ere they have done their mischief ———

which evidently allude to Gloster's case. Now I cannot conceive that she would here apologize for what was not objected to her, But I suppose the players thought the speech too long; which has occasioned throughout, and more particularly in this play, the retrenchment of numerous lines and speeches; many of which have been restored by the care and discernment of Mr. Pope. WARBURTON.

Here is a pompous note to support a conjecture apparently erroneous, and confuted by the next scene, in which the account is given for the first time to Albany of Gloster's sufferings.

JOHNSON.

1 — *like monsters of the deep.*] Fishes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own species. JOHNSON.

Gon.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear't a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering ; ¹ that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
drum ?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats ;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack ! why does he so ?

Alb. See thyself, devil !

² Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool !

Alb. ³ Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones :—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now !—

Enter Messenger.

Alb. What news ?

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead ;

¹ —*that not, &c.*] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

² *Proper deformity* —] i. e. Diabolic qualities appear not so horrid in the devil to whom they belong, as in woman who un-naturally assumes them. WARBURTON.

³ *Thou changed, and self-cover'd thing,* —] Of these lines there is but one copy, and the editors are forced upon conjecture. They have published this line thus ;

Thou chang'd, and *self-converted* thing ;
but I cannot but think that by *self-cover'd* the author meant, thou that hast *disguised* nature by wickedness ; thou that hast *hid* the woman under the fiend. JOHNSON.

This and the next speech are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mef. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Loft he his other eye?

Mef. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] * One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
eyes?

Mef. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mef. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mef. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against
him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the king,

* *One way, I like this well;*] Goneril is well pleased that Cornwall is destroyed, who was preparing war against her and her husband, but is afraid of losing Edmund to the widow.

And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knowest. [Exeunt.]

[S C E N E III.

The French camp, near Dover.

Enter Kent, and ° a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly
gone back
Know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd and ne-
cessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen
To any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my
presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove

⁵ Scene III.] This scene, left out in all the common books, is restored from the old edition; it being manifestly of Shakespeare's writing, and necessary to continue the story of Cordelia, whose behaviour is here most beautifully painted. POPE.

This scene seems to have been left out only to shorten the play, and is necessary to continue the action. It is extant only in the quarto, being omitted in the first folio. I have therefore put it between crotchets. JOHNSON.

⁶ — a Gentleman.] The gentleman whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. JOHNSON.

Who

Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once : ⁷ her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happy smiles ⁸,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence,

⁷ ————— her smiles and tears

Were like a better day. —]

It is plain, we should read, — *a wetter May.* —————

i. e. A spring season wetter than ordinary. WARBURTON.

The thought is taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 244. " Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine." Cordelia's behaviour on this occasion is apparently copied from *Philoctetes*. The same book, in another place, says, — " that her tears followed one another like a precious rope of pearl." The quartos read, — *a better way*, — which may be an accidental inversion of the *M*.

A *better* day, however, is the *best* day, and the *best* day is a day most favourable to the productions of the earth. Such are the days in which there is a due mixture of rain and sunshine.

It must be observed that the *comparative* is used by Milton and others, instead of the *positive* and *superlative*, as well as by Shakespeare himself, in the play before us :

" The *safer* sense will ne'er accommodate

" Its master thus."

Again, in *Macbeth* :

" ——— it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again,

" ——— Go not my horse the *better*."

Mr. Pope makes no scruple to say of Achilles, that :

" The Pelian javelin in his *better* hand

" Shot trembling rays, &c."

i. e. his *best* hand, his *right*. STEEVENS.

Doth not Dr. Warburton's alteration infer that Cordelia's sorrow was superior to her patience ? But it seem'd that she was a queen over her passion ; and the smiles on her lip appeared not to know that tears were in her eyes. Her smiles and tears were like a better day, or like a better May, may signify that they were like such a season where sunshine prevailed over rain. So in *All's well that ends Well*, Act. V. Sc. iii. we see in the king " *sunshine and hail at once*, but to the brightest beams distracted clouds give way : the time is fair again, and he is like a day of season," i. e. a better day. TOLLET.

⁸ ——— smiles.] The quartos read *smilets*. This may be a diminutive of Shakespeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

As pearls from diamonds dropt?—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. ' Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Yes; once, or twice, she heav'd the name of
father

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;

Cry'd, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*

*Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the
night?*

² *Let pity not be believed!*—There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

³ And clamour moisten'd her: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent.

⁹ *As pearls from diamonds dropt.*—] A similar thought to this
of Shakespeare, occurs in Middleton's *Game at Chesse*, 1625:

“ ——— the holy dew lies like a pearl

“ Dropt from the opening eye-lids of the morn

“ Upon the bashful rose.”

Milton has transplanted this image into his *Lycidas*,

“ Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,” STEEVENS.

¹ *Made she no verbal question?*] Dr. Warburton would substitute *quest*, from the Latin *questus*, i. e. complaint: because, says he, what kind of *question* could she make but verbal?

STEEVENS.

I do not see the impropriety of *verbal question*: such pleonasm are common. So we say, *my ears have heard, my eyes have beheld*. Besides, where is the word *quest* to be found? JOHNSON.

Made she no verbal question?] Means only, Did she enter into no conversation with you? In this sense our poet frequently uses the word *question*, and not simply as the act of *interrogation*. Did she give you to understand her meaning by *words* as well as by the foregoing external testimonies of sorrow?

So in *All's Well that ends Well*:

“ ——— she told me

“ In a sweet *verbal* brief, &c.” STEEVENS.

² *Let pity not be believ'd!*] i. e. Let not such a thing as pity be supposed to exist! Thus the old copies; but the modern editors have hitherto read,

Let pity not believe it! ——— STEEVENS.

³ *And clamour-moisten'd*—] It is not impossible but Shakespeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony
from

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else ⁴ one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, fir; The poor distressed Lear is i' the
town:

Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good fir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own
unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—⁵ these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard
not?

Gent. ⁶ 'Tis so; they are afoot.

from holy writ, in the conduct of Joseph; who, being no longer able to restrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his presence; and then *wept aloud*, and discovered himself to his brethren. THEOBALD.

Clamour moisten'd her;] that is, *her out-cries were accompanied with tears.* JOHNSON.

⁴ ——— *one self mate and mate*] The same husband and the same wife. JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— *these things sting him*

So venomously, that burning shame]

The metaphor is here preserved with great knowledge of nature. The *venom* of poisonous animals being a high caustic salt, that has all the effect of *fire* upon the part. WARBURTON.

⁶ *'Tis so they are a-foot.*] Dr. Warburton thinks it necessary to read, *'tis said*; but the sense is plain, *So it is that they are on foot.*

JOHNSON.

Kent.

Kent. Well, fir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
 And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
 Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
 When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
 Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
 Along with me.] *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E IV.

A tent in the camp at Dover.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
 As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
 Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
 With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
 Darnel^s, and all the idle weeds that grow
 In our sustaining corn.—A century fend forth;
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,
 And bring him to our eye.—What can man's wis-
 dom do,
 In the restoring his bereaved sense?
 He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
 Our foster nurse of nature is repose,

^s *With hardocks, hemlock, &c.]* I do not remember any such plant as a *hardock*, but one of the most common weeds is a *burdock*, which I believe should be read here; and so Hanmer reads.
 JOHNSON.

Hardocks should be *harlocks*. Thus Drayton in one of his *Eclogues*:

“The honey-suckle, the *harlocke*,

“The lilly, and the lady-smocke, &c.” FARMER.

In Markham, *of Horses*, 1595, a *burdock* leaf is mentioned, “*burdock* or *charlock* may be used.” STEEVENS.

^s *Darnel*, according to Gerard, is the most hurtful of weeds among corn. It is mentioned in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634:

“That cockle, *darnel*, poppy wild,

“May choak his grain, &c.” STEEVENS.

The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress !—Seek, seek for him ;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants⁹ the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, madam ;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before ; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about ;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and ' important tears, hath pitied.
¹ No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right :
Soon may I hear, and see him ! [*Exeunt.*

⁹ ——— *the means to lead it.*] The reason which should guide it.
JOHNSON.

¹ ——— *important* ———] In other places of this author for
importunate. JOHNSON.

The folio reads, *importuned.* STEEVENS.

² *No blown ambition* ———] No inflated, no swelling pride.
Beza on the Spanish armada :

“ Quam bene te ambitio meruit vanissima, ventus,

“ Et tumidos tumidæ vos superastis aquæ.” JOHNSON.

In the *Mad Lover* of B. and Fletcher, the same epithet is given
to Ambition.

Again, in the *Little French Lawyer* :

“ I come with no *blown* spirit to abuse you.” STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

*Regan's palace.**Enter Regan, and Steward.*

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there ?

Stew. Madam, with much ado :

Your sifter is the better foldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with³ your lady at home ?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sifter's letter to him ?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter,

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,

To let him live ; where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us : Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

* His nighted life ; moreover, to desery

The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow ; stay with us ;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam ;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ? Might
not you

Transport her purposes by word ? Belike,

Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much,

³ ———*your lady*———] The folio reads, *your lord*; but lady is the first and better reading. JOHNSON.

* *His nighted life*;] i. e. His life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes. STEEVENS.

⁵ Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather——

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband ;
I am sure of that : and, at her late being here,

⁶ She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund : I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam ?

Reg. I speak in understanding ; you are, I know it :
Therefore, ⁷ I do advise you, take this note :

My

⁵ *Let me unseal, &c.*] I know not well why Shakespeare gives the steward, who is a mere factor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter ; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered. JOHNSON.

⁶ *She gave strange œiliads,——*] *Ocillade*, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the eye.

Greene, in his *Disputation between a He and She Coney-catcher*, 1592 : speaks of “ amorous glances, smirking ocillades, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *—— I do advise, you, take this note :*] *Note* means in this place not a letter, but a remark. Therefore observe what I am saying. JOHNSON.

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note :

My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ;

And more convenient is he for my hand,

Than for your lady's. You may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you give him this ;

And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.]

This passage, by a word's being left out, and a word misplaced, and a full stop put where there should be but a comma, has led all our editors into a very great mistake ; as will, I hope, appear, when we proceed a little further in the same play. The emendation is as follows :

Therefore I do advise you, * take note of this ;

My lord is dead, &c.

If you so find him, pray you give him this :

i. e. This answer by word of mouth. The editors, not so regardful of consistency as they ought to have been, ran away with the thought that Regan delivered a letter to the steward ; whereas she only desired him to give or deliver so much by word of mouth.

* The like expression, *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 4.—“ *Sir Toby. Challenge me the duke's youth, to fight with him ; hurt him in eleven places ; my niece shall take note of it.*”

And

My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ;
 And more convenient is he for my hand,
 Than for your lady's :—^s You may gather more.
 If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;
 And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
 I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
 So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
 Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam ! I would
 shew

' What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*

And by this means another blunder as egregious as the former,
 and arising out of it, presents itself to view in the same act,
 scene ix.

And give the *letters*, which thou find'st about me,
 To *Edmund earl of Gloster*, &c.

Edg. Let's see these pockets : the letters, that he speaks of,
 May be my friends.——

[*Reads the letter.*]

Observe, that here is but one letter produced and read, which is
 Goneril's. Had there been one of Regan's too, the audience
 no doubt should have heard it as well as Goneril's. But it is
 plain, from what is amended and explained above, that the
 Steward had no letter from Regan, but only a message to be
 delivered by word of mouth to *Edmund earl of Gloster*. So that
 it is not to be doubted, but the last passage should be read thus :

And give the *letter*, which thou find'st about me,
 To *Edmund earl of Gloster*.——

Edg. Let's see these pockets : the *letter*, that he speaks of,
 May be my friend.——

Thus the whole is connected, clear, and consistent. GRAY.

^s —— *You may gather more.*] You may infer more than I
 have directly told you. JOHNSON.

^s *What party —*] Quarto, *What lady.* JOHNSON.

SCENE VI.

The country near Dover.

Enter Gloster, and Edgar as a peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now; look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks, ² thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I
chang'd,

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, fir; here's the place:—stand still.—

³ How fearful

And

¹ Scene VI.] This scene, and the stratagem by which Gloster is cured of his desperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*. JOHNSON.

² ——— *thy voice is alter'd, &c.*] Edgar alters his voice in order to pass afterwards for a malignant spirit. JOHNSON.

³ ——— *How fearful*

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!]

This description has been much admired since the time of Addison, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleasantry, that “he who can read it without being giddy, has a very good head, or a very bad one.” The description is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmost excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himself assailed by

one

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
 The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
 Shew scarce so gross as beetles : Half way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !
 Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice ; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to ⁴ her cock ; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight : The murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high :—I'll look no more ;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong ⁵.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand : You are now within a
 foot

Of the extreme verge : ⁶ for all beneath the moon
 Would

one great and dreadful image of irresistible destruction. But this overwhelming idea is dissipated and enfeebled from the instant that the mind can restore itself to the observation of particulars, and diffuse its attention to distinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the samphire-man, and the fishers, counteracts the great effect of the prospect, as it peoples the desert of intermediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror. JOHNSON.

—*dreadful trade!*] “*Samphire* grows in great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country : it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks as it were in the air.” *Smith's Hist. of Waterford*, p. 315. edit. 1774. TOLLET.

⁴ — *her cock* ; —] Her cock-boat. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637 :

“ — I caused my lord to leap into the *cock*, &c.—at last our *cock* and we were cast ashore.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Topple down headlong.*] To *topple* is to *tumble*. The word has been already used in *Macbeth*. So, in Nash's *Lenten-Stuff*, &c. 1599 : “ — fifty people *toppled* up their heels there.” Again : “ — he had thought to have *toppled* his burning car, &c. into the sea.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — for all beneath the moon
 Would I not leap upright.]

Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good fir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus? with his despair?—
'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*]

But what danger is in leaping *upwards* or *downwards*? He who leaps thus must needs fall again on his feet upon the place from whence he rose. We should read:

Would I not leap *outright*;

i. e. forward: and then being on the verge of a precipice he must needs fall headlong. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton would not have written this note, had he recollected a passage in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue*:

"Some let their lechour dight them all the night,

"While that the cors lay on the flore *upright*." FARMER,

So, in Chaucer's *Monkes Tale*, late edit. v. 14489:

"Judith, a woman, as he lay *upright*

"Sleeping, his hed of smote, &c."

Again, v. 15048:

"And in this carte he lith, gaping *upright*."

Again, in the *Rom. of the Rose*: v. 1604:

"That made him sith to lie *upright*."

Upright has the same sense as the Latin *supinus*. STEEVENS,

[*Why do I trifle thus with his despair?—*

'Tis done to cure it.]

Perhaps the reading of the folio is better,—

[*Why I do trifle thus with his despair,*

Is done to cure it. STEEVENS,

Edg.

Edg. Gone, fir? farewell².

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, ⁹ when life itself
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you, fir! friend!—Hear you, fir?—speak!
¹ Thus might he pass, indeed:—Yet he revives.
What are you, fir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. ² Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
³ Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fallen;

⁸ *Gone, fir? farewell.*] Thus the quartos and folio. The modern editors have been content to read—*Good fir*, &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ ———— *when life itself*

Yields to the theft. ————]

When life is willing to be destroyed. JOHNSON.

¹ *Thus might he pass, indeed:—*] Thus he might *die* in reality. We still use the word *passing bell*. JOHNSON.

² *Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,*] *Gossamer*, the white and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather. Skinner says, in a book called *The French Gardiner*, it signifies the down of the sow-thistle, which is driven to and fro by the wind:

“As sure some wonder on the cause of thunder,

“On ebb and flood, on gossamer and mist,

“And on all things, till that the cause is wist.” DR. GRAY.

³ *Ten masts at each make not the altitude,*] So Mr. Pope found it in the old editions; and seeing it corrupt, judiciously corrected it to *attacht*. But Mr. Theobald restores again the old nonsense, *at each*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Pope's conjecture may stand if the word which he uses were known in our author's time, but I think it is of later introduction. We may say:

Ten masts *on end* ———— JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read—at *reach*, i. e. extent.

In Mr. Rowe's edition it is, *Ten masts at least*. STEEVENS.

Thy life's a miracle : Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no ?

Edg. From the dread summit of this ⁴ chalky
bourn :

Look up a-height ;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard : do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death ? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm :

Up :—So ;—How is't ? Feel you your legs ? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you ?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons ; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea ⁵ ;
It was some fiend : Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that ⁶ the clearest gods, who make them
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itself,

Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man ; often 'twould say,

* — chalky bourn :] *Bourn* seems here to signify a *hill*. Its common signification is a *brook*. Milton in *Comus* uses *bossy bourn*, in the same sense perhaps with Shakespeare. But in both authors it may mean only a *boundary*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — enridged sea.] Thus the 4to. The folio *curaged*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — the clearest gods, —] The purest ; the most free from evil. JOHNSON.

The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. ⁷ Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically dressed up with flowers.

⁸ The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself,

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. ⁹ That fellow handles his bow like

⁷ *Bear free and patient thoughts.*] To be melancholy is to have the mind *chained down* to one painful idea; there is therefore great propriety in exhorting Gloucester to *free thoughts*, to an emancipation of his soul from grief and despair. JOHNSON.

⁸ *The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.*]

Without doubt Shakespeare wrote:

The sober sense, ———

i. e. while the understanding is in a right frame it will never thus accommodate its owner; alluding to Lear's *extravagant dress*. Thence he concludes him to be mad. WARBURTON.

I read rather:

*The saner sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.*

“Here is Lear, but he must be mad: his sound or *sane* senses would never suffer him to be thus disguised.” JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but that *safer* was the poet's word. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“Nor do I think the man of *safe* discretion

“That does affect it.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper.*] Mr. Pope in his last edition reads *cow-keeper*. It is certain we must read *crow-keeper*. In several counties to this day, they call a stuffed figure, representing a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, set up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *scare-crow*. THEOBALD.

This *crow-keeper* was so common in the author's time, that it is one of the few peculiarities mentioned by Ortelius in his account of our island. JOHNSON.

So, in the 48th *Idea* of Drayton:

“Or

like a crow-keeper: ' draw me a clothier's yard.—
 Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece
 of toasted cheefe will do't.—There's my gauntlet;
 I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills'.—
 ' O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout:
 hewgh!—' Give the word.

" Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,
 " To some base rustick do thyself prefer;
 " And when corn's sown, or grown into the ear,
 " Practise thy quiver and turn *crow-keeper*."

Mr. Tollet informs me, that Markham in his *Farewell to Husbandry*, says, that such servants are called field-keepers, or *crow-keepers*. STEEVENS.

' Draw me a clothier's yard.] Perhaps the poet had in his mind a stanza of the old ballad of *Chevy-Chace*:

" An arrow of a cloth-yard long,
 " Up to the head drew he," &c." STEEVENS.

' ——— the brown bills.] A *bill* was a kind of battle-axe:

" Which is the constable's house?—
 " At the sign of the *brown bill*."

Blurt Mr. Constable, 1602.

Again, in Marlow's *K. Edw. II.* 1622:

" Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
 " *Brown bills*, and targetiers, &c." STEEVENS.

' O, well flown, bird!] Lear is here raving of *archery*, and shooting at *huts*, as is plain by the words *i' the clout*, that is, the white mark they set up and aim at: hence the phrase, to *hit the white*. So that we must read, *O, well-flown, barb!* i. e. the *barbed*, or *bearded* arrow. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

" Change your mark, shoot at a white; come stick me in the *clout*, sir."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

" For kings are *clouts* that every man shoots at."

Again, in *How to chuse a good Wife from a bad One*, 1630:

" ——— who could miss the *clout*,
 " Having such steady aim?" ———

The author of *The Revival* thinks there can be no impropriety in calling an arrow a *bird*, from the swiftness of its flight, especially when immediately preceded by the words *well-flown*: but it appears that *well-flown bird* was the falconers expression when the hawk was successful in her flight; and is so used in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*. STEEVENS.

' ——— Give the word.] Lear supposes himself in a garrison, and before he lets Edgar pass, requires the watch-word. JOHNSON.

Edg.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pafs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. ⁵ Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—

⁶ They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. ⁷ When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. ⁸ The trick of that voice I do well remember; Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was the cause?—

Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

⁵ —*Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—*] So reads the folio, properly; the quarto, whom the latter editors have followed, has, *Ha! Goneril, hā! Regan! they flattered me, &c.* which is not so forcible. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*They flattered me like a dog;—*] They played the spaniel to me. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*When the rain came to wet me, &c.*] This seems to be an allusion to King Canute's behaviour when his courtiers flattered him as lord of the sea. STEEVENS.

⁸ *The trick of that voice—*] *Trick* (says sir Tho. Hanmer) is a word frequently used for the *air*, or *that peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others.* We still say “—he has a *trick* of winking with his eyes, of speaking loud, &c.” STEEVENS.

To't, luxury ¹, pell-pell, for I lack soldiers. —
 Behold yon' simpering dame,
² Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
 That minces virtue, and does shake the head
 To hear of pleasure's name;
³ The fitchew, ⁴ nor the soyled horse, goes to't
 With a more riotous appetite.
 Down from the waist they are centaurs ⁵,
 Though women all above:
 But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
 Beneath is all the fiends' ⁶; there's hell, there's darkness,
 There

¹ To't luxury, &c.] *Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for *incontinence*: See Mr. Collins's note on *Troilus and Cressida*. Act V. Sc. ii. STEEVENS.

² Whose face between her forks—] i. e. Her hand held before her face in sign of modesty, with the fingers spread out, forky.

WARBURTON.

I believe that the *forks* were two prominences of the ruff rising on each side of the face. JOHNSON.

The construction is not "whose face between her *forks*, &c." but "whose face presages snow between her *forks*." So in *Timon*, Act IV. Sc. iii.

"Whose blush does thaw the consecrated snow

"That lies on Dian's lap." *Canons of Criticism*.

To preserve the modesty of Mr. Edwards's happy explanation, I can only hint a reference to the word *fourcheure* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

³ The fitchew, —] A polecat. POPE.

⁴ — nor the soyled horse, —] I read, *stalled horse*.

WARBURTON.

Soyled horse is probably the same as *pampered horse*, *un cheval soûlé*. JOHNSON.

Soyled horse is a term used for a horse that has been fed with hay and corn in the stable during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanses the animal, and fills him with blood. STEEVENS.

⁵ Down to the waist they're centaurs,] In the *Malecontent*, is a thought as singular as this:

"'Tis now about the immodest waist of night."

STEEVENS.

⁶ Beneath is all the fiends';] According to Grecian superstition, every limb of us was assigned to the charge of some particular deity.

There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
consumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah! pah!

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To sweeten my imagination! there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost
thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid;
I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but
the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes
in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your
eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet
you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this

deity. Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, enlarges much on it, and
concludes by saying:

“ And Venus throughe the letcherie

“ For whiche thei hir deifie,

“ *She kept all doune the remenant*

“ *To thilke office appertainant.*”

COLLINS.

What, with the case of eyes?] Mr. Rowe changed *the* into
this, but without necessity. I have restored the old reading. The
case of eyes is the socket of either eye. Statius in his first *Thebaid*,
has a simular expression. Speaking of Oedipus he says:

“ Tunc *vacuos orbes* crudum ac miserabile vitæ

“ Supplicium, ostentat cælo, manibusque cruentis

“ *Pulliat inane solum.*

“ *Inane solum*, i. e. *vacui oculorum loci.*”

Shakespeare has the expression again in the *Winter's Tale*:

“—they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear *the*
cases of their eyes.” STEEVENS.

world

world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the
cozener.

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with
gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; 'I'll able 'em;
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,
now:

Pull off my boots;—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixt!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

^s *Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.*——] From *hide all to accuser's lips*, the whole passage is wanting in the first edition, being added, I suppose, at his revival. JOHNSON.

'——*I'll able 'em:*] An old phrase signifying to qualify, or uphold them. So Scogan, contemporary with Chaucer, says:

“Set all my life after thyne ordinance,
“And *able me* to mercie or thou deme.”

But the Oxford Editor alters it to *absolve*. WARBURTON.

So Chapman, in his comedy of *The Widow's Tears*, 1612.
“Admitted! ay, into her heart, and *I'll able it.*” STEEVENS.

I KNOW

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.

¹ Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools;—² This a good
block?—

It

¹ *Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle and cry.*—]

“Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est.

“Cui tantum in vitâ restat transire malorum.” *Lucretius.*

STEVENS.

² — *This a good block?*] I do not see how this *block* corresponds either with his foregoing or following train of thoughts. Madmen think not wholly at random. I would read thus, *a good flock.* *Flocks* are wool moulded together. The sentence then follows properly:

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe

A troop of horse with felt;—

i. e. with *flocks* kneaded to a mass, a practice I believe sometimes used in former ages, for it is mentioned in *Ariosto*:

“—Fece nel cader strepito quanto

“Avesse avuto sotto i piedi il feltro.”

It is very common for madmen to catch an accidental hint, and strain it to the purpose predominant in their minds. *Lear* picks up a *flock*, and immediately thinks to surprize his enemies by a troop of horse shod with *flocks* or *felt*. Yet *block* may stand, if we suppose that the sight of a block put him in mind of mouthing his horse. JOHNSON.

— *This a good block?*—] Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage is very ingenious; but, I believe, there is no occasion to adopt it, as the speech itself, or at least the action that should accompany it, will furnish all the connection which he has sought from an extraneous circumstance. Upon the king's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *bat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times (whom I have seen so represented in ancient prints) till the idea of *felt*, which the good *bat* or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment.—*Block* anciently signified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and sometimes the hat itself.—See *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“He

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
 A troop of horse with felt : I'll put it in proof ;
 And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
 Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with attendants.

Gent. O, here he is ; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
 Your most dear daughter——

Lear. No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I am even

“ He weares his faith but as the fashion of his *bat* ; it
 “ changes with the next *block*.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons* :

“ I am so haunted with this broad-brim'd *bat*

“ Of the last progress *block*, with the young hatband.”

Greene, in his *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592, describing a *neat companion*, says, “ he weareth a hat of a high *blocke*, and a broad brimme.”

So in *The Reverger's Tragedy*, 1608 :

“ His head will be made serve a bigger *block*.”

So in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635 :

“ —— we have *blocks* for all heads.”

Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1599 :

“ —— Where did you buy your *felt* ?

“ Nay, never laugh, for you're in the same *block*.”

Again, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608 : “ I cannot keep a *block* private, but every citizen's son thrusts his head into it.”

Again, in *Histrionastix*, 1610 :

“ Your hat is of a better *block* than mine.”

Again, in *The Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ Tho' now your *block-head* be cover'd with a Spanish *block*.”

Again, in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620 :

“ —— my haberdasher has a new *block*, and will find me and all my generation in *beavers*, &c.”

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609 : “ —— that cannot observe the time of his hatband, nor know what fashion'd *block* is most kin to his head ; for in my opinion, the braine that cannot chuse his *felt* well, &c.”

Again, in *Run and a great Cast*, an ancient collection of Epigrams, 4to, without date. *Epigram* 46. *In Sextinum* :

“ A pretty *blocke* Sextinus names his *bat* ;

“ So much the fitter for his head by that.” STEEVENS.

The

The natural fool of fortune ².—Use me well ;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds ? All myself ?

Why, this would make a man, ³ a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.—

Gent. Good sir, ⁴—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom ; what ?
I will be jovial ; come, come, I am a king,
My masters, know you that ?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. ⁵ Then there's life in it. Nay, come, an
you get it,

You shall get it by running. Sa, fa, fa, fa. [*Exit.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch ;
Past speaking of in a king !—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you : What's your will ?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward ?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar : every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

² *The natural fool of fortune.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ O, I am *fortune's* fool ! STEEVENS.

³ ——— *a man of salt,*] Would make a man melt away like
salt in wet weather. JOHNSON.

I believe, *a man of salt* is *a man made up of tears*. In *All's
Well that Ends Well*, we meet with—your *salt tears'* head ; and in
Troilus and Cressida, the *salt* of broken tears.

Again, in *Coriolanus* :

“ He has betray'd your business, and giv'n up,

“ For certain drops of *salt*, your city Rome.” MALONE.

⁴ Gent. *Good sir,* —] These words I have restored from one
of the quartos. In the other, they are omitted. The folio reads :

——— *a smug* bridegroom ——— STEEVENS.

⁵ *Then there's life in't.* —] The case is not yet desperate.

JOHNSON.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; ⁷ the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, fir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is
here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, fir. [*Exit Gent.*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good fir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's
blows ⁸;

⁹ Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,

⁷ ———the main descry

Stands on the hourly thought.]

The main body is expected to be descry'd every hour. The expression is harsh. JOHNSON.

⁸ ———made tame to fortune's blows.] The quartos read:
——made lame by fortune's blows. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,*] i. e. Sorrows past and present; but the Oxford Editor loses all this sense by altering it to,

———knowing and feeling. WARBURTON.

¹ Briefly thyself remember :—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, ² go your gait, and let
poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out
of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a
vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep
out, ³ che vor'ye, or ise try whether ⁴ your costard
or my bat ⁵ be the harder: Chi'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir: Come; ⁶ no mat-
ter vor your foyns. [*Edgar knocks him down.*]

¹ *Briefly thyself remember.*—] i. e. Quickly recollect the past
offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven.

WARBURTON.

² —go your gait,—] *Gang your gate* is a common ex-
pression in the North. In the last rebellion, when the Scotch
soldiers had finished their exercise, instead of our term of dismis-
sion, their phrase was, *gang your gaits*. STEEVENS.

³ —che vor'ye,—] *I warn you*. Edgar counterfeits the
western dialect. JOHNSON.

⁴ —your costard,—] *Costard*, i. e. head. So, in *K. Rich. III.*:

“Take him over the *costard* with the hilt of thy sword.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ —my bat,] i. e. club. So, in *Spenser*:

“——— a handsome *bat* he held

“On which he leaned, as one far in eld.”

So, in *Mucedorus*, 1668:

“With this my *bat* I will beat out thy brains.”

Again, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

“——— let every thing be ready,

“And each of you a good *bat* on his neck.” STEEVENS.

⁶ —no matter vor your foyns.] *To foyn*, is to make what we
call a *thrust* in fencing. Shakespeare often uses the word.

STEEVENS.

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take
my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out.
Upon the English party:—O, untimely death,
death!— [Dies.]

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax, and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the letter.

Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

*Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant^s,
Goneril.*

² *To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.]*

This is darkly expressed: the meaning is, Our enemies are put upon the rack, and torn in pieces to extort confession of their secrets; to tear open their letters is more lawful. WARBURTON.

The quarto reads, *we'd rip their hearts*, and so I have printed it. STEEVENS.

³ *—affectionate servant.]* After *servant*, one of the quartos has this strange continuation: “*—and for you her own for venter, Gonorill.*” STEEVENS.

O un-

' O undistinguish'd space of woman's will !——
 A plot upon her virtuous husband's life ;
 And the exchange, my brother !—Here, in the sands,
 ' Thee I'll rake up, the post un sanctified
 Of murderous lechers : and, in the mature time,
 With this ungracious paper strike the sight
 Of ' the death-practis'd duke : For him 'tis well,
 That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit Edgar, removing the body.]

Glo. The king is mad : How stiff is my vile sense,
 That I stand up, ' and have ingenious feeling
 Of my huge sorrows ! Better I were distract :
 So should my thoughts be † sever'd from my griefs ;
 And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
 The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Give me your hand :
 Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
 Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [Exeunt.]

^o O undistinguish'd space of woman's wit !] So the first quarto reads, but the first folio better, *will*. I have no idea of the meaning of the first reading, but the other is extremely satirical ; the *varium & mutabile semper*, of Virgil, more strongly and happily expressed. The mutability of a woman's *will*, which is so sudden, that there is no space or distance between the present *will* and the next. Honest Sancho explains this thought with infinite humour, *Entre el si y el no de la muger, no me atreveria yo à poner una punta d'alfiler*. Between a woman's yes and no I would not undertake to thrust a pin's point. WARBURTON.

¹ Thee I'll rake up, ——] I'll cover thee. In Staffordshire, to rake the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night. JOHNSON.

² ——the death-practis'd duke:] The duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by *practice* or treason. JOHNSON.

³ ——and have ingenious feeling] *Ingenious feeling* signifies a feeling from an understanding not disturbed or disordered, but which, representing things as they are, makes the sense of pain the more exquisite. WARBURTON.

[†] ——sever'd——] The quartos read *fenced*. STEEVENS.

S C E N E VII.

A tent in the French camp.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and
work,

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And ⁴ every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpay'd.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. ⁵ Be better suited:

⁶ These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, ⁷ shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
⁸ Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—
How does the king? *[To the Physician.]*

⁴ ——— *every measure fail me.*] All good which I shall allot thee, or *measure out* to thee, will be scanty. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Be better suited:*] i. e. Be better dress'd, put on a better suit of cloaths. STEEVENS.

⁶ *These weeds are memories of those worser hours;*] *Memories*, i. e. Memorials, remembrancers. Shakespeare uses the word in the same sense, *As You Like It*, act II. sc. 3:

“O, my sweet master! O you memory

“Of old sir Rowland!” — STEEVENS.

So, in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1618:

“A printed *memorie* hanging up in a table at the entrance into the church-door.” MALONE.

⁷ ——— *shortens my made intent;*] There is a dissonancy of terms in *made intent*; one implying the idea of a thing done, the other, undone. I suppose Shakespeare wrote—*laid intent*, i. e. projected. WARBURTON.

An intent *made*, is an intent *formed*. So we say in common language, to *make a design*, and to *make a resolution*. JOHNSON.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his abused nature!

The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up

³ Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,

That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Lear is brought in in a chair.

Gent. ⁹ Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. ¹ Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music
there!

Cor. O my dear father! ² Restoration, hang

³ *Of this child-changed father!*] i. e. Changed to a child by his years and wrongs; or perhaps, reduced to this condition by his children. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Ay, madam, &c.*] The folio gives these four lines to a *Gentleman*. One of the quartos (they were both printed in the same year, and for the same printer) gives the two first to the *Doctor*, and the two next to *Kent*. The other quarto appropriates the two first to the *Doctor*, and the two following ones to a *Gentleman*. I have given the two first, which best belong to an attendant, to the *Gentleman* in waiting, and the other two to the *Physician*, on account of the caution contained in them, which is more suitable to his profession. STEEVENS.

¹ *Very well.*] This and the following line I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

² ——— Restoration, hang

Thy medicine on my lips; ———]

This is fine. She invokes the goddess of health, Hygieia, under the name of *Restoration*, to make her the minister of her rites, in this holy office of recovering her father's lost senses.

WARBURTON.

Restoration is no more than *recovery* personified. STEEVENS.

Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?

* To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Of quick, cress lightning? ⁴ to watch (poor perdu!)

With this thin helm *? ⁵ Mine enemy's dog,

³ The lines within the asterisks are omitted in the folio,

⁴ ——— To watch (poor perdu:)

With this thin helm?] It ought to be read and pointed thus:

——— To watch, poor perdu!

With this thin helm? ———

The allusion is to the forlorn-hope in an army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called in French *enfants perdus*; she therefore calls her father, *poor perdu*; *perdue*, which is the common reading, being the feminine. These *enfants perdus* being always slightly and badly armed, is the reason that she adds, With this thin helm? i. e. bareheaded. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of the word *perdu* is just, though the latter part of his assertion has not the least foundation. Pæulus Jovius, speaking of the body of men who were anciently sent on this desperate adventure, says, "Hos ab immoderata fortitudine *perditos* vocant, et in summo honore atque admiratione habent." It is not likely that those who deserved so well of their country for exposing themselves to certain danger, should be sent out, *summa admiratione*, and yet slightly and badly armed.

The same allusion occurs in sir W. Davenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

"——— I have endur'd

"Another night would tire a *perdu*,

"More than a wet furrow and a great frost."

Again, in Cartwright's *Ordinary*:

"——— as for *perdues*,

"Some choice sous'd fish brought couchant in a dish

"Among some fennel or some other grass,

"Shews how they lye i' th' field." STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— Mine enemy's dog,] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read, Mine *injurious* dog. Possibly the poet wrote, — Mine *injurious*'s dog. STEEVENS.

Though

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the
grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair
day-light?—

'I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say,—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—

Had not concluded all.—] All what? we should read and
point it thus:

Had not concluded.—Ah!—

An exclamation on perceiving her father wake. **WARBURTON.**

The plain construction is this: *It is wonder that thy wits and
life had not all ended.* **JOHNSON.**

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, c. viii:

“Ne spared they to strip her naked all.”

Again, in *Timon*:

“And dispossefs her all.” **STEEVENS.**

'I am mightily abus'd.—] I am strangely imposed on by
appearances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty. **JOHNSON.**

No,

² No, fir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me⁹:

I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward;

Not an hour more, nor less: and, to deal plainly,

² I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant,

What place this is; and all the skill I have

Remembers not these garments; nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady

To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

I know, you do not love me; for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:

You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, fir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,

² *No, fir, you must not kneel.*] This circumstance I find in the old play on the same subject, apparently written by another hand, and published before any edition of Shakespeare's tragedy had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to say whether these accidental resemblances proceed from imitation, or a similarity of thinking on the same occasion, I can only point out this to the reader, to whose determination I leave the question.

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Pray do not mock me.*] So, in the *Winter's Tale*, act V:

"—Let no man mock me,

"For I will kiss her." STEEVENS.

² *I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.*] The quarto reads:

I fear, I am not perfect in my mind. JOHNSON.

So one of the quartos. The other reads according to the present text. STEEVENS.

You

You see, ² is cur'd in him : [³ and yet it is danger
⁴ To make him even o'er the time he has lost.]
 Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more,
 'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk ?

Lear. You must bear with me :

Pray you now, forget and forgive : I am old, and
 foolish.

[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician, and Attendants.*

[*Gent.* ⁵ Holds it true, fir,

That the duke of Cornwall was so slain ?

Kent. Most certain, fir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people ?

Kent. As it is said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,

His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
 In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about ; the powers o' the kingdom
 Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.

Fare you well, fir.

[*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
 wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.] *Exit.*

² — is cur'd —] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,
 — is kill'd. STEEVENS.

³ And yet, &c.] This is not in the folio. JOHNSON.

⁴ To make him even o'er the time —] i. e. To reconcile it to
 his apprehension. WARBURTON.

⁵ What is printed in crotchets is not in the folio. It is at least
 proper if not necessary ; and was omitted by the author, I suppose,
 for no other reason than to shorten the representation. JOHNSON.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The camp of the British forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold ;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course : He's full ⁶ of alteration,
And self-reproving :—bring ⁷ his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you :
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister ?

Edm. In honour'd love.

[*Reg.* ⁸ But have you never found my brother's way
To the ⁹ fore-fended place ?

⁶ ——— of alteration,] One of the quartos reads,

————— of abdication. STEEVENS.

⁷ — his constant pleasure.] His settled resolution.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *But have you never, &c.*] The first and last of these speeches, printed within crotchets, are inserted in Sir Thomas Hanmer's, Theobald's, and Dr. Warburton's editions ; the two intermediate ones, which were omitted in all others, I have restored from the old quartos, 1608. Whether they were left out through negligence, or because the imagery contained in them might be thought too luxuriant, I cannot determine ; but sure a material injury is done to the character of the *Bastard* by the omission ; for he is made to deny that flatly at first, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return slight answers to, till he is urged so far as to be obliged to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood. Query, however, whether Shakespeare meant us to believe that Edmund had *actually* found his way to the fore-fended place. STEEVENS.

⁹ ——— fore-fended place ?] *Fore-fended* means *prohibited, forbidden*. STEEVENS.

Edm.

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And¹ bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.]

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—

She, and the duke her husband,——

Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.——

² Sir, this I hear, The king is come to his daughter,
With

¹ — bosom'd *with her*,—] *Bosom'd* is used in this sense by Heywood, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

“ We'll crown our hopes and wishes with more pomp

“ And sumptuous cost, than Priam did his son

“ That night he *bosom'd* Helen.”

Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

“ With fair Alcmena, she that never *bosom'd*

“ Mortal, save thee.” STEEVENS.

² *Sir, this I hear,—to—make oppose,—*] This is a very plain speech, and the meaning is, The king, and others whom we have opposed are come to Cordelia. I could never be valiant but in a just quarrel. We must distinguish; it is just in one sense and unjust in another. As France invades our land I am concerned to repel him, but as he *holds*, entertains, and supports the king, and *others whom I fear many just and heavy causes make*, or compel, as it were, to *oppose* us, I esteem it unjust to engage against them. This speech, thus interpreted according to the common reading, is likewise very necessary: for otherwise Albany, who is characterised as a man of honour and observer of justice, gives no reason for going to war with those, whom he owns had been much injured under the countenance of his power. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Theobald, by an unaccountable turn of thought, reads the fourth line thus,

I never yet was valiant: *'fore* this business, &c.

³ puts the two last lines in a parenthesis, and then paraphrases the whole in this manner. “ Sir, it concerns me (though not the king and the discontented party) to question about your interest in
our

With others, whom the rigour of our state
 Forc'd to cry out ³. [Where I could not be honest,
 I never yet was valiant ⁴ : for this business,
 It toucheth us as France invades our land,
⁵ Not bolds the king ; with others, whom, I fear,
 Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.]

Reg. Why is this reason'd ?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :

⁶ For these domestic and particular broils

⁷ Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

⁸ *Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us ?

our sister, and the event of the war." What he means by this I am not able to find out ; but he gives a reason why his reading and sense should be preferred. *And Regan and Goneril in their replies seem both apprehensive that this subject was coming into debate.* Now all that we can collect from *their replies* is, that they were apprehensive he was going to blame their cruelty to Lear, Gloucester, and others ; which it is plain from the common reading and the sense of the last line, he was.

Most just and heavy causes make oppose.— WARBURTON.

³ What is within the crotchets is omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *Where I could not be honest,*

I never yet was valiant :—]

This sentiment has already appear'd in *Cymbeline* :

Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,

But now thou seem'st a coward. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Not bolds the king ;—]* The quartos read *bolds*, and this may be the true reading. *This business* (says Albany) *touches us as France invades our land, not as it bolds the king, &c.* i. e. *emboldens* him to assert his former title. Thus in the antient interlude of *Hycke Scorne*,

“ Alas, that I had not one to *bold* me !” STEEVENS.

⁶ *For these domestic and particular broils]* This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have it,

For these domestic doore particulars. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Are not to question here.]* Thus the quartos. The folio reads,
 Are not *the* question here. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Edm.]* This speech is wanting in the folio.” STEEVENS.

Gon.

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle: I will go.

As they are going out, enter Edgar disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt Edm. Reg. Gon. and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter. If you have victory, let the trumpet found For him that brought it: wretched though I seem, I can produce a champion, that will prove What is avouched there: If you miscarry, Your business of the world hath so an end, And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay 'till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [Exit.]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung

^o Here is the guess, &c.] The modern editors read, *Hard* is the guess. So the quartos. But had the discovery been diligent, the guess could not have proved so difficult. I have given the true reading from the folio. STEEVENS.

¹ We will greet the time.] We will be ready to meet the occasion. JOHNSON.

Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
 Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
 If both remain alive: To take the widow,
 Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
 And hardly shall I² carry out my side,
 Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
 His countenance for the battle; which being done,
 Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
 The battle done, and they within our power,
 Shall never see his pardon: ³ for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

A field between the two camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers over the stage; and exeunt.

⁴ *Enter Edgar, and Gloster.*

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
 For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:

² ——— *carry out my side.*] Bring my purpose to a successful issue, to completion. *Side* seems here to have the sense of the French word *partie*, in *prendre partie*, to take his resolution.

JOHNSON.

So in the *Honest Man's Fortune* by B. and Fletcher:

“ ——— and carry out

“ A world of evils with thy title.” STEEVENS.

³ ——— *for my state*

Stands on me, &c.]

I do not think that *for* stands in this place as a word of inference or causality. The meaning is rather: *Such is my determination concerning Lear; as for my state it requires now, not deliberation, but defence and support.* JOHNSON.

⁴ The reader, who is curious to know how far Shakespeare was indebted to the *Arcadia*, will find a chapter entitled, — “ The pitifull State and Storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King, and his kinde Sonne; first related by the Sonne, then by the blind father.” P. 141. edit. 1590. quarto. STEEVENS.

IF

If ever I return to you again.

I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, fir! [Exit Edgar.

[Alarum, and retreat within.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away ;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en :

Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, fir ; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again ? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither :

⁵ Ripeness is all : Come on.

Glo. And that's true too ⁶. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund ;
Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners ; Soldiers, Captain.*

Edm. Some officers take them away : good guard ;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppress'd king, am I cast down ;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters ?

Lear. No, no, no, no ! Come, let's away to prison ;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage :

⁵ *Ripeness is all.*—] i. e. To be ready, prepared, is all.
The same sentiment occurs in *Hamlet*, scene the last :

“ —if it be not now, yet it will come : *the readiness is all.*” STEEVENS.

⁶ *And that's true too.*] Omitted in the quarto. STEEVENS.

When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
 And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
 Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
 7 And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, 8 packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. 9 Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught
 thee?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
 2 And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;

7 *And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies. —]*

As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives
 of men, and were consequently endowed with the power of pry-
 ing into the original motives of action and the mysteries of con-
 duct. JOHNSON.

8 *— packs and sects —]* Packs is used for combinations or
 collection, as is a pack of cards. For sects, I think sets might be
 more commodiously read. So we say, *affairs are now managed
 by a new set.* *Set*, however, may well stand. JOHNSON.

9 *Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,*

The gods themselves throw incense. —] The thought is
 extremely noble, and expressed in a sublime of imagery that
 Seneca fell short of on the like occasion. “*Ecce spectaculum
 dignum ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo deus: ecce par deo
 dignum, vir fortis cum mala fortuna compositus.*” WARBURTON.

4 *And fire us hence, like foxes. —]* I have been informed that it
 is usual to smoke foxes out of their holes.

So, in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, book xxvii. stan. 17:

“*Ev'n as a foxe whom smoke and fire doth fright*

“*So as he dare not in the ground remaine,*

“*Bolts out, and through the smoke and fire he flieth*

“*Into the tavier's mouth and there he dieth.*”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“*— my walk, and all,*

“*You smoke me from, as if I were a fox.*” STEEVENS.

² The goujeers shall devour them, ³ flesh, and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.
 Come. [*Exeunt Lear, and Cordelia, guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison:
 One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
 Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
 Does not become a sword:—⁴ Thy great employment
 Will

² *The goujeers shall devour them, ————*] The *goujeres*, i. e. *Morbus Gallicus*. *Gouge*, Fr. signifies one of the common women attending a camp; and as that disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeries*, i. e. the disease of the *gouges*. HANMER.

The resolute John Florio has sadly mistaken these *goujeers*. He writes “With a *good yeare* to thee!” and gives it in Italian, “*Il mai' anno che dio ti dia.*” FARMER.

³ *——— flesh and fell,*] *Flesh and skin.* JOHNSON.

——— flesh and fell,] So, Skelton's works, p. 257.

“Nakyd asyde

“Neither *flesh* nor *fell.*”

Chaucer uses *fell* and *bones* for *skin* and *bones*:

“And said that he and all his kinne at once,

“Were worthy to be brent with *fell* and *bone.*”

Troilus and Cresseide. GRAY.

In the *Dyar's Play*, among the *Chester Collection of Mysteries*, in the Museum, *Antichrist* says:

“I made thee man of *flesh* and *fell.*” STEEVENS.

⁴ *——— Thy great employment*

Will not bear question; ———] Mr. Theobald could not let this alone, but would alter it to

——— My great employment,

Because (he says) the person spoken to was of no higher degree than a captain. But he mistakes the meaning of the words. By *great employment* was meant the *commission* given him for the murder; and this, the Bastard tells us afterwards, was signed by Goneril and himself. Which was sufficient to make this captain *unaccountable* for the execution. WARBURTON.

The meaning, I apprehend, is, not that the captain was not *accountable* for what he was about to do, but, that the important business he now had in hand, did not admit of *debate*: he must

Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast
done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Capt. ⁵ I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dry'd oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Capt.*]

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
⁶ And turn our impress lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at a further space, to appear

instantly resolve to do it, or not. *Question*, here, as in many
other places in these plays, signifies *discourse—conversation*.

See *Hamlet*, act I: "Thou com'it in such a *questionable* shape."
—and the note there. MALONE.

⁵ *I cannot draw, &c.*] These two lines I have restored 'from
the old quarto. STEEVENS.

⁶ *And turn our impress lances in our eyes,*] i. e. Turn the *launce-*
men which are *press'd* into our service, against us.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act III. sc. vii:

"——— people

"Ingroft by swift *impress*" STEEVENS.

Where

Where you shall hold your session. [⁷ At this time,
We sweat, and bleed : the friend hath lost his friend ;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness :——
The question of Cordelia, and her father,

⁸ Requires a fitter place.]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers ;
⁹ Bore the commission of my place and person ;
¹ The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot :

² In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla !

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint ³.

⁷ *At this time, &c.*] This passage, well worthy of restoration, is omitted in the folio. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Requires a fitter place.*] i. e. The determination of the question what shall be done with Cordelia and her father, should be reserved for greater privacy. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Bore the commission of*——] *Commission*, for authority.

WARBURTON.

¹ *The which immediacy*——] *Immediacy*, for representation.

WARBURTON.

Immediacy is rather *supremacy* in opposition to *subordination*, which has *quiddam medium* between itself and power. JOHNSON.

² *In his own grace*——] *Grace* here means *accomplishments*, or *honours*. STEEVENS.

³ *The eye that told you so, look'd but a-squint.*] Alluding to the proverb : " Love being jealous makes a good eye look *asquint*." See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
'Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; * the walls are thine;
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. † The let alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason;—Edmund, I arrest
thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest^o, [*Pointing to Gon.*
This gilded serpent:—for your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. ‡ An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet
found:—

If none appear to prove upon thy person[§]
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; I'll prove it on thy heart,

* — *the walls are thine:*] A metaphorical phrase taken from the camp, and signifying, *to surrender at discretion*. But the Oxford Editor, for a plain reason alters it to:

————— *they all are thine.* WARBURTON.

† *The let alone lies not in your good will.*] Whether he shall not go shall depends not on your choice. JOHNSON.

o — *thy arrest.*] The quartos read—*thine attain.*

STEEVENS.

‡ *An interlude!* —] This short exclamation of Goneril is added in the folio edition, I suppose, only to break the speech of Albany, that the exhibition on the stage might be more distinct and intelligible. JOHNSON.

§ — *thy person.*] The quartos read—*thy head.* STEEVENS.

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust ⁹ poison. [*Aside.*]

Edm. There's my exchange: what in the world
he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald ¹!

Enter a Herald.

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit Regan, led.*]

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Capt. Sound trumpet ². [*A trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

*If any man of quality, or degree, ³ within the lists of
the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of
Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by
the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.*

⁹ ———poison.] The folio reads *medicine*. STEEVENS.

¹ ———a herald.] This speech I have restored from the quartos.
STEEVENS.

² Sound trumpet.] I have added this from the quartos.
STEEVENS.

³ ———within the lists of the army,——] The quartos read:
——within the *best* of the army.—— STEEVENS.

Edm. Sound.

[1 trumpet.

Her. Again.

[2 trumpet.

H.r. Again.

[3 trumpet.

[Trumpet answers, within.

Enter Edgar, armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble², as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of
Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.

³ Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,

My

² *Yet am I noble, &c.*] One of the quartos reads:

—yet are I mou't.

Where is the adversary I come to cope withal?

—are I mou't, is, I suppose, a corruption of—ere I move it.

STEEVENS.

³ *Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,*

My oath, and my profession.—]

The charge he is here going to bring against the Bastard, he calls *the privilege, &c.* To understand which phraseology, we must consider that the old rites of knighthood are here alluded to; whose oath and profession required him to discover all treasons, and whose privilege it was to have his challenge accepted, or otherwise to have his charge taken *pro confesso*. For if one who was no knight accused another who was, that other was under no obligation to accept the challenge. On this account it was necessary,

My oath, and my profession : I protest,—
 Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
 Despight thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
 Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor :
 False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father ;
 † Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince ;
 And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
 To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
 A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
 To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
 Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name ;
 But, since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike,
 † And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
 What safe and nicely I might well delay

cessary, as Edgar came disguised, to tell the Bastard he was a knight. *WARBURTON.*

The *privilege* of this *oath* means the privilege gained by taking the oath administered in the regular initiation of a knight professed. *JOHNSON.*

The quartos read,—it is the privilege of *my tongue*. *STEEVENS.*

† *Conspirant 'gainst*——] The quartos read :

Conspicuate 'gainst—— *STEEVENS.*

‡ *And that thy tongue some 'say of breathing breathes* ;] '*Say*, for *say*, some shew or probability. *POPE.*

Say is *saple*, a taste. So, in *Sidney* :

“ So good a *say* invites the eye

“ A little downward to *espy*——”

Again, in the Preface to Maurice Kyffin's translation of the *Andria of Terence*, 1583 :

“ Some other like places I could recite, but these shall suffice for a *say*.”

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman :

“ ——But pray do not

“ Take the first *say* of her yourselves——”

Again, in *The Unnatural Combat*, by Massinger :

“ ——or to take

“ A *say* of venison or stale fowl——”

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 847 : “ He (C. Wolfey) made dukes and erles to serve him of wine, with a *say* taken, &c.”

STEEVENS.

By

By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn :
 Back do I tofs these treasons to thy head ;
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;
 Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise)
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
 Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarm. Fight. Edmund falls.*]

° *Alb.* Save him, save him !

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster :
 By the law of arms, ⁷ thou wast not bound to answer
 An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,
 But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
 Or with this paper shall I stop it :—Hold, fir :—
 Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil :—
 No tearing, lady ; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*]

Gon. Say, if I do ; the laws are mine, not thine ;
 Who shall arraign me for't ?

Alb. ⁸ Monster, know'st thou this paper ?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [Exit *Gon.*]

° *Alb.* Save him, save him !

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster :]

Thus all the copies ; but I have ventured to place the two hemistichs to Goneril. 'Tis absurd that Albany, who knew Edmund's treasons, and his own wife's passion for him, should be solicitous to have his life saved. THEOBALD.

He desired that Edmund's life might be spared at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*thou wast not bound to answer*] One of the quartos reads :
 —*thou art not bound to offer, &c.* STEEVENS.

⁸ *Monster, know'st thou this paper ?*] So the quarto ; but the folio :

Most monstrous ! O, know'st thou, &c. JOHNSON.

“ Knowest thou these letters ?” says Leir to Ragan, in the old anonymous play, when he shews her both her own and her sister's letters, which were written to procure his death, Upon which she snatches the letters and tears them.

STEEVENS.

Alb.

Alb. Go after her ; she's desperate ; govern her.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done ;

And more, much more : the time will bring it out ;
'Tis past, and so am I : But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let us exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments ² to scourge us :

The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;
The wheel is come ³ full circle ; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness :—I must embrace thee ;

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father !

Edg. Worthy prince, I know it.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?

How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale ;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst !—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness !

¹ *Let us exchange charity.*] Our author by negligence gives his heathens the sentiments and practices of christianity. In *Hamlet* there is the same solemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact propriety, for the personages are Christians :

“ Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet, &c.”

JOHNSON.

² —to scourge us:] Thus the quartos. The folio reads :

—to plague us. STEEVENS.

³ —full circle ; —] Quarto, *full circled*. JOHNSON.

† That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
 Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
 Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
 That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
 Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
 Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
 Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
 Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
 Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
 Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
 (Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
 And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
 You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

[5 *Edg.* 6 — This would have seem'd a period
To

* *That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
 Rather than die at once) —*]

The folio reads,

That *we* the pain of death would hourly *die*,
 Mr. Pope, whom I have followed, reads,
 ————— would hourly *bear*.

The quartos give the passage thus:

That *with* the pain of death would hourly *die*,
 Rather than die at once) — STEEVENS.

5 *Edg.*] The lines between crotchets are not in the folio.

JOHNSON,

6 — *This would have seem'd a period
 To such as love not sorrow: but another,
 To amplify too much, would make much more,
 And top extremity! —*

The reader easily sees that this reflection refers to the Bastard's
 desiring to hear more; and to Albany's thinking he had said
enough.

To such as love not sorrow; but, another;—
 To amplify too-much, would make much more,
 And top extremity :—
 Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
 Who having seen me in my worst estate,
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
 Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
 He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
 As he'd burst heaven; ⁷ threw him on my father;
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
 That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
 Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
 And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
 Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
 Improper for a slave.]

enough. But it is corrupted into miserable nonsense. We should read it thus:

This would have seem'd a period. But such
 As love to amplify another's sorrow,
 To much, would make much more, and top extremity.

i. e. This to a common humanity would have been thought the utmost of my sufferings; but such as love cruelty are always for adding much to more, till they reach the extremity of misery.

WARBURTON.

The sense may probably be this. *This would have seem'd a period to such as love not sorrow; but,—another, i. e. but I must add another, i. e. another period, another kind of conclusion to my story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told.*

So in *King Richard II*:

I play the torturer, by small and small,
 To lengthen out the worst ——— STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *threw him on my father*;] The quartos read,
 “——— *threw me on my father.*”

The modern editors have corrected the passage, as it is now printed. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smoaks;

It came even from the heart of——O! she's dead⁸!

Alb. Who, man? speak⁹.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—

[*Goneril and Regan's bodies brought out.*

This judgment¹ of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,

Touches us not with pity.—

*Edg.*² Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! is this he? The time will not allow
The compliment which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!——

⁸ — O! she's dead!] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

⁹ Who, man, speak?] The folio reads, *Who dead? speak man.* STEEVENS.

¹ *This judgment, &c.*] If Shakespeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of *terror* and *pity*. TYRWHITT.

² *Here comes Kent, sir.*] The manner in which Edgar here mentions Kent, seems to require the lines which are inserted from the first edition in the foregoing scene. JOHNSON.

Speak,

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run——

Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office?
send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
³ Give it the captain.

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
⁴ That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[*Edmund is borne off.*]

Enter Lear, with ⁵ Cordelia dead in his arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are
men of stones;

Had

³ *Give it the captain.*] The quartos read:

——— Take my sword, the captain,
Give it the captain. ——— STEEVENS.

⁴ *That she fordid herself.*] To *fordo*, signifies to *destroy*. It
is used again in *Hamlet*, act V:

“——— did, with desperate hand,
“ *Fordo* his own life. ——— STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— *Cordelia dead in his arms.*] This princess, according
to

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone
for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. ⁶ Or image of that horror?

Alb. ⁷ Fall, and cease!

Lear's

to the old historians, retired with victory from the battle which she conducted in her father's cause, and thereby replaced him on the throne: but in a subsequent one fought against her (after the death of the old king) by the sons of Goneril and Regan, she was taken, and died miserably in prison. The poet found this in history, and was therefore willing to precipitate her death, which he knew had happened but a few years after. The dramatic writers of this age suffered as small a number of their heroes and heroines to escape as possible; nor could the filial piety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on Shakespeare to extend her life beyond her misfortunes. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Or image, &c.*] These two exclamations are given to Edgar and Albany in the folio, to animate the dialogue, and employ all the persons on the stage; but they are very obscure. JOHNSON.

Or image of that horror?] In the first folio this short speech of Edgar (which seems to be only an addition to the preceding one of Kent) has a full stop at the end. *Is this conclusion,* says Kent, *such as the present turn of affairs seemed to promise? Or is it only,* replies Edgar, *a representation of that horror which we suppose to be real?* A similar expression occurs at the beginning of the play.—*I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it.* STEEVENS.

⁷ *Fall, and cease!*] This exclamation of Albany, like the other, may have a meaning affixed to it. He is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and cease to be, at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.* So, in *All's Well*, &c. to cease is used for to die: and in *Hamlet*, the death of majesty is called "the cease of majesty."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!"

"Both

Lear. This feather stirs⁸; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [Kneeling.]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day⁹, with my good biting faul-
chion

I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

“ Both suffer under this complaint you bring,
“ And both shall cease, without your remedy.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *This feather stirs*;—] So, in *Vittoria Coromona*, 1612:

“ Fetch a looking-glass, see if his breath will not stain it; or
pull some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lips.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion*

I would have made them skip—]

It is difficult for an author who never peruses his first works, to
avoid repeating some of the same thoughts in his later productions.
What Lear has just said, had been anticipated by Justice Shallow
in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: “ I have seen the time with
my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like
rats.” It is again repeated in *Othello*:

“ ——— I have seen the day

“ That with this little arm and this good sword

“ I have made my way, &c.” STEEVENS.

Lear. 'This is a dull fight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same; your servant Kent:

Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that; He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first² of difference and decay, Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have³ fore-doom'd themselves; And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says⁴; and vain it is That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

¹ *This is a dull fight.*——] This passage is wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

² —— *of difference and decay,*] Decay for misfortunes.

WARBURTON.

The quartos read:

That from your *life* of difference and decay. STEEVENS.

³ —— *fore-doom'd themselves,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, —— *fordone.*

Have *fore-doom'd themselves* is—have anticipated their own doom. To *fordo* is to destroy. So, in *Taylor*, the water-poet's character of a strumpet:

“So desperately had ne'er *fordone* themselves.”

Again, in *A Warning for faire Women*, &c. 1599: “Speak; who has done this deed? thou hast not *fordone* thyself, hast thou?”

STEEVENS.

⁴ —— *he says.*] The quartos read —— *he sees*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

YOU

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
 5 What comfort to this great decay may come,
 Shall be apply'd : For us, we will resign,
 During the life of this old majesty,
 To him our absolute power :—You, to your rights ;
[To Edgar.]

6 With boot, and such addition as your honours
 Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
 The wages of their virtue, and all foes
 The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see !

Lear. 7 And my poor fool is hang'd ! No, no,
 no life :

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
 And thou no breath at all ? O, thou wilt come no
 more,

Never, never, never, never, never !—

8 Pray you, undo this button : Thank you, sir.—

Do

5 *What comfort to this great decay, may come,*] Decay, for de-
 solation. WARBURTON.

This *great decay* is Lear, whom Shakespeare poetically calls
 so, and means the same as if he had said, *this piece of decay'd*
royalty, this ruin'd majesty. STEEVENS.

6 *With boot,*—] With advantage, with increase. JOHNSON.

7 *And my poor fool is hang'd !*—] This is an expression of
 tenderness for his dead Cordelia (not his fool, as some have
 thought) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while
 he is searching for life there. STEEVENS.

8 *Pray you, undo this button.*—] The rev. Dr. J. Warton ju-
 diciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is
 described by *this* most expressive circumstance.

So, in the *Honest Lawyer*, 1619 :

“ ——— oh my heart !——

“ It beats so it has broke my buttons.”

Again, in *K. Richard III* :

“ ——— Ah, cut my lace asunder,

“ That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

“ Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news !”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ O, cut my lace ; left my heart, cracking it,

“ Break too !”——

Do you see this? Look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there!— [He dies.

Edg. He faints;—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord,

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world?

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe. ¹ Friends of my soul, you twain
[To Kent, and Edgar.

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and ² I must not say, no.

Alb. ³ The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak

and, as Mr. Malone adds, from N. Field's *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

“———swell heart! *buttons* fly open!

“Thanks gentle doublet,—else my heart had broke.”

STEEVENS.

¹ — *this tough world.*] Thus all the old copies. Mr. Pope changed it to *rough*, but, perhaps, without necessity. This *tough* world is this *obdurate rigid* world. STEEVENS.

² — *Friends of my soul,*——] A Spanish phrase. *Amigo de mi alma.* WARBURTON.

³ — *I must not say, no.*] The modern editors have supposed that Kent expires after he has repeated these two last lines; but the speech rather appears to be meant for a despairing than a dying man; and as the old editions give no marginal direction for his death, I have forbore to insert any.

I take this opportunity of retracting a declaration which I had formerly made on the faith of another person, viz. that the quartos, 1608, were exactly alike. I have since discovered that they vary one from another in many instances. STEEVENS.

³ *The weight of this sad time, &c.*] This speech from the authority of the old quarto is rightly placed to Albany: in the edition by the players, it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt
not,

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
 The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
 Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

not, it was of custom spoken. And the case was this: he who played Edgar, being a more favourite actor than he who performed Albany, in spite of decorum it was thought proper he should have the last word. THEOBALD.

THE tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakespeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakespeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warton, who has in the *Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the ex-

trusion of Gloster's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that 'villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakespeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the tragedy has lost half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato, the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life; but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided †. Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the critics concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his

† Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the public has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side; the original drama was patronized by Addison:

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni. STEEVENS.

daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critic, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Holingshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakespeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakespeare.

JOHNSON.

*A lamentable SONG of the Death of King Leir and his
Three Daughters.*

King Leir once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace ;
And had all things with heart's content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love :
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began ;
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be :
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

[*King Leir, &c.*] This ballad is given from an ancient copy in the *Golden Garland*, black letter. To the tune of, *When flying Fame*. It is here reprinted from Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. Vol. I. Third Edit. STEEVENS.

And

And so will I, the second said ;
Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake :
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love ;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
The aged king reply'd ;
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love ally'd ?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind ?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find :
Henceforth I banish thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine ;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loves are more
Then well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdome and my land,
My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day.

Thus flatt'ring speeches won renown
 By these two sisters here :
 The third had causeless banishment,
 Yet was her love more dear :
 For poor Cordelia patiently
 Went wand'ring up and down,
 Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
 Through many an English town.

Until at last in famous France
 She gentler fortunes found ;
 Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
 The fairest on the ground :
 Where when the king her virtues heard,
 And this fair lady seen,
 With full consent of all his court
 He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while
 With his two daughters staid ;
 Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
 Full soon the same decay'd ;
 And living in queen Ragan's court,
 The eldest of the twain,
 She took from him his chiefest means,
 And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
 To wait with bended knee :
 She gave allowance but to ten,
 And after scarce to three :
 Nay, one she thought too much for him :
 So took she all away,
 In hope that in her court, good king,
 He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
 In giving all I have
 Unto my children, and to beg
 For what I lately gave?
 I'll go unto my Gonorell;
 My second child, I know,
 Will be more kind and pitiful,
 And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;
 Where when she hears his moan
 Return'd him answer, That she griev'd
 That all his means were gone:
 But no way could relieve his wants;
 Yet if that he would stay
 Within her kitchen, he should have
 What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,
 He made his answer then;
 In what I did let me be made
 Example to all men.
 I will return again, quoth he,
 Unto my Ragan's court;
 She will not use me thus, I hope,
 But in a kinder sort,

Where when she came, she gave command
 To drive him thence away:
 When he was well within her court,
 (She said) he would not stay.
 Then back again to Gonorell
 The woeful king did hie,
 That in her kitchen he might have
 What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
 Which she had promised late :
 For once refusing, he should not
 Come after to her gate.
 Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief
 He wander'd up and down ;
 Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
 That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
 His youngest daughter's words,
 That said, the duty of a child
 Was all that love affords :
 But doubting to repair to her,
 Whom he had banish'd so,
 Grew frantic mad ; for in his mind
 He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white locks
 And tresses from his head,
 And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
 With age and honour spread :
 To hills and woods and wat'ry founts,
 He made his hourly moan,
 Till hills and woods and senseless things,
 Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents,
 He passed o'er to France,
 In hope from fair Cordelia there
 To find some gentler chance :
 Most virtuous dame ! which when she heard
 Of this her father's grief,
 As duty-bound, she quickly sent
 Him comfort and relief :

And by a train of noble peers,
 In brave and gallant fort,
 She gave in charge he should be brought
 To Aganippus' court ;
 Whose royal king, with noble mind,
 So freely gave consent,
 To muster up his knights at arms,
 To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
 To repossess king Leir,
 And drive his daughters from their thrones
 By his Cordelia dear :
 Where she, true hearted noble queen,
 Was in the battle slain :
 Yet he, good king, in his old days,
 Possess'd his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
 Who dy'd indeed for love
 Of her dear father, in whose cause
 She did this battle move ;
 He swooning fell upon her breast,
 From whence he never parted :
 But on her bosom left his life,
 That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
 The ends of these events,
 The other sisters unto death
 They doomed by consents ;
 And being dead their crowns they left
 Unto the next of kin :
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
 And disobedient sin.

JOHNSON.

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